



16 WITHIN LIVING MEMORY

Work was hard and physical with long hours...

Do you remember a time before television: when radio was called wireless; when there were outside toilets; when a bath was a weekly event; when wash-day was always a Monday; rabbit was a staple food and chicken a luxury for special occasions? Can you milk a cow by hand or shear a sheep with hand clippers? Do you remember haymaking with horse and cart? Only 50 years ago these were all commonplace in the Dales. Many of us have fond memories of these times, but they were not a golden age. Work was hard and physical with long hours and living standards for the vast majority were low.

Accounts of these 'times past' make fascinating reading for us today and we are grateful to those who have shared their memories of the village and the people who lived and worked here.

Our most senior resident **Mrs Gertrude Forster**—better known as Gertie—was born on 17 April 1906 at Hillampton Lodge, Great Whitley, Worcestershire, where her father was a coachman. Gertie came to Stainforth in 1923 when she was 17 years old to work for Miss Theodora Fowle of Taitlands. She was one of five servants employed there and recalls that church attendance was compulsory whilst she was in service.

At 19, Gertie married Joseph Forster, who was born in 1902 at a house by Stainforth Green owned by his grandmother, Mrs Elizabeth Greenbank. Later, he lived at the Craven Heifer public house with his parents, Alice and Charles Forster, at the time when his grandfather, Joseph Forster, was the innkeeper and blacksmith.

They all lived at the Craven Heifer until outbuildings next door were converted into cottages known as Park View, in 1927. They had a daughter Kathleen, now Mrs Handy, who was born at the Craven Heifer. Joseph, Gertie's husband, was an engine driver at the Craven Lime Works until 1931, at which point the family moved to Brookhouse Farm and took up farming.

Mrs **Annie Day Hilton** (nee Sharp), who sadly died in 2000, was born in April 1910 at Townhead Farm, which was owned at this time by Thomas Foster Knowles. The property was farmed by Annie's father, Thomas Sharp, who was born in the village either—and there are two stories—in a cottage on the site in the churchyard near where he is buried, or in a cottage at the entrance to the village. He died, suddenly, of heart failure in 1928 whilst out on the farm accompanied by his collie, Ruby. At first, the dog would not let walkers who found him near his body; it followed as Thomas was brought

back to the farmhouse. The faithful dog is also said not to have left the body until he was buried.

Annie remembered her school friends, Agnes Wilson, Mollie Pye, Frank Greenbank, Horace and Teddy Wildman and Edward Taylor. She also recalled that she was not good at sums and did not think her teachers, Mr and Mrs Smith, very nice because they were so strict. On leaving school at 14 years old and not being keen on outside work at the farm, she became a waitress at the Curlew Tearooms in Settle (now Settle Police Station) which was run by a Miss King. She enjoyed this job very much, meeting many people both local and tourists. She caught the eight o'clock bus from Stainforth, which was then run by Lambs of Settle. At seven in the evening she finished work and had to walk home, unless she was fortunate enough to be given a lift. She earned £1 a week, which she considered a very good wage.

In 1936, Annie married John Hilton, who owned an Austin 7 Ruby, one of the few cars in the area. For their honeymoon they went to Blackpool for a week. They then moved to 1 Hollies Cottages, her home for 60 years. Joe Hilton, John's father, had one of the first cars in Stainforth and ran a taxi service. John Hilton started Stainforth Haulage with Arthur Tebb from Settle; the company later moved to Settle.

From the 1930s to around 1945 Tom(my) and Mary Greenbank ran a butcher's shop in Becksides, with a slaughterhouse in what is now a garage at the end of Brookside Farm. He delivered around Horton and Langcliffe, first by horse (called Peggy) and trap and later in a red van. In the days before



*Billiard Team early 1940s. Left to right, back row: Harold Howarth, John Sharp, Tommy Murray, Ted Capstick. Front row: Donald Goodwin, Frank Greenbank
- photo courtesy Brenda Greenbank*

refrigeration (and health inspectors), he is reputed to have had bluebottles 'the size of frogs'.

The following memories are extracts from an interview with **Ronnie** and **Margaret Chapman** in April 1999. Ronnie and Margaret have served the village in a variety of capacities for many years, as did both their mothers before them.

