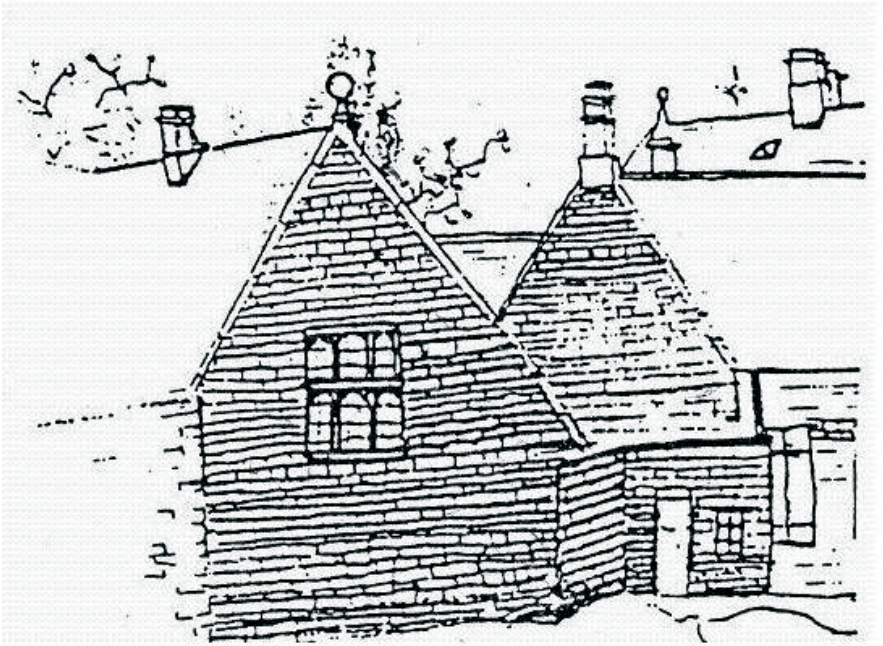
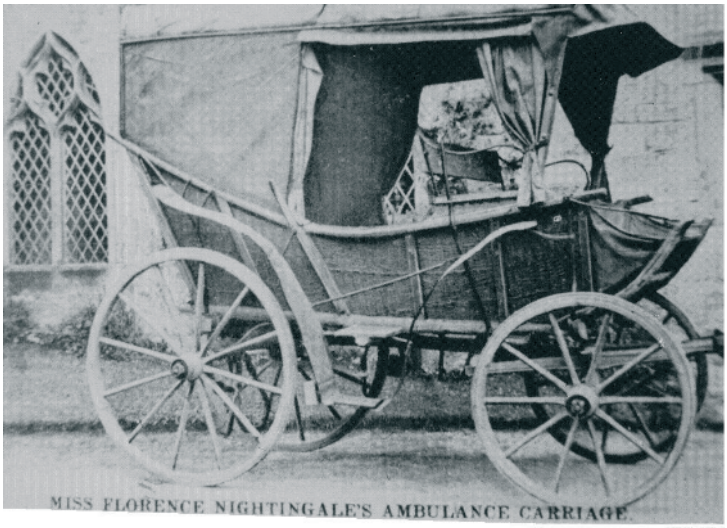


Lea School by David Barber (Class 4, 1990)

Childhood Reminiscences V
Dethick, Lea and Holloway

Edited by George Wigglesworth

Contents



Miss Nightingales carriage

By Mrs Ruth H Brooker (née Else) (1892-1973)
(Mrs Booker lived at Fern Bank Farm, Bracken Lane during her childhood where her father in addition to the farm had a timber business. Ed.)

Miss Nightingale's Carriage

Miss Nightingale's carriage was kept at Lea Hurst for several years and then it was presented to the British Museum. I can remember my father going to Lea Hurst to arrange details of transporting the carriage to Matlock Station from Lea Hurst. Our large dray was used and a ramp made on to which to wheel it. As it was in a very fragile condition it had to be handled with very great care. My father and brother and the Lea Hurst staff made it safe with wedges at the wheels and strong ropes passed through iron rings placed round the dray's sides and then saw that it was well covered. Our two most reliable horses then set off with the team of men who had done the loading to Matlock Station where a long low wagon was waiting for it. With the help of the railway people it was unloaded and sent on its way to London.

