

Staveley & District History Society

Journal Spring 2015

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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: Staveley by John Harden, early C19th, reproduced courtesy of Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Lakeland Arts Trust, Kendal, Cumbria.

The next issue of the *Journal* (No 34, the Summer 2015 issue) will be published about the 12th August 2015. All contributions (letters, articles, etc.) are welcome at any time but should be with the Editor by early July.

From the Chair

If the excellent attendance at our regular Tuesday evening meetings and for our Summer walks is a guide to the well-being of our society, then we are indeed in rude health. Last Summer saw us make visits to Heron Mill in Beetham, to Kendal Town Hall to see the civic treasures in the Mayor's Parlour and to fifteen 'bridges' of Staveley, a fascinating walk led by our vice-chair Mike Houston. Our Winter programme included talks about our Lakeland Dialect, Sir John Barrow, Ordnance Survey in South Lakeland, Water Mills of the lower Kent, Lakeland by Stagecoach, and Slate Quarrying in the Lake District, all characterised by the speakers' enthusiasm and deep knowledge of their subject material. Much credit is due to Don Morris, our indefatigable Events Secretary, who, once again, organised this fascinating programme for us. Next year promises to be no less interesting. Thank you Don. I'm sure too that members will wish me to thank the rest of the committee for their part in enabling the society to flourish.



Nonetheless, there is much to do. Our 'history' is being made daily and successive forewords of this Journal have highlighted the need to record changes as they happen. The committee are committed to doing something about this on three fronts. Firstly, we plan to purchase some modern audio recording equipment so that we can make oral history recordings. Do let us know of folk you think we should be 'interviewing'. Secondly, we have embarked on an initiative to collect information about our local buildings; at least those which were built before WW1. How many members live in such 'historic' buildings? Have you records and photographs that you are willing to share with the Society? An example of how you might help is in this very Journal. We are very grateful for this to Mike Ambler who has written about the history of the old vicarage in Ings, which was his family home for 40 years.

The third strand of our endeavour is to add to our photographic archive. Please send us your photos, past or present. They will illuminate Staveley and District for those who, in the future, wish to find out what life was like now. In the past year, we are particularly grateful to Lesley Moore (né Coupland) who sent pictures about her family's involvement in Staveley Operatic Society which marked its 60th Anniversary in 2014. Her father, Jimmy Coupland, was Musical Director for many years. This year is the 50th anniversary of the closure of Windermere Grammar School, the school that most boys from Staveley, Ings and Kentmere attended until 1965. It will be the subject of our members' evening after the AGM in April. If you have old photos of W.G.S. would you please scan them or allow us to scan them for our collection which already contains Mike Davies-Shiel's pictures – of cricket and rugger teams, staff-room scenes, buildings, field trips, school plays and of school operas in the Royalty Cinema, Bowness.

John Hiley

The WW1 letters of Murray Crofts

A further letter contributed by our President, Clare Brockbank, whose mother-in-law was Murray Crofts' sister, Alice. Murray was killed on 9th May 1915 near Ypres.

In Billets again 26.4.15



Dear Mother

Thank you very much for your letters and please thank Alice for that one of hers which arrived since I last wrote. Since then we have been up into the trenches again for a short spell of 2 or 3 days and are now back for a little 'rest', which is much more like work than the trench-work. Funnily enough, though the battalion billeting area is on the other side of the canal from where we were last time, our company is in exactly the same two farms, though our Headquarters are just across the canal in a rather sumptuous Estaminet where I sit. It is a splendid place – all drinks, including Cognac, are 1fr each.

