

Staveley & District History Society

Journal Summer 2012

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The views expressed in articles in this Journal are those of the individual authors and not necessarily those of the Society.

Cover photo: Mike Houston speaking at Bridge 172 on the Lancaster Canal – see July Walk

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The next issue of the *Journal* (No 26, the Winter issue) will be published about the 12th December 2012. All contributions (letters, articles, etc.) are welcome at any time but should be with the Editor no later than early November.

From the President

First of all I must apologise for my non-appearance at the AGM. I was here; it was obviously a senior moment.

We look forward to another year of our History Society and some changes in the committee. I think we must pay special tribute to Pat Ball who has retired. Pat steered our book "Lakeland Valley through Time" through the printing process and subsequently helped with other publications. His links with CWAAS have been so valuable. John Berry has managed to get out from under the very heavy yoke of responsibility for so much of the Society's acquisitions, deposits, cataloguing, finding space to put our archive, but still he remains on the committee to give valuable advice and help with a myriad of tasks. We greet Peter Lansberry as our new General Secretary recently retired to Kentmere and thus very quickly drawn into the Society by his near neighbour! He is as indefatigable as his predecessor. Jemma Metcalfe-Gibson also joined the committee during the year. Her expertise in old buildings will be invaluable. And much appreciation is due to our Chairman and other members of the Committee.

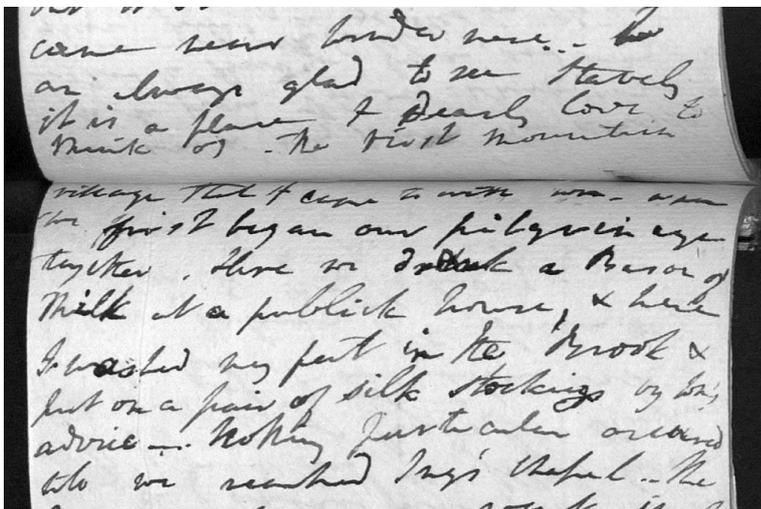


I hope that the Village Hall presentation key will be on display by the end of the year. So we go forward to the new season with interest and curiosity about our area.

Clare Brockbank

Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals

Some of you may already have a copy of the transcription of Dorothy's Journals published by OUP; we have used the Staveley extract in both Lakeland Valley through Time and in Occasional Paper 24. The Wordsworth Trust has now completed the scanning of these Journals so that you can now see Dorothy's handwriting in detail. The Trust is planning an exhibition based on the Journals next year so watch out for publicity. Note too, that the café next door to the Trust in



Grasmere is now being run by Wilf's of Staveley. Meanwhile, here is the Staveley extract as scanned.

The text depicted was written soon after William and Mary (Hutchinson) were married on 4th October 1802, in All Saints Church, Brompton, about eight miles west of Scarborough. The journals report that William,

Mary and Dorothy set off back to Grasmere almost immediately, travelling via Helmsley and Wensleydale. The passage scanned is worth putting in context: ‘...*The afternoon (by then it was 6th October) was not cheerful but it did not rain till we got near Windermere. I am always glad to see Stavely; it is a place I dearly love to think of – the first mountain village that I came to with Wm. when we first began our pilgrimage together. Here we drank a bason of milk at a public house and here I washed my feet in the brook, and put on a pair of silk stockings by Wm’s advice. Nothing particular occurred till we reached Ings Chapel. The door was open, and we went in. It is a neat little place, with a marble floor and marble communion table, with a painting over it of the last supper, and Moses and Aaron on each side. The woman told us that ‘they had painted them as near as they could by the dresses as they are described in the Bible’, and gay enough they are. The marble had been sent by Robert Bateman from Leghorn. The woman told us that a man had been at the house a few days before, who told her he had helped to bring it down to the Red Sea, and she had believed him gladly! It rained very hard when we reached Windermere. We sate in the rain at Wilcock’s to change horses and arrived at Grasmere at about 6 o’clock on Wednesday evening, the 6th October 1802.*’

Much of the marble floor and the (wooden) communion table, the top of which is inlaid with marble, can be found in Ings Church today. The painting of the Last Supper with Moses and Aaron is lost.