Describing himself as an *off cumd'en*, Ronnie says: ... *as I remember it I was four-year old when I came up from Langcliffe and I came to Stainforth School ... I certainly remember ... Taitlands where a Miss Tempest lived ... She were related to the Tempests who lived at Broughton Hall and after her time it become a Youth Hostel which it still is ... She (Miss Tempest) had two Pekinese dogs. There was only her in the big house. She had a chauffeur and a handyman.*

Margaret recalls that she: ... *was born in this house where I still live ... it's called School House ... schoolteachers always lived here up to my parents getting it. Mrs Newhouse ... came to teach then ... she lived at Langcliffe so ... didn't need it ... Farming my father was ... my grandfather lived in the farmhouse [Burnside Farm] and my father worked for him, well I say worked for him, he didn't get much of a wage so he made up emptying dustbins and old toilets, that's the book I have written down—whose he did and whether they'd paid, three-pence I think he used to get for emptying a dustbin and then he used to take it down to the sewerage field, where the sewerage is now ... we had water it was part of the estate supply ... and it all came from Billinger Woods into a reservoir which is like a header tank now, you know, above Mrs Burgon's [Long Close] ... [there was] another supply for Park House ... a private supply.*

Sunday school—we went every Sunday because I've one or two prizes for full attendance, well they didn't all go, they come down from school as well didn't they ... it was a Church school anyway. The Vicar's wife, Mrs Harvey [ran it] when we were there...

Ronnie: *The first Vicar I can remember is Edwards and he was a real Vicar. He used to get all the kids together and take us down to the shop and buy us a pennyworth of aniseed balls and he used to make a fuss of the kids ... I got a book at the Sunday School and it said 'My First Book' and I still have it.*

Asked how many cars there were in the village when they were children, Ronnie said: ... *very few ... all the businessmen had horses just about. Margaret: ... and the farmers had them, I mean, all the work was done by them. Ronnie: They used to bring the milk into Stainforth to a central point ... where the Post Office used to be ... all the farmers used to take their milk to this stand and a milk collection lorry used to come round and ... take it to Craven Dairies*

in Leeds, which is Associated now. Margaret: Yes there was one up Mitton's Bottoms as well. We used to take ours there. Ronnie: I remember one time Henry Caton from Neal's Ing, that's Neil Caton's dad, and he brought his milk down on the back of an old Austin 16 where your bootlid used to fold down and he came whizzing down one day round that corner and all the milk fell off. Well, you'd milk that morning for nothing!

Margaret: Yes, we used to sledge down there as well. Ronnie: We even used to put water on it to make it go faster and we used to come down Gooseker and it got a bit rough. We'd go way up as far as we could and we'd be able to sledge down to the pub. But it got a bit dangerous 'cause traffic were coming up so then you had to divert to the Steppings so you pulled up when you got to the river.

Margaret, talking about the Cubs: ... it was Mrs Anderson used to take them, she lived at Ribblesdale House ... she started it off and later ... Miss Emmaline Garnett(?) ... didn't they go to Canada? Ronnie: Stockhill House ... was Mrs Garnett, who was what you could call 'free French'. [The Old Stables]...that's where we used to have the Cubs upstairs. They had it for quite a few years ... you used to get your needlecraft badge, your First Aid badges, but one of the best ones was when we used to go up Catrigg Force and we used to all make fires up there and have a cooking session ... I got promoted, I become a 'sixer' they call them and you had two stripes. There were just Cubs, they didn't even become



Cricket Team about mid 1950s at Stainforth Foss field. From left to right, Back row: Derek Forster, Tommy Murray, Tom Sharp, Harold Howarth, Richard Lambert, Malcolm Sharp. Front row: Thomas Maudsley, Colin Johnson, Leonard Haworth - photo courtesy Ronnie Chapman who was also a member of this team.

Scout; there were a Scout Group in Settle so after your Cub days you could become a Scout but we just had the Cubs... Later on we had a village cricket team which was pretty useful, but the pitch was on Sannat Bottoms ... the flat-test piece you could find on Sannat Bottoms because the farmers wouldn't let us play in the fields. And later on ... we got so that Maudsleys let us play in the campsite field ... we used to challenge other villages as far as Clapham. Margaret: But that was later wasn't it, when we were in our teens. Ronnie: ... there used to be three [street lights] ... you could knock the bulbs out. There was one at front of the pub and that was a play area because the light was there, there was one just up here [by School House] and they went across the road on the wires and one where the road narrows, going up to [Bargh Cottage] that was the only three we had. ... electric. I think—what was the reading room—had a ... a carbide plant, gas, powder and there was one or two gas lanterns round where the reading room is now. The plant was across from the village hall where Tom Sharp has, 'cos you could smell it. This powder you'd to add water to it and you made gas and that used to supply ... Margaret: I think you're getting mixed up, Church had carbide gas. Ronnie: Aye, but that had as well. Margaret: Oh that was under the little steps up to the Reading Room ... There's been electric for a long time, well, as long as I can remember. I mean, we didn't have it so early here. We had oil lamps ... next door I think they had electric long before we did ... there was electric here but everybody didn't have it. Ronnie: Most people had oil lamps well after the electric came because they were a bit wary of electricity. All those houses on the Green...the estate houses ... all this row, they were all oil lamps.

