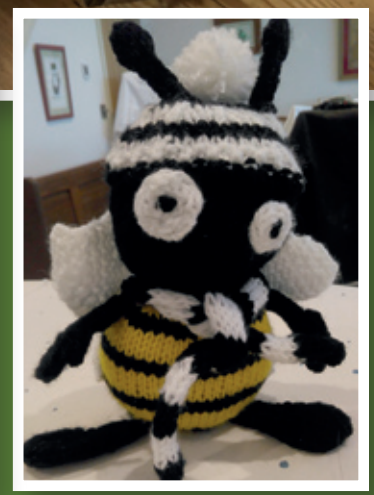


VIRTUAL PRODUCE TENT - RYEDALE CARERS SUPPORT - COUNTRY SHOW - SEND US YOUR ENTRIES

RYEDALE CARERS SUPPORT - VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW - 2020 - PRIZE WINNING EXHIBITS



BEST KNITTED GARMENT OR TOY . BEST HOMEMADE CAKE . BEST DECORATED CAKE  
 BEST PHOTO OF YOUR LOCAL VIEW . BEST HOMEMADE FAIRY GARDEN  
 BEST DECORATED DIGESTIVE BISCUIT . BEST DECORATED STONE . PRETTIEST GARDEN  
 FLOWER OR HOUSE PLANT . TALLEST THISTLE . BEST SHORT STORY . BEST POEM



## 'When I was a Nipper' see pages 16 - 26

Here are childhood family photos of some of the participants who took part in the essay class.

Top row from left: Edith Collier with the farm workers; Trevor Collier standing beside the tractor. Second row: left, Trevor Collier on holiday with his family; middle and right, Edith Collier. Third row: left and middle, Mike Sellers; right, Edith Collier as a baby. Bottom row: left, Jo Floate with her brother; centre, Mike Sellers on holiday with his parents, brother and sister; right, Jill Hiatt. Many thanks to all of them for the use of their photos.



# Foreword

**Due to the Covid pandemic Ryedale Carers Support were unable to hold any of their usual social gatherings; Songs and Scones, Farmers Breakfast or our Carers Support Group.**

So, each month, from August through to November 2020, we decided to hold our very own Virtual Country Show. We were not disappointed, we received many exhibits which amazed and impressed us for their wonderful quality and creativity.

We would like to say a huge 'Thank you' to everyone who took part in the Virtual Country Show and to those who helped and supported in the collection and sending in of all the entries we received.

John and Roddy Brown, Sue and Wallace Ormiston, Jill Hiatt, Elaine Hunt, Maureen Jefferson, Greta Harrison, Betty Allen, Jessica Draper, Liz Clark, Audrey Pond, Dorothy Ashton, Mike and Jo Floate, Greta Hall, Pat Burghley, Ray Ford, Liz Midgley, Val Woodcock, Sue Pickersgill, Alan Metcalfe, William Barrett, Benny Dowkes, John Barkley, Allan Hoggarth, Edith and Trevor Collier, Mavis and George Davison, Annie Prudhome, Cynthia Brew, Dawn Treacher, Dot and Ed Hodgson.

A special thank you to Mike Sellers who spent many hours chatting to some of our retired farmers and captured what it was like to be a youngster. We are very grateful for his help and support as a volunteer and as a friend.

*'The pessimist complains about the wind  
The optimist expects it to change  
The realist adjusts the sails'*

*William Arthur Ward*

We hope that Ryedale Carers Support and the Virtual Country Show have helped you during the last 12 months of lockdown.

April 2021

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- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Knitted Garment or Toy  
Entrant's Name: Jo Floate



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **THIRD PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Knitted Garment or Toy  
Entrant's Name: Audrey Pond



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Knitted Garment or Toy  
Entrant's Name: Dorothy Ashton

### Class: Best Knitted Garment or Toy

1st. Jo Floate 2nd. Dorothy Ashton

3rd. Audrey Pond

Highly Commended. Greta Hall



Greta Hall

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
**- HIGHLY COMMENDED -**  
Class: Best Knitted Garment or Toy  
Entrant's Name: Greta Hall



Dorothy Ashton



John Brown's Childhood Toy



Pat Burghley



Greta Hall



Dorothy Ashton

# Class: Best Homemade Cake

1st. Betty Allen 2nd. Jessica Draper 3rd. Liz Clark



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Homemade Cake  
Entrant's Name: Betty Allen



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **THIRD PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Homemade Cake  
Entrant's Name: Liz Clark



Liz Clark



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Homemade Cake  
Entrant's Name: Jessica Draper

# Class: Best Decorated Cake (Men only)

1st. John Brown 2nd. Dot's Husband



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
**- FIRST PRIZE -**  
Class: Best Decorated Cake - Men Only  
Entrant's Name: John Brown



Liz Clark

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
**- SECOND PRIZE -**  
Class: Best Decorated Cake - Men Only  
Entrant's Name: Dot's Husband





- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Photo of Your Local View  
Entrant's Name: Elaine Hunt

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Photo of Your Local View  
Entrant's Name: R Ford



Title : 'Frog'  
Can you find the frog?



# Class: Best photo of your local view - inside or out

1st. Elaine Hunt 2nd. R Ford Joint 3rd. Liz Midgley & Val Woodcock



Val Woodcock's painting and Liz Midgley's photo are one and the same view - Val painted it some time ago and Liz found the spot and took the photo.