Wakes Week

Our Village Wakes Week began on the Sunday nearest to the 11th November, when meetings of friends and relations were daily happenings. We prepared a lot of food in advance and in fact it was part of the preparation for Christmas. The closest relatives came for Sunday midday lunch, when we had a huge sirloin of beef, Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes and the first taste of Christmas pudding and brandy sauce. We usually made five or six Christmas puddings which came in useful for birthdays afterwards. Half a home-cured ham was also boiled and tongue boiled and pressed. All the cake tins were filled with an assortment of fruit, madeira, cherry and sponge cakes, so there was plenty for all who came. This was a yearly visit for some people, others we saw more often, but there was a general exchange of news. Christmas was celebrated in a similar way but all these times came to an end when War was declared in 1914 and life became a more serious business.

The School Concert and Exhibition

Our school concerts were prepared during the winter months. The sewing mistress, under the direction of the Headmistress, and all the older girls helped to make the costumes that were needed. Many parents came on one or two afternoons during sewing time, to use sewing machines which were borrowed. Nearly every child's home was responsible for some part in the performance.

The concert was given on three nights, the last one being Shrove Tuesday. Very little ordinary work was done during the last week. It was practice after practice until the required standard was reached. We always knew when the Headmaster, Mr Burton, was not pleased as a small tuft of hair would stand up on the crown of his head. During the week of the concerts we were on holiday from school during the day.

On concert nights, parents who had horse-drawn vehicles brought the girls so that new dresses and costumes would not be spoilt. The whole of the school house was in use for the final touches to dresses and make up. It was all very exciting.

The carpenters of the village had been kept busy erecting a stage and platforms for the 150 children. Curtains, carpets, furniture and fittings were lent. The boys in charge of the curtains often had trouble to make them run smoothly but usually had them in working order when the opening night came.

We all enjoyed watching parents and friends arrive, peeping through the side windows of the large classroom. There were reserved seats to half way down the hall, slightly cheaper seats for the next dozen rows, then cheaper again. All the window seats were used and the room was packed during each of the three nights. There would be a lot of chattering going on until the Headmaster arrived with his orchestra. He would not start until all was quiet and then with a tap with his baton on the music stand the performance would begin.

Usually it was an Operetta; Babes in the Wood, Cinderella, Princess Zara and the Sleeping Beauty were favourites. There were songs from all the children and some of the specially gifted ones would play duets or part songs. Poetry was read or solos sung by the older children.

It usually lasted from 7.30 to 10.45 pm. The oil lamps which were used for lighting sometimes got rather dim towards the end but everyone was still able to sing "God Save the Queen" and there was loud applause for all and congratulations all round. These were such enjoyable events. We were tired children after three nights of very concentrated effort. On the Wednesday morning, if the Head-master was smiling and rubbing his hands and the little tuft of hair was lying down, then we knew we had done well.

Before the summer term ended in July the children all had to work hard for an exhibition of general work that the school put on. Prizes were given for the best collection of pressed flowers, butterflies, moths, shells, fossils, spar of any kind or stones illustrating the strata of rock around us. Our gardens were judged by a well known local gardener of the village. We arranged posies or collected wild flowers to put on show in the exhibition.

A great many people came to the one day exhibition which was always held on a Saturday. During the previous day all exhibits were brought and left in good order. We were not allowed in the room again until it was time for the opening ceremony. A small stage was always erected for special visitors and the judges. A small part of the Headmaster's orchestra was there to open proceedings and then we listened to comments, good or bad, on the work which had been done. The fortunate ones received their awards and we children hoped the speeches would not be too long, we were anxious to see the remarks on our own work and find out where faults had been made. The Headmaster, his wife and the teachers, came in for a great deal of praise and they deserved it, for all had given willing support to make the day such a success.

LEA & HOLLOWAY COUNCIL SCHOOL

NATURE STUDY & GARDEN EXHIBITION

Chairman : F. BROOME, Esq. Treasurer : The REV. F. WINDLEY, M.A.
Head-Master & Secretary : W. J. P. BURTON, F.G.S.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Saturday, August 26th, 1905.

PROGRAMME.

8 A.M. to 10 A.M. Staging Exhibits

10 A.M. to 1 P. M. Judging Exhibits

2.30 p.m. Opening of Exhibition
By
G. H. GRINDROD, Esq.,
(H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools for Derbyshire).

F. BROOME, Esq.,
(Chairman of Managers),
IN THE CHAIR.

3.30 p.m. FIRST CONCERT
By MR. BURTON'S ORCHESTRAL BAND,
Assisted by Vocalists.

4.15 p.m. Competition in Black-Board Drawing by Children.

4.30 p.m. PUBLIC TEA.

5.15 p.m. Competition in Black-Board Drawing by Pupil Teachers.

6 p.m. SECOND CONCERT

7 p.m. Exhibition closed.

Concert at 3.30.

