

Memories recalled from the fast flown years,
Some with laughter, some with tears.
Of friends we knew, and well loved places
We can people again with their friendly faces.

One of my earliest recollections was running up to the Vicarage to tell Canon Thornley who was vicar at the time that the Boer War was ended. There were several of us, and we were rewarded by a present of 6d each.

Shortly after this I remember a Fete held in a field between Demesne and the Vicarage. There was a marquee with tea for all, and in the evening a firework display from the Bell Tower. Whether this was to celebrate the peace, or whether it was for the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh I am unable to say.

I also remember taking part in a Boundary Walk, with I believe, refreshments or a tea at Haresceugh Castle. I know it was a long tiring walk, but I have forgotten most of the details, except that it took in the boundaries of the Parish.

Many a morning I used to lie in bed and listen to the clomp, clomp of men in clogs who used to meet by the old pump where the village memorial now stands. These were the men who worked at the alabaster works near Long Meg. Each man carried his rations for the day in a "Tommy" tin, or a red and white handkerchief, and also an oval tin with tea. What a walk these men had along the road to the bridge past the Mains farm, then through a gate where they climbed a small incline and proceeded along the side of the Eden, through woods, until finally they reached the mine where their days work would start. For some months in the year they never saw the light of day, and I remember some of their faces were as white as the alabaster they worked for. All this for, I suppose, about 18/- per week. What a contrast with today.

Then there was the Postman, Jim Chambers. Each morning he would walk to Lazonby station to meet the early morning mail train. He collected the parcels and letters for the Kirkoswald, Renwick and Glassonby districts which he loaded on to a heavy two wheeled wooden barrow which he pushed or pulled back to the village Post Office which, at that time was Cranston's saddlery shop, which is now Lamb's shop. He usually arrived back about 5.45 a.m. after which he sorted the letters for his round which was the lower part of the village, The Vicarage, Mains farm, Glassonby and Glassonby Beck. One would have thought this was enough for one man to do, as it was all done on foot, but no, at night he had to push his barrow with the mail back to the station where he left the barrow ready for the following morning. On Sundays he had a well deserved rest! I remember he once told me a tale about waiting for an army of rats which were crossing the road and passing under the two gates at Kelso Tykes. He daren't proceed until the last rat had passed.

Motor vehicles had not yet arrived in the village, and daily a carrier came from Penrith in a horse drawn wagonette. We knew him only as Jim T'Carrier. He used to bring parcels from the shops in Penrith, and also bread in tea chests from bakers in Penrith, named Irving. I very much liked a small oval malt loaf they made at that time. Later the round was taken over by a man named Sowerby, who later ran a motor vehicle. Passengers of course were also carried.

At that time there were more shops in the village. At the bottom was James Cornish who occupied the shop which was Mr Wilde's. He was also a carpenter and cabinetmaker. Opposite the Memorial was Mrs Watt's shop which was principally a grocery and sweet store. Opposite this was Tiffin's Drapery and Tailoring. Further up on the right we had Cranston's which was then the Post Office, and it was also a saddlery and leather shop, and one met a lovely smell of leather on entering. Opposite was a butcher's shop, William Richardson. Immediately above this was a huge heap of ruins, which had formerly been houses, but which were then called the Old Buildings.

At the bottom of Sandhill was Mrs Forster's shop which I think was a grocers and also home made bread, later this was run by Miss Elizabeth Watson, and later by the Maskell sisters who made beautiful cakes and buns, and whose father worked at Staffield Hall. On the opposite side of the road just past East View was a yard where there were two houses. At the first house lived Jenny Holmes, who made very good homemade toffee in twisted or curled sticks, both treacle and plain which she sold at 1/2d per stick. In Fetherston House was a shoe repairer and clogger, named Harry Walker who was assisted by a man named Jewell who was, I think, his brother-in-law. On winter nights, we boys spent hours watching him at work, and were often allowed to help in pulling off the worn out irons from the wooden clog soles and filling up the holes where the old nails had been with small wooden pegs.

There were five public houses, and one could stand by the Square, and if one was addicted in this way, throw stones and hit all five. The first one next to the Bank was the George Hotel, then we had the Crown and Black Bull, in the square on the right hand side was the King's Head, and the Fetherston Arms was also licensed in those days. These were open all day and were well patronised, beer and spirits being very cheap, but apart from women like Jinny Scullins, who has, I see, already achieved fame in the earlier copies of the "Raven", women were very rarely seen in public houses. As you will see we were fairly well supplied with food and drink. In addition, there were two milk suppliers, Mr T. Dures, and Mr J. Westgarth. Fresh milk was available morning and night, and was usually brought from the supplier by the purchaser, but in some cases it would be delivered in individual cans to houses where I suppose it was difficult for people to bring their own.