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **THIRD PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Photo of Your Local View  
Entrant's Name: Liz Midgley



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **HIGHLY COMMENDED** -  
Class: Best Photo of Your Local View  
Entrant's Name: Jill Hiatt

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **THIRD PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Photo of Your Local View  
Entrant's Name: Val Woodcock





# Class: Best photo of your local view - inside or out

1st. Elaine Hunt 2nd. R Ford Joint 3rd. Liz Midgley & Val Woodcock



Sue Pickersgill - 'Rosedale'



Sue Ormiston





R Ford - 'Butterfly'



R Ford - 'Apples'



Dorothy Ashton



John & Roddie Brown



Elaine Hunt



Mike Floate - 'Outside our House'



# Class: Best Homemade Fairy Garden

1st. John & Roddie Brown 2nd. C Stevens



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Homemade Fairy Garden  
Entrant's Name: John & Roddie Brown

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Homemade Fairy Garden  
Entrant's Name: C Stevens



Class: Best decorated digestive biscuit 1st. John Brown



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Decorated Digestive Biscuit  
Entrant's Name: John Brown



Class: Best Painted Stone 1st. John & Roddie Brown



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Painted Stone  
Entrant's Name: John & Roddie Brown



# Class: Prettiest Garden Flower or House Plant

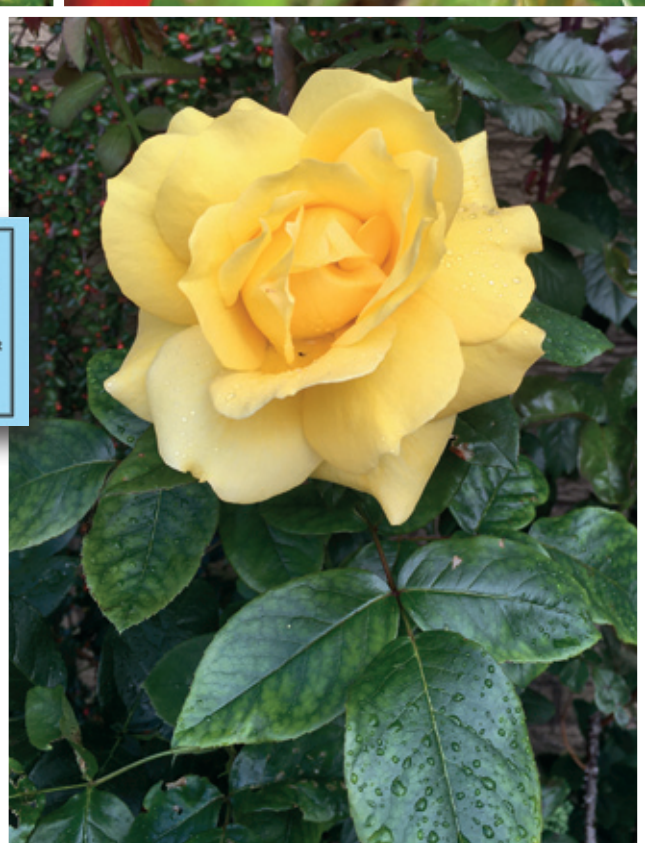
1st. Maureen Jefferson 2nd. Jill Hiatt 3rd John & Roddie Brown



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Prettiest Garden Flower or House Plant  
Entrant's Name: Maureen Jefferson



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **THIRD PRIZE** -  
Class: Prettiest Garden Flower or House Plant  
Entrant's Name: John & Roddie Brown



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Prettiest Garden Flower or House Plant  
Entrant's Name: Jill Hiatt



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **HIGHLY COMMENDED** -  
Class: Prettiest Garden Flower or House Plant  
Entrant's Name: Wallace Ormiston

**Class: Tallest Thistle** 1st. Greta Harrison 5ft 2nd. John & Roddie Brown 4ft 7ins  
Highly Commended: Elaine Hunt (technically a nettle but at 7ft...!)



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Tallest Thistle  
Entrant's Name: Greta Harrison



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Tallest Thistle  
Entrant's Name: John & Roddie Brown



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **HIGHLY COMMENDED** -  
Class: Tallest Thistle  
Entrant's Name: Elaine Hunt



## Class: Best Short Story: 'When I was a Nipper'

1st. Jo Floate 2nd. Alan Metcalfe 3rd Mike Sellers



### Jo Floate - 'When I was a nipper'

**Dad carefully placed several large photo albums onto the settee. His eyes: bloodshot, swollen and frail, gazed into mine. Then with a wry smile he proudly exclaimed, "They're all there!"**

**And so began an amazing journey discovering my childhood, starting in 1951 on a farm in Somerset. Dad had chronologically catalogued over 90 years of family photos beginning in 1918. He completed this cathartic mission before his fading memory 'snuffed out'.**

"That's you!" exclaimed Dad, pointing to a very small baby held by my Mum standing outside the Taj Mahal. Admittedly I cannot remember leaving England, when I was two months, to live in India for ten months. On our return we went to live in Hull where my brother, John, was born.

There I was, a Union Jack flag clasped in one hand and the other grasping John's hand. With excited anticipation, we were leaning against metal railings outside The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fisherman where Dad was the Superintendent. My fringeless, curly brown hair was tied back with a brown ribbon. Wearing a checked tan and white smocked dress, fawn knitted cardigan, white ankle socks and brown buckled sandals, I was dressed for a Queen.

John looked equally smart in his grey flannel shorts, white shirt, fawn jumper, grey socks and matching sandals.

Nearly all our clothes were handmade and my earliest memories are of Mum darning, mending, knitting and sewing: everything from woollen, itchy socks to hooded, toggled duffle coats.