1. Sousa's "Invincible Eagle" March ... **Band**
2. SONG "Sing me to sleep" (Violin Obligato) **Miss Burton**
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Sabbath Evening Chimes" (By request) **Miss Gregory**
4. SONG "The Bandolero" **Mr. Wheeldon**
5. AIR VARIE "Rousseau's Dream" **Band**
6. VOCAL DUET "The Passage-Bird's Farewell" ... **Misses Burton.**
7. VALSE "The Choristers" **Band**

Concert at 6.

1. AMERICAN SKETCH "Down South" **Band**
2. SONG "The Holy City" **Mr. Wheeldon**
3. CHARACTERISTIC MARCH "Whistling Rufus" **Band**
4. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Mazurk" **Miss Gregory**
5. SONG ... ... **Miss Burton**
6. SKETCH "The Coon's Dream" **Band**
7. CHARACTER SONG (by request) "Bekase I'se allus laffin" **Master Stanley Burton.**

The day Mr Redfern came to kill a pig.

At the end of October, when the weather became a bit colder, arrangements were made for the two pigs to be slaughtered which had been specially reared and fed for a good supply of winter food for the home. As a child in those days I was terribly afraid and would wrap my head in a shawl and go to the farthest corner of the house, until the squealing was over. Mr Redfern was the local butcher who went around the farms when needed, and lived on a small farm at Riber. He used to come in around breakfast time and he always wore a clean blue linen smock, very beautifully embroidered. The smocking was the best I've ever seen. After sitting down and eating breakfast, he took off the wonderful smock and underneath he had just a plain linen coat to work in.

I never stayed in the kitchen after he changed. I knew what would happen and I did not like the commotion there would be, so I went off to my corner as fast as I could. When I grew older I had to take part in some of the day's doings, sharing in everything. In the old days humane killing was not in force and the men of the farm had to have a strong rope, which had a noose with a slip knot at the end, and this they slipped over the mouth and jaws of the pig which was to be killed. They then walked or dragged it up to the wash place, where a copper of boiling water was waiting, and the pig form ready. Everything had been well scrubbed down and all the utensils needed were clean and sharp on the sink. There was always a dreadful struggle to lift the pig onto the form but Mr Redfern was quick and sure of his part and there was just the last squeal. The next harrowing affair was for someone to catch the blood in a bowl and bring it to the front of the kitchen fire, stirring all the time so that it did not set before being used to make Black Pudding, which was the first thing to be made.

The puddings consisted of well creeded rice, groats or oatmeal, very small pieces of mostly fat pork, boiled onions chopped up with sage and well seasoned, and the blood, stirred in to make a consistency like plum puddings. This mixture was then put into well greased basins and put into boiling water on the kitchen stove to simmer for three or four hours in heavy large kettles.

Meanwhile Mr Redfern in the wash house had scraped all the hairs off the pig, using plenty of boiling water, and had opened up the carcase. This was hung on a strong hook and placed over the grate where it could drain. Everything was thoroughly washed down again and Mr Redfern was then ready for the family's inspection to be made. Arrangements were made for cutting out the hams next morning, cutting out the loins, spare ribs, leaf fat, and making the flitches ready to go onto the Bacon Stone for my mother to rub down the rinds with kitchen salt and a little salt petre. The hams were rubbed with demerara sugar and a little salt in the outer skin and around all the bones. One flitch was laid on top of the other and the hams laid on the top of those.

The head, which was split in half, was also put on a flitch and then left in a cool pantry to cure. Each flitch was turned top to bottom after a week and given a further rub with demerara sugar and salt and a sprinkle with salt petre.

The kitchen next morning would be a hive of industry. All the milk customers would expect a fry, which meant a slice of pork, one or two spare ribs, a slice of liver and the black pudding which by then had cooled. All these tasty bits would be ready. Our own dinner consisted of a casserole of pork, one or two spare ribs, and liver pricked with cloves, all well dipped in flour to which salt and pepper had been added. This was put in the casserole in layers, the vessel filled with water and put into the oven to stew very slowly, the gravy to be thickened with brown moist flour half an hour before eating.

The leaf fat, which is the clear white fat, was then all cut up into squares of about the size of a lump of sugar. This was then put into our large iron kettles or saucepans and left on the top of the kitchen stove for the fat to drain out. We used large Denby Pottery jars and it was a rather long process because all the fat must be drained away. When this was complete 'the scratchings', (or chitterlings as some people call them) which were generally liked at tea time, were put into a colander to drain. The belly fat, which is much more difficult to cut as the kell does not give such clear white lard, and the scratchings are full of little hard pieces.

