

HOUSES Most houses had names, but not on show, and we country people knew the name of each house. Shall mention some of them. It is most noticeable how many houses are named after trees.

CROMWELL HOUSE A lovely old house which was demolished a number of years ago. I have two pictures in my scrap book. My own views are that this old house should never been allowed to be destroyed. I spent many happy hours at parties in Cromwell House, as its name applys this house had the year 1666 in black letters and was demolished in 1948. Hickling old residents very upset.

MALT HOUSE Stood next to Cromwell House. Three stories high. Farm buildings built on the old site of Cromwell House. I remember the Malt Vats in one of the buildings, but do not know if they still exist. Mrs. Buckley and her Daughter are the present residents.

JAPONICA HOUSE Next to the Village Hall. The home of the Doubleday Family for many years, when Grandaughter Miss Florence Munks lived their until her death, now Miss Munks nephew Jack Munks and family live in the old house after modernising. This was the only house I have known with a wooden bar at the back of the front door to secure it. The original Japonica bushes are still in full bloom each year.

BEECH HOUSE Such a beautiful Copper Beech tree on the front lawn, hence the name of the house. Unfortunately the tree was felled some years ago, and Hickling people were very sorry. The house has been modernised completely, and a family new to Hickling live there. Mr. Dickman lived here when I was a girl, and the S.S. Anniversary games held in the home field. I am delighted to see the new owners have planted a Beech Tree in the front garden, after modernising the house and grounds.

HILL VIEW Stands at the corner of Clawson Lane and was at one time a private School where children paid one or two pennies per week and another copper for books, this happened a long time ago. The original Schoolroom is now a kitchen. Mrs. Evelyn Shelton lives their now with her daughter and family. P.Cane.

SCHOOL HOUSE Built alongside the Methodist Church. After Headmaster Mr. J.W.Pepper and family left Hickling, the School house was not needed, as the next two "Heads" were spinsters and went into lodgings (at Mr. F. Shelton's the Tailors) so the house was let to Mr. Ted Woolley and family, and after the Woolley family moved to another house in Hickling, the Head Mistress Miss E.A.Proudman and her mother moved in she eventually married and is still living in the house, when the School closed and the house no longer needed by the Education Mrs. Spencer nee Miss Proudman was able to purchase the property.

THE MANOR HOUSE At one time it was a Farm House and then parts added until at the present time. My first recollections is of the beautiful peacocks on the wall of the Manor Drive. The Marshall Family lived their at the time, and I remember we children standing by the Dovecote field at the top of the drive watching the funeral procession of Mr. Sam. Marshall who had committed suicide. Then remember little, only the names of different owners. I know before the 1914-18 War the Manor House itself could not be seen for lovely trees, and during the War nearly every tree was sawn down, except for the War Effort. Then on New Years Eve 1959, on a pouring wet morning I answered a knock at my back door, and a tall man with a black plastic mac and no hat stood their and said he was Patrick Radford of the Manor House, and someone had told him I might be able to help his wife out in the house. I was flabbergasted, anyway I went to see Mrs. Radford on Jan. 3rd 1960 and started helping and stayed with them until they moved to Langford Hall, Newark on March 26th 1971. The new owner Mrs. Wood asked me if I would continue helping her but only twice weekly, and this I did from July 12th 1971 until Oct. 29th 1973 when through illness I was forced to give up the work. I spent eleven happy years with the Radford Family, when I first went Nicholas was three, and Jonathan six months, then along came Timothy and the youngest Anthony, Mr. & Mrs. Radford had each married and divorced and had daughters, Mrs. Radford, 'Anthea' and Mr. R. 'Carol'. Each Monday Nannie had her day off and I took over, took the children out walking, put them down to rest while I ironed, gave them lunch, walk during afternoon, prepared and gave them Tea, bathed the little so and so's put them to bed with reading a story. I missed them all very much when they moved, actually I could write a book on the happenings at the Manor during those eleven years.

Mr. & Mrs. Radford absolutely turned the house upside down, and inside out, added bedrooms etc. and made everything so luxurious. Mrs. Wood when she arrived added new Stable, being a Horse woman, and recently has installed a 'Cattery' for boarding cats, (What next).

THE RECTORY A large rambling place with dreadful passages to the dairy and scullery from the kitchen, this is how I remember it a long time ago, and I don't think it has been altered much either. A beautiful garden and lawns (but one should see it now, nothing but a rubbish dump) a magnificent old tree on the lawn at the back (which was felled a long time ago) lots of rose beds, a great big kitchen garden with herbacious borders each side of the path, it was a pleasure to see this lovely garden, a circle drive to the front door, with a shrubbery in the background. They were happy, restful days.

COTTAGES Cottages in days past must have been built anywhere, And so many in Hickling

had the one room downstairs, one bedroom, and a room at the top of the stairs, their wasn't a door and only room for a bed, wonder how many accidents happened by falling out of bed and down the stairs, and in this day, when everything is so modernised, I can think of two and perhaps three cottages who still have these rooms at the top of the stairs, and use them, and this is 1976.

FLOODS Our village has always been subject to floods, something we grew up with, we have known times when we have gone to school every where dry, come home and floods across the road. We have 'Waterlane Farm' so named because of floods, many times I have seen the Farm House, Buildings, and orchard surrounded by water. The floods would start in Chapel or Bridegate Lane and cover the road passed Waterlane Farm, we at Rose Cottage weren't able to get out. I remember one serious flood on a August Bank Holiday Monday, it rained non stop for hours and the flood water got higher and higher, the brook at the back of Waterlane was like a river, several houses downstairs were flooded and furniture taken upstairs, animals were drowned and some poultry, the water reached the front step of Rose Cottage, and the top step at Yew Tree House on that day, people were getting really nervous. Many cars over the years would be stranded in the middle of the water, but we thought nothing of having to wade across the road, we accepted it. Floods were always bad on Clawson Lane by the brook and also the surrounding fields, and many times the traffic has been diverted round by Nether Broughton, their were alterations etc. on Clawson Lane and very few floods happen over the road, but the fields are just as bad, and floods can still happen between the Methodist Church and St Lukes.

LANDMARKS It is a shame that some of the local village landmarks have gone. One is 'Penfold or Pinfold', it was on the side of the road a few yards higher than Elm House (Mr. F. Windey) on the opposite side. Was just a piece of land with a fence surrounding three sides and a gate, a square large enough for a couple of beast or few sheep, the purpose being if any beast was found wondering on the road, it could be put in the Penfold until the owner came to collect. Another old country landmark, the 'Sheep Dip', Sheepdip lane was by the side of the Penfold, and the actual Dip in the field at the bottom of the lane, should imagine the Dip is in existence but never used, it was brick built, we children have watched the sheep being dipped many times, and such a strong smell of disinfectant in the air. Another landmark gone is the 'Weir' this was on Chapel or Bridegate Lane, only a few yards further than the last house on the opposite side, the Weir is like a pond, with a fence either side but open at each end, and was mostly full of water, the Weir was for horses to clean the mud and drink before

going to their stables, the same applied to the milking cows. In the spring we children sat by the Weir catching tadpoles. Is a shame it had to go.

SHEEP SHEARING That was another country craft we kids loved to watch, the men using the old fashioned hand shears, and the poor little lambs bleating so loud for their Mums who were unrecognisable without their wool.

MUSHROOMERS We never see them any more. The mushroomers I remember would walk from Widmerpool Railway Station then travel miles and miles over the fields picking mushrooms, and these men knew just where mushrooms would grow, they would carry large baskets or hampers, after the mushrooms came 'Blue Buttons' then the blackberries, and they would be taken back to Nottingham and sold. As time passed a few men sported a cycle, but most of them went on 'Shanks Pony', they all dressed alike, cloth cap and white muffler, and most of them were Miners.

SCISSOR GRINDER Another regular once or twice a year was the Scissor and Knife Grinder, he wheeled his contraption along the road and then stopped to knock on peoples doors enquiring for knives, scissors, shears, anything to sharpen, and we school kids stood watching absolutely fascinated, he worked the grinding wheel with his foot.

BARREL ORGAN When I was a girl we had a man with a barrel organ visit the village. He wheeled the organ on the road from house to house, then he would turn the handle and the organ played a medley of tunes, sometimes there would be a small monkey perched on the organ, and once I remember a brown bear on a long chain, 'A Dancing Bear' it used to turn round in a circle as the music played, poor thing. We children thought it was so clever, and always ran home for a copper to put in the tin can, and would follow the old barrel organ through the village.

SHIRE HORSES Were a magnificent sight touring the area with an attendant, (no horse box in those days) the horses resplendent with their brasses gleaming in the sunlight.

RAG AND BONE MAN We would hear their voices yelling "Rags, Bones, Rabbit Skins" quite often, and we kept all rabbit skins for these men, (rabbits were on the menu often in those days). I think we were paid 3d each skin if in good condition, the men would carry a sack bag, and have a horse and dray on the road. Now these men are 'Scrap Merchants', they have lorries and collect old iron, fridges etc. and hardly ever pay for what they collect. For the first time in years I heard a man shouting "Any old iron or rags" a fortnight ago this year of 1976.

DROVER A well known character known as "Bones" came throughout many villages to Melton Mowbray Cattle Market each Tuesday. He would arrive at Hickling by 7 a.m. or

earlier, driving beast he had already picked up in Kinoulton and elsewhere. He had a couple of dogs, and his voice would awaken the dead as he came along the road, all the farmers used old Bones to drive their beast etc. to Melton or bring back what was bought at Market. In the winter he carried a lantern as by the time he reached Hickling it was pitch dark, the latter part of the time Bones brought his son and everyone called him "Cloggy" (he may have lived in Keyworth) and he carried on the business after his father retired for health reasons. If "Bones" did not have any beast to drive home from the Cattle Market and he was offered a lift in a horse and cart, he refused, he enjoyed being on the road, and he was respected.

GYPSIES Green Lane was the favourite pitch of Gysies and their families, with horse and caravan, brasses shining brightly. The women went around the village with a basket of odds and ends to sell, there would be a few pieces of lace, buttons and fasteners etc. but always the home made gypsy clothes pegs. At home we always bought pegs from the gypsy woman, she would most likely have two or three children with her, a bright scarf on her head, ear rings and mostly a shawl, and if they were the genuine 'Romany' they were civil and clean, but if the 'Deddikie' (could be spelt wrongly) tribe were around they were dirty and slovenly dressed. The real Gipsy (spelt with an I or Y) was friendly with all the farmers on Green Lane, would put their horses in the fields overnight if needed, they would 'Find' a chicken, potatoes, etc. they were clever at catching a rabbit for the stew pot or a hedgehog to cook in the wood fire. But the real old Romany's were a good sort.

TRAVELLING FAIR The first I recall set up their roundabouts in the paddock where now stands 'The White House' opposite the Rectory Gate, then transferred to either the Wharf Yard or the Plough Inn Paddock, besides round-a-bouts there would be shooting at clay pipes, coconut shies and skittles. I can't remember how much we paid. We kids loved the 'Fair', but many of us had strict orders not to stay long because it was near the public house.

BONFIRE NIGHT November 5th was never celebrated as a village event. Most families who had children bought 'Crackers' either from the village shop or Mr. Wheatcroft the travelling hardwareman. I can't remember bonfires, but as the boys grew older they would throw fire works near the doors of houses to frighten people, a stupid practise.

ROADMAN Each village had its own roadman when I went to school, we would see his wheelbarrow and tools by the roadside, and everywhere was kept as clean and tidy as today's mechanical impliments, and much friendlier than today, we children did talk to our roadman, and he did a magnificent job with his barrow and brush, they took pride in their work. There was a Mr. James Wright (Senior) he lived down The Green. Mr. J. Smith of Kinoulton, and the last village roadman Albert Smith who also lived down the green, he was the son of Mrs. J. Smith.

NEWSPAPERS Newspapers have been delivered by different means over the years but Mr. Ellis Marson of Upper Broughton delivered the longest as I remember. Ellis rode a bicycle with all the daily, weeklys, monthlys carried in large bags and he delivered Hickling, Kinoulton and Hickling Pastures on his way home to Broughton. It was often quite late when Ellis delivered the morning papers and several times by the time the paper was delivered to the people living by the canal they had already received their evening paper, poor Ellis, he was handicapped with having no roof to his mouth and some people could not understand his speech at all. After a number of years Ellis purchased a car which of course was a great help, but he still was rather late delivering the morning papers, I think everyone sympathised with him and liked him. He eventually through ill health gave up the business (his son keeping on awhile) and in the summer of 1973 he died aged 72. For several years now the daily paper is delivered at the Post Office each morning and they at the PO deliver through the village if one takes three papers weekly otherwise one goes along to collect from the PO. This is in the day of supposed progress. We do get an Evening Post (Nottm) delivered, it is nothing to do with the morning paper, and Mrs. Eva Parkes with help, has delivered for a good few years, she remarks that she enjoys the job.