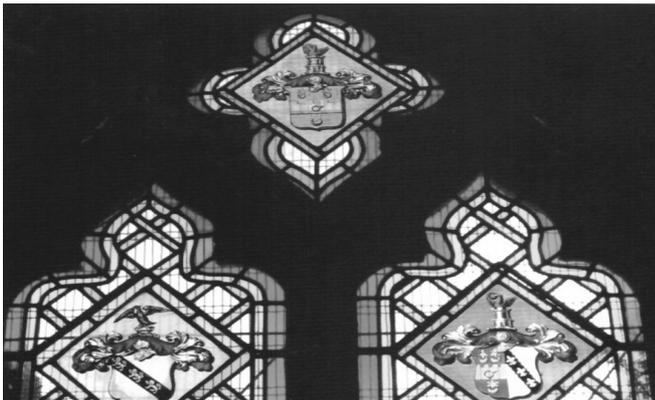
In a few minutes we all have to walk about 4 miles to Divisional Headquarters to hear a lecture on 'the attack'. Well, of course, we are not very near this 'Hill 60' business, which, by the way, seems to be spreading into quite a big show. There was 'a certain liveliness' in our last spell in the trenches, chiefly bombs, which were thrown freely on both sides (of course only from mortars; it was too far for hand-thrown ones). Also we had a good deal of gunnery, and heard a tremendous amount of distant bombardment, which I am almost certain must have been 'Hill 60'. Aren't these Asphyxiating Gases a beastly idea? I hear that we have to wear a kind of veil or diving helmet made of bicarbonate of something or other to keep them out. We had a lot of Territorial's in the trench with us which was rather tiresome. They are all so eager and do so revel in hardships and discomfort, and they will keep shooting with their rifles (a thing which our men hardly ever do. It's no good unless you can see someone.) However, it's very funny to hear our very latest recruits with 4 months service in England and 3 days in France, patronising these Terriers, who have been over here for 6 weeks and probably have several years' service behind them. They get excited at the bombs too. You can see the look out man see them coming slowly through the trench and sing 'bomb right...bomb left ' and then one has to vacate that part of the trench before the bomb arrives. When the very first one came over my co-subaltern was gazing peacefully into the sky when he was suddenly knocked in the back and trampled underfoot by a stampeding mob of Territorial's. When he had had time to recover himself and say a few appropriate words, I heard one Terrier complain to another that, 'the regular officers don't like you to run about in the trenches,' and after that they became much calmer. This other subaltern, by the way, named Gordon, has brightened up life a lot for me. He has just rejoined having been wounded at Ypres, and I knew him at Cardiff. He is very funny in a naive sort of way, and keeps one roaring with laughter, though he is really full of commonsense. Before he came, I was rather in a strange land as the captain and other sub. of A

company are of alien regiments and I used to find them somewhat unsympathetic. We particularly loathe the other subaltern, who is a clergyman and schoolmaster in private life and assumes a sort of territory which does not belong to him by right. Must stop now. Excuse abruptness.

Your loving son Murray

More on the other Batemans

During 2014 a number of new facts have come to light regarding the Bateman family from Burneside. The historian from the Biddulph and District Genealogical and History Society, John Sherratt, has spent most of the year finding what he could about the early history of the family. He has visited Tolson Hall, and the Kendal Record Office, but much of the useful information surprisingly came from the Chester Record Office, deposited by the Bateman's Solicitors who have their head office in Chester. From these early records we learn that in 1622 a Randall Bateman died at Garth Row Farm. Over the next century the family acquired further land and property at Coppice Howe, Gilthwaite Rigg, Garnett House, Brow Foot, Bank End and Tolson House Farm.



Stained glass in Burneside Parish Church - the Bateman and Branthwaite coats of arms

Tolson House itself was built in 1638 for the Tolson family but by the early 18th Century it was part of the Bateman portfolio. A Thomas Bateman died there in 1730. Tolson Hall then passed to his son John who died in 1783. John had three brothers, Thomas, William and Robert - this Robert would be contemporary with the Robert in Ings - but cannot have been the same person as he had two sons Mackreth and Phillip. The family then continued with

the James and John referred to in my earlier article. From the research we learnt that there is a plaque to James Bateman (1749-1824) in St Oswald's Church and another (erected by Charles Cropper) on the Elba monument at the top of Hollins Lane to which the Batemans were major contributors. Interestingly it would appear from this that Tolson Hall has only been owned by three families - the Tolsons, the Batemans and finally the Croppers.

The Batemans did not just own property in Westmorland; the records show that by the end of the 19th Century they owned land in Lancashire (Manchester, Salford and Bury) Cheshire (Congleton, Buglawton) Staffordshire (Knypersley, Upper Biddulph, Wolstanton, Horton, Rushton Spencer, and Norton-le-Moors), and in Stroud in Gloucestershire. They certainly invested (and married) well.

At the other end of the timescale, recent research carried out by the current owner of Biddulph Old Hall, Nigel Daly, has thrown some light on one of James Bateman's

(that's the one who built the Grange Gardens) sons called Robert. In the Grange history it simply refers to Robert as being an artist. We now know from Nigel's detective work that Robert was a prominent Pre-Raphaelite and a friend of Burne-Jones, having paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy. He went on to marry the granddaughter of the Earl of Carlisle and was associated with both Disraeli and Gladstone. His story was far from straightforward, and Nigel's new book *The lost Pre-Raphaelite* and subtitled *The secret life and loves of Robert Bateman* tells the full intriguing story. If you are at all interested in the Pre-Raphaelite movement then this book is a must read.