Then part of the head, tongue and a small amount of pork were boiled and made into Sousemeat. The kitchen was filled with the overpowering smell of lard and buckets of hot water were needed after wards to wash down the table and dresser and all the pans that had been used, to clean the stove and to scrub down the floor. Then all was ready for the evening milk to come in and for the evening meal.

Meanwhile the lard would be cooling and next morning the lids would be covered with greaseproof paper, tied down, and carried to one of the pantry benches. One jar of lard would be kept for use in the kitchen during the next day, when making pork pies. This was another busy day.

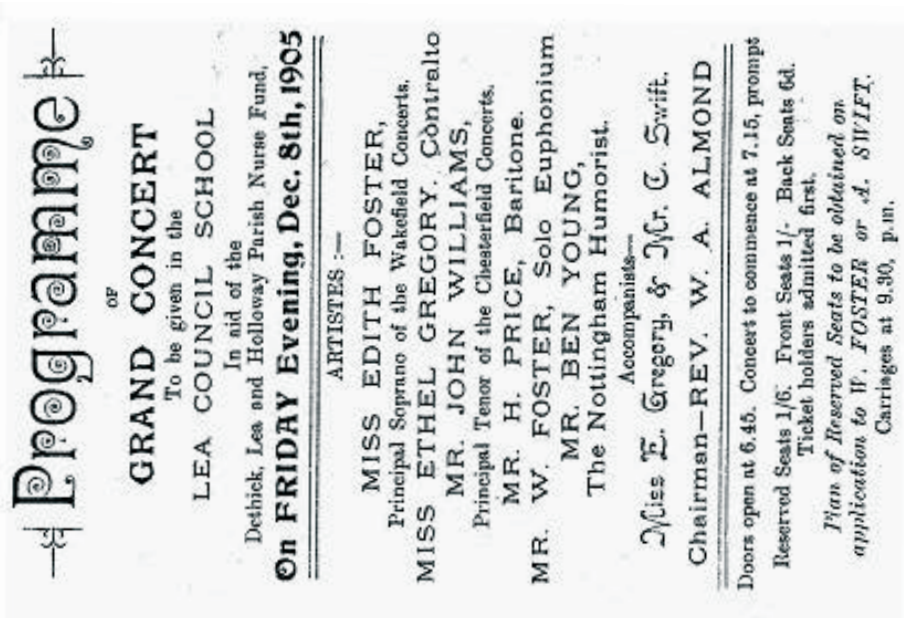
Some of the best pieces of pork, enough to make five or six pies of different sizes, had been put to one side. These were put through the mincing machine into a pancheon. The meat would be well seasoned with salt and pepper. When it was cooked sufficient stock, which had been made from spare rib bones, was added to the meat to give a nice texture, not too dry.

Into another pancheon, flour and salt were rubbed into about ¾lb of lard. This was then put into a saucepan of milk with a little salt and about 2½lb of lard or maybe a little more. After leaving it on the stove to melt slowly and then raising it to blood heat stirring well, this was slowly mixed into a bowl of flour, using the hands to knead the whole into a pliable consistency. Cake tins were used to make the pies in and when the mixture was ready and the oven warm enough to start baking, a piece of the rich dough would be put into each tin. The dough had to be raised evenly up the sides of each cake tin and finger tips were used. When all were raised they were filled with pork. The lids were then rolled out and put over the meat, the edges being pinched together very well. A small piece of pastry was then cut into strips to make a tassel for decoration. This was all then left to cool for a little time, so that the pastry and meat settled together. Then the big flat baking tins were brought out which would hold two large pies or three small ones, together with a single tin plate for the pie which would be used for tea at the weekend. Anything left over would be used for sausage rolls.

Then they would all go in the large kitchen oven to bake 2½ to 4 hours, according to size. Afterwards a lot more hot water was needed and a further scrubbing of all the utensils. The solid oak table had many scrubbings but it always came up beautifully clean. Finally the kitchen floor had to be scrubbed again before we were ready for our tea and evening chores.

The flitches, after being about a month on the bacon stone, were propped upright to drain, and then lifted onto hooks in the beams in the kitchen, to dry off together with the hams and parts of the head. The hams, when dried off, were wrapped in greaseproof paper and put into large cotton bags; the shoulders were cut out and fronted the same way before being taken to the storeroom upstairs. One flitch of bacon was kept in the kitchen, ready for breakfast each morning.

These were extremely busy days and it was a good thing they only came twice a year. The next time would be in February, while the weather was cold, and the bacon and hams would cure well. In later years, the pigs were killed at regulated slaughter houses, by humane killing, and then the carcase was brought back to the farm for curing.