POSTMAN An old lady, Miss Emily C. Hives who died a number of years ago told me she remembered the 'Whistle Post' in Hickling, a man walked from Upper Broughton and would stand at different points in the village and blow a whistle, those wanting stamps or letters posted would go out and see the postman, times have changed since those days. I remember our Postman riding a red cycle from Upper Broughton railway station to Hicking (the postman travelling by train from Melton to Broughton) he had his own 'Postman's Hut' near the Canal, where he could take a nap, make a cup of tea, and often he would go fishing in the Basin, when the time came to collect mail from the letter boxes he would cycle back and catch the Melton train at Broughton. Then the Postman was given a motorcycle and side car (or rather a box affair with lid, for all mail and parcels) he rode this from Melton. I would be around sixteen or seventeen and with Ida Shelton and Olive Squires we were what one postman called the 'Inseparables' he was Mr. Lammin of Melton and would always have a chat with us. Olive worked at the Post Office here in Hickling. Mr. Lammin told us that one day coming from Nether Broughton to Hickling he was caught in a violent thunderstorm, he stopped his motorbyke and climbed into the sidecar and when the storm had abated he found the lid had fastened and he couldn't get out, he fiddled around with his pocket knife as well as he could being in such a cramped position, and finally managed to get the lid open and get

out, and had to ride like mad to Hickling as he was so late. After the motor cycle came the red 'Royal Mail' van which is used all over the country. During the 'Energy Crisis 1973-4' we had only the one daily delivery of mail and one collection. Hickling is in the county of Nottinghamshire but our letters etc. go to Melton, and our correct address is Hickling, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, anyone addressing us in Nottmshire the letters are always a post behind. Our morning mail is delivered at the present time in 1976 by Mrs. T. Timms, she rides a cycle, and in the afternoon (which are very few and far between) by the uniformed postman, with the Mail Van from Melton. The last Sunday Collection in England was 24-4-76.

CARRIERS I do not remember Mr. J. Mann when he was a carrier with horse and cart to Nottingham, but I remember Mr. Mann when he retired and lived with his family in the 'Parsons Cottage' next to the Churchyard, this cottage was always in danger of being flooded when heavy rains occurred, and many times I can recall when furniture was taken upstairs. When I was at school the Wiles family lived there Tom, Fred, Dorothy and Madge and Addie and Eva born at their present house, and the Parsons Cottage then had a thatched roof. Mr. Malcolm King of Long Clawson was carrier to Nottingham for many years, but much later than Mr. Mann's time, he had a lorry and his daughter Annie helped him, he came through Hickling each Thursday and would take anything in to town, furniture, sacks of potatoes, fruit and would deliver anywhere in town, on Saturday mornings he collected eggs from farmers and other poultry keepers, pack them in egg boxes and sell them to shops in Nottingham Annie did any shopping, such as pills and potions, and medicine from the Chemist, a reel of matching cotton, etc. and change dresses or blouses that were not the correct size. And any one going either to or from town on holiday their suitcase would be most certain in 'King Lorry' after Annie married, Mr. King had an assistant Ernest Tinsley and he gradually took over the business until it finally finished.

Mr. Bernard Gardner of Kinoulton was also a carrier but after Mr. King had finished, he took calves etc in his open lorry to Melton Market each Tuesday, and would take or collect anything anytime, he retired several years ago.

TRANSPORT I may have mentioned that the people of Hickling walked to Upper Broughton Railway Station go to Melton and to Widmerpool Station for Nottingham their was no other form of transport. Those with cycles would leave them at the station. Some would get a ride in horse and cart, and others if catching the early train would ride in one of the milk floats. I remember riding among the milk churns more than once when Mr. William

White lived at 'Fern Bank' and had the farm buildings next to the Grange road, we would walk down to the Grange gate and when Percy White was ready we would get in the float and ride through Kinoulton to Widmerpool Station, what a performance to get to town. Mr. Sam. Eggleston then came along and took people to either stations with his pony and tub. Then along came Barnett's Bus from Widmerpool but only on Tuesday for Melton Market, this was a Green Bus with seating for perhaps fourteen and the seats the length of the bus and occupants facing one another, several times I remember the men having to push the blessed bus up a hill, anyway the little green bus of Harold Barnetts was very much appreciated by the country people in the surrounding villages. Mr. Malcolm King was the first owner to have a regular bus service from Melton to Nottingham and through Hickling, first twice weekly then daily but not a Sunday bus, then came the seven days regular service, with early workmans bus, and late buses Wed. & Sat. for the 'Picture House' fans. Bartons bought Mr. Kings business some years ago and still are in business, but in these days of 'car owners' the service has been cut down, no Sunday buses, no late buses, indeed the last bus arrives in Hickling at 7.30 p.m. from Nottingham., It is a two hour daily service with the exception of Sunday & the fare has risen enormously, there are no return tickets issued. I remember paying 1/6d (one shilling and sixpence) return (that is 7½p), five shillings and sixpence, eleven shillings return. Bus Fare has now risen to 31p each way. In Mr. Kings time special buses were put on for Goose Fair, and very well supported, but no specials these days.

POLICEMAN When I was a child the village policeman had his own house at Kinoulton opposite the Nevile Arms, and his name was Jackson, it was always "Bobby Jackson" and he rode around his district on a cycle. We kids were always threatened we would be sent to 'Bingham' if we misbehaved, as the local Police Station was at Bingham. A new police house was built at Kinoulton a few years ago but I understand it is not used by the police, in this modern day the Police Areas have been altered and our Police Station is now at Ruddington.

DOCTORS Hickling could never boast of having a Doctor living in the village. The local doctors in my time was Dr. Windley of Colston Bassett, our Rose Cottage Family Doctor, he was a typical country family doctor, with a moustache and was one of the first persons to own a motor car around here, it was light grey and a sort of high, sit up & beg contraption. Before the car arrived, Dr. Windley drove around his practise in a horse and trap, or on horseback or on a cycle.

Dr. Atkinson lived at Long Clawson, he too rode cycle and horseback and horse and trap

before having a car, he was a keen follower of the Belvoir Hunt and often saw him in Hunting Pink. I remember one Saturday afternoon I was walking by one of the cottages near the Rectory and Dr. Atkinson came trotting along on his horse in his hunting kit and when near me jumped off his horse handed me the reins and said "Hold him while I see my patient" and this was typical of a country Doctor. When Dr. Atkinson was older he took Dr. Simon Cuddigan as Partner and I think everybody liked him, now he has retired, but still lives at Clawson, after Dr. Atkinson died Doctor Tom. Connor's joined Dr. Cuddigan, both are Irish, he was a younger man, wouldn't mind using a swear word or two either but a good Doctor, now Dr. Fitzpatrick has joined Dr. Connors since the retirement of Dr. Cuddigan, and they are the two practising Doctors at the new surgery built from one or two cottages on The Sands at Clawson, and are our own Doctors.

After Dr. Windley retired at Colston Bassett, Dr. Woolward took the practise, he was a younger man and a favourite with everybody, he was tall and very good looking, he took as Partner Dr. Burnett a lady, well that put the cat among the pigeons, it was the first time anyone local had anything to do with a Lady Doctor, but after a while she became a welcome visitor, she was a tiny slip of a thing she rode a motor cycle and her little dog rode on a special carrier always barking its head off. Dr. Burnett also had a fast sports car, I remember Slater Shelton fetching her when his eldest son was born, their had been a heavy storm and the roads were flooded, so Slater went along to Colston Bassett on his horse called Daisy and Dr. Burnett joined him on Daisy's back to come back to Hickling through the floods and deliver young John Shelton. When Dr. Woolward and his family left Colston Bassett, Dr. Burnett went along with them and Dr. Roche came, he was older, a good Doctor, and he stayed until his retirement. Now there is no doctor at Colston Bassett the Surgery is at Cropwell Bishop and there are three Doctors, covers also the Bingham area, one is Dr. Ledley but the others I do not know.

COAL and MERCHANTS Coal was brought in Barges on the Canal at one time and tipped on to the Wharf Yard, and then re-loaded on to horse and cart. After the barges, came railway trucks of coal. Often a truck of coal was shared by two families, the coal would arrive at Old Dalby Railway Station and sometimes Widmerpool, and then the horses with heavy carts would be backwards and forwards sometimes several days, especially if their were two trucks to be emptied, I can remember loads of coal being tipped on to the road and then being taken to the coal house by wheelbarrow. Granny Simpson's coal merchant as I remember was Mr. Harry Brooks then Mr. Malcolm King of Long Clawson came to Hickling

and other villages, first with horse and dray then a coal lorry, in those days the Coalman always delivered on a specific day each week, now one must order fuel either by phone or post and it will be delivered. There have been a number of different coal merchants with customers here over the years, another custom completely changed. When I first married I remember giving as little as 1/6d, one shilling and sixpence for cwt. of coal, now it is £2 or more anthracite dearer. Our present Coal Merchant is Mr. Ernest Tinsley who was assistant to Mr. M. King and took over the business after he retired.

MILKMAN When I was a child there was not such a thing as a milkman. If a family were not farmers they would buy milk from a local farmer who probably lived nearest to them, one took a jug and the milk measured from a churn, and if cream was needed, well one bought an extra pint or quart of milk pour into a bowl and the next day skim off the cream. Churns and Wheels were a regular sight, or rather daily, the churn was fixed between two large wheels and then there was a long handle to pull them along, the churn always shone like silver and used morning and afternoon at milking time when the cow sheds and fields were away from the farmhouse, so early each morning, seven mornings each week I can remember hearing the familiar sound of the milk churn and wheels being pulled along the village street. Other farmers used a horse and float for transporting the milk churns and buckets to the milking field. I also remember milk being taken daily to Widmerpool Station by horse and float. Now the hand milking has ended, it is done by machine and now each farmer has a Milking Parlour and is collected by Bulk Lorry and once daily, when the first milk lorries started from the newly formed Clawson Dairy they collected morning and evening, but that has been finished a long while. At one time Mr. S. Barnes of Kinoulton built up a milk round, bringing the milk in his car in churns and would take a bucket of milk to the door and use his pint or 1/2 pint measure, then the Co-op bought his round and also Clawson Dairy started bringing milk in bottles, and we didn't think anything at all of bottled milk, we used to say it didn't taste the same and there wasn't any cream, but of course we got used to it and wouldn't like to change back to the old way. About four years ago (it is now 1976) the Co-op finished delivering in Hickling and Long Clawson Dairy took over the village, it is now one milkman, one village, so it isn't any use saying one doesn't like the milkman and falling out with him, there just isn't anywhere else to go.

MARKET DAY was a must for most of the Farmers here at Hickling, and this was at Melton each Tuesday and is still going strong. Horses and carts would be on the road quite early to arrive at Market in time for the sale of beasts, calves, sheep and pigs. The small

market town of Melton would be full of men discussing their profits and none profits. Any one from Rose Cottage going to Melton on Market Day would have to remember a bag of Cream Buns from the well known baker "Beaver & Son" and a couple of pounds of butter in bulk from the "Maypole" shop, that shop has gone, but Beavers small shop is still going strong. Farmers still go to Melton Market each Tuesday, but by car, and they still like to stand have a good old natter, times havn't changed in that way. Sometimes Nottingham Cattle Market was used for selling stock, but was not as convenient as the Melton Market. It was a general day out for the country folk.

GENERAL ELECTIONS I have written earlier that the Liberal Party Committee Room was at Rose Cottage in Granny Simpson's time, so naturally I was brought up with the firm belief to always vote Liberal, and in these times there was only the two parties in this constituency to vote for, and I have never known the M.P. to be other than a Conservative, and when I was a child this was the Newark Division. Voting took place in the village school (now the V. Hall) we children had a holiday, and electors had to come from Kinoulton and I think Upper Broughton as well. Any one owning land in another parish were allowed two votes, for example Granny Simpson owned fields in Kinoulton Parish and she was able to vote twice, this practise has been ended a long while. When the result of the poll came through for this Division W. Burnett blew their Engine Whistle, (I wonder if the other side were elected if the whistle would have been heard. Doubtful). This was the days before radio and TV. Mr. F. Carte of Hickling was the residing Officer, Mr. John Frederick Shelton Poll Clerk and also Mr. Edgar Burnett Poll Clerk for one election and Mr. Fred. Granville Woolley for one election their fee £1.7s.6d, Mr. H. Swanwick acted as Policeman, he had retired from the service.

WIND MILL I have a painting in my lounge of Hickling Mill, a brick built Mill standing at the top of what is still called Mill Lane, my picture was painted by the Head Master of the village school Mr. John L. Laws in 1908, and soon after on July 4th 1908 the Mill was demolished by explosives. Mr. Laws painted a number of pictures of Hickling Mill from different angles, mine is one of my treasured possessions. There was a Post Mill on the East side of the village which was blown down many years ago. Part of the foundation was still to be seen recently, this mill was by the 'Parsons Gardens' on Clawson Lane. The donkey on my picture belonged to the Miller, Mr. J. Grundy.

WHARF YARDS I remember how we children stood on the canal bridge to watch the horse drawn barges on the water unload their cargo on to the wharf yards, there was two yards, one

on the Canal Basin side where the Red Brick Barn still stands (rather delapidated) and the other by the side of the Navigation Inn (which is now a private house called Bridge View). The barges unloaded coal, sand, gravel, etc. and it was seldom the wharf yards were empty. Several times the barge men have given we children rides on the barge, and we loved it.