We attended Kindergarten, often playing outside: hopscotch was my favourite. However, my lasting memory is of a thin khaki camp bed, a dark-grey blanket and the bellowing instruction, "Josephine Kirkwood, stop talking to John Kirkwood."

When I was five years old we moved to the Fisherman's Mission in North Shields. As in Hull, we were surrounded by a fishing community that was hardworking, warm and direct.

Although school was close, the corner shop was even closer. The best sweets were sold here: colourful displays in jars lined up on numerous shelves. Fridays couldn't come around quick enough when, with few pennies clutched in my hand, I purchased a treat. Because it could last most of the weekend, I bought liquorice root, with its unique strong flavour and stringy bark. It tasted considerably better than the pungent dark-amber Bitter Aloes my Mum painted on two fingers to prevent me from sucking them. Yuck!

When I was nearly eight, my sister Gill was born and we moved again. This time to Newlyn in Cornwall. Hull's quay had been imposing with its bustling docks and railway. Shields' quay was sprawled, noisy and detached. Newlyn's quay, however, was closer, intimate and vibrant. The gulls squawked and screeched, above the throbbing trawlers, anticipating their 'catch of the day' from the satiated nets. I could ingest the blood from the gutted fish, the smell of sweat from the brave, vulnerable and tough fishermen and the sight of tears and sadness when there was a loss at sea.





Dad left the Mission in 1962. Although we continued to live in Newlyn, followed by Falmouth and Torpoint, growing up as an 'older nipper' was very different. Eternal Father was exchanged for Californian 'love', golden beaches, Secondary schools, sport and independence...

**but that's another story.**



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Short Story - 'When I was a Nipper'  
Entrant's Name: Jo Floate

## Alan Metcalfe - 'When I was a Nipper'

**Being a large family, nine children and two parents, life was never quiet or boring. My father worked down the mine and my mother in the village school. Our house wasn't very big, so bedrooms and beds were at a premium, as we all had to share. I was lucky, I shared my bedroom and bed with my brother Roy, who was a very special 'big brother'. Our bedroom was at the front of the house, known as the 'tank room', because it housed the hot water tank. The bedroom was always nice and warm, a luxury in the days before central heating!**

As boys Roy and I would spend many hours in the Blacksmith's Shop in the village, watching Reg, the blacksmith at work. We would help him pump the bellows and generally got in the way, which sparked our enthusiasm to perform our own version of events.

"Early to bed boys," said our mother and the decision was made as to who would be the 'horse' for the evening and who would be the 'blacksmith'. This decided, we would lay, back to back on the bed, so the foot of the 'horse' would be held by the 'blacksmith' and the shoeing procedure commenced.

We were two budding farriers just playing games, learning the skill of shoeing a horse but we had to make do with our own feet of course! Our imagination knew no bounds as we re-enacted the wonderful procedure of shoeing the 'horse'. We drew the nails out of the worn-out shoe and then pumped the bellows to heat up the fire. With the imagined heat we would shape and bend the imaginary horse shoe to fit on to the foot of which brother was 'horse' for the night.

Our procedures were, of course, carried out with skill and precision as the shoe was made to occupy the perfect position. We carefully placed the 'hot shoe' on to the waiting hoof and as we

made the sizzling sound of the red-hot shoe, the 'horse' would kick and try to turn round. Nail holes were made, seven to each shoe then hammered in without more ado. The shoe was fixed and never a nail was missed, our hammer, of course, was the 'farriers' fist. When all was done, we had to file and pare the hoof to avoid any uneven wear and then to complete a perfect game we set too and shod the other foot.

When all was done and the game played out, we farriers needed to rest, so off to sleep after a job well done!

The following night the roles would be reversed and this continued until we 'farriers' became 'farmers'!

Being the youngest of the family, with brother Roy no longer with us, I look back on those days of the Roy-Al Smith's as we called ourselves, and smile recalling two very young blacksmith's who never lost a horse!

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Short Story - 'When I was a Nipper'  
Entrant's Name: Alan Metcalfe

## Mike Sellers - 'When I was a Nipper'

**Born, 7th May 1943, at Hessle, weighed 6lbs, Dad in North Africa. At 6 months weaned suddenly on to rusks when mum went into hospital for appendix operation, I stayed with gran and pop and cried.**

In October 1945 met a strange man for the first time but ran to mum, who told me, 'he is your dad'. Dad went back to his old job on the fish dock. Our family was privileged because we had a car, a Riley Monaco 1938, which started with a handle.

From 1946 to 1952, every August we went to stay with Jack and Elsie Noble on their farm at Dean Hall, Sneaton, Nr. Whitby. Much good food was scarce so we gorged ourselves on home cured bacon, boiled ham, grilled gammon, fried eggs, apple pies, and flans. Went to Uppgang Beach every day, where the Corner sisters had a wooden tea hut. Often watched tank engines pulling 2 carriages over the

high grey, iron bridge and then as it went along the cliff to Sandsend then through tunnel to Kettleless.

Our little brother, Peter, dad's favourite, was born in October 1947.

When 7 years old dad took me to see where he worked on fish dock, saw two big fish (halibut) being carried away on a lorry! At home we ate fish 5 times a week. Sunday School on Sunday afternoons and once a year we had a special steam train from Hessle to Hornsea for Sunday School outing.

Never enough money for pocket money so had to make other arrangements. Favourite was to collect newspapers and take them to the local Fish'n Chip shop where I received half a crown for a stone of newspapers.

On December 12th 1952, called out of class by Headteacher, was told brother had tummy ache,

would I take him home. Carried Peter most of way to Grans as mum in Hull shopping. At night Peter had an operation, mum and dad not with him when he died, no phone call, only found out next day on visit to hospital (*see footnote 1*). A very sad Christmas.