Programme

OF

GRAND CONCERT

To be given in the

LEA COUNCIL SCHOOL

In aid of the

Dethick, Lea and Holloway Parish Nurse Fund,

On FRIDAY Evening, Dec. 8th, 1905

ARTISTES :—

MISS EDITH FOSTER,
Principal Soprano of the Wakefield Concerts.

MISS ETHEL GREGORY. Contralto

MR. JOHN WILLIAMS,
Principal Tenor of the Chesterfield Concerts.

MR. H. PRICE, Baritone.

MR. W. FOSTER, Solo Euphonium

MR. BEN YOUNG,
The Nottingham Humorist.

Accompanists—

Miss E. Gregory, & Mr. C. Swift.

Chairman—REV. W. A. ALMOND

Doors open at 6.45. Concert to commence at 7.15, prompt

Reserved Seats 1/6. Front Seats 1/- Back Seats 6d.
Ticket holders admitted first.

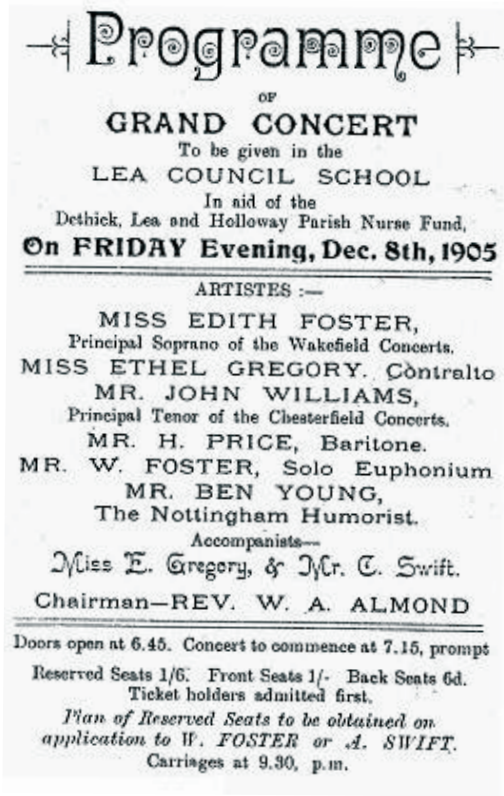
Plan of Reserved Seats to be obtained on application to W. FOSTER or A. SWIFT.

Carriages at 9.30, p.m.

Holloway Wakes by Mrs Minnie Redfern

The first week in November was known as Holloway Wakes Week* and people prepared for it early in autumn by making preserves and pickles in readiness for a large family and friends get-together on Wakes Sunday after morning service at one of the chapels or at church. Huge roasts of beef and ham were served with the various chutneys, pickled onions, red cabbage, pickled walnuts and cauliflower.

At the beginning of that week a fairground man brought his little hand-driven roundabout onto the village green, by the Memorial Hall. It cost ½d a go, but if you took an earthenware jam jar you could have a free ride. I collected lots! He only stayed a day or two but it was the start of the week even if it was not as extensive as the fair at Cromford with its coconut stalls, hoopla, Roll-a-penny and the 'Cake Walk'.



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Then there were the concerts. We went to most of them as children, paying a small entrance fee for local charities such as the local nurse whose services were funded by the community. On Mondays, at Top Chapel, was the rather more classical concert with vocal soloists, a small string quartet, or violin and piano. There were the two Miss Gregorys, Ethel at the piano and May the singer. We had monologues by Fred Harrison Slater. The Lea Mills band, inaugurated in 1890, finished in 1911 when there was the strike at Smedley's, but no doubt some of the players contributed as individuals to the concerts during my childhood. There had been a long tradition of music. In the 1890 in the village there was an 'orchestral band' and this was re-formed in 1918 after the war. There had been a Holloway Choir from 1870-1880. The Choral Society had originally been formed in 1900 anbd was re-formed in 1919 and included 'Miriam', 'Messiah' and 'The Holy City' in its repertoire.

The Bottom Chapel concert was more a mixture of popular songs and recitations. I was in a Japanese parasol dance once as I recall.

There was a whist drive in the Parish Rooms on Wednesdays. Even the young ones, about 14 year olds, were dab hands. You had to be, your partner didn't take kindly to mistakes when there were prizes at stake! Some of the women were very keen. After some unfortunate lapse of memory you were sometimes glad to be split up from one partner as the tables changed round after a hand, winning lady going up, the gentleman down, from one table to another. The prizes had come from villagers and the shops, some groceries perhaps or a pair of towels.