BDGHS have produced a summary of John Sherratt's research on the early history and it can be viewed at bdghs.org.uk/2014meetings.php

John Berry

Kentmere in the spring of 1601

Chancery Records, filed 10 May 1601 offer an interesting insight into the difficulties experienced by the tenants of the Kentmere valley in the early years of the 17th century.

In May 1601 Leonard Ayrey, Anthony Ayrey, Urban Ayrey and Edward Ayrey, all of Kentmyre for themselves and on behalf of 50 or so customary tenants of Kentmyer, filed a Bill of Complaint against Thomas Benson and his son Randall Benson who had purchased the manor in August, 1600 for the term on 900 years from George Stapleton's estate.

The complainants (the Ayreys) state that each of them have houses and other buildings in Kentmyre according to the ancient custom of tenant-right time out of mind within the manor of Kentmyer and holds it by paying a yearly rent and by paying certain fees and doing certain duties and services due and accustomed to serve the crown upon the borders against Scotland upon their own charge when commanded by the Warden of the West Marches of England or otherwise warned by firing of beacons for the defence of the realm of England against the invasion and inrode of the Scots and against robbers and outlaws which have come upon the borders of England and have done and committed much hurt and harm to their dwellings.

The complainants acknowledge that by the custom of the tenants and their ancestors they have been charged to have in readiness upon an hour's notice 22 able men amongst them furnished with sufficient horses armour and weapons and 12 foot men sufficiently provided with armour and weapons for her Majesty's service. They are to be ready to do this for 14 days without any allowance made to them for their expense in doing so.

The complainants also acknowledge they have performed their duties upon the borders and paid their rent and a fee of two years rent for every tenement at the time of the death of the lord and the death of the tenant but now Thomas Benson of Hugill is seeking very unconscionably to enrich himself by the impoverishment of the complainants and overthrowing the ancient custom of tenant-right or customary estate so that every one of the complainants might be brought to take out his tenant by lease for years and to pay such excessive fees for the same as Thomas Benson should set down to be paid or else to be expelled and put out from their tenements and to seek their living abroad in strange places.

The complainants further state that Thomas Benson has made several wrongful entries into several of the Kentmere properties (mention is made of one being that of Leonard Ayrey). As a result, Leonard Ayrey requested an injunction to stop at common law. Thomas Benson replied that the bill of complaint is very untrue and malicious and scandalously devised by some troublesome and evil person disposed of intent wrongfully to molest and trouble the defendants to their great expense and impairing of their good name.

Benson states that he has been lawfully possessed for a great number of years in the manor of Kentmyer which manor is distant from the borders of Scotland 36 (sic) miles. He also acknowledges that within the manor there are several messuages tenements and farmholds which are and of ancient time have been accepted and taken to be customary lands and held according to the ancient custom of the country called tenant-right whereof the complainants hold one or more messuages or tenements, and have been accustomed to yield for their tenements to the lord a yearly rent payable at the feasts of St Martin the Bishop in winter and at Pentecost, and also at the change of lord and tenant fines arbitrable at the discretion of the lord and to serve on the western marches against Scotland when occasion of service did require and to do certain other duties and services according to custom.

He further states that it was only five or six at most of the tenants that served upon the border with nags and that the residue of the tenants (no more than five or six) served as footmen. Benson does not recall this happening during his time. Benson also mentioned two fulling mills in Kentmere in the tenure of Henry Ayrey and Urban Ayrey. The complainants reply that the granting of a lease to Thomas Benson does not constitute a change of the lord, which should only mean on the death of the lord or the change of tenant.

The document is very difficult to read and towards the end is badly faded and stained. We do not know the outcome of the Bill of Complaint but it does provide us with a window into the life and times of our ancestors and the residents of Kentmere in 1601. There are many documents held at The National Archives at Kew that give an insight into Kentmere in earlier times.

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Burnthwaite - A Lakeland Cottage in Ings

Burnthwaite is a cottage situated a few feet from what was, until a by-pass was built, the road from Kendal to Windermere and so has a South-facing façade. The Eastern gable forms part of the boundary wall of St Anne's churchyard, whilst to the West a gap of about ten feet separates the property from the river Gowan. The stone walls of the house are about two feet thick and the windows fairly small, causing the interior to be cool and rather dark.