John Berry and John Hiley

Primary School History Competition 2012

In January, the older pupils of Staveley Primary School were asked if they would like to take part in a history project. They were allowed to choose their own local history topic but the work had to be done entirely in their own time. It might be the story of their own house, or of a building or area of the village or about some well-known figure from Staveley’s past or perhaps someone from their own family.

Their work was completed by February half term. There were no less than thirty items presented having a wide range of presentation methods, from models to hand and electronically written documents with photographs and drawings and one presentation entirely on DVD. The pupils’ work provided a most informative adjunct to both our February meeting and to the AGM and showed a remarkably high standard of interest and enthusiasm. Iain Johnston and Mike Houston had the difficult task of judging the work. Such was quality of the competition, they chose no less than nine ‘first-prizes’, each of which received a book-token. Congratulations are due to:

Molly Aspinall: The history of my house, The Malt Kiln; **Laura Bateman:** St Margaret’s Church; **Lewis Bowness:** Staveley fire station; **Declan Hevey:** History of Maggs Howe; **Shannon Lowe:** St Margaret’s Tower; **Nathan O’Sullivan:** James Cropper PLC; **Jake Miller:** Beetham History; **Iona Nelson-Yeats:** History of High Fold, Kentmere; **Jenny Wood:** Causeway Farm.

The Old Vicarage, Staveley

Today this name is usually associated with the large house on Brow Lane; though it has also been given to the property housing the Chemists Shop on Main Street.

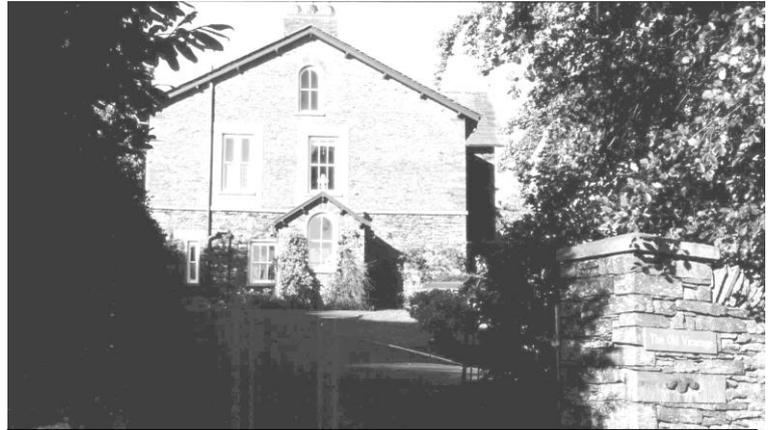


On the left, the Taylor's house on Main Street about the turn of the century

Our earliest record of the Church of England's representative in Staveley is that of the Curate living in a cottage opposite St Margaret's Chapel. It is suggested that this was the premises now occupied by 'Design Works'. We also know that in 1838 the Taylor family who had built the house on Main Street moved to Bowness and the premises were then rented to the Curate, James Elleray. Elleray appears in both the 1841

and 1851 census listings at this address.

In 1856 Elleray was replaced by William Chaplin and here the mystery of the abode commences. Chaplin may have rented the Taylor's house initially but in 1861 he is shown as living at 'The Parsonage' – a property listed between the cottages on Brow Lane and the mill ones on Kentmere Road. According to the 1859 Ordnance map no such property exists. However by



The Brow Lane 'Old Vicarage'

1871 all is clear and the 'Vicarage' is listed on Brow Lane. During this period the living was upgraded from a Curate to a Vicar as St Margaret's became a Church with its own Parish from 1858. We also know that St James' was completed in 1865. So it would seem that the Vicarage came before the Church – a fact confirmed by the current occupiers whose deeds date back to 1860. Was it initially known as the Parsonage? If anyone can shine some light on this we would be pleased to hear from them. It also seems that the Main Street premises were only truly a 'Vicarage' from 1858 to 1860. It's strange how the name has stuck. Perhaps the Curate was known as the 'Vicar' for some years before it became official.