STONE outside Methodist Church, right on the corner, this large stone has been in this position all my life time, lots of stories are told of how it arrived and where it came from, but doubtful if anyone tells the true story. It was always a favourite spot for children, and it is doubtful if any school child has not climbed on to the stone just to have the joy of jumping off, and the children of today do just the same.

PAVEMENT I just remember the old boulder causeway that was removed in 1912 and a concrete pavement put down to celebrate the coronation of King George V and Queen Mary, could not understand when that was dismantled and the present path put down, it is not nearly as affective.

WELLS There was many wells in our village when I was a girl and all used daily, each well was covered with a wooden lid with a large boulder to keep the lid secure, most wells were out in yard or garden, but some indoors in kitchen or pantry. I sometimes wonder what has happened to these wells for they were always full of water. Some cottages had wooden water butts to catch the rain water from the roof, this being their only water supply, more water was used in these days for swilling yards etc.

PARSONS GARDENS I have walked many times to these gardens which, when a girl were very much in evidence and situated down Clawson Lane, it is many years now since this piece of land was used as an allotment. Granny Simpson rented one garden and although I wasn't very old I had jobs to do, it was during the 1914-18 War and every bit of garden needed for vegetables. I remember so well Granny Simpson, my mother, Mrs. Vince Walker (who rented a piece of garden) walking to work on these allotments, I pushed the pram with Margaret Walker a baby, and Shelton a toddler, the pram I think was green with long handles, and there was a brown crochet shawl to cover Margaret when she was asleep, it was my job to look after the two little "Walkers", their father was a prisoner of War in Germany as also was Donnie Simpson. When it was time for digging up the potatoes, these three women would take a wheelbarrow and push it from the gardens full of spuds, taking turns to do the pushing, and I pushed the pram, the women during those war years worked very hard indeed, and children were brought up to do their fair share, am afraid in these days some of the youngsters are waited on far too much.

BRIGATE GARDENS That is what we all called these allotments situated up Chapel Lane, and expect it should have been Bridegate, the same as the lane is now officially called. These gardens were given up a long time ago and is now a farming field. I have walked to these allotments lots of times, we children were sent to bring back various vegetables. It was the usual thing to see men with wheelbarrows full of garden tools or vegetables coming or going to the 'Brigates'. In this year of 1976 there are more flower gardens and lawns in Hickling than vegetable gardens growing good wholesome food, even if cauliflowers are 25p each and potatoes up to 15p per lb, but some people are not fond of work.

TELEPHONE The first public meeting to discuss the possibility of a Telegraph Office was in 1900, and later that year, to be exact in November a Telephone Instrument was installed at the Post Office and connected with Long Clawson P. Office. Was open for telegraph business, 8 AM. To 8 PM. Weekdays and on Sunday 8 AM – 10 AM. In 1906 to use the phone the charge was three minutes for 2d. Trunk calls 3d in addition to the 2d. Three minute call came in 1907. I remember any telegrams for Long Clawson on their Post Office half day closing, would come through to Hickling Office and would have to be taken and delivered at Clawson, mostly by bicycle, and the same applied when it was Hicklings half day, And our Post Office delivered Kinoulton telegrams for years. The telephone was at first installed in a private box or kiosk in the actual Post Office, then a public telephone Kiosk was fixed, in pretty well the centre of the village, has been there for quite a number of years. I don't think many households are without their own telephone now.

LETTER BOXES As long as I remember there has been a letter box in the wall near where ever the Post Office stood. When the P.O. was where Mr. Penson lives, the letter box was in the front of the house and we had to open a small gate and go through. Down by the Church Gates an old letter box, an antique in these times was removed a few years ago, it was a shame, for the monstrosity that has been replaced down by Mill Lane is a dreadful thing.

ELECTRICITY There was a public meeting in 1930 to discuss the matter of electricity being brought to the village, an official from the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire Electricity Power Company was present and gave all details, and in 1932 the first electric poles were erected. I was at Rose Cottage at the time and we thought it is marvelous to just press a switch and no oil lamps to fill and clean. We didn't have the electric up stairs at first and not many people did, and it was quite a time before electric cookers were in general use. We would not care to be without the electric power now.

STREET LIGHTS We have not had street lights many years, it must have been 1940's or even 50's. When we were children we never were afraid of the dark, walking in the village after dark people carried lanterns, the first I remember were painted red, they were square shaped with glass on three sides, and a candle holder in the centre, and then came the yard lantern filled with paraffin, out in the dark and watching two or three of these lights bobbing about one could imagine if a child it was fairyland. I loved being sent round to Uncle Albert & Auntie Venie Simpsons in Chapel Lane just to carry the lantern. Then the cyclists had the smelly carbide lamps, they were horroble, also the cyclists oil lamps, and the carriage lamps (which are now antiques if the genuine ones) with special thick candles, one for each side of the cart, and cleaning the blessed things was a business, they must always shine as brightly inside as outside. And when we had battery Torches we kids just flashed on and off for the sake of seeing the light. Most people had cream blinds to the windows so anyone walking by in the dark were always sure of a little light to guide them home.

NURSING ASSOCIATION The first proposed District was in 1907. And the Belvoir Nursing Association was formed in 1912 and went on until after the Second World War. The Nurse's Home was at Knipton and possobly a small comittee in each village, the Rectors Wife was the person to whom bookings for a Nurse was made. Their was an annual subscription, the 'well off' paid 5/- and the poorer 2/6 or 3/6. The 'Belvoir Nurse' was booked for all confinements and the Matron of the Home would possobly call to see what facilities were like. Rules included providing transport to fetch the Nurse from Knipton, and babies more often than not, decide to arrive during the night, the Nurse looked after mother and Baby, did the cooking and most of the work and all the baby washing, but not the household laundry, and the fee was £1. 10/- weekly, (one pound, ten shillings). In cases of severe illness where night work was needed, a nurse would do just the night nursing and keep the bedroom tidy, it was a marvelous organisation. For a confinement a Nurse was usually booked for a fortnight. I still correspond to the Belvoir Nurse that came when Keith was born, she lives at Buckminster. After this Association ended, the District Nurse came, one D. Nurse lived in Hickling, one has lived in Kinoulton, and one retired 1975 and she lived on Hickling Pastures. I understand there is a Nurse for our District at the present time, but I must enquire where she lives.

FIRST CAR that I remember in Hickling was owned by Mr. Oliver Ginneva or Jenniver, he lived at what is now 'East View' down near the Canal, and this was the first car to be owned in the village, it was one of the 'Sit up and beg' type and naturally we children thought it

wonderful. Dr. Windley of Colston Bassett was the next car I remember, it was a high seater and grey, and everyone became most interested. In these days the boot is on the other foot, anyone without a car are thought of as peculiar, in Hickling this year of 1976 there are no more than eight or nine householders without a car, and in many cases husband and wife each own one, even the children of some families are taken each morning by car to catch the School Bus, poor old Shanks Pony must have gone on strike.

CRICKET CLUB Only through the War years can I remember Hickling without a Cricket Club. From only a small child I was taken to the Cricket field when matches were played, this was the old Field by the Canal with only a cart track for a road, or go along the Canal Bank, and a number of those living at the top end of Hickling would go down Clawson Lane, get over the stile by the brook bridge go over a couple or more fields to the Cricket Ground, every one was interested, no one went out of the village for sport or entertainment of any kind, Hickling people supported Hickling Sports, (that is more than happens today) their would always be supporters at each match and we girls would shout our heads off if any of the visitors were extra good looking, we followed the Club around on our cycles and one or two of us often scored for them, but we weren't fond of sitting in the pavillion. Hickling have won Cups on more than one occasion, one was the Vale of Belvoir Cup. Matches were played on Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, but no one ever played on Sundays. The present Cricket Field is on the Bridegate Lane, they have a new pavillion and are putting in new toilets this year (1976) and still have to go outside for players, so many of the youngsters are not interested, it is a great shame.

FOOTBALL Their was a Football club at one time but not as I recall, and I know some of the young men who were keen football supporters walked every Saturday evening through the season to Upper Broughton Railway station to collect the Football Post, Uncle Rowly Simpson was one and William and Walter Parkes, Albert Rose and others, they must have been keen. The school boys have had matches through the years, And today there is a Sports Club for the young people in Hickling and Kinoulton. Although Uncle Rowly is now 85 and living in New Zealand he still is interested in his two favourite football teams, Nottingham Forest and Notts. County.

TENNIS CLUB I mentioned earlier of the well supported Tennis Club at the Rectory which unfortunately had to be disbanded. Another try was made on the Court at Beech House, but through lack of support ended and yet again was tried out in the Dovecote Field, but was not successful for long.

SKITTLE ALLEY at the Plough Inn during the summer time, the fishermen would play and visitors who would rather be outside than in the Plough enjoyed a game.

CROQUET was played on the Rectory Lawn especially at Garden Fetes, we kids enjoyed this game.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY I remember excellent adult concerts being given in the School by the Dramatic Society, and after leaving School I was able to join, we had a wonderful time and enjoyed all the practises, we gave concerts at other villages, and remember so well visiting one of the Cropwells, can't remember which, and the concert was being held in the Chapel Sunday School we had a good time but the audience was very small and afterwards someone came to us and asked if we girls would go in our costumes to see her mother who was bedridden, so we trailed into the road and to the house where the old lady lay in bed up stairs, and she was so pleased and asked our names and was so grateful to us for visiting her, I have often thought that we didn't know the old lady's name, but we brought a few minutes of happiness to her. We wore red dresses with black ruffles round the neck (made of paper) and black shoes and stockings. The men wore a red ruffle. The name now in 1976 is Drama Group, and there has been a Group on and off over the years. I understand one is rehearsing at the present time for a Concert during the Spring.

CHORAL SOCIETY Hickling boasted of one of the best Choral Societies when I was a child, and it was always my ambition to join when I was old enough, but alas, when that time came the Society had ended. The Choir was made up of singers from surrounding villages, and concerts given in those villages. I did belong to the Melton Methodist Circuit Choir along with others of our Choir, we practised every week at Hickling, then when the day of the concert arrived we travelled to Melton and rehearsed in the afternoon, had tea in the Sunday School, and gave the concert in the evening in Sage Cross Methodist Church which was always packed, Mr. York of Melton conducted, and I also remember Mr. Alwyn Shelton our own conductor doing the honours, they were lovely times.

ORGANISATIONS The Mothers Union I have mentioned and how sad when it folded up, I often think if we had persevered we should still be going strong.

THE WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP run by the Methodists but for anyone, was so well supported for several years, then fewer and fewer attended until it finally closed.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE This is the 29th year and still well attended, had 41 members last year, a decrease since we began, when membership was over sixty, we hope we shall be successful in 1976-77. I have enjoyed immensely the whole twenty nine years of

W.I. I was Secretary for ten years and President four years, and Press Correspondent the whole time, the younger members do not seem to want the responsibility of committee work and taking office so we old fuddy duddies are left to carry on.

CONSERVATIVE ASS. Political Ass. or meetings, I certainly would not support in any way, there has been a Tory Ass. here for years.

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION was formed between the two Wars and was plain British Legion, the 'Royal' being added just a few years ago. This Branch was formed at a meeting in Hickling on December 11th 1926 and celebrates fifty years this year of 1976. When first formed, Long Clawson belonged this Branch, but went alone some years ago, 'The Vale of Belvoir Branch' has the two villages of Hickling & Kinoulton. As everyone should know 'Remembrance Day' has been celebrated every year in November since the second War ended, and here the Vale of Belvoir Branch have organised a United Service held alternate years at the Parish and Methodist Church. Members of the Legion attend and after the service headed by Standard and Bearer march to the Village Hall where a wreath of poppies is laid on the memorial tablet. The tablet was subscribed and erected by public subscription, on the outside wall of the Village School where the men who lost their lives attended. The Legion Standard was dedicated in 1927. Wives of Legion Men still sell Poppies throughout the village on 'Poppy Day'. Donnie Simpson was a keen Legion Member from its formation, and until he died, he held the office of Secretary for many years and when Granny Simpson died her wheel chair was given to the British Legion for use to anyone in the village. When I was in my teens I collected and sold Poppies round the Lodges and Hickling Pastures, Mrs. Bush a War Widow (now Mrs. George Starbuck) and in her 80's went with me, we walked. We set off with boxes of Flanders Poppies and collecting box and started on Green Lane calling at 'Dell Farm' where Mr. & Mrs. Noel Marriott lived at that time, then up the hill and to Mr. Charlie Frisby's Farm, down the turnpike calling at farms and cottages (of course no houses were built on Pastures at this time) when we arrived at Mr. Sydney Robotham's House, tea was made for us (Mr. R. was the Legion organiser). We turned back and walked down the big hill on the Chapel Lane, calling at the lodges on our way and our last call was at Barland Fields. One year it poured with rain the whole of the time, we had umbrella's, wellingtons, and mackintoshes but we still were wet, I sometimes think what would happen in this day and age if asked to collect and walk as many miles, but we were pleased to do it for the sake of those who gave their lives for their Country.

There was also a WOMENS SECTION of the British Legion here with Kinoulton, and was

well supported until the older ones passed on and the younger became older and no-one left to carry on. I was a Member along with others eligible. One thing the Women did, they bought a small weekend case, and one member knitted a bed jacket and bed socks, Emmie Simpson (Rose) made two white nightdresses, they bought towels, toilet set, slippers, filled the case and anyone taken ill and rushed to Hospital was able to have these free of charge, A worth while Good Deed.