Until 1908, Burnthwaite was a vicarage, or as a plan dated November 1858 puts it, 'The Parsonage House'. A letter written by the Revd. G.E.P. Reade on the 18th of October 1822 suggests that the house was never considered large enough for its purpose and the 1858 plan mentioned above was for a proposed extension to the property. This was drawn up by Mr. Thompson of Kendal with the intention of converting the attached outbuilding, presumably used previously as a stable, into a dining hall some 12 by 18 feet in size with a suitably imposing fireplace, along with a drawing room and extra bedroom on the first floor. External modifications are also shown, adding a more 'regal' appearance.

The plan does not however make provision for a bathroom. Such luxuries had not yet become the vogue and the only internal plumbing shown is an earthenware sink in the kitchen. The work was never carried out because a local landowner donated a plot about half a mile away for the purpose of constructing a more suitable residence from scratch. (Editor's note: The 'new' vicarage was built in what has become known as Vicarage Lane. When it became yet another 'old' vicarage it became Kingsgarth. Very recently the current owners renamed it The Parsonage because that was the name in the original 1860 deeds.)

An interesting comparison of changing trends and fashions is that during the 1950's the then owners of Burnthwaite, my parents, were approached with an offer of an exchange since the 'new' vicarage was then regarded as too large! The younger building, whilst quite imposing in its elevated situation is somewhat impractical because much of the interior space is taken up by a large entrance hall and stairway.

Ings School, now the Village Hall, is a mere thirty paces from the front door of Burnthwaite. A plaque on the school's bell tower states that it was rebuilt in 1869 and has occupied the site since 1650. In the early years of the twentieth century Miss Margaret Jump became Headmistress. Where Miss Jump lived in her first few years at the school is unclear although her name sometimes appears in connection with village functions reported in the Westmorland Gazette around 1907/8. Since the 'Parsonage' would appear to have been unoccupied it seems reasonable to assume that she may have rented or been loaned the house. In March 1908 she bought it for Three hundred pounds. The deed of conveyance, or Indenture as it is titled, is a beautiful waxed paper document, about 62 by 48 centimetres when opened, and hand-written in formal script. Although the sale was made by the incumbent, the

Revd. Crosby, the document is endorsed and signed by the Revd. French, of the Kendal Parish, the Right Reverend John William, Bishop of Carlisle, and by "The Right Honourable and Most Reverend Father in God, William Dalrymple, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England and Metropolitan".

It was perhaps Miss Jump who named the house Burnthwaite. At the time of purchase, the house had very little land to the rear, a mere 15 feet or so. After this came a strip of the churchyard, extending to the river, then open fields. This area of churchyard had not been consecrated because it was found



The 'old' vicarage, now Burnthwaite, in 1933

that when attempts were made to dig graves they filled with water seeping from the river Gowan so consequently the resident clergyman had always used the land as a kitchen garden although it did still belong to the church.

In 1913-14, a new road was built through the fields, improving the A591 road passing through the village by avoiding the winding and narrow section between the church and school. A strip of land was bought from Hill Farm by compulsory purchase order; The farm belonged to the Earl of Lonsdale, William Lowther, who was an M.P. After completion of the new road, a strip of unused ground was left between the highway and the churchyard, and the Revd Reade bought this for fifty pounds. Part of this ground was consecrated for burials but again the piece behind Burnthwaite was found to be unsuitable so Miss Jump stepped in to buy this area, covering 1375 square yards, for 28s./6d. This left the original 320 square yard piece of churchyard sandwiched in between so Margaret purchased this too for a further £10.

Miss Jump remained in the house until 1922 when she sold to Mr. John Arthur Keymer of Westlake View, Windermere for £700. Mr Keymer sold the place to Robert Maudsley of Roundhills, Ambleside, for £750 in 1926; Mr. Maudsley took out a mortgage of 350 pounds with William Grimble Groves from Windermere.

The next sale seems to reflect the economic climate of the time, the 'slump' in the late 20's seems to have had an effect even in this far-flung corner of the land because poor Mr. Maudsley only achieved a price of £675 when he sold the house at auction in 1928 after moving to Staffordshire. The purchaser was Mrs Martha Heap from Cross Street in Windermere who lived there with her husband for just under two

years before selling the property, again by auction and again for £675, to Mrs Henrietta Atkinson, who was retiring from Heaning Farm with her husband George.