The dances were further excitement. I started going to them when I was about 10. The first dance of the week was at the Chapel beyond the school and Church which had a floor big enough for a badminton court, duly scattered with french polish to make it slippery for the dance. Two of the old ladies who lived in the village (Ada Slack and Hetty Marsh) showed us the proper steps and gave us young ones a turn round the floor. We learnt Waltzes, Polkas, Military Two Steps, Valeta, Maxina and Barn Dance, all done to the music from two or three instrumentalists.

More experienced ones would make up sets of eight for the Lancers, all very hectic as the men spun their partners round. You were lucky to keep your feet on the floor; you just had to hope your partner would keep hold or you might go sliding across the floor in a most unladylike way.

Friday Night was Lea Mill night where there may also have been a dance. I remember a new frock mother had made for me, in Scottish tartan and with fur at the throat. Young Mr Smedley asked me if I knew the clan the tartan was from, the Macdonalds. It was early to bed in those days, all over by nine thirty for an early start for work next day and another event in the evening.

Saturday was the final event, the Co-op tea and concert. The Co-op was an important local enterprise, run by and for the village, even to running cookery classes. We were all members, hoping for a decent dividend from our receipts. Our number, I can still remember, was 133. The ladies' committee prepared the food. Ham and tongue sandwiches, a bit of greenstuff, and the buns! Butterfly buns, Maid of Honour tarts, rice buns, scones, maybe jelly and trifle. The Co-op brought in a concert party from Ripley. An exciting week it was, and largely created by the village's own talents and effort!

* [Footnote: Wakes in earlier times. (Editor)

In 1755 ten of the local notables including Peter Nightingale, innkeepers such as Enoch Smithurst and Wm Bunting, and land owners such as Anthony Wood and Wm Flint, advertised a proposal in the Derby Mercury that the 'Lea Wakes', usually held on All Saints Day, should be held the Sunday before. In those early days 'Lea Town' was the more important place and it may be their celebrations eventually moved to the growing village of Holloway.]

Parish Nurse, Editor

There are references to the Parish Nurse in 1903 but the first meeting of the management committee was held at the Vicarage on the 27 July 1906 when Mrs Marsden Smedley was elected President and the Vicar to be Chairman. The headmaster's wife, Mrs Burton, was one of the ladies on the committee.

Of the rules one notes "The Nurse to be always responsible for her own food and is not permitted to receive presents in money from patients or to accept Beer or Spirits." Furthermore "When Night Nursing (which is not to be undertaken as a rule) is required, Nurse shall have some hours during the day for rest, and one night in three off duty."

Experience seems to have resulted in a further rule being written in, namely "When a maternity is owing, a second case is not to be taken on without payment of fee owing and payment in advance."

The scale of fees is given as follows:

For attending a mother at her confinement and the mother and baby for 10 days afterwards		10/-
Miscarriage and for 10 days afterwards		5/-
Fees for other nursing:	Per day	6d
	Per Night	9d
	Per Week	2/6d
	Per visit	2d

The accounts for the first year show that with such fees the funds were dependent on donations and other fundraising.

Receipts included

Nurse's earnings from fees	£18. 8.9d
Proceeds from a concert Dec 8th 1905	£ 8.11.6d
Donations from individuals from 2/- to	£ 2.10.0d
Donations from the football club	£ 0.10.0d
the Bible class	£ 1. 5.0d

The payments included

Nurse Crooks	£36. 0.0d
Renewal of uniform	£ 1. 0.0d
Water bed, Air cushion, and medical supplies	£ 4. 2.5d
Balance in hand	£ 5. 0.0½d

At the concert on Dec 8th 1905 Rev W A Almond (he was U M F C Minister and was on the committee) set out to dispel the misconception that claims on the services of the nurse were limited to Church people. He said they were at the call of all, without religious distinction whatever observing human sympathy should rise above sectarian differences.

Childhood on a farm by Frank Seals

I was born in Lea before the first World War, at the cottage which is part of Lea Hall. It is on the top side. We lived in Lea for six years before moving to another farm near Wingfield. My Grandfather, John Seals, was tenant at Manor Farm, Dethick, and father, like his brothers, naturally helped there. It was a difficult time for farming and as the other farms Mr Marsden Smedley owned at Dethick became vacant the Seals family worked them as well. After the harvest Grandfather always gave a dinner and local folk like the Walkers, the butchers, came. It was followed by a dance in the room over the kitchen at Manor Farm. You were delighted to be invited to the harvest do at Dethick.