With regard to the estate of Thomas Foster Knowles, Ronnie said it included: ... those houses from Number 1 the Hollies Cottages to 16 the Green ... and some of the farms he owned. Frank Greenbank was the main man, that's Brenda and Barbara's father ... he was a gardener cum gamekeeper, cum rent collector, cum water-rate collector. All them gardens ... all them were spot on ... it was trim.

Asked if anyone came on holidays, Ronnie said: Oh no, no, we used to have cycling clubs come round. There were two houses on The Green, [Bargh Cottage] and one other further up The Green—Brenda's—that was linked to the Clarion Cycling Club. It had a placard up, you know, like a bike. Margaret: Kendal's started that (at Bargh Cottage) but going back, my godmother, Mrs Wilson, she lived on the Hollies Cottages and she used to make teas, you know where Mrs Cowgill lives now, she did cups of tea for cyclists ... holiday cottages have really only sprung up in the last few years, ten years. Ronnie: They used to come camping. For arguments' sake, it were a cousin of mine, my father's really, from Leeds, another Chapman, and he used to bring a gang of Scouts from Leeds somewhere near Meanwood they used to come from and they used to camp on The Bottoms every year for years, until I don't know what, they were disbanded. Ronnie

[talking about caravans]: *It were the sixties. There were odd ones years ago. It were restricted, very restricted in them days. You had one row of caravans and that up the roadside now 'cause nobody liked them. That time, Charlie Forster, who'd be Kathleen's granddad, he done the Council, and he was dead against it ... it's all grown now.* Margaret: *Well that's something that's come later.* Ronnie: *Well, they used to come there more ... tents go up, big tents you know, marquees and whatnot, 'cause they were organisations. But it's like what they call Batley High School—they have that (building) [in the field below Knight Stainforth Hall].*

Ronnie [talking about 'Spanish bottle']: *It was liquorice wasn't it, you used to get it from the chemist. It's very hard, very hard but if you sucked it long enough you'd get through it. I think we must have watered it down to dissolve it then you had to put it in the coalhouse or somewhere black.* Margaret: *... or a drawer, somewhere dark. This was Thursday before Good Friday; we used to have them on Good Friday, Spanish bottles. Then rolled our eggs 'egg rolling' on Easter Monday.* Ronnie: *We used to take eggs to school, hard-boiled eggs and decorate them and all that. Dye them, you'd dye them with coffee and differing colouring.* Margaret: *It was traditional wasn't it, I mean, everybody used to do it.*

Ronnie: *Going back to school days again, the teacher learned everybody to knit. I used to knit ... in wartime ... we used to knit squares and things then they'd put them all together to make blankets. And they used to knit socks till they come to turn the heel ... and the socks, they all had, what was it, pearl stitching but down the back we had a seam right down to the heel and you had to get it in as well ... we could only knit till we got to the complicated bits then the teacher would take over.* Margaret: *Oh, that were boys, girls could do it!* Ronnie: *I remember, you'd bring your knitting home to do these squares and I did it that tight that it wouldn't move on the needle! She used to give us such big needles. We used to knit for the army, for the troops, scarves, long scarves, balaclavas. I didn't mind knitting really but I couldn't do the cast on and cast off. I could drop stitches! Then all of a sudden you'd lose a stitch and knit two together. We used to have this lesson, didn't we, this knitting lesson every day and you'd get your knitting out and you could bring it home if you wanted.* Margaret: *Didn't we used to collect bottles?* Ronnie: *... bottle tops ...* Margaret: *books as well for waste paper. You used to get badges the more you took.* Ronnie: *That's when all the railings round the village disappeared.* Margaret: *Well they took them to start with didn't they.* Ronnie: *They never put them back. If you look, the Vicar's railings, Mike Elston's railings they've all gone.* Margaret: *Well eventually, like Vicarage, they built wall up didn't they, but they used to be lower ... of course School was railings but they didn't take those.*