John Berry

The May Walk, a Visit to Broad Leys

On the evening of May 8th, during a spell of superb weather, about twenty members visited Broad Leys the home of Windermere Motor Boat Racing Club (WMBRC). Before a comprehensive description of the history of the ‘Arts & Crafts’ building by Alan Rhodes, we enjoyed a light tea which included soup and sandwiches.



We learnt that the property was completed in 1898 by Charles Voysey as a summer holiday home for Arthur Currer Briggs a colliery owner from Leeds. How times have changed. It was eventually sold to the Milne family who owned the Kendal, Milne & Company department store on Deansgate in Manchester. When the property next came on the market it was purchased by WMBRC the present owners.

Broad Leys is situated just to the south of the old Lancashire-Westmorland boundary. The only Voysey property in Old Westmorland itself is ‘Littlehome’ in Kendal built for Arthur Simpson. Pevsner considered Broad Leys to be Voysey’s masterpiece *“Overlooking Windermere, with extensive front terraced gardens and three distinct large curved bay windows, stretching from the ground to the first floor, providing magnificent views over the lake”*.

Voysey was a minimalist who had a love of simplicity and ‘open space’. Over time when WMBRC acquired the property several of the original features were removed or hidden; many of these were restored when Mr Rhodes, an architect, became involved with the building in a professional capacity.



Ventilator cover

Following the talk, Mr Rhodes and his wife Heather accompanied the members on a tour of the property. We were fortunate because there were no guests in residence. Members may be interested to learn that rooms may be booked in this superb property which is situated in a stunning location.

Don Morris

June Walk – A visit to Old Bowness

Eighteen or so members of the society met Iain Johnston and Tom Bland at Rayrigg Road on the evening of 12th June for a walk around Old Bowness. Amid the bustle and tourist-orientated village it is fascinating to find glimpses of its former life and industry.

We started by taking the road behind the car park, seeing old houses and places where cottages once stood, a former smithy and the Hole in t'Wall inn. Our route followed the line of the original road which led to St. Martin's Church with its interesting and beautiful interior and thence to the cushion huts by the lake and back



The Cushion Huts, Bowness

up to Ash Square. Here public meetings and auctions were once held and close by was the original Windermere Grammar School. We then proceeded up Crag Brow, pausing to look at where Fenty's shop had sold servants' uniforms and much more besides, its goods spilling out onto the

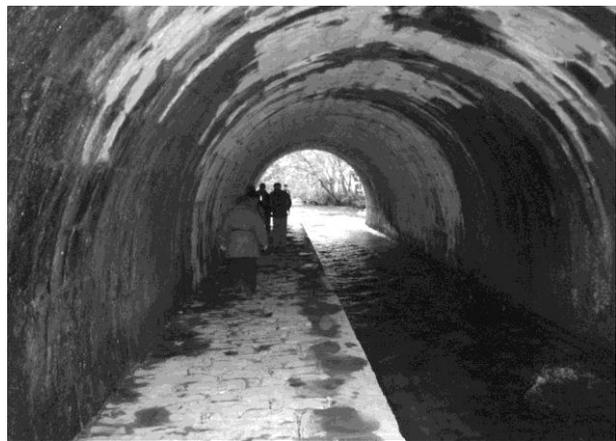
pavement. Beyond Crag Brow still stands the Royalty Theatre, scene of so many local and travelling productions. Nearby is the old jail house, a solemn reminder of more serious matters. The top of Crag Brow marked the limit of the village until at least the end of the eighteenth century, beyond that, through a gate, was Undermillbeck Common leading to Applethwaite.

Our leaders on this outing gave us a great deal of personal, local information, adding to our enjoyment, and some of our members offered their own anecdotes to enrich our evening.