The Vale of Belvoir Branch still hold their Annual Open Horticultural Show, alternately at Kinoulton and Hickling and send out Christmas Parcels to Service Men's Widows and anyone being very ill.

VILLAGE CLOCK was bought by public subscription in 1890 and an annual Parish Clock collection made for expenses and the clock winder's salary, it is certainly years since I heard of an Annual clock collection, and where the money comes from to pay the winder I cannot think. The clock is on St. Lukes Parish Church.

HOLIDAYS at HICKLING by many town people when I went to school was common, and many came from Nottingham, they stayed at The Plough Inn, Rose Cottage, and one or two other Houses opened for paying guest. Each Bank Holiday lots of visitors arrived for just the day, travelling by train from Nottingham Midland Station to Widmerpool Station, then walking between two and three miles to Hickling, they would book a meal, walk through the village, visit the Church and always spent an hour or two by the canal. These people enjoyed every minute of the days outing, and loved the quiet of the country side.

CANAL The Grantham Canal was made in 1793, and when I was a child it was the chief attraction for fishermen, many of the men folk who stayed at Granny Simpson's were



Canal Bridge

fishermen and while he relaxed by the Canal the women folk would probably go walking along the canal bank across the swing bridge and back on the other side, they may walk up the 'Standards' or 'Hills' where on a clear day there is a wonderful view of the canal shimmering in the sun, also Lincoln Cathedral or Belvoir Castle looks quite near. On a Bank Holiday I have many times seen the banks of the Canal Basin absolutely packed with men fishing and also as far down the canal as the eye could see, how wonderful if it could happen again there are hardly any fishermen at all now. In the winter if the canal was frozen it again was an attraction, this time for the skating community, when I was at school I remember the canal being frozen for skating quite a week or two, we children loved it, but the cold winds chafed our bare knees and I know I cried more than once when I went home, we never wore long stockings until quite a while after leaving school. Whole families would be on the ice, the essential work, milking and feeding the animals were done, then everyone down to the 'Cut' grown ups skating, children sliding. During the 1914-18 War there was a 'Tea' on the ice for Red Cross Funds, such a crowd gathered, skaters came from Kinoulton, Harby and Hose on the ice, it was a great success. We children spent many happy hours by the Canal in the summer time, we lay full length on our tummy with a long twig from the hedge to catch mussels, we popped the twig in an open mussel which then closed immediately, but we always put them back in the water. We picked yellow 'Water or May Blobs' from the waters edge, the fields would be full of golden buttercups and cowslips (and in this year of 1976 we see so few cowslips) many country women picked the cowslip heads to make wine. Have often eaten fish caught from our canal, the common kind being Bream, Roach, Perch, Pike and Eel. It is a beautiful spot around the Canal and always something to watch, many Moor Hens with tiny fluffy black chicks, wild ducks, a Heron standing on one leg motionless ready to pounce. In the summer it is a joy to see the swallows skimming over the water, and an old saying which we believed 'If the swallows flew low it would rain' of course swallows always fly low over water catching insects. When I was a youngster there wasn't any swans on the canal, but after the fishermen were so few, swans arrived and have been with us ever since, they nest each spring and bring up a family of cygnets, when we lived by the Canal, the swans if males would fight on the water and fight to kill, I have been out with a sweeping brush and walloped the pair of them, one winter when the canal was frozen for several weeks a young swan waddled to our back door each morning for something to eat, we broke the ice each morning for them as well. A pair of swans would nest in about the same place each spring, and several times vandals have either taken the eggs or smashed them in the nest, the vandals always were boys from the town.

THRASHING MACHINE how we kids would race down the road if we heard this noisy engine, Farmers corn was thrashed from the stack, noisy and dirty machine, with the 'Drum' attached, now with the combined harvester it is all done in the cornfield.

Country Village Scene's in Hickling.

Every visitor to our village in the Spring time remarked what a pretty place to live in and it was pretty when I was a girl, (but would not be so sure now-a-days). The flowering trees were so colourful the whole length of the village, their were Horsechestnut, Sycamore, at the top end, those wonderful Horsechestnut and Walnut in the centre and then starting from (what is now, two Council Houses) a little spinney with iron railings around, Pink and white May Blossom, Lilacs, Laburnham, all in the corner the Rose Cottage home field, then down the road side four or five pink hawthorn, a white horsechestnut, yellow laburnham, another large pink hawthorn and in the front of Rose Cottage a drooping elm, and at the top of the garden a drooping ash, then along by Water Lane Farm pink horsechestnut which, still stand firm, and by St. Luke's Church gates a Copper Beech which is still their in all its glory, so many times we children picked the brown beechnuts from the ground and eaten them and on several house walls the beautiful sweet smelling delicate mauve coloured Wysteria, and the Japonica which was a popular shrub in Hickling, and for several years I have used the Japonica apple or quince into jam, it is tart and delicious on toast. As far as I know there are at least three or four Acacia Trees, sweet smelling white or cream flower, one at Manor, at Mr. Barnes and I think at Rectory. We have Honeysuckle and Woodbine, and what smells sweeter, we have 'Honeysuckle Cottage' and Woodbine Cottage' also the deep blue Clematis, and as long as I remember a white clematis over the front door at 'The Elms' opposite Rose Cottage. We have those straight tall Poplars, the sturdy British Oak Tree and how we loved picking up the Walnuts and stripping off the green skin to get to the nut to eat, but what about the awful brown stain left on ones hands. And in the Rectory Field their was a 'Tulip' tree, very few left (and expect this one like other trees around the Rectory have been felled, such a shame). In the church yard the very, very old Yew Trees stand just the same, what a tale they could tell, And a beautiful sight each spring when the daffodils were in full bloom each side of St. Lukes Church walk, from the gates to the door, made such a pretty background for so many wedding photographs. Another shrub to mention, with a sweet scent was the purple and white lilac, and the white Snowball bush and Orange Blossom, and many others, it was a very pretty village indeed, and a tidy one, each Bank Holiday, Hickling Feast which was Sunday School Anniversary Day, and every week end through the summer, the

hedges would be clipped, the lawns mown, the gardens spick and span, on show for the visitors, right from one end of the village to the other. Every Saturday flowers would be taken to put on graves in the churchyard, no-one forgot, it was a ritual, and at Christmas, Holly wreaths would be placed on every family grave, this was an act of love, and no one in those days would ever imagine that in the 1970's flowers, grass and anything eddible would be devoured by goats, sheep, calves etc. belonging to the present Rector and family.

Thousands of starlings roost in the spinneys and woods around Hickling, they still do and through the winter we see them flying home to different parts, they do change their route sometimes, they are so greedy and would take every scrap of food possible, while the little blue and great tits wait patiently.

Around 14th – 17th April we children were listening for the Cuckoo and watch for the Swallows, the swallows always appeared first by the Canal skimming over the water, and we did enjoy boasting if we happened to be the first one seeing and hearing these birds, last year 1975 we heard the cuckoo only six times, and there wasn't nearly as many swallows or swifts, I do hope we have more this year. I remember when people would bless the cuckoo and wish it would shut up, hearing the cuckoo the first time each year and seeing the first swallow means a great lot to country people. Every child would go violeting in the Spring, directly after School change into old clothes, then off round the fields, we knew which field and we knew which hedgeside and where the blue ones would grow, and the white ones, on the high banks by the stone bridge near the Grange by the canal was a good spot for violets, and in a couple of fields down Clawson Lane or Chapel Lane, we simply loved violeting time, then later we went up the hills to the spinney and picked blue bells and the white wild anemone, we would go down one of the lanes for wild roses and the cream tea rose, the pink and white sweet clover, the lovely yellow lambs toes, the lady smock, pink campion, buttercups and celandines, the dog daises, the red knob which grew in meadows. I always think the wild flowers are just as beautiful as cultivated. One flower we were never allowed to take indoors was the white May Blossom, a superstition that it brought bad luck and was believed in those days, so, if we picked the May or Hawthorn it was put in a jam jar and left outside on the yard. Always for Palm Sunday we kids found some 'Pussy Willow' and took to school, and if ever we managed to find any Bull Rushes by the Canal or the Brook we were highly delighted. We used to see that beautiful Kingfisher bird fly by near the canal, and the large Dragon fly, and the little voles in the water, and hundreds of minnows swimming around, the Skylark would sing its little heart out high in the sky and its nest built

on the ground among the grass, we admired the cheeky magpie, and the jackdaw, and during the winter we would see an occasional Jay with the beautiful highly coloured feathers, every one loved the little Jenny Wren, the brown bird so well known, and our National bird "Robin Redbreast" we have lots more birds in the country to be proud of, and how we would miss them if having the misfortune to live in the town. In the summer evenings near dusk we would see Bats diving and swooping for insects, we would see so many of them, and now there are so few, but I am so pleased that at No. 8 Main St. Hickling we have a Bat in our loft it is such a tiny hole he gets through and we nearly filled it with plaster, but found out in time our little bat lived there, and last year there were two of them so we are interested to know how many will appear late summer in 1976.

I remember when we were children how we used to try and imitate the Owl, they are beautiful birds, there were a few Badgers around, hundreds of rabbits and hares and leverets and these did make a tasty meal, and the fox, another beautiful creature, but cruel, and it is Nature's way to be cruel, it is heartbreaking to find one's chickens all lying dead by their house, and this happened regularly when I was a child, old Reynard had killed the whole lot, can anyone be blamed for shooting them.

Blackberry Time We country kids loved all these times, late August and onwards would see mothers and children in the fields and along the lanes picking blackberries also on the canal bank, we would also go up the 'Hills', we would pick baskets full and there wasn't such a thing as a Freezer or even a Fridge, so all the berries had to be used pretty quickly and went into blackberry vinegar, jam, jelly and bottled, plus pies and puddings. We girls would take a couple of sandwiches or slice of cake in our pockets and take off up the hills and stay until dusk, coming home with our baskets full of fruit. There was also the men from Nottingham, some would walk, others rode a cycle and leave it in a shed while going blackberrying, these men like the mushroomers walked miles and miles, in these days in 1976 we see cars full of people in the lanes picking blackberries.

Conker Time Late Summer the horse chestnuts would be ripe, and if they didn't fall to the ground naturally we kids made sure they fell by knocking them down with long sticks, we had several horse chestnut trees in Hickling & children visited all of them. We would fill our pockets (and the girls their knickers) we would hoard them at home for no reason at all. The older boys at school played Conkers' with one conker fastened to a piece of string. Picking up 'conkers' was a must in my school days and still is with the children today.

Mangold Carting So many youngsters of today have not seen a 'Mangold Worzel' Farmers

grew acres of them for feeding the beast in the winter time, it was a perishing cold job cutting mangold, their has been many gashed fingers and thumbs with the mangold knife slipping during severe frosts. The horses and carts would be backwards and forwards from the field or allotments days, and sometimes a couple of weeks, the mangold would be made into a 'Pie' anywhere up to 25 – 50 yards long, and a couple or so yards high, covered with earth and straw, a small trench dug around for drainage, and the food stuff all safely gathered for the winter months. Potatos also were put into 'Pies' and still are, and this year of 1976 with the shortage and expensive potato, no doubt many farmers will be growing more, the humble potato is a luxury, some people have paid 15p to 20p per lb. (redicolous). I pay at the present time 11p & 12p and that is expensive.

Stone Picking A job I never cared for, but all the same I had it to do, we each carried a bucket and would walk up and down the blooming field picking up the stones and emptying the bucket when full on to a heap of stones in one corner of the field.

Singling Mangold Another job I was expected to do, and was no use arguing, one did it. Singling was a back aching job with a long handled hoe one would walk down each row of mangold and 'single' them out, the same as going

Potato Picking the men would dig the spuds out with an ordinary garden fork and we would follow picking the potatos, and that let me tell you is another back aching job. No use anyone saying it is hard work Farming today, because it jolly well isnt.

Carol Singing on Christmas Eve This was traditional, and in most of the surrounding villages too, at Long Clawson two teams of singers went round, one from the Methodist Church and one from the Parish Church, they started from either end of Clawson and met around the centre, our singers at Hickling were not of one Church, we belonged to the Choirs certainly, but anyone who could sing joined in, visitors as well. We met at midnight on the Canal Bridge and always would be a large company, almost every Christmas Eve whether wet or fine we would set off to the accompaniment of either Arthur Savage or Donnie Simpson playing the cornet, just odd times we sang unacompanied. After St. Lukes clock had struck midnight we walked from the canal bridge to Mr. Vince Walkers house and sang our first carol, Vince Walker always came with us. It isn't easy singing outside, and we were always pleased with the cornet players. Sometimes we stayed at the Chapel Sunday School where a supper was prepared, but how on earth any one sang properly after eating pork pie etc. I will never know, other times we sang the whole of the village without a break, (many of the men had a little bottle tucked away in a pocket) and we always

ended our carol singing at 'Elm House' by rendering the Doxology, the time would be between 4 and 4.30 a.m. We sang at each house, never missing anyone unless the house was empty, and although it was the middle of the night, many a bedroom window was opened and we were wished a Happy Christmas. A House to House collection was made after Boxing Day, mostly for the General Hospital Nottingham and we were so pleased if we collected £5. Now-a-days the carol singers start at 7.30 p.m. and have finished and gone in doors for supper, and home by 10.30 p.m. and there are lots more houses, it doesn't seem sense, a collection box is taken round while the singing is taking place and around £25 collected for the National Childrens Home, how times change.