Ronnie [talking about village shops]: *The village, as I can remember it then ... shops, one Post Office, one butcher's shop—he also had a slaughter-house/*

abattoir ... [in what is now the garage attached to Brookhouse Farm]. The butcher's shop was down the village next to a shop ... Number One Main Street. Number Two ... that was the butcher's shop. And it had two haulage firms, one in Hollies Yard and the other down towards the croft which was part of the joiner's croft. There's was joiner's shop which was across from where the garage is now ... it was Mr Parker, Ernest Parker, we used to call him Daddy Parker that was his nickname, Daddy, big Daddy ... Later on the roof fell in, that was in the 1947 winter. There was a haulage business there which eventually went down to Settle. Mr Goodwin built the garage but before that on that piece of land there was the War Agricultural, that was back in the War... it was all tractors and machinery, it was run by the War Agricultural and they used to go round ploughing quite a bit of land round here but because of the land ... is very rocky and stony ... they did grow oats because that was the easiest to grow on this land and also turnips and mangels [a kind of beet used as cattle food] and things like that. There were small patches compared with East Yorkshire. [1 Main Road was] ... a general shop ... and Post Office at one stage. If you look in the wall there is a recess where the post box used to be. [The shop was run by Margaret's uncle] ... then later on the shop came up the village [to Glenhaven]. The land now where the [pub] car park is, used to be a rose garden. That was Mrs Farnsworth's. They lived above the shop and that was their garden and it was full of roses. But they also at one stage run the pub as well, so if you wanted the shop you'd to go to the pub then he'd come back across the road. [Number 1 Park View] ... they used to use that front room as a shop ... a good little shop, it was [run by] a woman called Mrs Middleton. [Talking about deliveries to the village]: Two greengrocers came up from Settle. When our butcher went a fellow came up from Langcliffe called James Hartley. He used to have this village as part of his round. The two greengrocers ... Horns and Breaks. There was also a fellow came from Burnley ... Hugills, ironmongery and paraffin ... he used to come once a week. Then you got various coal people, Settle Limes, the Co-op, they had a coal round, [delivered by] Alec Capstick. All of them folded up lately ... they became Settle Coal Company. Fosters from Bentham, they came round as well ... a bakery, James Foster from Bentham, and groceries ... Howson's a butcher.

Ronnie [talking about the harsh winter of 1947]: *When there was a very bad winter we had to go to Settle with our little sledges, that was in 1947, when the snow was built up high, we had to go down ... it's only two and a half miles, we used to bring a bag of coal back, things like that. Margaret: I had been at work a week when it started.*

Ronnie: *I left school when I was 13—I was 14 in the July holidays—and I started work with Jack Nowell who had a joiner's shop [in Hollies Close] and underneath there was a fellow called Joe Hilton who ... used to make rollers for mangles [used for squeezing water out of wet clothes] out of blocks of wood ...*

he had a lathe ... and up above there was the joiner's shop. Where Allen Close is now, that was all allotments, belonging to the estate house, Stainforth House, ... Hollies Close, all those houses ... used to be the vegetable garden for the big house, and on Church Lane the small bit ... was also garden for the house ... the big Stainforth House was pretty well self-maintained ... so far as they used to go up Pen-y-ghent and cut their own peat. They cut peat at the foot of Pen-y-ghent in these big blocks and left them to dry. It was owned by the estate, and they used to bring it down and they had a peat house through what's now [Holly House] drive. All in there was the flower gardens for the big house and what is now the Coach House, that was all the stables and cart house. Thomas Foster Knowles [owner of Stainforth House at this time], well he was London really wasn't he? He used to go to Littlehampton, wasn't it? If you look on the Hollies Cottages it tells you there when the houses were built, and his name's on it. Yes, well, they were built out of stone from the one they pulled down. The one where Holly House is now ... that's the rumour but I can't remember that. This Thomas Foster Knowles, he used to subsidise every year the trip for the kids from Stainforth School to Morecambe and he had a trust run for it ... and this went on until ... it was War time then we used to get Savings Stamps instead. We used to go just for the day it were a good day trip and everyone used to think the world of Thomas Foster Knowles because when he died all the school went to his funeral.

Ronnie [talking about school]: ...there was two classes ... they used to call them Standards—Infants which is the left hand side of the school ... later on they introduced Ingleton High School. I left at 14 and I was the last one to leave [at that age] and they introduced it after that—they went to Ingleton at eleven. They retained the younger ones at Stainforth—it was a primary school. It were a very good school of course, it was above the rest, a high standard it was. Then they did away with Settle Girls High School and they brought them [those who would have gone to Ingleton] back to Settle—to Settle High School and Settle Middle School. So when our kids went to Settle Middle School they were above [their level].

Ronnie: Evacuees ... I can't remember how many there were but at that time there were 40-odd children going to Stainforth School ... they were here for a few years—there were some up at Winskill that were an evacuee place. Riston House was an evacuee place; there were two families in there and they still have connections. They were from Camberwell and Vauxhall wasn't it. The father of one of them was in the Navy. None were actually billeted with families ... some came over from Hull because Hull was getting bombed at the time.