Nancy Houston

July Walk – The Lancaster Canal at Stainton

On a drizzly July evening some 20 members ventured out to the end of the watered section of the Lancaster Canal at Stainton. Mike Houston led the walk, and started (under the cover of Bridge 172) with a short history of the canal and the campaign in the 1960s to keep it open. We then went forward to the next bridge, an underbridge or aqueduct where the Stainton Beck passes beneath the canal in a long tunnel with a public footpath



Under the aqueduct for Stainton Beck

alongside. At each of the subsequent bridges Mike stopped to either point out the architecture or to recall some of the historical anecdotes about life on the canal. He set it in the historical context with discussions about child labour and schooling, some of the lesser known cargoes carried by the barges and about the fast ‘Packet Boats’ which carried passengers at an average speed of 10 mile/h. Of further interest was the life of the horses which pulled the barges – allegedly looked after better than the men – and the poor Irish labourers who were recruited to unload the barges at Kendal.



Inside the Old School café

The walk officially finished at the old Stable at Crooklands, where the Lancaster Canal Trust have their northern base; but Mike then led the party along the A65 to the Old School at Millness (now an art centre and café) where he had arranged with his old friend Frank Sanderson for the café to be opened specially for us. Not only did we have refreshments, but also had from Frank a short talk about the history of the school, founded in 1775. The evening was also marked by a chorus of ‘Happy

Birthday’ for our Events Secretary, Don Morris whose birthday just happened to be that day. All in all it was an excellent evening and thanks go to Mike for organising it.

John Berry

Some recollections of WWII

At our 2012 AGM in April, three of our members recounted their wartime memories. Their talks are summarised here:

Nan Scott: I was living with my parents in Tewin, Hertfordshire when war broke out, going up to Oxford University from 1940 to 1942 to study Maths - I became a Maths teacher after the war. Iris Murdoch, Roy Jenkins and Tony Benn were contemporaries there. My college, St Hughs had become a head injuries hospital so I lodged in annexes in New College and then at Magdalen. Oxford wasn’t bombed so I had no experience of that, though my mother and I were once shot at from a plane in our garden at home. We found the bullets afterwards. I didn’t much care for studying and managed to get on a one year Social Sciences course, from 1942-43 at the London School of Economics, which had been evacuated to Cambridge. I was at first in private accommodation for one term. My landlady made me put on a long dress for dinner so it was a relief to move into a student hostel.

Throughout my studies, I worked during the vacations: at Dunlop in Birmingham; Rowntrees in York (wrapping twopenny bars of chocolate) and at Howard and Bulloughs in Accrington, textile machinery manufacturers now making armaments. I

was struck by the absence of grass from their huge site. From 1943 to the end of the war, I worked full time at Thorp Arch near Wetherby as an AFLO (Assistant Female Labour Officer). This was a Royal Ordnance Factory with 10,000 employees, four stations, and a hostel for 1000. Safety was a big priority, no nails in shoes and the buildings were separated by large earth mounds in case of explosion. Every third weekend, we got Friday afternoon till Monday lunchtime off. I used to cycle to the Yorkshire Dales to meet friends at Malham and other youth hostels. One day a steep hill out of Pateley Bridge defeated me and I persuaded a bus driver to let me put my bike in his bus.

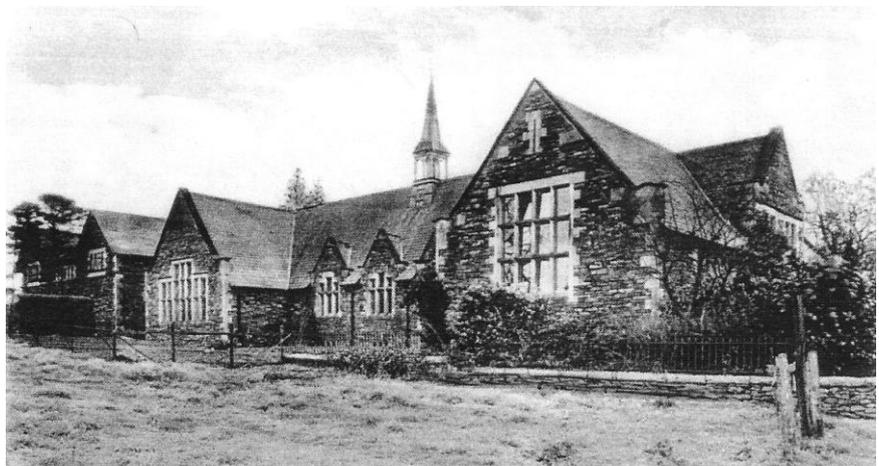
Jack Castling: The dictionary states that an evacuee is a person removed from a place of danger. My place of danger was South Shields, a town at the mouth of the River Tyne where I lived in a modern semi with widowed mother and younger sister.