Miscellaneous When I was little no one stayed up late, we didn't have Radio or TV or a car to take one to the pictures, I should think everyone went to bed around nine o'clock, and most people would be up at 5.30 to 6 AM, breakfast early, dinner prompt at 12 o'clock, tea 3.30 to 4 o'clock and supper at 7 p.m. nearly everyone drank cocoa for supper, never coffee, and my trick at bedtime was to say that my cocoa was too hot, just to stay up a few more minutes. We children were expected to eat what was put before us, it wasn't any good saying we didn't like it, and we never were asked what we would like, in my childhood, one did as one was told, or woe betide any child who did not, a spanking never did any harm, and if any of us were punished at school we never told the family, or we were wallopped again, there isn't enough discipline these days, too much talking and not enough action. New babies always wore long gowns and they were long, but so beautiful some hand embroidered, some silk with lace, some openwork, under the gown would be a long petticoat of white material, and under that a long flannel petticoat that wrapped round the poor little mite and then fastened with tapes, these gowns would be quite 1½ yards long, what a waste of material and what of the washing, starching and ironing every week and oftener, NO Washing Machine, No Spindryer, just plain back aching WORK, the new baby never went outside with his little face or head uncovered, bonnet for a girl, silly little hat for a boy, and most important a veil to cover the whole of the face, then a head shawl and a large carrying shawl, and they were not allowed outside until a month old and wore those long gowns until they were three months old, it is a wonder all of them survived. A baby's high chair had no tray attached, placed directly up to the table, made of wood with a step so one can imagine the mess, with sticky fingers touching everything.

Old cottages I remember quite well the old thatched house in Faulks Lane or Mucky Lane, the old Granny Parkes lived there and her daughter Jenny, who later married William Burton, this house, and I have a feeling it may have been one of the mud houses was demolished a

long time ago, I wonder if the Well is still in existence, a dirty delapidated caravan stands on part of the site today. The uncared for buildings on Long Lane, with filthy windows and not been painted for years, they are a disgrace to their owners, was once a cottage or may be two, And over the canal I remember the ruins of two cottages, must have been dark and probably damp, semi bungalows are built their now. A couple of cottages, now used as store places up the yard of 'Canal View' I remember them being occupied. And there are several cottages standing empty at the present time, 1976, which is very wrong in my opinion.

Every country man who kept perhaps only a couple of cows or pigs owned a pair of 'Buckets and Yokes' and these bygone country implements are antiques today, the men would be seen walking down the village street with the Yokes over their shoulders and the buckets fastened with chains either full of milk or water, now, it is machinery for everything, Tractor instead of Horse & Plough, Milking Machine and what happened to the three legged milking stool they too will be antiques I expect. Life may be easier but is it any happier, doubtful.

Backyard Hens Almost everyone kept a few hens when I went to school, and all free range, some had wire runs, and it was a regular thing to see a cockeral & several hens on the roadside. At Rose Cottage it was my job to look after the hens, that was before going to School letting them out and feeding, preparing a warm mash in the winter, also boiled all the small 'pig' potatoes in their jackets & mixed them with the mash, these potatoes were jolly good to eat. I have picked umpteen from the hens mash. I would collect the eggs when coming home from school, and there would always be one or two hens lay away, (not in the hen hut) either in the stick heap, or under the haystack, in the hedge bottom. Everyone 'put down' eggs for the winter, some called them 'Pickled', we used wide topped stone jars, room for several dozen in each jar, we never hear of this process now. In the springtime the hens would go broody and start 'clucking' like mad, and every one would have a few hens 'Sitting' on twelve or fourteen eggs, we would exchange a 'sitting' of eggs with a neighbour and after three weeks the lovely little fluffy yellow chicks would hatch, and what a beautiful picture to see a proud hen with her brood, now, we never see a hen and chick, if it is progress we must accept it, but give me the backyard hens & chicks. At Rose Cottage we once had a Rhode Island Red cockeral, he was a great big brute, each time we crossed the yard we took a stick, for he would come full tilt with his wings outspread and his horrible beak protruding, we did used to sock him, then he started attacking children and would knock them down, so he was exterminated. How wonderful it was to collect a lovely warm egg from under a hen and have it boiled for tea.

Fashion We girls did fancy ourselves, and thought we were someone of importance when we dressed in our Sunday best clothes. At Easter we all had a new hat and we marched down the Chapel aisle to the choir as proud as peacocks. We so loved our summer hats, and every girl wore a hat on Sundays, they would be either of panama or leghorn straw, with ribbons hanging down at the back, or black velvet, and trimmed with bunches of flowers or black and red cherries. The high legged lace black leather boots were in fashion when I was a teenager and we would stand leg to leg to see which girls boot was the highest, we were as vain as vain could be. We had to take care of our clothes, we did not have nearly as many as the children of today. We teenagers were so proud when we were allowed to put our 'Hair Up' we should be perhaps seventeen or eighteen, this was before the days of Bob and Shingle, and our hair was long and fastened either with a large slide or broad black ribbon at the back of our neck, so when we put our hair up we twisted it into a bun and used hair pins to secure it on our head. I remember before I married I wore my hair like headphones, Would have two plaits and twist into rings over each ear, was fashionable at the time, and the boys at the same time would go into long trousers, and didn't they fancy themselves, now the boys are in long pants at nine or ten years, what a shame. The older men wore striped flannelette nightgowns (now nightdress) I wonder what they would say of todays fashion.

Boys and girls went to school in boots, and sometimes clogs, always black, but the Sunday best boots for girls were brown and softer leather and always buttoned, we had to learn to use a button hook to fasten up our boots, and so many people today in 1976 would not have



Margaret, Ivy with
Granny Simpson

a clue what a button hook looked like. Men folk wore boots and leggings, (Wellingtons had not been invented) a heavy boot for work and a light either brown or black when they were dressed up and polished until one could see oneself, and with these the men wore riding breeches, made locally by our own tailor Mr. Fred Shelton, and they did look smart (ask Bob Spencer, he never wore anything else) they would have a sports jacket and either a check cap or a trilby hat, the young men looked very smart indeed, not slap happy in denhams and dirty sloppy sweaters and leather outfits like today. When anyone died, the family would all go into deep mourning for six months at least, wear nothing but black. Notepaper and envelopes were edged with black, also some had black edged

handkerchiefs, and all the women folk wore mourning black beads or necklace and brooch, the brooch and a ring to match would have one or two pearls inset. The passing bell was always rung when a death took place, the verger tolling the heavy bell of St Lukes. I have forgotten how many times, but was rung more for a man, that custom ended a while ago. Girls did not wear stockings until they put up their hair, always short socks, but boys wore thick woollen black stockings with garters below the knees and often a knicker bocker suit, until going into long trousers.

About eighty years ago (it is now 1976) when Miss Emily Hives went into service, she started as kitchen maid and worked her way until she was head cook in a Doctors house, her Christmas present from Master and Mistress was a length of material to make into an afternoon uniform dress (weren't they generous). Miss Hives was born at Hickling and at one time after I married we lived with her and looked after her, she told me many things about her childhood.

Her brother Christopher went to Sheffield as apprentice in a drapers shop and he and other apprentices slept in the shop or workroom, on wide shelves. Miss Hives said she as cook, and the housemaid slept in the attic at the Doctors (this was in Wales) and a contraption was fixed from the back door to the attic so if anyone came for the Dr. during the night they called through this speaker affair waking the servants and one of them had to go to the Doctors room and waken him. She also told of the time she cooked a suckling pig and how delicious it was, and this is a tip I have used to put a laurel leaf into the milk when making custard and it will have a lovely almond flavour. I shouldn't fancy a roasted sparrow but Miss Hives sister did and Mrs Arthur Shelton (Norah Woolleys mother) was the one who plucked the little creature.

Many families when I was a child always ate their puddings first at dinner time, we did at Rose Cottage at one time, some people say it would be to keep them from eating as much of the meat course. Children were not allowed to sit down for a meal, unless they wore, for girls, a pinafore, with armholes and frills, and open work across the front, and the boys an apron, similar to the butchers, only white ones not blue with stripes, clothes for children and adults were not as plentiful as now, and every family was particular in taking great care and of course always were handed down from the eldest to the youngest child.

Door mats were often clean sack bags and when dirty put on the yard and swilled and scrubbed with a long handled brush, a yard brush to us country folk, and in these parts we never called a brush a broom.

We often spoke of it being black over 'Bills Mothers' when it looked like rain. And we would be as 'Busy as Throps wife' if had a few extra jobs. Also the housewife would be doing the 'Pollyanning', that was the housework. And it was well known to the genuine country people in Nottinghamshire to say 'Me-duck' and 'Bless You, or Him or Her' when talking to babys and small children.

The plant 'Cumfrey' often grew wild in the country gardens, and it was often used by farmers for curing animals, my husband is still a firm believer that if given to a sick pig would help, and a countryman talking on TV recently (1976) said the same, he said it helped many horses he had treated.

Pot Eggs Should think a pot egg is now an antique, no one was without pot eggs who kept a few hens, we would place one of these decoy eggs in a nest, and the hen would then lay her egg by its side.

April Fools Day was always celebrated among we children and some of the grown ups too, and some of the things thought of were astonishing.

Tradesmen I have mentioned some of the tradesmen. But most of these I remember when I was a girl.

Mr. Johnny Warden Greengrocer & Fishman from Keyworth, he had a horse and dray, and it is quite true we could hear him shouting his wares down by the canal at Rose Cottage, have never heard anyone with so loud a voice, he sold a large amount of wet fish in Hickling, I remember the latter part of the time Johnny brought his son, and he was just as quiet as Dad was noisy.

Mr. Barratt Hardware, Pots, pans and Parrafin, and he came from Keyworth, he also used a horse and dray, and I remember he had a daughter Irine.

Mr. Disney Draper (from Cropwell Bishop) and Haberdasherer, he came round with a horse and waggon with a black waterproof hood. I remember Mr. Disney had pure white hair.

Mr. Wilson of Owthorpe, Haberdasher. All he carried his wares on was a tray which hung from a strap around his neck, he sold boot and shoe laces, buttons, studs, elastic, mending wool etc. He walked his rounds.

Mr. Jack Marson Greengrocer, from Upper Broughton, came round with a van, he was such a muddler, came for a number of years, and after his death his son kept on the business and still does.

Mr. Wheatcroft Willoughby-on-the-Wolds. Came round Hickling every Monday, and did so for years. At first he had a horse and dray, then a van, he was Hardware, Parrafin, Shoe Repairer, Groceries, you name it and he had it. During the 1914-18 War Mrs. Wheatcroft

and daughter carried on the business while her husband was on active service. After the war the van would arrive in Hickling before dinner time and by the time they reached down by the canal it was any time between six and seven at night. Mr. Wheatcroft wore a black apron, he had ginger hair and so had his wife and also one or two daughters, at the back of the van was a large tank of paraffin, at the side was a barrel of vinegar, on the top of the van was things that the weather would not hurt, like buckets etc. There wasn't a spare space as big as a halfpenny on that van. And some naughty boys once turned on the tap of the paraffin tank and gallons were wasted.

Travellers from (I think) Gloucestershire I must mention these good people, they came once in I believe two years, could have been annually, they had a dialect so different from ours. They would arrive in six to eight waggons pulled by horses, with black tarpaulin covers, like curtains, opened at the back of the waggon, they sold farm and garden impliments, buckets of every kind, brushes, and hundred weights of nails of every size and shape, many local residents bought a years supply of impliments and nails, they were so very genuine, every one liked these people, they were friendly, spotlessly clean both men and women, their boots shone like silver, and every thing inside the waggons was tidy, the horses harness and brasses would sparkle in the sunshine, the men wore boots, short jackets and breeches with a kerchief round the neck, the women also wore boots, very full skirts to the top of the boots, blouses with full sleeves, a woollen shawl and a sunbonnet on their head, farmers never refused these people using a field at night for the horses.

Blind Institution The Royal Midland Institution for the Blind brought their van round I think once a year, with wonderful things all made by the blind. Granny Simpson always bought something, my first work basket came from the Blind Inst. when I was twenty one, and cost ten shillings and sixpence, and I still have it today.

Mr. Hemmington and Miss Scott came round I think from 'Pullman' Nottingham for years, fortnightly in a private car.

Doncaster & Son from Bingham, Drapers, their representative was Harry Castledine, he came the whole time until the firm closed down. When I married, we bought our furniture through Doncaster as Agent to Laurence of Nottingham.

Hardstaff and Brown from Bingham. Grocers, monthly visit, a traveller Mr. Huskinson would call for the order on Monday and goods delivered on Thursday.

Heafford from Upper Broughton. Grocer, Would never take no for an answer.

Pick's Stores from Melton Mowbray, Hardware. An old Melton firm.