In January, girl sat next to me in Mrs Priestly's class, Denise Otley, was called out by Headmistress. All the class heard her burst in to tears when she was told her dad had drowned when his trawler sank off Iceland (*see footnote 2*).

Later that year there were happier times: on May 28th Dad arranged for a local TV shop to deliver our first 14 inch black and white telly and on June 2nd 12 of our neighbours crowded in our front room to watch the Coronation all day. Mum kept us supplied with tea and sandwiches.



At this time we had a rare visit by our Uncle from London who gave all his 6 nieces and nephews in Hesse a silver crown specially minted for the occasion. I took mine to the local Hull Savings Bank and cashed it. I got 5 bob (shillings) and being 10, bought 60 old penny bangers made by Standard fireworks. I cycled up to the old Hesse Chalk Quarry (now part of Clive Sullivan Way) and lay on the edge of the 600 ft deep abyss. Lighting most of those bangers, one at a time, when they were fizzing threw them in to the abyss where they went, BANG!, what a bang, I can still hear them to this day.

Later that year, we went on holiday, this time in a Riley Adelphi, a bigger car as it took us to Cornwall. We couldn't go to Whitby anymore without Peter so we went to Newquay. With no motorways or bypasses it took us 3 days to get there and back. We stayed at a bed and breakfast and me and my

sister had milk shakes, steak and chips every night at the Kadok Cafe. Most of all, I learnt to surf. (See footnote 3)

Notes to go with above:

1) After Peter's death mum was told by Doctor, the best way to get over their loss was to have another child. In March 1954, a baby girl was born, Rosemary, who is now 66 years old. Mum was nearly 44 years old

2) In January 1953, 3 Hull trawlers turned over and sank off Iceland owing to ice collecting on their superstructure.

3) I surfed for over 60 years in Cornwall and in 2006 came 2nd (in 2007, 3rd) in the over 60's class of the World Belly Board Surfing Championships.



## George Davison - 'When I was a Nipper'

**After we had lived in three houses and been bombed out 3 times from when I was born in 1940 to 1944, our family of 5 moved away from Hull to a farm at High Town, Bradford.**

At the time my dad was in the army but when he was demobbed a year later he went to work on the farm and the 3 others in the group. The farms had dairy cows, and grew cereals and potatoes.

I started at school when I was 4 years old. The school was at Cleckheaton, half a mile from where we lived. To get there I had to walk across muddy fields and because I got my shoes dirty I was caned regularly by the Headmaster for going to school with shoes like that.

There was just 2 things I enjoyed the most at school, football and the square dancing class.

When I got to 5 years of age I went with my dad on a milk round to the villages in the locality. At

first it was delivered, 'loose' that is in a churn or two. Each customer would bring out a receptical, like a jug and my dad would ladle milk from the churn in to it. The measure we used was a 2 gill measure or half a pint.

We used a horse and cart to distribute milk to the villages near Bradford.

On Saturday mornings at 5am we sold potatoes and vegetables on a market stall in Bradford Market. The potatoes were home grown but we bought in the vegetables from other growers.

For holidays we would visit relatives at Otteringham in East Yorkshire.

## Cynthia Brew - 'My Childhood Memories'

### **My dad always said that I started WW2!**

#### **One of my earlier memories is hearing the wailing of the sirens warning us that the 'Jerries' were on their way to bomb Liverpool and Birkenhead docks.**

I was then bundled into a blanket and carried with my 'Mickey Mouse' gas mask into the air raid shelter near our house – all huddled together, children crying and some mums too. Later we were allocated a steel shelter that fitted in to our sitting room. An Anderson shelter, but mum said she felt safer under the stairs!

Even at school we were always waiting for the siren warning when we all herded out into the underground shelters built into our playing field. Again, I remember howling my head off because Paul White wouldn't come down the steps because of the dark. I was convinced the 'Jerries' would bomb him. I wonder if he remembers that? We all dashed back into school when the 'All Clear' went and we never missed school.

Oh what a party we had when it was announced the 'WAR WAS OVER'!

My dad was in 'Dad's Army' as he wore full length leg braces following a teenage accident, he was rejected by the army. He volunteered for fire duty on the Liverpool waterfront and more than did his bit.

All year he made toys for the children whose dads' were away at the front. I remember our spare room being full of wooden trains, dolls beds, scooters and even a rocking horse which all disappeared at Christmas.

Like all children in the early forties we played outdoors in all weather – on our bikes, roller skates, skipping ropes or making dens in the fields and generally running wild. On one such game I managed to run under the wheels of Totties coal wagon and ended up in hospital with broken legs.

I loved it because Pauline Matthews pushed me to school in a pushchair and I didn't have to play out in the rain at playtime.

As the only girl in my age group except Isobel Simcock who went to ballet classes and was not allowed to play with us ruffians, I had to be more daring than the boys and led them into some hairy scrapes.

When Uncle Edwin died, he left mum a sum of money, enough to buy a 12" television – Bobby Wilson only had a 9"! All our neighbours crowded into our sitting room to watch the King's funeral whilst us children played outside and ate the cakes that everyone had brought.

To everyone's amazement, except my lovely grandad, I passed the 'scholarship' to the Grammar School and into another phase of childhood. Youth club at the Methodist Hall was the highlight of our week. It was run by Reg O'Neil and his wife who had their hands full as the hormones had started to kick in! Geoffrey Connor was my obsession but sadly he only noticed Susan Gilchrist.