In 1938 I went to Dame Allan's Grammar School in Newcastle. My first year was done to the background of Adolf Hitler.

I returned from holiday in London in 1939 to two important letters. One was to attend the local depot to be fitted with a gas mask. The other was to turn up at

Newcastle Station on September 1st 1939 for a weekend evacuation rehearsal to Wigton where we were to go if war was declared. The photograph shows 551 girls and boys getting off the train in Wigton. We were billeted with the local population. On Sunday September 3rd, Chamberlain advised us that the country was at war so we didn't come home. We spent the following 8 months at Wigton where we attended school half-days. Many activities were fitted in: rugby, cycle-rides, mole-skinning, herding sheep to market, and helping the butcher with animal slaughter. A school Scout Troop was formed and we performed Ruddigore and Mikado. Our return to Newcastle was due to Wigton's sewage system breaking down. Following Dunkirk, bombing started and the school re-evacuated in July 1940, this time to Windermere.



Windermere Grammar School

Alan Lord: I was 10 when war broke out. We lived near Preston, 200 yards from Fulwood Barracks. On the day war was declared, my mother and I watched the troops march out of the barracks, presumably to the station. Public air raid shelters appeared and many installed their own Anderson Shelters. Dustbins appeared in the streets for food waste which was boiled up for pig food, we called it 'Somebody's Pudding'. The pigs loved it. Public warnings were announced: sirens for air-raids, church bells for invasion; bugles for gas attacks. One day my neighbour, a retired officer who had joined the army as a bugle boy, demonstrated his skills by performing 'reveille' down the spout of a watering can. A full gas attack alert ensued.

I remember the day I was fitted with a gas mask. It was rubber with a nasty smell and had a filter on the front about the size of a pound syrup tin. It had a rubber flap inside. When you breathed out the air came out of the sides making rude noises. Initially, travel was restricted to one mile unless essential because air raid shelter provision was based on local population. It was vital, particularly in the blackout, to acknowledge the challenge of the sentry: *'Who goes there'; 'Friend'; 'Advance and be recognised'*. It wasn't for show - that rifle was loaded. Junior School was a mile and a half walk across Moor Park so it was off limits. Fortunately a retired headmaster generously gave six of us private tuition in his home. It was he who introduced me to David Copperfield.

By then we had a wireless. We heard Winston Churchill, and listened intently to the speeches of King George VI broadcast live to the Empire. We sat tense and anxious, sensing that the whole nation was willing him to keep going despite the stammer. We listened to the News, and sometimes to Lord Haw Haw, *'Germany Calling'*, from Bremen. Being English, he would mention towns and even individual streets by name – a bit too close for comfort sometimes. Workers' Playtime came from factory canteens every dinner time. At night we laughed with Tommy Handley and enjoyed the music of Big Bill Campbell and his Rocky Mountaineers.

Looking towards the south, we could see the glow in the night sky from the fires 25 miles away during the blitz of Liverpool. Atlantic convoys of grain were frequently sunk, so the Ministry of Food told us that potatoes were more nutritious than bread, or vice versa, depending on what was available. We grew our own food: 'Dig for Victory'. Rationing was introduced in 1940. We were instructed to queue, a previously unknown practice. We were told it was common in France, whence the term *'queue'* – a tail! Relatives farmed nearby. One summer, with sacks tied around our legs, four of us had to weed a 7-acre field of kale - 35 miles on hands and knees! By the time I was 14, if my Uncle, a Special Constable, was away, I had to deliver the milk; up before 6am for a 7-mile round and neither driving licence nor insurance. Petrol was rationed so there was little traffic. Commercial petrol was dyed red to prevent misuse. There were ingenious methods for overcoming the shortage of fuel. Some vans had a large bag on the roof filled with town gas. Others made Producer Gas on board, the engine drawing air and water vapour through a small coke oven to produce a mixture of carbon monoxide and hydrogen.