The veterinary was Mr. Holloway who lived in the house next to the Black Bull. He did his rounds by horse and trap, as did also the two Doctors, but these usually employed a coachman to drive them round on their visits.

The Manor House was occupied by Mr. W. Threlkeld who "broke in" and trained some beautiful horses. There was a paddock behind the house where these horses were first broken in, and later one could often see a string of these lovely high stepping animals being exercised by grooms in the roads near the bottom end of the village. They also used gigs and traps for trotting purposes, and were very successful at various shows in the county. These horses were kept in stalls and loose boxes alongside the Paddock and in different yards. Mr. Threlkeld also did a very large trade in sheeps wool, which was stored in some of the old mill premises until the time was ripe for selling. Some of us children used to have lovely games of hide and seek amongst the huge piles of wool, and I remember well the smell from the wool which I found not unpleasant.

In "Quebec" lived a family named Miller in the house occupied now by Mrs. Warwick. These people did a lively trade in horses some of which were exported to Antwerp in Belgium, and they often made trips to "Antiwarp" as they called it. A little further down where the sewage plant is now was a low, dark house used as a lodging house. Here lived an old lady named Joan Keg, who complete in her old cloth bonnet and black dress was seldom seen without a short, black clay pipe, at which she puffed incessantly. I must confess that in my young days I was rather frightened of her and thought of her as some sort of witch! Behind Mrs. Warwick's house was a very small mill in which a man named William Moore made rag carpets on a loom. These were made of strips of fairly thick cloth interwoven or plaited together, and although not very luxurious looking were very hard wearing, so much so in fact, that not many years ago I know some that were still being used, and just recently I have learned that a few weeks ago a piece had been finally retired from service. About this time also, one of the old mills was still working making blankets. These were of very good quality, and some I heard of were still in existence about ten years ago. One of our old characters used to pass up and down the village with two buckets containing urine. This was supposed to add to the softness of the blankets. This old gentleman's name was Willie, but he also had an adjective added to his name by we naughty boys which was derived from the liquid he collected!

During some earlier notes by W.T.R. he told about the then landlord of the Black Bull, Thomas Heap. He had a hand which was permanently closed and this was caused by an accident at the blanket mill.

Before the days of the motor cars, the local farmers used to drive their horses and traps to Penrith on Market days. I was fortunate in having two uncles who very often went, and I and other members of the family considered it a great treat to be taken to Penrith for the day. Particularly so was this the case on Little Whit Tuesdays, when it was the "hirings" there, and farmers engaged their men and girls to work for them for a six month period and a price agreed for the six months as wages after a good deal of "haggling". This was the occasion for quite a large fair in Penrith, with all the attendant traction engines, and different pipe organs blaring forth different tunes at the same time, to attract customers to ride on the hobby horses, swing boats and all the fun of the fair.

School days eventually come. The school was the same as is now used for younger children only, but in my days one's school days started and ended in the same school. The attendances varied from around 85 to 120. There were three classes, infants in the small class room, and the big room was divided into two by a curtain. My first infant teacher was a Miss Rowney whose father worked for the College. Then there was Miss Harrison who lived at Lowfield, Miss Mallinson whose family lived at Great Salkeld, and others over the years. The Headmaster was Mr. Bradwell. Scholars walked from Park Head and Howscales, Staffield, Blunderfield and High Bank etc. There were of course, no free dinners or free milk in those days and children brought their own food, which in winter they ate seated round the fire in the small classroom, and in the summer either in the playground or the field just outside the school. Before the central heating was installed there were only coal fires and these were not very effective during cold winters. On very cold winter days we were often taken for a sharp walk up Sandhill and on up the road to High Bank Hill. Sometimes when the weather was very severe and Dolly tarn frozen over we were taken across the fields and spent some time sliding there. We were fortunate to have a Headmaster of the calibre of Mr. Bradwell. We received a sound education in the three "R"s, history, geography, general knowledge and nature study and even progressed to algebra and Logs: I'm afraid that today, in spite of the huge sums spent on education, I can not say the same about many of the youngsters I have questioned. We had to have clean clogs or boots, a clean handkerchief and our hair brushed, and of course clean hands and faces. The school day started with prayers by the Vicar. If one was late one waited in fear and trembling in the porch until prayers were ended before one was allowed to go in.