I guess leaving school after 'School Cert' year was the end of childhood. As being in the '6th Form' did not appeal to me, I enrolled on the 'Cadet Nurse' scheme at the Children's Hospital and grew up overnight. I went from ankle socks on Friday to black stockings and nurses' uniform on Monday and started a long and varied nursing career.

### **But that is another instalment.**

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
- VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **HIGHLY COMMENDED** -  
Class: Short Story - 'When I was a Nipper'  
Entrant's Name: Cynthia Brew

## Jill Hiatt - 'When I was a Nipper'

**When I was a nipper I always played with boys; there were seven of them and me, I was the only girl of that age. We spent our days playing in the nearby wood. Consequently I grew up as a bit of a tomboy to mother's despair. I recall vividly one occasion she came to collect me only to hear her, so she thought, dainty daughter shouting from the top of an old pear tree, upside down, underwear on view, 'look at me Mummy', she was not amused!**

We used to have such fun in the wood, nibbling on unripe pears or apples, biting into beech nuts, collecting acorns and especially conkers which we hardened in the oven at home then made a hole with a spike and tied string through them.

Sometimes we used to see a man in the wood, who he was we'll never know, we made up stories about him, he was furtive, never spoke to us even if one of us was dared to ask him the time. In hindsight I suspect he was on the run from something or someone, may have even been an escaped prisoner as this was during the war.

When we were a bit older we would visit the local golf course looking for lost balls. One such occasion we were stopped by a policeman who proceeded to take down all our details, to report to our parents, on the back of a matchbox! We lived in fear of a knock at the door, for at least the next week.

On one of our forays we came across, what we thought was a fossil. Great excitement when we envisaged how much it was worth and if we'd be able to take it to London, perhaps by train, to the archaeological museum and present it to them ourselves. Sadly it turned out to be an ancient tree root.

Then we progressed to two wheeler bicycles. Of course the boys soon learned to whizz down the

hill at great speed, legs and arms akimbo, so, guess what, I had to prove I could do that too. I do remember how hard the tarmac was and how difficult it was to remove blood and gravel from my knees and other parts of my anatomy!

My brother, Alan, was five years younger. He and Gillian next door were firm friends venturing one day on their tricycles to a gap in a path which led to the canal. Strictly out of bounds to all us children. The first anyone knew about their adventure was Gillian knocking the front door and saying 'Alan's fallen in the canal, but he's alright!' It turned out they were riding their trikes in the shallow water at the edge, Alan's hit a boulder and he was catapulted into the water. Dad was despatched that evening to rescue the trike from its watery grave much to Alan's delight.

**Memories! I could go on ...**



## Annie Prudhome - 'When I was a Nipper'

**I was told this story by Annie Prudhome who has lived and farmed in Hinderwell all her life. She is now 91.**

Annie told me how it was a special treat to be put on the back of the cart horse, every few months and taken from Hinderwell to Lythe to the smithy in Lythe so that the horse could have his new shoes. It was always the smallest child that went with their dad for the day out. She was the youngest of 7 so did it for years and it was a real treat for her.

## Allan Hoggarth - When I was a Nipper aided by Allan's daughter, Susan.

**When I was born in Amotherby in December 1927 our home was lit by paraffin lamps as we didn't have electricity (see drawing below). My mum, who was a very good cook used to have 2 rings to boil a kettle and pans, heated by paraffin. To make bread my mum had an oven heated with coal. She also used to make Christmas puddings. (See picture below of oven, drawn by me.)**

In our family there was mum and dad, me and my two sisters. I was the middle one with a younger and older sister. I started school when I was 5 which wasn't far from where we lived so I walked to it.

I wasn't much interested in school and was often naughty and received the cane across my fingers. I did enjoy painting though and drawing, football and cricket. Attached to the school was a garden and I loved to dig it over. I once grafted an apple tree.

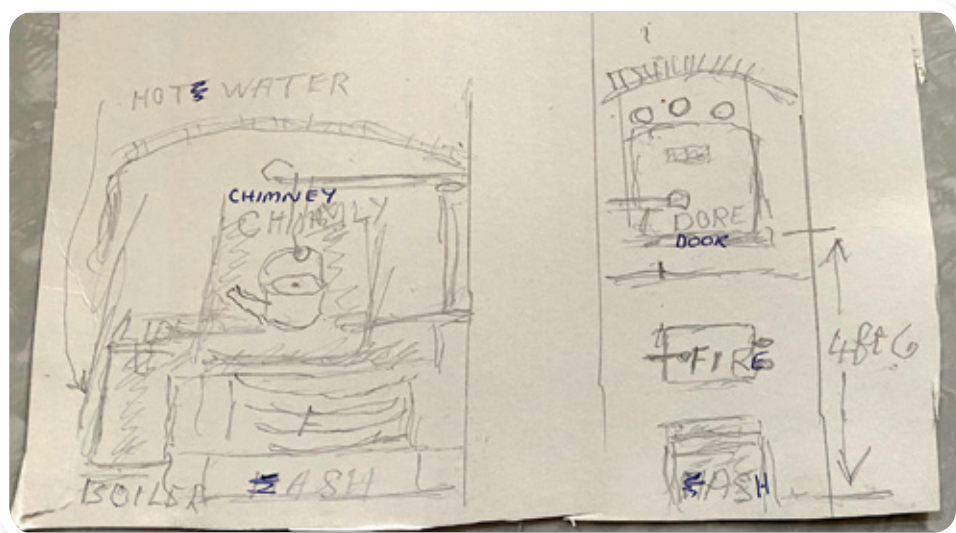
My dad worked on Manor Farm, opposite the village hall. During the spring and summer, my dad's job on this 3 to 400 acre farm was to break in young Shire horses, to train them fit for a working life. During the winter, my dad was shepherd to a large flock of sheep in all weathers. When I was 8 he caught Pneumonia and almost died.