Dan Wright from Keyworth. Hardware, also the Bus Propriator, which still is in business. 'Dan' was a local preacher and he had a withered arm, we youngsters enjoyed the many tales he told when preaching.

Mobile Co-op Groceries, came round for quite a long time, fortnightly, and Roy came the whole time, until inflation intervened and the service ended in 1973-74.

Choropodist From the County Services for S.C. been around quite a long time, in 1976 uses Miss Woolley's drive at Duisdale, and has no free places.

Mobile Library from County Hall, West Bridgford, been coming for years, fortnightly. Stops outside the Village Hall, and down near the Church, has a large list of Hickling residents.

Indians We never were very happy to see these men wearing Turbans and carrying a suitcase coming through the garden gate, everything they sold was expensive and some of them were so aggressive.

Odd Travellers with their wares in a suitcase, it would be packed full of an assortment of articles and most people bought something.

Ex-Servicemen Wearing an official badge came round with notepaper and envelopes, some still do the round but we wonder if they are genuine.

Kleenezee The same representative been coming for years, the goods are expensive but well made.

Mr. A. Temple – Had Shop in Hickling, is now gone, but was at what is now 'Sulney House' sold mostly mens wear.

Mains Water Supply When we first lived at Yew Tree House, water was delivered by the Bingham Council three times a week, we bought a small churn purposely, it is one way of making people not so wasteful. We moved into Yew Tree 1955 and moved out 1972. Water was brought by mains supply in 1957.

Sewerage came in 1973, and still in this year of 1976 there are four or five pan closets emptied by the Council, (can anyone understand why).

Refuse Collectors in the modern name, come from Rushcliffe Council weekly, if a large article or old piece of furniture is put out, one has to pay.

Bus Shelter Their has been one bus shelter in the village for a number of years, it is central, and next to the telephone Kiosk.

Village Seats One on Bridegate Lane and one on Clawson Lane, put their by the Council in

Coronation Year 1953. A seat by the Canal presented to the Parish Council by the W.I. in 1965 the 'W.I. Jubilee Year' on May 22nd. To Parish Council Chairman, Mr. W.E. Woolley. Another seat opposite the Bus shelter given to the village by the family of the late Mrs. Ethel Armstrong, Lisencee of the Plough Inn.

Cemetery A piece of ground was bought on Clawson Lane and dedicated for the cemetery, a pair of wrought iron gates erected at the entrance. Mr. Walter Parkes was the first to be interned in 1955.

Census taken in 1921, population of 399. Males 186, Females 213, of Hickling Village. Some Hickling Residents I remember

Mr. Frederick Jarvis Cart Was Prudential Ins. Agent until his retirement and don't think I remember him only as retired. Was Methodist Local Preacher, and we girls in the choir didn't care for his preaching, he had a most sing-song monotonous voice, twiddled a piece of paper in his fingers while giving his sermon and stood sideways in the pulpit with his eyes glued to the clock hanging on the wall. His pew in Chapel was at the back and he fixed a small drawer under the seat which he always kept locked, inside was his hymn book, a bible and odds and ends, and very often he would be fiddling with the key in the lock much to the annoyance of the congregation. Although having some peculiar ways, Mr. Cart was genuine, and a useful man in the village, he would repair spectacles for the older folk, he was Clerk to the Parish Council for years, also Education Correspondent for the School and the Grantham Journal Correspondent until the time of his death. We children were very unkind to Mr. Cart, he suffered with severe rheumatism in his knees and we called him 'Daddie Wadlum'. Many people in Hickling asked Mr. Cart's advice when filling in personal forms etc.

Miss Nellie Carrington She lived in a small cottage at the corner of Clawson Lane, (which has now been demolished and a modern cottage built in its place). The original cottage where Nellie lived, with her Grandmother, Mother and two daughters, had one bedroom and top of the stairs and one room downstairs. Nellie took in washing especially at confinements and deaths, she would arrive at the particular house to collect the laundry, fasten it inside a sheet and sling the whole lot on her back, it would be returned clean and ironed, her wash house was a dark tumbledown place across her yard which was in the winter nearly always up to the neck in sludge, how she ever dried all the washing each week goodness knows, there wasn't any water laid on, and only a flat iron, a copper heated with coal & wood was all the means for hotting water, dolly tub & pegs & an iron mangle. Nellie was also the village school caretaker and during the winter months it was a tough job, up early to light three fires,

get in the coal etc. keep all the oil lamps filled & trimmed for use, in the winter when I was a girl there was a whist drive and dance every Friday or Sat. night, and Nellie was present most of the time, when whist had finished she brought out her sweeping brush & dustpan & one or two men would help clear the room & Nellie would then sweep the floor and sprinkle with a powder ready for dancing, some of the men folk would make fun of her but good humouredly, Nellie would wash the crockery used for refreshments, the water heated in large kettles on the open fire, often one or two helping dry up, she would stay to lock up, and would always be given some refreshments to take home, all this and would be paid 2/6 to 3/6 for the evening. Anyone needing the Doctor would leave a message at Nellie's house, the Doctors from both Clawson and Colston Bassett calling each visiting day for the list. Dr. Windley lived at Colston Bassett and every Monday after the Doctors visit to Hickling, Nellie would take her basket and walk (often over the fields) to the surgery for all the medicine, and it was all medicine in bottles, no tablets at all, she would then walk back to Hickling & deliver the medicine to the patients, receiving 2d or 3d (three pence in old money) per bottle, she would wear a long full skirt to the ground, a blouse, boots, a large shawl over her shoulders and an old wool hat or even a mans cap. Nellie's eldest daughter Emma was a young pupil teacher when I was at school leaving age, she then went on to College and became Head Mistress of Thruxington School in Leicestershire, until retiring a few years ago, there was great credit indeed to Emma.

Mr. William Collishaw Lived at the 'Wharf' with his wife, there were three families of Collishaws in Hickling but were not related to one another. This family were always called Mr. & Mrs. Wharf Collishaw, they had no family, Mr. Collishaw was Church Warden as long as I remember until he moved to Cropwell Bishop on the death of his wife, he had white hair, always wore a bowler hat and dressed in black, mostly a frock coat, they each were typical Victorians, very strict, serious, and children were afraid of them, Mrs. Collishaw also mostly wore black and a very large hat and she was a tiny person, she kept a maid who wore a black dress and white cap and apron, but they never stayed long, Mrs. C. was a tyrant to her housemaids. Mr. Collishaw had a brick office in the wharf yard, with fireplace, cupboards, desk and chair, a window with wooden shutter, and outside a large weighing machine on the ground where horse & cart would be driven to be weighed before and after loading with either coal, sand, gravel etc. from the wharf yard, Mr. Collishaw would manipulate the machine and hand out tickets through the open cubby hole window, we kids would think ourselves clever and stand on the weighing machine expecting to be weighed (we never let

Mr. Collishaw see us if we could help it.) Mr. Collishaw also issued fishing tickets for use of anglers on his land, he would walk around each day collecting his sixpences. There were two large iron gates at the entrance to the Wharf Yard which were locked each night and all day on Sunday. Part of the house has now been demolished.

Miss Emily Corner Lived in what is now known as 'Lilac Cottage' on Bridegate Lane, (was Chapel Lane) Miss Corner (some called her Pemmy) was organist at the Parish Church as long as I remember until her death. She never missed a service of any kind or a choir practise, she was always early and carried several music books under her arm, poor Miss Corner suffered from chilblains in the cold weather and always wore woollen mittens to play the organ, and believe me St. Luke's was very cold indeed in those days, she had a peculiar way of walking by putting her heels down first many times she insisted on walking to Church in bad weather when she wasn't really fit, she almost died playing her beloved Church organ, she collapsed while playing and lay ill for just a short time, she was indeed a faithful servant. Miss Corner taught the piano, and her pupils were the only people allowed inside her house, she very seldom had a fire, she looked clammy to death. Any one going to her door would find it opened just wide enough to put her nose through, she would always be wearing a coat with a course apron on top and a woollen bonnet of some kind on her head. Out in her garden Miss Corner kept a few hens and often one or two would get out of their run and most certainly go inside the house and Miss C. didn't mind at all. Each evening or rather night Miss Corner would go into the hen house talking to them and turn every one with its head looking the same way, this is perfectly true, she was a person of few words and talked more to her chickens than to human beings. She was a great friend of Miss Florence Munks who will be mentioned later.

Mr. Robert Daft To me as a child was always an old man, he was Church Warden until his death. Mr. Daft rode a tricycle, and always wore a bowler hat. He was a widower, had one son married who died of consumption, his daughter in law and granddaughter stayed on at Hickling a number of years. Very fond of following the Hunt, Mr. Daft would ride his tricycle for miles after the hounds, and often rode too fast, in fact he was involved in an accident on his tricycle while following the Fox which was the cause of his death.

Mr. James Grundy Always called Jimmy. He was at one time the Miller, and lived in a small cottage (Mr. F. Payne lives there at present). The Mill was down Mill Lane which still exists, and on the painting I have of Hickling Mill is also a donkey which belonged to Mr. Grundy. At one time Jimmy was a heavy drinker and once when working on the Bridegate

Allotments he got so drunk Mr. Tom Rose wheeled him home in his wheelbarrow. He joined the Methodist Church and gradually stopped drinking and became one of the leaders at prayer meetings. I remember him always sitting on the front seat, and during the service would shout 'Praise the Lord' 'Amen' and 'Hallelujah' he was not educated but sincere. At the time of his death there was a Mission being held at Chapel and our Minister Rev. C.T. Lander sat with Jimmy when he died, then came to the Mission service and everyone sang his favourite hymns.

Mr. Thomas Jeffries affectionately known as 'Tommy Jeff'. Some say his name was Jeffrey Nixon because himself and his wife were the parents of William Nixon whom I have mentioned. Anyway to all of us at Hickling and the surrounding villages it was Tommy Jeff. He was the local Chimney Sweep and lived in a small cottage down The Green, which is still in existence, he had a pony and tub for travelling the surrounding villages with his sweeps tackle, fond of his pint he would often have too much to drink and be incapable of driving home and would be fast asleep on the floor of his tub, but the faithful old pony whatever the weather, light or dark would arrive at the little cottage in Hickling safe and sound. Many stories are told of the village chimney sweep, he went to Granny Simpson's door in broad daylight when worse for drink with a lighted candle in his hand to ask what time it was. Mrs. Tommy Jeff was spotlessly clean and no one would think her cottage was the home of a chimney sweep, they were both small people, she wore her hair straight back with a bun at the back of her head. Tommy had the smallest and bluest eyes I have ever seen, he had an American organ in his cottage and taught himself to play with one finger, he spent hours playing his organ. Mrs. Jeffries was a staunch Methodist, and always was so spick and span, she wore a silk or satin bonnet with broad ribbon to tie under the chin and always a black silk or velvet cape, after her death old Tommy lived with his son down Clawson Lane, and the poor old chap went blind at the end of his life. He retired in 1921.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred March of Chestnut House. The house has been altered, but the chestnut tree still stands by the back entrance. They farmed the land along Clawson Lane, and were as poor as Church mice until Mrs. March's sister Lady Masham died and left her £50 thousand pounds, she came from Newark way. Mr. M. was too fond of drink and so many times watched him staggering home from The Plough, he sold anything he could get hold of for beer money, he sent pigs, sheep, calves, poultry etc. to Market unbeknown to his wife and kept the money, he was passionately fond of his terrier dog and his grey heavy horse, a man one couldn't help but like, but so weak. They had no family. Mrs. Mabel Primrose March

was a keen cyclist, she cycled to Farndon, or Aslockton or Newark twice and three times weekly. We children were so crafty, we would pick bunches of wild violets and knock on the Marsh's back door and say they were for Mrs. March, and she always gave us a little present, never money or sweets, but a small ornament of some kind and after she came into some of her sisters money Mrs. March would send everyone in the village a Christmas present, some things very poor indeed, and some of good value. I recieved a dressing table hand mirror, a pair of coat of arms of Belvoir Castle which I still have, their would be a china shoe filled with velvet for a pincushion, a cup and saucer and so many different things, then Mrs. March started sending every house a large box of matches, she bought them by the gross, they were very useful too. Their was a parrott at Chestnut House which could swear and a little Scottie dog called Jack. After Mr. March died his wife never wore anything but black. Actually she died on her cycle, she was involved in an accident near Newark, and was killed.

Miss Florence Munks Known to all the Hickling people as 'Dot' for the simple reason she was a very small person. She was the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charlie Munks who lived where Mrs. Mabel Munks lives at the present time, next to the Plough Inn. Dot went to stay with her Grandmother Doubleday at Japonica House for a few days and spent the whole of her life their, after her Grandmothers death she lived in the house alone, and in 1973 at the age of 80 she died in hospital.

Miss Munks was Church organist after Miss Corners death, Church Warden for a number of years, was in the choir, and the St. Lukes Sunday School was held in her front room, Miss Corner and Miss Munks were great friends and every Sat. night for several years Miss Corner would be seen walking up the village to have a hot meal with Dot in her kitchen, and would never be before midnight, then much later Dot would walk part of the way home with her friend, and Dots cat would walk along as well. Dot has told me several times that during the summer time she would generally be arranging flowers on her familys graves in the churchyard when St. Lukes clock struck midnight on Saturdays. She also told of how during the 1914-18 War she would fry an egg and share it between her Grandmother and the Cat. Emmie Simpson and Dot Munks were friends from their School days and when young were unseperable.