Each year a competition known as the "Bird and Tree" Comp: was held at the school. The winning school held a silver shield for a year and had its name added on a miniature shield on an oak surround. Each school had a team of boys and girls who each chose their own bird and tree, studied them, and then wrote an essay on each. During my school years K.O. was very successful and a frequent winner, our most formidable rival being Greystoke. I have often wondered if this competition was still carried on and where the shield is today? The winning team also received a book prize each. On one occasion I remember the presentation was made by Canon Rawnsley, one of the later Lakeland poets, with Mr. W. Potter of Old Parks in the Chair. During Mr. Potter's remarks he said that this was one of the few occasions he had been at meetings with Canon Rawnsley when the latter had not broken out into verse. I suppose the weather at the time must have been cold, as during Canon Rawnsley's reply he lapsed into verse and I remember him saying "If you will make the weather hotter, I'll come again good Mr. Potter".

The school in those days was also used for concerts, meetings, etc., as the Institute was not yet built. The concerts were usually a great attraction and the room would be packed to the door. There was quite a bit of local talent to give a very good show even by modern standards. We had one very good comedian who sang songs of Harry Lauder almost as good as Harry Lauder could sing them himself. He came on complete with the famous Lauder twisted walking stick and Scots accent, and always got a great ovation, and shouting, whistling and stamping of feet until he gave an encore. This was Tom Bowman, whom I am sure quite a number of older people in the district will remember with affection. Another "straight" turn with a very good baritone voice was a Lazonby man, Horatio Smith. Of course, there were others but these two I remember particularly well.

At Christmas there was always a very good children's party and huge Christmas tree with a present on it for each child. There were usually songs and recitations by the children and some years Basil Redman who lived at

Staffield Hall would give readings from Dickens. I think these parties were usually provided by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who at that time were tenants of the College.

To celebrate the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, all the village children were invited to a great party at the College, and each child was given a coronation mug.

We had to provide our own amusements in those days, and we really had some very happy times. Winters seemed to be harder and with much more snow. Sandhill, down the village street and over the bridge made an excellent toboggan run and most boys had their own sledge. In the absence of motor traffic accidents were rare, but many were the upsets and spills which were the cause of very many severe bumps and bruises, but I do not recall any severe injuries. I believe the village P.C. must have purposely kept out of sight on many occasions, but when he did appear what a terrific scramble there was to get away out of sight! We also had very long slides, with both boys and girls going solo, or in "trains" of eight or ten or sometimes more, sometimes in an upright position with hands on each others shoulders, or squatting on our haunches.

Bell House Hill provided another toboggan run and when this got really smooth and hard nearly equalled anything Switzerland could offer. On frosty moonlit nights, half the village seemed to be up there sometimes joining in the fun, and what fun we had.

When there was no snow, and the nights dark but fine, a popular game was hare and hounds. There were two sides, the Hares and the Hounds. The hares had to hide and the hounds try to find them, and when all were located and "tigged" the sides were reversed. Sometimes very good hiding places were found, and the cry would go up from the hounds, "sound your echo", and the hares had then to give a "Tally ho" as a clue to where they were hiding. Another game played by boys was "Guinea Pig". The pig was a round piece of wood 4" to 6" long and about 1 ½ " thick, sharpened slightly at each end. The boy playing had a stick about 18" long, with which he struck the pig on one of its sharpened edges. When it rose in the air, the player had to try and hit it with his stick and knock it as far as possible. The one who hit the furthest was the winner although I believe there were other variations of the game.

When Spring came, out came the whips and tops, and the "gurds" or "booleys" and guiders. The gurds were usually made by the village blacksmith and made of round iron about ½" thick welded into a circle, the size varying between two feet and three feet tall. The guiders were about a foot to 18" long with a crook on the end with which we trundled the gurds along. I have known parties of boys run quite long distances when the evenings were long and light, such as taking the lower road to Renwick and returning home by Scalerigg and High Bank Hill, or going to Ainstable via The Dale and returning via Ruckcroft and Staffield. Girls usually had a wooden hoop, as a rule larger than the boys' "booleys", and a short stick with which they beat the hoops along. The girls also had their skipping ropes and played a game called "Chukky" stones. These were knuckles of bone, obtained I believe, from legs of mutton or lamb and boiled until they were clean. The game was played with five knuckles and consisted of many intricate sets – "picking up one'sers", "picking up two'sers", and so on, the same sequence being followed when putting them down again. The girls playing had to throw up one "stone", catch it with the same hand, and pick up the other stones with her other hand. I believe there is a similar sort of game played in some parts, but the knuckles are now brightly coloured pieces of wood or plastic.