Next door to where we lived was a farm owned by a Mr. Thomas Bradshaw. His farm was 160 acres. He grew Sugar beet, Wheat, Barley, Oats and Beans. He had 4 or 5 Shorthorn cows.

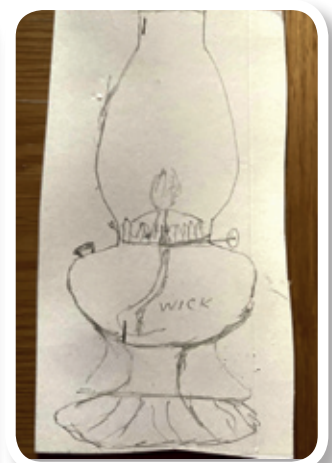
He employed 2 men, a Horseman and a Waggoner. They had 2 horses each to care for. The Waggoner was the leading man, so he was always first to plough. During the summer holidays, when I was 10, me and another lad were asked to plough the fallow with 2 old shires, each. This was because the Horseman and Waggoner had moved on. Being used to it the Shires knew what to do, better than us.

I spent a lot of my spare time on this farm and loved it. Being at the farm was good experience for when I left school and Mr. Bradshaw taught me how to cure a pig and I was able to show my Dad how to cure a pig at home!

On many occasions after school I would chop sticks and riddle the ashes for Mrs Bradshaw. As a reward I used to get a large piece of jam tart and if I worked for a day, I received an old halfpenny (pronounced ape'ny). She would also ask me to use the separator, which separated the cream from the milk and to turn the churn to make butter.



Picture I drew of Mum's oven. It had its own coal fire.



Drawing of one of our lamps.

I also used to pick apples and I was once at the top of a tall ladder and there was a really good apple I couldn't reach. So, I called down to Mr. Bradshaw and he picked up the ladder, with me on it, so I could reach the apple.

On Saturdays, Mr. Bradshaw often asked me to take the horse drawn water barrel down to the pond to fill it up with water. I used to do this on threshing days too as I had to keep the steam engine supplied with water. When I was 8 I used to carry chaff (pronounced caf) on threshing days.

Sometimes when I was 6 or 7 my dad and I used to go to a rabbit warren to catch a rabbit. On the way home my dad and me collected sticks, me a

small bundle, dad a big one. I used to get tired of eating rabbit as what I liked best was a plate of mashed potato with lots of gravy.

At home, my dad always kept chickens, we usually bought 24 Brown Leghorn x Light Sussex pullets for eggs and dad also got a dozen cockerels to fatten for Christmas. We used to inject a pellet behind their ear to make them get fat, weighing up to 14lbs each. They were called Capons.

On Sundays we went to Sunday school and as a special treat once a year we went on a Sunday School trip to Scarborough on the bus.

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## Benny Dowkes - When I was a Nipper

**Being born in 1923 meant I was destined for a very hard difficult life in the 20's and 30's. I was born in to a family of 9 at West Heslerton. We didn't have a farm then, but my dad was a farm worker all his life.**

I started school at West Heslerton when I was 5 years old but didn't like it and looked forward to home time. For various reasons I was often caned probably to make me pay more attention.

We never went on holiday as we couldn't afford it, so we used to look forward to the annual Sunday School outing to Scarborough.

When I left school aged 14 I followed my dad in to being a farm worker. My day started at 5.00 summer and winter when I had to feed 3 horses and prepare them for work.

I then went in for breakfast and turned out again at 7.00 prompt to work until 12.00. We then had an hour for lunch to start again at 1.00 prompt and work until 5.00, which was tea time. After tea we had to feed horses again and stable them for the night. On Saturdays we worked from 7.00 until 12.00

At aged 14 I had to manage 3 horses with a two furrow plough. The farm grew a lot of cereals and

at harvest my job was to follow the binder and stook the shaves of corn in to 6's, 3 either side. We didn't have sprays in them days and often we would be stooking thistles too, so we often got our arms scratched.

After about 3 weeks the shaves of corn had to be gathered up and stacks built in the rickyard at the farm.

Later on in the winter a thresher would come hauled by a steam engine. It was often my job to carry chaff (pronounced caff).

Farm workers like me, were hired for a year from Martinmas (November 23rd) for 4 shillings a week being tied for a year. At each Martinmas we could change farms if we wished to, but if we left before the date we got no pay.

Times were very hard in the 1930's but it was very good training for when I took on a farm later on in life.



## Trevor Collier - 'When I was a Nipper'

**I lived much of my early life in Farndale although I was born in Huttons Ambo. When I was 6 weeks old my mum and dad moved to High Brag Cottage, Farndale next to a farm called Woodstock Bower which my dad's dad rented. At the time I had 3 sisters, Edna, Brenda and Joan. Soon after I had another 2 sisters and a brother. As well as working our small holding, my dad also worked for his dad.**

On our small holding we had 10 acres and kept 6 Shorthorn cows. Our farm was all in grass. My granddad's farm was a mixed farm of 80 acres on which we grew Grass, Wheat, Roots (swedes and turnips) and had, 2 Shire Horses, Sheep, 10 Shorthorn cows, and some pigs.

I started working on our farm when I was 6 helping to look after stock. Before arriving at school at 9.00, I had to be up at 6.00 milking cows by hand. I remember having to walk home, half a mile, at dinner time with my sister to have dinner and feed and water stock.