Mrs Atkinson died at Burnthwaite on the 14th of September 1939, at the age of 57, and her estate passed to her husband early in 1940, with Jane Barnes, a widow from Woodleigh, Heversham, acting as executor. Henrietta was buried just a few feet from Burnthwaite and was joined by her husband some fourteen years later, after his death at Levens aged 78 in May of 1953. He had sold their home to Arnold Coates, the cotton producer and mill owner, in March of 1942 for £1050 .

My parents bought the house from Mr. Coates in December 1955 for £3000. I was eight years old and have memories of the move from our previous home at 1, Church View, a terraced cottage around fifty yards away. I recall family members trekking back and forth carrying furniture and chattels in the darkness (after the day's work) then being sitting in my dressing gown before a roaring fire whilst my bed was reassembled.

I had only ever been in the grounds once before. In the company of an older boy I had crept around the gardens terrified of being apprehended, not understanding that it was a holiday home and deserted most of the time. When my family moved in, there was a row of highly scented fir trees outside the back door, along the line of the original boundary, making the kitchen so dark that they were removed post haste. The roots cannot have been dug up though because even forty years later there were still cracks appearing in the now paved yard where they were decomposing below. There was a long narrow lawn beyond, stretching right to the wall of the A591 road, separated from an orchard (nearer the river) by a beech hedge. There were apple, damson and pear trees set amongst fruit canes, and a solitary plum tree without branches, the highest tree of all, which produced a single fruit at the very top, far out of reach, each year. Father eventually announced that he intended to sample this delicacy, but little did we realise that he would cut down the tree to reach it!

The earthenware sink was still there in the kitchen as in the 1858 plan, though a lean-to extension had been erected over the back door by one of the owners, and an extra doorway, making it possible to reach the small pantry without passing through the living room. In the loft we found the remains of a system of small-bore copper piping which would be for acetylene lighting. There was, of course, an internal plumbing system and bathroom by this time. My father paved the passageway between the house and river to provide a vehicular access for the machinery used in his work, and built a garage and workshop on the old section of churchyard. He later built a retirement bungalow on the land for which Miss Jump had paid her twenty-eight pounds and a few pence. I entered into a mortgage to buy Burnthwaite in 1978. My father died in 1992, and is buried close to the house, next to Mr and Mrs Atkinson.

Conversation with my mother, aged eighty-one at that time, revealed some interesting snippets of information. When they were first married in 1935, she and my father lived in a flat above the village smithy (Ed: At or near The Watermill), where the windows overlooked the orchard of Burnthwaite. She told me that when the Smith was having a 'horseshoe fitting' day, the smoke and fumes from his furnace would permeate through the floorboards, filling the flat with smoke and fumes. The move to Church View was made after the birth of my eldest sister in 1937, partly because of this problem, and also because the pram could not be negotiated up the unfenced outdoor stone steps. She told me that the Atkinsons did not retire into Burnthwaite immediately but that the family who were to take over their Hening Farm, the Taylors, resided there for about two years.

My mother had an arrangement with Mrs Atkinson, who used to take in 'Bed and Breakfast' guests, charging Four and Sixpence (22½ pence) per night. Mother carried out the 'bed' duties, washing and ironing the sheets and cleaning the rooms, for two shillings (10p), whilst the lady of the house provided breakfast and took the remaining 'Half a Crown' (12½ p) After his wife's death, Mr. Atkinson expressed a wish to lodge with my parents, but they decided that it was impractical with their young family.

My study has only covered about eighty years of the house's history. Rev. Reade's letter of 1922 states that "the house was built around 1743 as a residence for the incumbent", which means that it has stood for about 250 years. My view is that it may be even older because of similarities of construction with the house of the 1650's Hill Farm. The oak beams in both buildings appear to be 'second-hand' since they have holes, grooves and notches in unnecessary positions. The popular belief was that they came from ships being dismantled at the Greenodd shipyards, long since abandoned due to silting of the bay. (Slate used to be shipped from there and I have read that the smaller vessels could travel some way up the River Crake to meet the horse drawn consignments.)

Mike Ambler

Tales from the Tapes: Growing up in the Abbey orphanage.

Part 3 *This is the third instalment of the interview of Conrad McNamara made by Joe Scott 20/9/1997*

JS: So you had very strict bedtimes?

CM: Yes. The younger children went first which would be about 7 o'clock and then the older lads would be in bed by half past eight. In the summer months, you were allowed to stay up perhaps another hour, when it was light and you could play outside.

JS: But you couldn't go out in the village? You were like a prisoner in the place?