Then there was the game we played in the old pump or market cross. This was called "Puss, Puss, come to my corner", five players taking part in this, one seated in each corner and one in the middle. Two players at a time had to exchange places without being caught. The one in the middle had to try and get seated in one of the vacant places, and if he or she did so, the one who had lost his seat became "it" and took the centre position.

There were many musical games, which alas are seldom or no longer seen. "London Bridge is Falling Down" had many verses. Then there were "I'm weeping for a sweetheart", "The Good Ship Sailed on the Caley Iley Ho" and many others. Perhaps the favourite, very often played in the schoolyard was called "English and

Romans". There were two opposing sides linked together by their arms the "English" and the "Romans". One side would advance towards the other singing as they marched "Have you any bread and wine for we are the English, have you any bread and wine for we are the English soldiers" and then retreated to their former position. The opposing side would then advance singing "Yes, we have some bread and wine etc. for we are the Roman soldiers", and they in turn would retreat to their former positions. The English would again advance singing "Will you give us some of it, for we are the English etc.", and retreat again. The Romans advanced singing "No we won't give you any of it" and again retreated. Then with louder singing the English would advance saying "Are you ready for a fight etc.", and on the Romans agreeing, the game ended in a great melee with each side trying to take as many prisoners as possible to their own positions.

The Castle grounds in those days were much better kept than they are today. There were no livestock allowed in with the exception possibly of a few sheep at a time to keep the grass short. Picnics were held there, with different games and competitions including "Aunt Sally", quoits, throwing the penny and of course Cumberland and Westmorland wrestling. It was also a favourite playing place for we boys. The more adventurous types would climb the tall Keep, up to the first window and then proceed from the inside further up, and some would go right to the top. A year or so ago I visited the Castle, along with my grandson and his father. I told him how I used to climb up, and he replied "If you could do it Grandpa, I can". On getting permission from his father to try to he succeeded in gaining the first window and disappeared inside, when shortly afterwards a huge white owl flew out. My grand-son then reappeared at the window, with a face almost as white as the owl which had flown at him, and was very glad to struggle down and regain "Terra Firma". On one occasion I remember a boy falling down from almost half-way up, and by some miracle escaping with a broken leg, many severe bruises and bumps and a slight concussion. When he was sufficiently recovered, we borrowed a barrow from Demesne Farm and wheeled him down to the village and his home in the Square.

We were really fortunate, that when Baden Powell formed the Scout movement, we had at the College, Col. Fetherstonhaugh, the father of the late Sir Timothy (who was a scout in my Troup) and formed two patrols of Scouts, the "Bulls" and the "Ravens". Our headquarters were in the gun-room at the College, and here we did our training and learned what the Scout movement was all about. When we had done our initial training, Baden Powell himself, swore us in as Scouts, and I still have a picture from one of the local papers showing him, Col. Fetherstonhaugh who was Scout-master, my elder brother (who was later killed in the great tank attack at Cambrai in the first world war) who was Assistant Scoutmaster, and our two patrols of scouts. Col. Fetherstonhaugh was also the County Commissioner for Cumberland and Westmorland. Our training at times was almost military, and this was in later years to stand us in good stead, and led to early promotions to N.C.O. rank for many of the boys. Our staves became "rifles" with which we did rifle drill, and we also learned Morse and Semaphore signalling, and we were also taught how to shoot, and had our own rifle range down the Wild Garden, near where the Raven joins the Eden. We were allowed to use the Col.'s boat on the Eden and many became expert rowers. The Col. had formerly belonged to a Pioneer battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, and he taught us how to build a bridge of stout timbers lashed together, to cross the Raven. This bridge was soundly constructed and we crossed back and forth many times with a heavily laden "Trek" cart. Unfortunately, during a very severe storm and heavy flooding of the Raven this bridge was carried away and very little of the timber recovered. We also had many week-end camps and longer periods during holidays. Sir Baden Powell was with us during one week-end camp and I remember we had a visit from the Bishop of Carlisle. One of the village postmen at that time, a man called Hunter, had been a Sergeant cook in his former army career. He taught us how to make a clay oven and very many appetising meals, and to this day I still retain a great interest in cooking, and am well able to fend for myself. Yes, our Scout training was very thorough, really enjoyable and time to be remembered throughout one's life. One memory of our week-end camps which we often held near the boat-house on the Eden, was waking up to find ourselves being flooded, our blankets soaked and a quick evacuation urgent and necessary. On this occasion we found a very young otter which we kept for quite a while as a pet at the College.