The milk from both our farms was put in to churns and they were collected by Cooks of Kirkby Moorside every day.

In 1944 when I was 9, my dad's parents retired and went to live in the Alms Houses in Thornton le Dale. After they left we all moved to Woodstock Bower and ran both farms together.

At harvest we had to cut all round the field with a scythe to make a way for the reaper, otherwise

it would be trampled on and wasted. Our first reaper was called a 'put off reaper', it just cut the crop and we had to tie up by hand. Later we got a reaper and binder which not only cut but tied as well.

On my Granddad's farm, we had a threshing day, when a steam engine and thresher came to thresh the wheat and oats/barley mixture we used to grow.

The wheat was fed to poultry and pigs but in

addition when we were short of flour during the war, we used to take the wheat to a Stone Mill at Church Houses owned by a Wilf Wheldon. The mill was driven by a stationary engine.

The oats and barley mixture was ground on the farm through a mill for pigs or rolled through a roller mill to feed to the cows and other cattle. They also got home grown chopped swedes and nuts from BATA

On threshing day I had 2 jobs, carrying chaff and fetching water from the water trough to the steam engine. The chaff used to get down my neck and make me itch.

Steam engine and thresher similar to the one which came to Woodstock Bower

In the winter time the cows and sheep were fed hay which had to be made from long grass cut in July. We had a reaper pulled by a horse and I was part of the gang who had to turn the grass by hand. It wasn't baled, like nowadays but gathered up loose and covered with a stack sheet to keep it dry.

From when I was nearly 5 to when I was 10 it was war time and I remember little bits about it.

I recall a German fighter crashing on the moor and I sat in it. The pilot had got out and walked to Hutton le Hole. Another time German air craft dropped bombs in Farndale and a bomber crashed.

Other things I remember about my childhood, is that at school my best subject were arithmetic but I also loved cricket.

We used to keep pigs and I was once asked to stay up to watch a sow farrow but I fell asleep and woke up to find all piglets had been born.





## Edith Collier - 'When I was a Nipper'

**I was born at Gosling Green Farm, Ryton on the 30th January 1937. Although I was born there, I actually lived at a farm nearby, Parnham Farm with my mum and dad and two sisters. My dad was foreman of this farm and one next door, Manor Farm.**

The two farms together totalled nearly 400 acres and employed seven men as well as my dad. One of them lived in our house all the time with another just occasionally.

On the farm we grew, Wheat, Barley, Oats and a small area of potatoes. We also made hay for the bullocks in winter. We had two fold yards full of bullocks, a Shire Horse and sheep. We also had a few poultry and it was my job to collect and wash the eggs. We also kept a cow for fresh milk for the house and to make into butter. I remember once a week, Mr Raines coming in a pony and trap, to collect the eggs to take up to the house at Manor Farm. The pony was called Trishy. Because we had 'live in' workers we were allowed to kill a pig for each one so we killed 2 pigs a year.

When I was 5, I started going to school. The nearest was Old Malton but my dad wouldn't let me go there because there was 3 busy roads to cross, so I went to the village school at Great Habton. To get there I had to go on my bike for 3 miles across grass fields and a Hunting bridge. My bike was too big for me so my dad put wooden blocks on the pedals. When that didn't work he tied my feet to the pedals with Massey Harris band! That didn't work either so he then bought me a fairy cycle with small wheels, with blown up tyres and my bike was bright red.

At school I liked poetry and nature study. For dinner time I took sandwiches from home with cocoa powder or oxo in a screwed up bit of

grease proof paper and a lady came with a big kettle and made us a drink. I haven't liked cocoa since then. After the war, we started having a cooked school dinner which we had to pay for. I remember our first meal was 'Shepherd's Pie' followed by Chocolate sponge with pink custard. It was a real blessing after years of packed meals. The school canteen was attached to the main school building.

I recall a few things that happened during the war, a Spitfire once flew over and scared me, a British bomber crashed at Gt Habton and another bomber lost his way and dropped a load of incendiaries close to the farm.

All through the war and for many years afterwards, sweets were rationed. Our 'live in' farm worker, Tommy Ravis, used to give me and my 2 sisters his sweet ration which varied from 8 ozs to a lb each, every month. With it we used to go into Malton and buy small sweets (midget gems and dolly mixtures) so they would last longer.

We never went on holiday, but once a year we biked to the station at Marishes and went to Scarborough for the day.

In our orchard we had a rubbish tip on which there was broken bits of pottery. I used to take some of this pottery and decorate a tree root with it.



## John Barkley - 'When I was a Nipper'

**I was born in 1948 at Westow Croft, a place, between Leavening and Kirkham, where mothers went to have a baby. Soon after, I went back to the farm where we lived, Sandfield Farm, Leavening. The farm belonged to my granddad but we all lived there, granny, me mum, dad, two older sisters by 18 months and 3 years and an older brother, 5 years older than me. I was number 4 but there was to be another 5 brothers and sisters after me.**

I don't remember much before I started school when I was 5. We had to walk a mile to school. When I was in Miss Major's class, 4 of us were told to go outside because she said we had been talking, we hadn't really. We then had to go to see Mr. Walsh, the Headmaster who gave us 3 swipes of a leather strap on our hands.

When it was my turn, after the first swipe, I pulled my hand away and Mr. Walsh swiped his knee instead. I then ran out of school and went home. I didn't want to go back but the 'Kid Catcher' called to see my mum and dad to tell me I had to go back to school. Mr Walsh got into trouble for using the leather strap on us as it should have been a slipper.