This went on until Grandfather gave up farming during the war. The skilled men went away to the war. Of course men used to handling horses were very valuable in the Army. The government also requisitioned any fodder which they estimated was surplus and Land Army girls rolled up and took it away. Grandfather was very bitter and moved to Church Farm at Crich. In the 1930s I returned to Dethick for a short while to help my Uncle Alf who was back there at Manor Farm.

My father moved into Elm Tree Farm, near the end of Sledgegate Lane, to farm on his own. It is there where four of my brothers and sisters were born. We were a largish family. I had 2 brothers and 3 sisters. Then there were the 7 uncles and an aunt, on father's side. Both my mother and father's families were big by present day standards. Mother's brothers emigrated to Australia, but they too were involved in the war, joining the Australian Army. Mind you they did well after the war. They were each allowed 500 acres of land to farm on emigrating, although only one wanted to be a farmer, and they put it all together. They called it Lea Hurst. Later on my uncle, who had no sons, wanted me to go out and take

over. Another uncle was in hosiery and one of them was a builder. He was responsible for the building of the State Parliament. My father wasn't in the war. He was needed for ploughing to increase home food production. An acre a day was all you could manage in those days with horses. The first tractors easily quadrupled it.

We kept the usual range of stock, horses, roan Shorthorn cows and Lincoln sheep mainly. There were also a couple of pigs and some hens. When we moved we took over a gander and some geese. Later we also started keeping Blue Albion cows which my father showed. They were in favour for a time, but they needed some Friesian blood to get a reasonably big yield.

While we were in Lea farming wasn't very prosperous. Father took milk round the village to sell, carrying it in buckets on a yoke and measuring it out with a ladle into customers' jugs at the door. Any of it left over was made into butter for our own use or taken to the Marples at Lea Hall to go with theirs to Cromford and by rail to the commercial dairy. Father also used to take a cart down to Lea Wood Wharf and collect household coal to deliver round the village. If I went with him I got a ride down there but then had to walk. I remember my father saying if he had a penny left at Saturday night he was delighted!

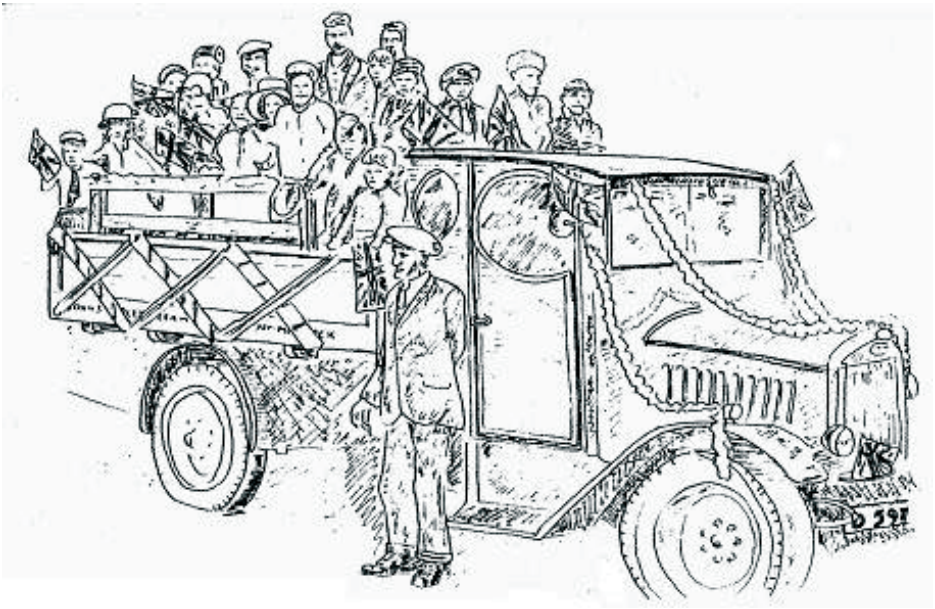
Mother was such an important part of the life at Elm Tree and later. She was an excellent housewife. Before she was married, when she was an Allwood, she had been in service as so many country teenagers were. Many of their family worked at Lea Mills. One worked for a builder. She worked for the vicar in Lea, then Goodwin, the Bakewell solicitor, and even as far away as Liverpool for a shipping magnate. She was an excellent cook. As the family grew and we began to employ farm staff and a maid to help her, there would be ten or so at meals. We certainly ate a lot better than at one farm I went to threshing. There dinner started with dumplings that had been done in the copper with white sauce over them as pudding, then we passed up our same plate for the meat and veg to follow. Their knives and forks were old fashioned ones, three pronged forks with bone handles.

