



FOREWORD

Although agreeing readily enough to write the foreword to this book, I do so with some misgiving, simply because my own contribution to the book is next to nothing because I never listened to what my parents and grandparents had to say, and if you don't listen you don't know.

However, one thing I do know with every degree of certainty is that despite the considerable effort and research spent in producing this book and for which those responsible deserve every commendation, it will not be an 'exact science' and there will be people reading this book today who will think well that isn't right, or notice some content that is glaringly missing. If that is so, don't be critical but let your knowledge be known because things can be put right, so that come the next Millennium, the then inhabitants of Stainforth can read this book and look back in disbelief at the simple way we led our lives. By the year 3000, because of global warming, all the hills and dales around Stainforth will be covered in vineyards and olive groves, all the inhabitants of the village will be wealthy with yachts on Morecambe Bay, which will be the new Riviera, with miles and miles of golden sand, imported on disused oil tankers from the Arab countries who have nothing but sand left to export.

So much for the future, but back to the past, because enough changes have occurred in my own lifetime to fill a book of some sort.

There are some regrets. I regret the dramatic decline in farming, and not in a personal or economic way but because, in many ways and for so many years, farming shaped the village. Not everyone will agree with me on this, there must have been obvious disadvantages to having milking herds making their way slowly through the village four times a day, and none of those involved will ever forget that day a cow went upstairs into the bedroom of the now aptly named 'Cow Cottage'. I regret too that Stainforth will never again see farmers such as Tom Howarth and Joe Mitton, gentlemen, whose only concern in life was the warmth and welfare of their animals and with their only idea of a day out being a visit to Hellifield Auction.

I regret the loss of the School and the Sunday School, the Billiard Room, the village Bobby (shared with Horton) and the village Roadman (would the road drain at the top of the Middle Lane have been blocked for three years if Jack Greenbank had been roadman? I think not). I regret the loss of the Barn Porch, a meeting place for countless generations of village youth.

On the plus side, electricity came to the village in the 1930s; we saw an

end to the 'Earth Closets' in the 1940s. I'm not sure how much the gentleman who emptied these 'evil necessities' got paid but he must have earned every penny. Perhaps one or two of the earth closets might have been saved for posterity—especially the three-seater at Brookhouse Farm. It could have been a tourist attraction by now. The bypass came around 1970 and allowed the World to pass us by. The dreaded double yellow lines came to the village and were allowed to disfigure the Pack Horse Bridge! In 1945, two villagers with strong political views painted 'VOTE LABOUR' in large black letters on both sides of the bridge in the village. They were fined for their offence; perhaps they should have used yellow paint!

I will leave the last word in this foreword to the aforementioned Mr Joe Mitton about whom it was often said that he had never seen the sea in his lifetime. Two or three of us were teasing him about this one teatime in the Mitton hayfield (a glorious picnic). Joe was quite undisturbed by our teasing, his quiet philosophy being that it didn't matter. 'There will be plenty', he said, 'who've seen the sea that have never seen Stainforth.'

Plenty of us will say Amen to that.

T N Sharp
January 2001



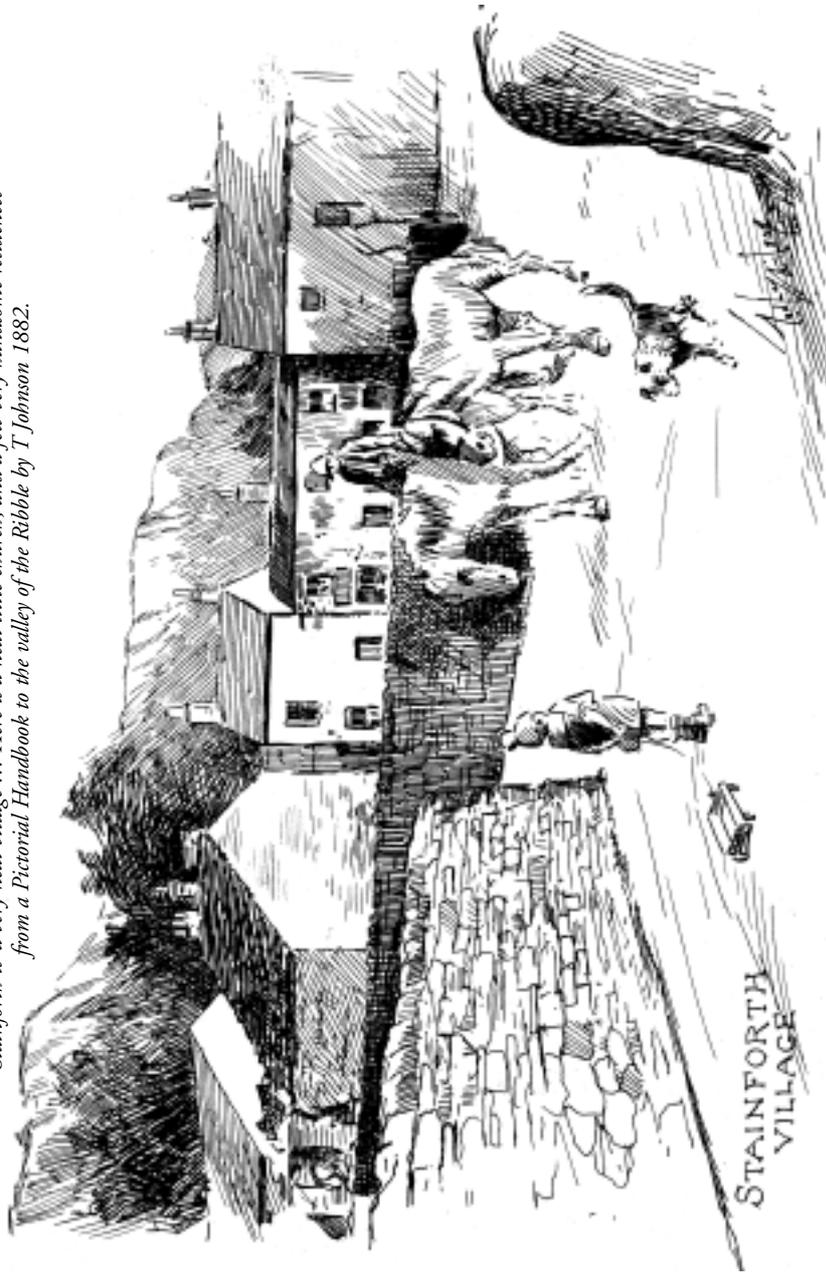
INTRODUCTION

As the year 2000 approached, Stainforth Parish Council sought the views of the village on how the event should be marked. A questionnaire elicited a number of worthwhile suggestions, but it was clear that a history of the village received the fullest support. Those willing to research and write formed the Stainforth History Group.

In July 2000, an exhibition of photographs and artefacts from bygone days was held in the Village Hall, which stimulated much interest and provided encouragement for the project, and a photograph of residents was taken on the village green.

A successful application was made to the Millennium Festival Awards for All to provide funding for this publication and to frame a copy of the 1844 Tithe Map for permanent exhibition in the Village Hall.

*Stainforth is a very neat village ... Here is a neat little church, and a few very handsome residences
from a Pictorial Handbook to the valley of the Ribble by T Johnson 1882.*



Stainforth Village by Godfrey Wilson - courtesy of Joan Greenbank