When I got to 6 or 7, I had to start working on the farm feeding cows and pigs. One of my jobs was to break up cow cake in something like a turnip cutter. The cake came in slabs 3 feet long by 2 foot wide. The cows had a mixture of cake, rolled oats and sliced turnips. The cutter had to be turned by hand.

When I was 8, I had to sow corn by hand, in a galvanised container shaped like a kidney bean that sat on my tummy with a string round my neck and my waist so I could walk along and throw corn out each side. We grew Wheat, Barley and Oats.

When it was harvest we had a reaper and binder pulled by 2 Shire horses.

This machine cut the crop and tied a string around the middle but then dropped it on the ground. It was my job to pick up the sheaves and put them into stooks, 3 sheaves each side supporting each other, leaving a hole between so that the wind got through them. The sheaves always had thistles in them and I got sore scratched arms.

During the winter months a contractor came with a 'Threshing Machine' to thresh all the corn which had been in stacks since harvest. As a nine year old it was my job to carry chaff. I carried it in a big sheet made from a hessian bag. It used to get down my back and make me itch. Nowadays chaff comes out at the back of a combine harvester so youngsters don't carry chaff any more.

In the winter time the cows got fed hay which we had to make from long grass in July.

We had a reaper pulled by one horse which cut the grass and lay it on the ground in long rows. It was my job as an 8 and 9 year old to turn the grass by hand with a manure fork. When the hay was made, it wasn't baled like now, but gathered up loose with a horse pulling a big rake and stacked in a big heap. It was then sheeted with a stack sheet which had weights tied at each corner to stop it blowing off.

My dad used to have to cut the hay with a big knife, sawing it up and down.

We also had a tractor to do the ploughing and harrowing. It was called a Fordson Standard and it had spade lug wheels. I remember it cost £200 at a sale.

It was a sad time when I was 10 because my Granddad died, my Gran went to live at Buttercrambe Locks and we all had to leave the farm, me mum and dad, my 8 brothers and sisters and me. We went to live in Welburn and my dad got a job at Cliff House, Whitwell on the Hill.

## Class: Best Poem : 'Life in Ryedale'

1st. Alan Metcalfe 2nd. William Barrett

### Alan Metcalfe 'Life in the North Yorkshire Moors'

Early in May, on a fine sunny day,  
With my dog I set off to a Trial;  
When I got there, I didn't have a care,  
I was happy and started to smile;  
When my turn came, I thought of the fame,  
Man and dog we would give it our best;  
As we went to the stake,  
it was now make or break,  
And endeavour to beat all the rest.

My dog he set sail,  
I was looking quite pale,  
But I soon cheered up in my mind,  
As he gathered the sheep,  
that memory I'll keep,  
I could see they were three of a kind;  
He came steady away, as if it were play,  
Through the fetch gates and back to my feet,  
We had a good start and the beat of my heart  
Made me feel we would never be beat.

Well a good time we had,  
the crowd they went mad,  
As I stood there, proud, with my Cup,  
It was just like a dream, a heavenly scheme,  
Then suddenly I woke up!

Well, it's good to be on the Trial Field,  
enjoying the fresh country air,  
Where man and dog work together,

### William Barrett 'A Bird is Singing'

a bird is singing  
hear it now  
reddy coloured leaves  
on trees to our right  
blow the dandelion clock away  
tell us the time  
bobbling in the air  
it's past three o'clock  
holly bush berries in bud  
yellow carpet field  
buttercups under your chin  
white one - butterfly  
motorbike sounds  
they are off again - up high  
beechnut fallen  
chimney stack smokes  
bubbling water  
stone - some green  
black orange moss  
brickwork reflects



- Ryedale Carers Support -  
VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **FIRST PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Poem - 'Life in Ryedale'  
Entrant's Name: Alan Metcalfe

- Ryedale Carers Support -  
VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW 2020 -  
- **SECOND PRIZE** -  
Class: Best Poem - 'Life in Ryedale'  
Entrant's Name: William Barrett



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**RYEDALE CARERS SUPPORT - VIRTUAL COUNTRY SHOW - 2020 - PRIZE WINNING EXHIBITS**

### Virtual Country Show

Due to the Covid pandemic Ryedale Carers Support were unable to hold any of their usual social gatherings; Songs and Scones, Farmers Breakfast or our Carers Support Group. So, each month, from August through to November 2020, we decided to hold our very own Virtual Country Show.

We were not disappointed, we received many exhibits which amazed and impressed us for their wonderful quality and creativity.

We would like to say a huge 'Thank you' to everyone who took part in the Virtual Country Show and to those who helped and supported in the collection and sending in of all the entries we received.



### Ryedale Carers Support

Ryedale Carers Support is a local voluntary organisation and registered charity that provides practical and emotional help for carers, the people they care for and older people living on their own.

We provide a Sitting Service, to give carers a break; a Visiting Service for older people living alone and a range of Support Groups - My Neighbourhood, Songs and Scones, Farmers Breakfast and now a number of online activities.

The service is provided by volunteers who can visit weekly, fortnightly or monthly for a couple of hours or so.



- BEST KNITTED GARMENT OR TOY . BEST HOMEMADE CAKE . BEST DECORATED CAKE
- BEST PHOTO OF YOUR LOCAL VIEW . BEST HOMEMADE FAIRY GARDEN
- BEST DECORATED DIGESTIVE BISCUIT . BEST DECORATED STONE . PRETTIEST GARDEN
- FLOWER OR HOUSE PLANT . TALLEST THISTLE . BEST SHORT STORY . BEST POEM