Ronnie [on celebrations at the end of the War]: Oh yes we had dances. On VE Day [Victory in Europe Day] and later on VJ Day [Victory in Japan Day]. Big bonfires and we were dancing down the village in front of the pub—it was

all packed—dancing to records. We used to dance in the street to records ... we had a 'do' in the Village Hall and there was bonfires lit up Gooseker ... the normal celebrating. During the War we used to have these Weeks, didn't we. One year it was Warship Week and each year was different ... either Army or Navy or Air Force and I can remember on the Shambles in Settle they used to put up how much each village had raised. So they used to have concerts here in the Village Hall. The RAF was stationed in the Falcon Hotel [in Settle] and at Ashfield. They even said they was in the Peel at Hellifield ... they used to come up entertaining ... there was a few good singers.

There was a huge bomb dropped up at Caton's [house, i.e. Neils Ing], they always said it was a landmine. The story behind that was that Jerry was being chased by our Spitfires and because of his bomb load he couldn't get away. So he dropped this huge bomb up at Caton's and Jerry was shot down at Kirkby Stephen. But at the same time the railway over at Eldroth was bombed, but the theory was they used to put lime heaps in a field and spread them out and Jerry thought these were tents. That's all we heard. But they also used to say that Craven Quarry was a decoy because in the quarry there was rows and rows of forty-five gallon drums and we could never understand what was in these drums. They used to say it was a decoy so that he would bomb Craven. I can't see that being a decoy because this line were quite busy. Oh yes, you could see the munitions going down. There were always troop trains, tanks and stuff, trainloads of them we used to wave to them.

Ronnie [in response to a question about the man who gave eggs to the train drivers]: *That would be towards the back end of the War when things were bad to get. Black market and all that. Well Tommy Greenbank, the ex-butcher had a hen-run adjacent to the railway and when a train was coming up, because they were steamers in them days, and it were hard work and they was only going very slow, he'd dangle a basket of eggs over Stainforth Tunnel and they'd come up and they'd get the eggs in return for some coal. They used to throw big briquettes off, the coal they couldn't be bothered to smash up and they'd just lob it off and we'd go and pick it up. But everybody used to be down the railway didn't they, oh yes. There's a small piece at the top end of the Tunnel, a triangular piece and that's where he had his tractor and his base. Further down the railway side you could hire land off the railway company ... there was some up above the railway bridge here, just out of the village which now it isn't there because when they widened the road they took it. There was quite a few, about another four gardens. It was common practice in them days to use the tops [of the railway bankings] for hen-runs and gardens.*

Margaret [talking about work]: *I started in '47 (in Settle) and I'd just been there a week when that bad winter started. I went on foot for six weeks. There were odd days, bus got through. Ronnie: that bad winter, that joiner I'm telling*

you about: the roof caved in and I went snow cutting with West Riding County Council. Trains couldn't get through. Everything was solid you can't believe it now. You tell people how it was ... you never thought of taking photographs. It [snow cutting] was all done by hand and we'd maybe get to the top of Sherard [Sherwood Brow] or with a bit of luck we'd get to Helwith Bridge, then you was back in the village again. This went on for weeks. And we went up as far as Stone House one day, I remember—that's above Horton-in-Ribblesdale, Selside and we were cutting back in the village again next day! The trouble is on the West Riding gang—there was only four of us—everyone seemed to want to cut for the Settle and District gang ... and we wasn't gaining nothing 'til one man had the sense to ring them up and knock their heads together and open the main road first, and this is what they did. Then we worried about the little roads ... Margaret: Mind you, bread was still on rationing then when I started [work] because I used to occasionally go in the shop and you had to dip these coupons out ... I never knew how many and what bread you were supposed to have, so I just used to dip a few out and hope I'd done right.

Inevitably, there are many characters from the earlier years of the last century whose ties with the village are now severed; some are remembered below.

George Lund: A Craven Carrier

George Lund died on 28 October 1938, aged 79; his wife Fanny had died on 9 September 1922, aged 66. Both are buried at Stainforth. It is thought they lived at Riston House and that he moved to Park House on the death of his wife. His funeral was on 1 November 1938 and the following extracts from obituaries in the local papers recall a notable village character and a gathering of many still familiar local names to pay their respects.

A Craven Carrier

'The death of Mr George Lund of Stainforth, marks the passing of the last of the old Craven Carriers. Before buses began to serve the remote villages and hamlets, about a dozen such carriers visited Settle each market day. Each had his special place of "putting up" and they would cart almost anything required by those on their line of call. Sacks of meal, groceries, ironmongery, in fact all the essentials of life had to be taken to the lonely farms and cottages by the local carrier.