Vehicle headlamps were reduced to narrow slits for the blackout, but driving at night remained hazardous, which if I recall correctly, led to the marking of roads with white lines.

In May 1945, on the evening of Armistice Day, I came to the Flag Market in Preston town centre to find a crowd of several thousand all dancing and singing. They were probably there all night. It looked as if it would get out of hand so I left them to it and walked home.

Tales from the Tapes: A conversation about life in Ings – Part 3

Transcript of History Society meeting held in Ings Parish Hall on 16th January 2001 chaired by Joe Scott (JS). The panel: Dorothy Buckley (DB), John Redmayne (JR), Denis Sowerby (DS) and Dorothy Whitwell (DW). Questions came from the 'floor' (Q) and the chairman. We resume with memories of 'transport':

JS: If you went into Staveley to the shops or to the pub or something, did you walk?

DS: No, there was a very good bus service.

DW: Every half hour.

JS: Could folk afford it?
Was it reasonable?

DS: Two pence to Windermere and two pence to Staveley.

DB: Yes it was the same - and a penny for the children.

DW: And it used to be half a crown from Ings to Kendal.

DS: But that was late 40s. In the '30s it was 11d return,

DB: 9d from Staveley, 5d for children.

JR: Then double deckers came, didn't they?

JS: They were single deckers at first?



Sowing Oats - 1920

ALL: Yes, yes.

JS: Then, you'd all have bicycles did you?

ALL: Yes, yes.

JS: But you still walked quite a lot.

Lucy Holmes (LH): That's what you progressed to - a bike. You walked up to then.

JS: When did you get your first bike Lucy?

LH: When I was 18. That was my 18th birthday present and it cost £3 17s 6d. and it was a Raleigh.

JS: I had a Raleigh, it cost £4.19s.6d

LH: Yours was a bit dearer.

JS: It was later on, though, you see.

Fred: Perhaps yours had a three speed, John?



LH: Well mine didn't, but it had a dress guard.

Q: Was the joiners shop also the undertakers?

DS: Yes,

Q: Who was the joiner? Who had the smithy?

JR: George Walker, Stuart Walker really.

DW: A man called Briers used to shoe our horses

JR: It's not so long since he died either, about 4 or 5 years since.

DW: One brother was the postman, the other was the blacksmith.

JR: Yes, Tommy Briers it was. He was only a little fellow but he could handle any size of a horse.

LH: Jimmy Briers was the postman.

Q: What about policing? Did you have a village policeman or were you so well behaved?

DW: No, we had a village policeman in Staveley.

Q: He patrolled here, did he? ‘

JR: Yes, he lashed out his own punishments, did that fellow! Hastings they called him and if you didn't behave yourself he tanned your backside for you or buffed your head for you.

JS: Did he? What did you do to get that from him?

DW: I was just thinking about that the other day. We used put white spots on the telegraph poles and we used to throw stones at them. That was one thing.

DS: One of the policeman's jobs was supervising sheep dipping. You had to send them word when you were going to dip and then half of the time he came and watched you, sort of to see you did them properly.

JS: Was there just the one policeman for Staveley and Ings and Kentmere?

ALL: Yes, yes.

JS: He was a busy man then wasn't he? But he didn't have a panda car did he - just a push bike? So apart from people throwing stones at the telegraph poles, was there any crime, were you a well behaved lot of people in Ings?

DW: Well there was no real crime. They pinched apples and things like that, but it was 'I'll take you home to your Dad, mi lad, and then he'd give you it as well.'

Women's voice (W): The worst thing was forgetting to buy the dog licence. Ooh yes, my mum and my auntie got done the same week. Five shillings for my mother and ten shillings for my auntie. I've forgotten why it was that way round.

JS: That was a fine? But the dog licence was only five shillings wasn't it?

W. You see it was an oversight. Peoples' husbands had gone to war so it was their job to buy the dog licence, and the women forgot about it - except farm dogs, they were exempt.

To be continued