Emmie died at 55 and Dot at 80.

Mr. & Mrs. Harry Parr Married late in life. She was Gertie Copley. The lived in small cottage demolished now and new house built on site, (Westholme), Mr. Parr (nickname 'Lodger') was an excellent worker, he was one of the best at cutting and laying an hedge, but

was a cantankerous chap, and his wife had much to put up with. They belonged to the Methodist Church, Mrs. Parr attending every Sunday and helping with any of the special efforts, she was fetched out night or day when a death took place to 'Lay Out' the corpse, she also looked after the tea at the funeral, paid the bearers etc. and for all that was paid three shillings and sixpence.

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Copley Stepbrother of the above Gertie Copley, was the village Saddler, and a good saddler, although two sons could 'saddle' the business ended when Mr. Copley died. Mrs. Copley died first, and after a while Mr. C. married again. Their was a family of six with the first marriage, and the last one died during April 1976. All the grandchildren live out of Hickling, there is not one family named Copley here now and it was one of the oldest names at one time.

Mr. & Mrs. William White Farmer, lived at 'Fern Bank' near Canal. Mrs. White was Mr. R. Copleys sister. Had two sons Frank who had crippled arm and leg, he was a Local Preacher, and Percy. Mrs. White had pure white hair, was so prim and proper, when they moved to Thorney near Newark the Methodists presented them with a silver tea set, a nice family.

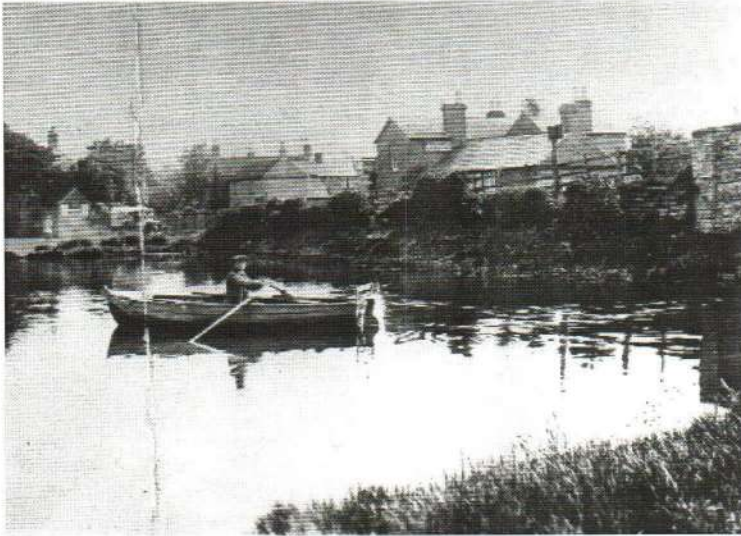
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Rose lived on 'Roses Lane' which is now called Long Lane and the house now altered is called 'Bramble Cottage'. Mr. Rose farmed on land up Green Lane, and like other farmers walked, pulling his churn for milking twice daily. Their was a family of three, Lily who now lives with one of her daughters at West Bridgford and is 94, Albert who married Emmie Simpson and died several years ago, and Evelyn widow of Mr. A.F. Shelton who lives at Hill View, Hickling. Mr. Rose was very fond of children and I loved going to see him and Grandma Rose, always brought out either cake, biscuits or tarts, no wonder we liked visiting them, Mrs. Rose made delicious Colic Cheese and Stilton and Butter, was a hardworking woman all her life. Mr. Rose and family were regular members of St. Lukes Church and at one time was on the Parish Council, he died a long while ago in his early sixties, Mrs. Rose lived until in her nineties, a wonderful old lady.

Grandma Roses home made wine was well known to many callers especially around Christmas Time. She loved her flower garden and worked in it until her strength had gone.

Mr. Arthur Wakerly Who everyone called 'Shot'. I remember him living with his father, George Wakerly, just the two of them in a tumbledown cottage in Mill Lane, now part of a garage. George was the organ blower at the Parish Church, was very lame, used a large stick to walk with and often the organist sat waiting for him before playing the organ. I remember the cottage and contents deteriorated until all that was left was old sacks and straw on the down

stairs floor, and after the death George, his son Arthur lived rough, sleeping in any barn or cow hovel during the winter especially, his clothes were ragged, boots too big, a real down and out. In the 1914-18 War he was called up for active service, he said he would not go, and finally the Army Police came to fetch him and found him hiding in Shirebrooks Fox Covert, and even the Army couldn't do anything with him and sent him back to Hickling. Shot would do any dirty rough job for a shilling to buy drink, and for something to eat. He was so dirty the Landlord of the Plough made him drink outside, he had a good voice and men at the Pub would get him singing hymns for a pint. Most people had toilets with a large pit which was also used for ashes etc. and emptied once a year, and poor old Shot was the man to do it. I remember at Rose Cottage the ash pit being emptied, a horse and cart would be outside the pit and Shot be inside with his shovel, and there he would stand eating whatever we took him, smelly wasn't the word, and the money he earned with these dirty jobs would all go in drink. I don't think Shot ever bought any garment the whole of his life new. He also helped Mr. Alwyn Shelton the blacksmith using the big hammer. We children were horrible to him, we called awful things after him, and he would chase us from one end of the village to the other, but would never catch us, he would just stop running and stand and laugh. Poor old Shot caught a chill which turned to pneumonia, he was in the Wharf barn on the main street, the police were informed and he was taken by ambulance to Bingham Workhouse where he died. The local British Legion gave him a respectful funeral and he was buried in Kinoulton Churchyard.

Mr Tommy Watchorn Affectionately known as 'Crutchie' he was a cripple and as his nickname applies, used crutches. He lived in a wooden hut in what is now 'Bridge View' yard, he was the local cobbler (I have an article about Crutchie from a newspaper in one of my Scrapbooks). Tom owned a small boat which he kept on the Canal during the summer time, and would take parties out daily, there would be trips to Harby where tea would be taken at the village pub not far from the canal and to the 'Devils Elbow' which is a bend in the canal between Kinoulton and Owthorpe, and there was a little copse or spinney where a picnic tea was laid out on the grass. Tommy provided a small stove and kettle for boiling water, if the party was larger than the boat would carry Tom would hire a smaller one from the landlord of the Plough depending if one of the company could row, and sometimes one or two have cycled to Owthorpe canal bridge then along the bank of the water. There was always a large green cart umbrella under the seat in case of rain, and if a thunderstorm developed Tom would take his boat to the canal bank and have it securely fastened until the



Crutchie at basin



Crutchie fishing

storm was over. I can remember being caught in a heavy storm, and we all huddled together under the large umbrella, naturally we children thought it most exciting, we also enjoyed swinging the wooden bridges to allow the boat through, there were many happy hours spent on that old boat on the Grantham Canal at Hickling. Tommy was also fond of fishing and during the season would often be seen sitting in his boat in the middle of the basin, and anglers would hire Tom and his boat for a day. During the winter months the only income Tommy had was from repairing boots and shoes. All Hickling residents admired Tommy Watchorn.

Mr. William Parr A retired engine driver from the North, took to farming, lived down The Green at The Hollies, his niece Jessie Burton looked after him, he always walked by stamping his feet down in such a heavy way, said it was from standing on the railway engine and vibration. Was a Methodist, his niece became the second wife of Mr. George Squires.

List of some Hickling families when I was a child.

Mrs. Sarah Louise Cart wife of Mr. F.J. Cart I have mentioned. She was a farmer and a prize winning stilton cheese maker, she won many challenge cups over the years. Her elder sister Miss Emily C. Hives lived with her, she was the drudge and Mrs. Cart the lady, but she did work hard in the cheese room, and at one time she also was a dressmaker.

Mr. Joseph Spencer lived at Bridge Farm, he was a bargeman, and have heard say he would put his wages inside the sole of his sock before walking home on the canal bank. Mrs. Martha Spencer also won prizes for making Stilton Cheese and awarded challenge cups for

prize bulls and other beast, one son Robert is living here at the Old School House.

The Drake family was a large family but none left in Hickling. Tom was a Stonemason at Melton, Bob a Farmer at Freeby. Sam farmed here then moved away. The girls, Mrs. Arthur (Kate) Shelton, Mrs. Alwyn (Ethel) Shelton, Mabel, Annie, Hilda, Lizzie and Connie the youngest now 80 and lives at Carlton, a spinster.

Mr. & Mrs. George Faulks Farmer, lived at Canal Farm before moving to 'Sycamore Farm' in the village where they lived until their deaths. Mrs. Faulks, a hard working woman also was a good Stilton Cheese maker, had a large family, one son being killed during the 1914-18 War, there are still three sons and one daughter living, and two grandsons and families live here in Hickling.

Mr. & Mrs. William Hill Lived down the Green in the old house which is now empty, and is the oldest in the village. Mr. Hill was verger at the parish church and also the gardener at the Rectory in the time of Canon Ashmall. Very pleasant family, Mrs. Hill had the purest white hair I have ever seen, had a family of three, the only son was killed in the 1914-18 War, the two daughters still living, the oldest, Mabel (Mrs. Tom. Munks) lives in the house next to the Plough, she is in her 80's, the other daughter lives away. When Canon Ashmall went for this summer holiday, he would be away one month, and Mr. & Mrs. Hill would move into the Rectory. Mr. Hill would be a couple of days wheeling their belongings in the wheel barrow, was like moving house. Mr. Hill saw active service in the 1914-18 War as well as his only son Jack.

Mr. & Mrs. George Squires. Lived in Chapel Lane (now Bridegate) in the house where Mr. Temperton lives. Had a family of two sons, Mr. Squires was a bricklayer and worked for the firm of Wm. Burnett, he was a member of the Methodist Church Choir. Loved children. At all social evenings George Squires would at the close of the proceedings go to the centre of the room and stand on his head, and he was bald on top. One August Bank Holiday Monday, the Canal Basin was packed with fishermen and lots of people around watching, when Mr. George Squires and friends were out walking, and he decided to climb on the bridge parapet and stand on his head, every one gasped. Mrs. Squires was a big jolly woman, but suffered a great deal in later years before she died. After a few years Mr. Squires married again to Miss Jessie Burton and lived down the Green until he died. The last of the family, the youngest son Arch died 1974.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Squires Also a bricklayer, with own business, was brother to George and lived at Canal View, where his daughter Hilda and Husband still live. Mrs. Squires was daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Parr, she was tall and her husband short, they had five

daughters, Gladys, Olive, Miriam, Hilda, Evelyn, the two youngest left. Mr. Squires served in the 1914-18 War and was a staunch member of the British Legion, and Mrs. Squires was a founder member of the Women's Section.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Parr Remember them as old people, lived at what is now called 'March Farm' was at one time the local Bandmaster, Belonged to the Parish Church. Their family, Gersham – could Butcher, Paint & Decorate, play cornet, he married the sister of the Squires brothers and she died young leaving a small son Wilfred, who died in 1974 aged 67. Arthur who lived at home and never married. Fred, Apprentice Butcher at Grandad Simpsons, also took over farming, he married Kitty Collishaw and had five daughters and one son.

Mr. & Mrs. Parnham At one time Landlord of The Plough Inn. When I remember them they lived at what is now Bridge View before being renovated, he was postman around the lodges, she had red fuzzy hair. Had two sons around my age, Leonard we called 'Pummy' and Ted 'Tiddly'. Ted was a boy who could do everything well at school, marvelous at drawing and painting, think we were all jealous of his gifts. Do not know what happened to either of them after they left Hickling.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Parkes Farmer. Lived at the farm house opposite the Village Hall where their great, great nephew Eric Parkes lives. They had one daughter Sally and two sons William and Walter, none of them married. Mr. Parkes nickname was 'Pinchy Bob', enough said. After the parents died and the sons took over the farm, they would walk behind one another either to their land or allotment and would not speak one word to each other, were keen followers of Nottingham Football Teams and went to all the local village cricket matches.

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Parkes (Christened John). Remember them living at Sycamore House up Faulks Lane as it is called, then moved to Church Farm (I think) where their eldest son John still lives. Mrs. Parkes was fond of music and a member of St. Lukes Choir. Mr. Parkes an excellent hedge cutter which has been handed to his sons John and Fred and his Grandson Eric, and have won awards. Mr. & Mrs. Parkes had two sons as mentioned and one daughter Margaret, all the family fond of cricket. When Granny Simpson was buying milk, we fetched it each morning in a jug from Mrs. Parkes.

Miss Hopkinson. A spinster, lived at Malt House, had such a high pitched voice and peculiar eyes, wore glasses. We children were inclined to be afraid of her, always sent basket of oranges for school children on Shrove Tuesday, and has sent apples on other occasions.

Mr. & Mrs. Maltby at one time kept the Off Licence, and their daughter Jenny who married Arthur Wright, known as Macky. Mr. Maltby was roadman and kept the roads, kerbs etc. cleaner

than today, with the mechanical devices. Not been any of this family here for a long time.