The first motor-car I ever saw belonged to a Doctor, who I think was called Winship and who belonged to either Langwathby or Penrith. It was whilst we were in school, and either we were allowed out to see it or perhaps it was at playtime and it had managed to chug its way up the village and was standing near the noticeboard on the dangerous corner I have heard so much about recently! We were of course greatly interested in it, and examined it closely, but I have no doubt many of us never ever thought at the time, to what extent and how rapidly these monsters would grow. Very soon however, other models appeared, until the time when Henry Ford produced the Model T Ford at a price of about £100 or £125, and then the period of the motor car had really arrived. In these cars the petrol tank was underneath the driving seat, the petrol being gravity fed to the carburettor. I remember on at least one occasion I had to run backwards down Potter Bank, turn round, and proceed up the hill in reverse gear as I had not sufficient petrol in the tank. Those were the good old days of motoring, no self-starter, a rim which one clamped on the wheel instead of a spare wheel, and acetylene head lamps, oil side lamps and rear. The windscreen wiper was worked by hand, and when the rains came down it was a case of getting out and putting up the hood and side curtains which certainly kept some of the rain out. One could go for miles and miles without ever seeing another car, so that traffic conditions were certainly made much easier.

The day of the aeroplane had also arrived, and together with a party of boys and girls I cycled to Plumpton to see the first aeroplane race round Britain. We seemed to wait for hours, hungry and thirsty but were at last rewarded by seeing some of the planes taking part pass over. Little we knew then, to what use aeroplanes would in later years be put, and I often thought of this after hearing the air raid sirens wailing out their warning of an approaching air raid, waiting for the bombs to fall and wondering where they would fall.

Mention has already been made of the wood-waggon of Arthur Green and Longriggs of Lazonby who were very often seen in the K.O. district in those early days. There was a great deal of tree felling going on at various times, including Common Wood, Black Plains, and many trees from the Nunnery walks and other woods I have forgotten the names of. Green's horses were usually stabled at the Black bull and Crown Hotel, and the waggon kept for the night in the Smithy Yard. The woods felled then have almost regained their former beauty. I feel I must describe how the wagon wheels were re-hooped, as this is no longer seen, and may be of some interest.

First of all the wooden wheel was measured by running a small wheel round it and counting the revolutions. Then a long iron bar, 5" or 6" wide and getting for an inch thick was put down and the appropriate length cut off using the small wheel again to measure the correct length. On the left of the smithy building, there was quite a clever machine for those days consisting of several rollers which could be adjusted to make a circular loop of various sizes. The bar was put under the first roller, and two men operated the handle and kept turning until the circle was complete. If this machine is still there I think it is worthy of a place in some folk-lore museum, as would also be the case of the big drilling machine with a huge wheel on top, also operated by manpower to drill holes through iron. The iron hoop had to be about an 1 ¼" less than the wooden wheel to allow for expansion when it was red hot. Next it had to be welded together to make a perfect joining. The two ends had to be white hot. It must have been a tremendous weight, but I have often marvelled with what ease, or so it seemed, that Harry Lace would swing the huge hoop from the fire on the hearth on to the anvil and aided by a striker using a sledge hammer, hammer away until the joining was made. Next the hoop would be laid flat on the hearth, an extra big fire made and the hoop was gradually turned round until it was red all over. To keep it hot whilst it was passing round it was covered by corn husks from the mill, which had been brought down before in readiness. These caught fire until the hearth was a ring of flames. When the hoop was hot enough, it was carried out, usually by three men using special tools for this purpose, and was quickly as possible placed on the wooden wheel and hammered down until it was in position, and quickly cooled with buckets of water, which were filled from barrels of water got ready beforehand. Whilst I am on about the smithy, I wonder if there are any left who remember a curious character who often spent hours sat upon the hearth in cold weather. His name was Collingwood Cooper. This old gentleman had evidently seen better days. He had a perfect Oxford or in these days we might say a B.B.C. accent, and could recite whole passages from Shakespeare's

play. He was usually dressed in two or three ragged overcoats, and an old battered green bowler hat. When he got really warm he was kept busy with both hands, scratching himself all over his body!