A light wagon was most often used, for it would hold more than the average cart, and the goods were more accessible. When there were passengers, a battered wagonette would be pressed into service, in which, equally with the driver, the travellers would be at the mercy of wind and rain.

Many of the shooters for "the 12th" have travelled in this fashion to the house of their host. What is more, they gloried in it, for they were able to hear of the grouse prospects, the likelihood of good or bad weather, and the



*George Lund on the Village Green August 1936.
The notice reads 'THIS GREEN is the
PROPERTY of the PARISH MEETING.
MOTORS are PROHIBITED from CROSSING'
- photo courtesy Mrs Moorby*

doings of local worthies.'

'Old George'

"Old George" as the late Mr Lund was known, was probably the best known of the carriers attending Settle. He came from the tiny village of Stainforth three times each week. If he had his cart, then there were no passengers expected.

He was a typical Craven dalesman, wiry, and full of dry wit. He affected the old fashioned whiskers, and had a habit of stroking these when some particular piece of Yorkshire humour was forthcoming. Perhaps his best saying was "There's nowt so bad to mak' understand as them as we'ant."

He must have been considered something special as a carrier. Although there was a bus service, and he himself journeyed to the weekly market on that bus, he was still commissioned to bring various parcels from Settle. These he generally packed in an old milk

"back can", for ease of carrying.

It was, however, as a local historian that George Lund was most noted. He had lived for nearly half a century in Stainforth, and for 40 years had been chairman of the parish meeting. This period of duty was regarded as a record at the time of his retirement last March.

Such duty did not mean merely sitting in a chair at occasional meetings. In villages like Stainforth it meant being the adviser of all on any matter in connection with local government work, and giving advice on many other matters as well. "Old George" was looked upon as a father figure to all in Stainforth.'

Last of the Dales Carriers—Mr George Lund, Well Known Craven Farmer

‘The death occurred on Friday, after a short illness, of a well known north Craven figure in Mr George Lund of Park House, Stainforth.

Mr Lund, who was 79 years of age, until a few weeks ago enjoyed good health and carried on his small farm at Stainforth without any assistance. He was well known in farming circles throughout a wide area, and during his younger days had officiated as judge at numerous cattle shows throughout the dales. He was a member of the N. Ribblesdale Agricultural Association being a regular exhibitor at the Settle show for close on 40 years and had served on the committee of that organisation since 1891. He was also a founder member of the Settle, Bentham and Ingleton Farmers’ Association and sat on the committee of the Settle branch of the NFU. He retired from farming on a large scale about 8 years ago.

For many years he was the recognised carrier between Settle and Stainforth, travelling between the 2 places 3 days a week, and was one of the last of the old dales carriers. A native of the Ingleton district, Mr Lund moved to Stainforth in 1888 and had resided there since. He was a popular figure in the life of the village and held the office of chairman of the Parish Meeting for 37 years, retiring last year. He was also a school manager, represented the village on the Settle Rural District Rating Authority, and for many years was responsible for the distribution of charities from the ‘Poorfields’ amongst the villagers.

He served on the village committee which was responsible for the celebrations for the Queen Victoria Jubilee, the coronation of King Edward VII, George V, the Silver Jubilee celebrations of 1935 and the Coronation celebrations of last year. For a short period he represented Stainforth on the Settle RDC.

Mr Lund was a former member of the North Ribblesdale Habitation of the Primrose League. Possessing a ready Yorkshire wit, Mr Lund was of a very independent character and had lived on his own since the death of his wife in 1922, and interested himself largely in the life of the village.

He is survived by a daughter, three sons, 12 grandchildren and a great grandchild. The interment took place at Stainforth on Tuesday. The service was conducted by Rev. F A R Hervey.’

There follows a long list of family names, mourners, representatives of Settle National Farmers Union and the Rural District Council, etc., a total of 84 named mourners—on a market day too—including the following:

‘Mr J Parker (Settle) Mr J Anderson (Addingham) Mr and Mrs J Cookson (Dent) Mrs Baynes (Dent) Mrs Ovington, Mr Farrer, Mr Sedgwick, Mrs Sharp, Mr C Forster, Mr & Mrs W Dinsdale, Mr W Ward, Mr M Verity, Mr T Felcher (rep Tathams Grocers Settle) Mrs J Hilton (jun) Mr J Hilton, Mr

& Mrs Mitton, Mr T H Howarth, Mrs Garnett Mr W H Cornthwaite Mr C Harrison (Settle) Mr W Parker, Mr T Coates (Settle) Mr T Coates (Malham) Mr M Frankland (Rathmell) Mr A Towler (Langcliffe) Mr H Towler (Langcliffe) Mrs Worthington, Miss M Worthington, Miss M Pratt, Mr G Wilson, Mr Mallinson, Mrs Maunders, Miss Sharp, Miss Ward, Mr H Caton, Mr T Coates, Mrs Benson, Mrs Forster.