Mr. & Mrs. James Wright Moved from Lincoln Lodge down into the village and lived down the Green. I believe Mr. Wright took over the roadman job after Mr. Maltby finished, Mrs. Wright would go out washing or cleaning, and was caretaker at the Chapel at one time, had a large family, aren't any Wright's here now.

Mr. & Mrs. George Wiles lived in a small cottage overlooking the Church yard as long as I knew them. Mrs. Wiles was a tiny woman and one never saw her out in the village. Mr. Wiles fetched water every day from Rose Cottage, their son Tom Wiles and family lived first at Church Cottage then moved to Home Farm where some of the family still live. Mr. Tom Wiles married Kate Doubleday and had two sons and four daughters, one unmarried daughter Madge and youngest of the family Eva Peet live together with some of Eva's family at Home Farm.

Mr. & Mrs. Ted Woolley lived at one or two houses in the district before retiring to the old School House, when it was not needed for a Teacher. Mr. Woolley helped one of his brothers on the farm, Mrs. Woolley nee Connie Hickling was a character, she didn't beat about the bush, or mince her words, was excitable, especially around a General Election and some would aggravate her and get her going properly. Connie as so many called her was good natured, she was and her family staunch members of the Parish Church, and rather bigoted towards the Methodists, and of course she lived next to the Chapel which annoyed her, so she had a privet hedge planted and also in the porch a shutter fixed so she could not see people going in and out of the Chapel door, when I was looking after the Chapel, should be in my early teens, she would call out for me to go round for a cup of cocoa, and she would say "I shan't set my foot in that place to bring it to you". When we had a social evening at the Wesley Guild in the Sunday School and I was cleaning up the following day poor Mrs. Woolley hadn't anything bad enough to say, she certainly had a bee in her bonnet about the Wesleyans as she called us. The had four children, one died in infancy, two sons both living away, their daughter Bessie (Mrs. T. Timms) in Hickling and their Grandson Ian Woolley is at the Post Office.

Mr. & Mrs. Solomon Crump of 'Sunny Bank' Hickling Pastures. Mr. Crump built the house halfway up the 'Big Hill' and was his home until he died, he was Signalmen at Widmerpool Railway Station. Mrs. Julia Crump was a small thin hardworking women, a wonderful knitter and rugmaker, they had ten children, Stephen aged 20 killed in action during 1914-18 War, Percy aged 30 died after an accident with complications. Twins Frank & Claud, Fred – Signalmen, Claud – Farmer, Albert – Blacksmith, Wilfred – Farmer, Lesley – Electrician. Two daughters Beatrice now in her 80's and Addie died this year of

1976 at 73. Two sons living, Wilfred and Lesley. Mrs. Crump died in 1958 aged 86 and Mr. Crump a fortnight later aged 89.

Mr & Mrs Mann Was carrier for a number of years. I remember them living in Church Cottage. Mr Mann suffered with arthritis very badly in later years, his wife a spotlessly clean woman took in washing. They had Billy, lived in the North and received decoration in the 1914-18 War. Dick a tram driver in Nottm. until retiring to Kinoulton, 'Maggie Minnie May Mann' married and lived away. Sarah a Maid at the Rectory in Canon Ashmalls time, never married, and Florence also a Maid at the Rectory, she married and lived away. Mr Mann's sisters were Mrs Sussanah Shelton. Mrs Robert Parkes I remember on several occasions the Mann family moving their furniture upstairs because of floods at Church Cottage. There are not any 'Manns' left in the district. Were members of the Parish Church.

Shelton Family Slater (do not remember him) and family lived in Cromwell House, was Farmer, Two sons Arthur and Cecil carried on the farming, daughter Mary (known as Polly) who was engaged to my Uncle Charlie Simpson when he was killed in action. Have a photo of Cromwell House with Mrs Sussanah Shelton on it. One granddaughter still living here, (Norah Woolley).

Ernest – Blacksmith Lived at Elm House with family, Bertha, Bessie, Aza, Ida, Slater, Dorothy. Mrs Shelton was before her marriage Lizzie White. Their son also was a blacksmith and has now retired. Bertha and Aza have gone, Ida a widow lives at Hose, Bessie and Dorothy Spinsters live at Knipton and Slater lives at Nether Broughton. (Had Forge at Kinoulton & Nether Broughton).

Alwyn Francis – Blacksmith Lived in a cottage on Long Lane with his wife, former Ethel Drake, no family. Had Forge at Abb Kettleby and Hickling, Methodist Sunday School Superintendant, Choirmaster and Organist. At one time Captain of Hickling Cricket Club. Mrs Shelton died after a long illness after moving to Hill View. Mr A.F. married Evelyn Rose and they have one daughter, Gweneth, he died some years ago. Mrs Evelyn Shelton is the only 'Shelton' left in Hickling.

John Tom – Baker Can only remember him living at Cropwell Bishop, but he came to Hickling a great deal, was married but no family.

Fredrick John – Tailor Lived where the Post Office is, married to Polly Corner of Hose, had one son and one daughter, Fred who also tailored and Muriel, a pretty girl, all moved to Skegness, both children married, Muriel died quite young, have not heard of

Fred for a long time. Fred Senior was Methodist S. School Teacher.

Arthur son of Slater, married to Kate Drake who died in 1973 aged 95, Mr. Shelton died much earlier. Lived down the Green, was a Farmer, had one son Arthur Owen, who died in 1970 aged 61, was a qualified Chemist, single, living in Rickmansworth, excellent organist, also a daughter Norah living at Barland Fields, Hickling widow of Wilfred E. Woolley, Arthur Shelton a tenor singer in the Methodist Choir, keen cricketer.

Cecil son of Slater, farmed together with his brother Arthur. Lived down the Green, married Alice East, had three sons and two daughters. Left Hickling years ago, none of the family around here.

The whole Shelton family were Methodists, and the men keen and excellent cricketers.

The girls of the family, Mrs. W. White (Emma) Mrs. R. Copley (Annie) Miss Mary, Lizzie Shelton.

Burnett family The firm of Burnett in Hickling I remember all my life, until the business ended. Builders, Bricklayers, P. & Decorators, Undertakers etc.

Mr. T. Burnett I remember first, old man with white hair and very deaf, Methodists. William Burnett his son, married a Woolley, they had a family of Edith, in her 80's and in old peoples home at Radcliffe. Harold over 80 in Darlington with Daughter, Edgar and Horace both died. All the family suffered from deafness. No Burnetts left in Hickling today.

Woolley Family Fred. (Farmer) and wife, no family.

- “ Herbert (Farmer) Daughter Gertrude living in the village a spinster
- “ Grandson Edwin Farming.
- “ Ted Helped Brother (mentioned previously)
- “ Leonard (Farmer) married Lily Faulks, now 85 and living in Keyworth with her two single daughters.

Mrs. James Collishaw was Edith Woolley.

Mrs. William Burnett was Jenny Woolley.

Miss Harriett Woolley

Mrs. Emily Woolley

Mrs. Noel Marriott (Ellen Woolley)

Collishaw Family George Collishaw Farmer, lived at Water Lane Farm where his Grandson 'Robert' lives with his family in 1976. Mr. Collishaw was married twice and his first family was Lizzie Collishaw who died many years ago, she married and went abroad. Annie, (Mrs. Bryans) Maggie (Mrs. Brenn) Kitty (Mrs. F. Parr) Laura (Mrs. Millington) The second

family were Doris (Mrs. L. Green) Beatrice (Mrs. J. Green) Phylis (Mrs) May (Mrs. M. Gee) John. Lucy (Mrs. A. Gee).

Doris in her 80's, Phyllis in 70's & Lucy just 70 are still living. Quite a number of grandchildren of Mr. George Collishaw live around this district.

More residents names I remember when at school.

Mr. Albert Barnet & Family. P. & Dec. at W. Burnett. Moved to Ab Kettleby.

Mr. Beck & Family. Lived in Manor Cottage. Moved away.

Mr. W. Burton & Family, Farmer, Moved to Calverton.

Mr. T. Brewin & Family. Lived in Chapel Lane until they died.

(Mr. Brewin was Brother of Granny Simpson)

Mr. East & Family lived Hickling Pastures. P. & Dec. W. Burnett. Moved away.

(Mr. East was the first to have a radio and had a huge mast etc).

Mr. W. Egglestone & Family, Farmer. Moved to Keyworth.

Mr. & Mrs. Exton. Parents of Mrs. G. Collishaw. Old people, lived in cottage until died.

Mr. A. Herrick & Family. Lived at The Wheel and on Mill Lane. Mr. H. is in a home.

Mr. & Mrs. T. Hickling. Lived on Pastures until retired & lived in Chapel Lane.

Mr. & Mrs. L. Hickling. Lived in Hickling & Pastures. Moved to Kettleby. Daughter

(Mrs. Barnes) came to live here in 1975.

Mr. C. Hodson. A widower. House now demolished.

Miss Mary Jane Hutchinson. Looked after her Grandmother, Married and moved to Asfordby. Her husband Bob Hall and family still living their.

Mr. E. Marson or Cox. Lived here most of life with family.

Mr. Walter Parr & Family. (Bunny) Farmer, moved away.

Mr. Paget & family, son Jack went to school here.

Mr. Rowbotham lived alone in Chapel Lane, a little fat man.

Salt Three sons Farmers on Hickling Pastures. One killed in 1914/18 War. Mr. & Mrs Salt (Parents) retired & died in cottage in Chapel Lane.

Mr. Starbuck & Family. Son killed in Second War.

Hickling Village between 1895 – 1935

All Tradesmen and Workmen lived in the village

Baker Bake House, Grocer, Post Office, now known as 'Cobblestones'. Hot Cross buns delivered by horse & cart in time for Good Friday breakfast.

Butcher Two shops, both now demolished. Home made Pork Pies raised by hand. Also delivered by horse & cart.

Tailor Father and Son. Shop where present Post Office stands.

Blacksmith Been three forges in village, and always busy.

Saddler Father and Son Business.

Wheelright Shop still in existence.

Joiner's Were several.

Bricklayer's More than one business.

Painters & Decorators More than one business.

Undertakers Business until late 1930's.

Chimney Sweep Lived down the Green, travelled by Pony & Tub through surrounding villages.

Cobbler also Boatman Been several cobblers. Boatman had boat on Canal, took parties on picnics, favourite place 'Devil's Elbow' between Kinoulton & Owthorpe.

Miller names James Grundy. Windmill demolished in 1908. At one time a Post Mill down Clawson Lane.

Midwife Every one called her 'Granny Dickman' had no qualifications.

Dressmaker Has been several. Would visit homes for a full days repairing and patching.

Washerwoman Would collect dirty laundry and return when washed and ironed. She also walked to Colston Bassett each week to collect bottles of medicine from Doctor, walked back to Hickling and deliver them, her charge would be 2d or 3d. The daughter of this person became Head Mistress of the village school at Thrussington.

Roadman Lived down the Green. Always busy on the roads.

Bargeman Owned Horse drawn barges carrying coal, corn, gravel etc. on canal.

Wharfinger Mr 'Wharf' Collishaw lived at the Wharf.

Canal Worker Had Hut and Boat by the second pair of Kissing Gates by canal side.

Farmers One or two sold milk daily to residents, no delivery. Most farmers wives made Stilton and colic cheese also Butter.

Fishman and Greengrocer came from Keyworth with Horse and Dray.

Sweetshops Two small sweet shops at canal end of village.

Off Licence Now known as 'Old Forge' Also sold sweets & groceries. At one time was Post Office.

Three Public Houses 'Navigation Inn' now known as 'Bridge View House' 'Plough Inn' still a Public House, 'The Wheel Inn' now known as 'Wheel House'.

Fishermen Hickling Basin and Canal always crowded with anglers during the fishing season.

Coal Most of it fetched by Horse and Cart from Old Dalby Railway Station.

Village Character 'Shot' real name Arthur Wakerley, Odd job man, did all the dirty jobs, Slept in cow sheds. Used to chase the village children. Died in 1931, aged 54.

Churches. At one time were Three, Parish Church, Methodist and Primitive Methodist the latter demolished some years ago. Rector & Canon & Curate at St. Luke's. Methodist Minister live at Long Clawson.

Head Master & Mistress at Village School until 1918 when a 'Miss' was engaged.

Hickling Activities

Club Feast established 1785 Church Service Band Parade through village. Roundabouts etc. Always the last weekend in June and the Sunday School Anniversary at the Methodist Church, which is held at this time.

Brass Band Hickling and Nether Broughton 1895.

Travelling Dairy School making Butter & Soft Cheese 1895.

Flower Show Over 300 entries in August 1895.

Choir Trip Wesleyan July 1895. Left at 5.30 a.m. by horse and cart for Upper Broughton railway station for 6.18 A.M. train to Hunstanton, arrived back home midnight.

Egg & Flower Service at St. Luke's Church in August 1895. 132 Eggs. Collection for Sunday School Funds was £3.

Lord Lonsdale Master of Quorn Hunt presented venison to all farmers & graziers in Oct. 1896.

Activities

Hickling always well know for musical activities. Both Church had excellent choirs. Choral Societh. Dramatic Society. Men's Institute. Football Club. Cricket Club, Tennis Club, Mother's Union Wesley Guild.