CM: Oh no. you weren't allowed out. There was one occasion where one of the older lads sent me and another lad called Gordon Stockton over the wall so to speak to get a loaf of bread, so I suppose, really they were hungry, they perhaps didn't get enough to eat. And when we came back with this bread, this Mr Jones was waiting for us and my pal, Stockton, he'd got it stuffed up the back of his jumper and he said, "Now where have you two been?" and we said, "We haven't been anywhere sir" and he said, "Yes you have, you've been over that wall, I watched you. And I want to see you" We both had our hands behind our backs, and said "Show me your hands" so it was left hand first then right hand then both hands together and when both hands came together, the loaf fell out the back of his jumper on to the floor. And for that we were made to stand in front of everybody in the dining room when he brought a big plate of bread with no butter on it, just dry bread, and we had to eat that. And he said, "You can have some bread and butter now" so we had a slice of that each, and then Gordon took another piece and he proceeded then to clout him across the head for taking a piece and not asking if he could have one. And then we both got caned after that, after tea, for doing it in the first place anyway.

JS: So could you tell us something about the village and what it was - relations between you Abbey boys and girls and the village kids, that sort of thing.

CM: In the summer months we used to go down the village and go down the beck, or the river, behind the football ground and go swimming there - that was a happy time.

JS: You were allowed to do that?

CM: Oh yes, we were allowed to do that and I think we had to go down there with one of the officers - I think we called them - and he'd supervise you while you were down there for maybe an hour or two hours and you'd be able to swim or paddle or whatever but sometimes we were allowed to play five a side football on the village green with the local kids. And we'd have an Abbey team as well, used to play against them.

JS: Did you beat them?

CM: Oh yes, we beat them on a number of occasions, and as well as having good lads in the village there were a lot of them used to not care for us very much, used to call us "bastards" and things like that, and we were no good.

JS: But you had some friends?

CM: Oh yes I had a lot of friends in the village so that was OK like, but I know in this orphanage, the back lane that ran behind the orphanage, the village lads wouldn't walk down there on their own in case we got over that wall and if they'd made remarks about us we'd sort of get out own back. In actual fact, we used to have a song and it went something like :-

"We are some of the Abbey lads. We are some of the boys.
We know our manners. We claim our tanners.
We are respected wherever we go.
As we march up and down the old back lane

Doors and windows open wide.
When you hear that copper shout, "Put that blinking Woodbine out!
We are the Abbey lads".

We used to sing that and I think when the village lads heard that it used to put the fear of God into them. To take one of us on, they'd take the lot of us on.

JS: Because you stood together?

CM: There was a bit of a stigma, but not that much I don't think, The village kids were good with us really, well I thought they were anyway. Perhaps some kids didn't get on with them, but I got on with them.

JS: You all wore the same clothes, did you, from the Abbey?

CM: Oh yes, grey short trousers that were sort of rough, and of course the rest of the time, when I was at Windennere Grammar School, you spent your life in your school uniform, which was maybe blue blazers with your badge and your cap.

JS: So you looked just like any other person then?

CM: Oh yes, in actual fact I'd go so far as to say we were smarter than the local village lads because all our clothes had to be kept in top gear. If your socks had holes in, you had to darn them yourself. We had sewing classes, you had to darn your socks; or you had a needle and thread where you could stitch buttons on your blazer, or stitch the hems in your trousers.

JS Oh, that was quite useful.

CM: Oh yes, you could see your face in your shoes. Very smart really.

JS: Did you mention amateur theatricals - at Christmas, was it?

CM: Yes, we used to put on pantomimes, like Sinbad the Sailor, or Robin Hood, things like that, Cinderella. Of course this lady, Mrs Brockbank, she used to organise all that, whereby she used to make costumes, do all the sort of choreography and get us all together for dress rehearsals and then write, direct and produce the whole show. And then we used to perform for the local village and we also used to go out sometimes to Kendal and put on a show for the work-houses, the old people in the workhouses, things like that.

JS: In the village hall, you did it?

CM: In the village hall, yes. Once a year we used to have an Open Day where the orphanage was thrown open to the village public and we'd have bring and buy stalls and coconut shies and things like that, and we'd also do a show in the village hall first, which everybody in the village would come to see and then we'd go over into the orphanage and lay on stalls with cakes and tea and things for sale, and like I say coconut shies and things like that. We'd have bins full of sand where you'd lucky dip and things like that. Yes, that was a happy time.

To be concluded