As the years pass we come to the fateful year of 1914. Who would have thought that events in far-off Sarajevo would affect a remote and peaceful Cumbrian village, and indeed towns and villages throughout the length and breadth of our land? Soon the dark clouds of war were massing, until on August 4th, 1914, we learned that war had been declared between Britain and Germany. Troop trains full of cheering troops passed through the station at Lazonby at frequent intervals. These lads little knew of the horrors they were to face in the months and years ahead – if they lived so long. Mass slaughter by machine guns, deep stinking mud, gas fumes and the intense cold and frostbite of the trenches.

Colonel Fetherstonhaugh left to join his regiment, and other reservists left the village to rejoin army and naval units. As the bitter fighting went on, and meant more men still needed, lads as they came of age had to go and play their part. Casualties mounted, until it seemed that most of the homes in the village were affected either by the loss of their own sons or near relations. Bereaved families were comforted by the great sympathy they received and the village seemed to become more close together, until it almost became one large family. Finally the end came with an armistice being signed on November 11th 1918, and soon some of the boys came drifting home, to try and settle down again, but the memories of what they had to endure would last for many, so long as life lasted. A “welcome home” fund was started and received great response. At a reception in the Institute all the boys sat down to an excellent meal, and each one received a silver matchbox engraved with his initials.

Life slowly returned to normal. The “Eden Rambler” appeared owned by Harry Lace who had started the very successful motor business now run by his son Howard and grandson. The “Rambler” ran to Penrith every Tuesday fare 2/6d. return and later 3/-d. Trips were also run round the Lakes, to Silloth, and other places and enabled people to move around more. On the railway, evening trips were run on Saturdays to Carlisle – fare 1/3d. return!

In time some families left the village for other parts and never returned. Others left to work away and returned to join their families at intervals, and still take a great interest in “What goes on” at K.O. Perhaps someone may care to carry on my story beyond the years following the Great War to more or less the present time as I am sure it would be of great interest to those of us who left the village, but who like myself are always glad to re-visit the places we have known and loved.

Before I close I will briefly mention some few well known characters I remember:

“Tot” Blacklock – 5ft. nothing – a quiet unassuming chap, but when he had had a few too many, seemed to be possessed of superhuman strength, and it took two full-sized policemen to put him away until he recovered.

Annie Fairlie – Famous for her small red pears and apples she sold to us for a penny for a pocket-full. These she kept in a room restocked with drying rabbit skins which gave off quite an odour but didn’t seem to affect our appetites for the pears and apples!

Miss Hodgetts – Also famous for her sweet green pears and as a teacher of piano lessons.

Anthony Harrison – Lowfield, who many times chased us on his small pony, if he caught us trespassing in the old show field which was down Back Lane. We generally won as we would dash through a gap in the hedge, through which he couldn’t follow on his pony, and by the time he had gone round through the gate, we’d crawled back again.

“Uncle” Caleb Watson – who before retiring to live at K.O. used to come for holidays each year with his young family. When out for walks with his pram, he was usually accompanied by at least half-a-dozen other children, to whom he dispensed sweets, taught us names of wild flowers and gave us lessons in nature study.

Tom Little – Who regaled all with his song “Oh! Where Did Yah Get That Hat” when he was in one of his merry moods.

“Libby” Warwick – Who lived in the Square. She had, I believe, formerly been a laundress at the College, and no-one could beat her at “doing up” the double stiff collars then worn. Most nights she would go along to the “Crown” with a jug concealed under white apron for her drop of beer.

Mrs. Todd H.B.H. – One was always sure of a really interesting chat, and Cumbrian hospitality. A jug of milk, scone and a teeth-watering apple-cake were always brought out, when in later years, and my family was young and I was at K.O. for a holiday, I called when up there for a walk.

Mrs Crass – Years ago, when mushrooms were much more plentiful than they are today, she would go out in the early mornings and gather huge basketfuls. These she would make into a very appetising ketchup which she sold locally, and sometimes in Carlisle market.

“Candic” – (I never knew his real name) – would appear at all the local shows, farm sales, etc., with a tin trunk slung on his back. He sold a delicious mint rock in ½ d. sticks. Under what hygienic conditions it was made remained a secret!

[Thought to have been written by Maurice John Tiffen 1897-1977; research by Ann Roberts]