Mother looked after the cade lambs which had lost their mothers. If we could we always tried to foster them to another ewe that had lost its lamb by putting the dead lamb's pelt on to give it the right smell so she would take it. Pet lambs never seemed worth the effort, they never did well.

Mother did the hens. She would have a row of about ten broodies which she would take out a couple at a time to feed, tying them by the leg on a piece of string to make sure she could get them back more easily on the clutch of eggs before they got chilled. She made the butter, turning the separator and churn by hand and then working the butter to free it from the water. We made cheese, especially in winter. All farms had a cheese press. I remember a chap at Dethick decided he could take the fat from the milk and then make cheese. It was dreadful, like rubber, and he had to fetch it back from the dairy; it was kicking around in the stack yard for years.

I started school when I was three and Joe Wragg who lived near, an older boy, took me there. His father was the joiner and undertaker in the village. Mrs Marples taught me. I used to run errands for her to Lea Hall where she lived. She let me go early. I can always remember my father picked me and my young brother up from school once and took us with a load of mangolds to Plaistow Green. Our part of Lea was very quiet and I don't remember any other families with children we played out with, even though it was a time of large families.

When we flitted to South Wingfield I remember it was snowy in Lea, but down there it was mild, almost like another country. Life went on from there and we did well enough. Father expected us to work. We had a few different farms and different enterprises. I finished up with Swanwick Mill and our present business there, dependent on computers, a change from the age of horses!



Memories of Dethick by Mrs Grace Else

My father Ernest Smith, was a tenant of Mr Marsden Smedley from the middle years of the first World War till the mid twenties at Babington Farm, Dethick. Consequently my brother and I were born there and duly baptised in the old church nearby.

Agricultural labour being difficult to obtain in wartime, a soldier invalided out of the army helped my father for a while. Subsequently he employed two young lads, Bert Dockerill of Holloway and Albert Yeomans of Lea. I was told that when the war ended Florrie Butler, a land girl working on one of the other farms, rang the Dethick Church Bell so vigorously it broke!

Though it was a mixed farm the production of milk took priority. Twice a year the manager of Dunhams Dairies, Grey's Inn Road, London came to Derbyshire to meet the farmers who supplied them and to fix the seasonal prices, summer 5d a gallon or thereabouts, winter slightly higher. Morning and evening the milk was taken by a horse and float to Cromford Station. However, in the early twenties my father purchased a Ford van which then carried the tall seventeen gallon milk churns to Cromford en route for their long journey to St Pancras. I believe the other two Dethick farmers shared in the milk run, there was a warm relationship between our families. Sometimes I rode down to the station to watch the arrival of the steam train with all the hustle and bustle it brought; the hissing steam, clanging trolley and clatter of churns unloaded onto the platform to be taken home. These empty churns my mother scrubbed out and she polished the brass nameplates on the lids and sides. Any sour milk received by the dairy was returned to sender and payment deducted from the eventual cheque.

Bull calves went to Bakewell Market in the van, tied up in a sack leaving just the head free- I can vouch for the fact it was a noisy trip, having shared their company in the back. Cow calves had a better fate, they were reared on the farm.

The poultry were the responsibility of the farmers' wives; our neighbours kept a flock of turkeys which I dreaded meeting; also ducks insisted on laying their eggs in the pond at the bottom of the lane, so Mrs Broome had to wade in to get them. Among our hens were a few bantams whose eggs were specially for us children, being small in size with richly-coloured yolk.

When sheep dipping time came round a large zinc bath stood in the stackyard with a ramp down which the animals descended into the water mixed with a chemical solution. I recall the potent smell of Cooper's Sheep Dip which lingered on the hands and clothing of the men. This dipping took place in the spring and was a spectacle not to be missed by the children at the farms.

We made our own entertainment, a sing song round the Broome's piano in the sitting room of Manor Farm and parties at Church Farm when Waud relatives came to stay, though I think when it was my mother's turn my brother and I were in bed. A party I did attend was the Christmas event at Lea Green for the tenants and estate workers' children, the Smedley family joining us for tea and games. A gift for each child was hidden in the hall. We had to search under cushions and behind ledges we until found them.

I remember descending the steps to peer at the mysterious tunnel in Manor Farm garden; old stone in our garden wall likely to be from the original manor, and once walking alone over a plank footbridge spanning Lea Brook into Swine Park Wood, past the fish ponds where the white narcissus grow, to reach a small gate leading into the big field. What a long way it seemed to a small girl, how glad I was to see the church tower ahead and to know I was nearly home.