Also from Settle: Mr W Hunter, Mrs B Green, Mrs Storey, Mr J Slayden, Mr E Robinson, Miss H E Percival.

From Stainforth: Lt Col Anderson, Mr & Mrs T Maudsley (Little Stainforth) Mr J Dinsdale.

From Langcliffe: Mrs J & Mr C Sparling, Mrs Redfern.

From Horton: Mr W M Perfect, Misses King.

Floral Tributes: Mr Mrs & Miss Procter, Miss Tempest (Taitlands) Hazel and Tom Sharpe, Mr & Mrs Adler, Mr and Mrs Farnworth, Mr & Mrs J Dinsdale, Lt Col & Mrs J McK Anderson, Admiral and Miss Im Thurn, Miss Im Thurn (London) North Ribblesdale habitation of the Primrose League, The schoolchildren, Miss Percy Koppel (London) Miss Pols Koppel (London) Mrs Sharpe & family, Mrs Patrick Koppel (Oxford)—family tributes—Mr & Mrs W Greenbank, all at Brookhouse, Settle Branch NFU.

As Mr Lund had been knocked down by a car in Settle 18.12.37, an inquest was held in the Village Hall on the Monday morning to establish cause of death—he had been in hospital for 5 months—but it was said he had made a good recovery from the accident, 3 weeks before his death he showed symptoms of jaundice and “A verdict was returned to the effect that death was due to carcinoma of the pancreas. It was in no way attributable to the injuries sustained in the accident in Dec 1937.” Dr D B Hyslop gave evidence and Mr Lund had been attended by Dr B S and Dr W A Hyslop also.’

Mrs **Eve Moorby** of Skipton kindly provided the above cuttings about her grandfather, ‘Old George’, and also recalled some childhood memories for us:

Moley Bill

Old George’s son, William E Lund (Mrs Moorby’s father) worked as a game-keeper for Walter Morrison at Malham Tarn House and for his nephew who inherited the estate. He was assistant to J W Usher the Northumbrian head-keeper who took over as agent also when John Winskill retired. William was known locally as ‘Moley’ or ‘Mowdy Bill’, ‘through his prowess as a mole-

catcher' (more of moles later). Will and Rebecca were living at Kern Knotts when Evelyn was born (they had four sons by this time) and then at Bridge End Cottage before moving to the very isolated Pen-y-ghent Cottage on the road over to Littondale in the early 1920s.

Now living outside Stainforth Parish, her mother would still walk down into Stainforth on market day and from there her father-in-law would take her into Settle on his cart or wagonette. Mrs Moorby remembers hanging on for dear life on the journey into Settle as a very young child, and also one special occasion, when she was five or six years old, waiting excitedly for her mother to return home carrying a tea service bought at the market.

Rabbit pies

From Pen-y-ghent Cottage the children would walk down into Halton Gill to school in all weather—although she remembers her mother refusing to allow her to go to school for her first term as it was a particularly bad winter—and getting into trouble with the education authorities as a result. She recalls how the laces on her clogs pinched her feet and what a relief it was when the style of fastening was changed. Fortunately, there were no books to carry and no time for homework. She cannot remember what they took to eat but imagines it was jam sandwiches. Life was certainly not easy, but she cannot recall much in the way of ailments when they were children—and does remember coming home to rabbit pies (plenty of rabbits for the keepers—she cannot face it now). They were made in a big two-handled enamelled dish, blue inside, and the crust would fall into the middle and soak up the gravy. She also remembers big, potato-topped pies. They grew some vegetables with difficulty in that exposed garden. Her mother baked 17 loaves of bread each week, the flour delivered in sacks by Stockdales. The sacks were used afterwards to make drying cloths and aprons. She looks back with admiration at the way her mother fed and brought up her large family of nine children and remembers a time when five of the children would walk together to Halton Gill School.

Albino mole

Mrs Moorby has a stuffed albino mole in a glass case. It was caught by her father in 1922 and was a great rarity. On the back of the case is the information that in 16 years of mole catching, Moley Bill averaged 7,000 to 8,000 moles a year, amongst them 'black and white, blue, yellow and silver grey—and albino'. In 1920, a mole-catcher would be paid one penny per acre to clear the moles by the farmer and keep the proceeds of the sale of the skins. A very good skin—they were carefully graded—would fetch two shillings (10p). In 1920, moleskin fur was at the height of fashion, but then the market flopped. Mrs Moorby can remember helping to pack up the skins as a little girl. They were sent to Messrs Horace Friend of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, who also dealt in stoat and rabbit skins.

George Perfect

Mr Perfect moved to Horton when he was very small. He was born at Knight Stainforth, where his family farmed, but he remembers visiting his grandparents, William George Perfect and Katherine Louisa (nee Boden), who lived at Ribblesdale House. He was the Manager at Craven Lime Works and she was known for looking very like Queen Victoria. George also remembers a Hannah Sedgewick, who lived with his grandparents; both she and her grey parrot were rather fierce (another present-day villager remembers that the parrot used to swear).

He recalls talk of the fire at Stockhill House in 1910 (see Chapter 13); his uncles formed part of the bucket chain fetching water from the beck. He was also told that one of the horses racing with the fire engine from Skipton had dropped dead between the shafts on Langcliffe Brow.

Kay Foster, his cousin, lived for a time with her family in The (Old) Hollies, her father came from Horton and it was his brother Jack 'Squire Foster' who had the pack of beagles at Douk Ghyll, near Brackenbottom in the 1920-30s.

Mr Perfect worked as a gamekeeper and confirmed that there was much more heather in the area 50 to 60 years ago. It disappeared as a result of over-grazing by sheep following the government subsidies offered to boost food production in World War II. Its loss led to a decrease in the numbers of grouse; heather cover takes about 12-15 years to regenerate if left ungrazed.

Many remembered **Thomas Foster Knowles**, a London tea merchant, who lived at Stainforth House and was a major landowner in Stainforth at the beginning of the 20th century. In the First World War, Stockhill House, which Thomas Foster Knowles also owned, was used for officers to recuperate. He also owned a Rolls Royce car and was involved in the first fatal



*Katherine Louisa Perfect of Ribblesdale House -
noted for looking very like Queen Victoria -
- photo courtesy George Perfect*



*Thomas Foster Knowles owner of the Stainforth House Estate at the turn of the 19th century
- photo courtesy Brenda Greenbank*

accident in the area. Apparently, whilst he was reversing in Upper Settle a woman was pinned against iron railings and killed.

Mrs **Barbara Lister** (nee Greenbank) and her twin sister **Miss Brenda Greenbank** recall that both their grandfather and father were game-keeper/gardeners for Stainforth House and between them notched up 104 years service for 'the big house'. Before Barbara and Brenda were born, Mr and Mrs Greenbank lived at Stockhill Cottage, with their two children Margaret and John. As Stockhill Cottage had only two bedrooms, they asked Thomas Foster Knowles, their landlord and employer, if it was possible to build another bedroom. He

responded by saying they could divide the bedroom with wire netting. '... for all he was a millionaire he wouldn't build my parents another bedroom'.

Godfrey Wilson

The following is based on an article by W R Mitchell, MBE, in the Dalesman of May 1990, entitled 'North Ribblesdale Artist':

Born in Bradford and educated at Sedbergh, Charles Godfrey Wilson came to Stainforth in the early 1920s. He served on the Western Front in the 1914-18 War and subsequently married Margaret Ackroyd of Ilkley. They made their first home in the Vicarage bungalow and moved from there to a 17th century house in Goat Lane, which they called Kern Knotts, after a favourite rock climbing crag in the Lake District. The house was used by Craven potholers and Lakeland climbers for some time and some of the rooms were named after underground systems—the toilet was known as the Long Drop. Godfrey, together with Tot Lord, Reg Hainsworth and Norman Thornber were the first wardens of the Cave Rescue Organisation. It was as an artist and teacher of art at Giggleswick School that Godfrey made his

living. From the inception of *The Yorkshire Dalesman* in 1939, his work appeared in the magazine. He was noted especially for his line drawings and lithographs and his watercolours, which were always in subdued tones. He made a number of studies of the Wigglesworth tithe barn, which burnt down, and of his beloved Dales and Lakeland and was noted for his drawings of farmers who he always depicted smoking a pipe and wearing gaiters. He was friendly with many villagers who recall his warmth and kindness. Mr William and Mrs Jane Greenbank were friends and their daughter Joan, who eventually worked for them, has many photographs of the Wilsons, including a signed portrait of Godfrey himself. He died in 1967, aged 87, and is buried in St Peter's churchyard. His wife Margaret died in 1984, aged 89.



Godfrey Wilson, artist who lived at Vicarage Bungalow and then Kern Knotts - photo courtesy Joan Greenbank



Godfrey Wilson climbing a frozen Catrigg Foss in 1922 - photo courtesy Joan Greenbank