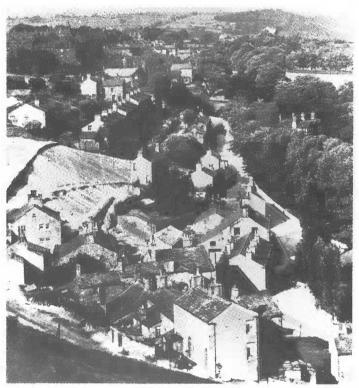
# High Days & Holidays



by Baildon
Oral History Group

M O R E

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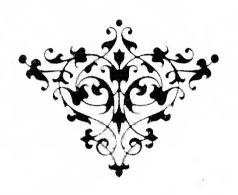
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# More Of Our Village

## High Days And Holidays

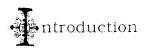


By Baildon Oral History Group

Written 1992 - 1993



Baildon Oral History Group 1993



After our first book was published we were suprised how far it had travelled Australia, New Zealand, Canada, America, to name but a few far flung places. Obviously recipients of these gifts of our books must have lived in Baildon at some time or at least have some connection with our village or otherwise it would be useless to send them a book, so this is just for them, a "Do you remember?" article. I must explain that at our meetings someone will mention a certain place or person and then we are off.

"Oh I'd forgotten all about him/her", and so it will go on. These are just a few of these people who were not always in the limelight but were quite well - known.

Leslie Palfreyman who never seemed to work and who always walked in front of any procession, who was always smartly dressed on Sunday and attended church regularly.

Watson Terry of the marvellous tenor voice. What was a concert at the Moravians without Watson rendering one of his solos. He also played the organ and was choir master for some time.

Rudolph Howard Moore who was the Town Clerk and seemed to rub people up the wrong way, probably because he was an "Offcumden".

Tom Phillips a well - known chap at the golf club. His wife iced wedding cakes and he would often say in the club house on a Sunday morning that he had had "half a couple of eggs", meaning that if Mrs Phillips was doing white icing

there were two yolks to spare, or if she was doing marzipan there were two whites.

Fred Halliday a barber in Westgate as was his father before him. He was probably the last of the old fashioned barbers. A striped pole hung outside his shop and he always wore a white apron. He sharpened his cut throat razors with a leather strap.

Dorothy Lancaster was well known because she married Richard. Do you recall how, during rationing Dorothy would weigh chocolate biscuits and because of their high points value would break a biscuit in two? Half went in the bag and the other half in her mouth.

William Shooter who played in Baildon Brass Band. His daughter Bertha (of the lovely ginger hair) tells us that her father soaked his instrument overnight in the bath prior to a brass band concert.

Joe Shooter, Jim's dad. Joe probably soled and heeled your shoes or boots sometime or other but was better known as an extremely good cornettist. How many of you ladies, when young, cast your eye at Jim in his blue suit and pill box hat as he sold sweets and chocolate in Baildon Picture House? Sadly Jim passed away not very long ago.

The Gelder brothers William, John and I think Ernest all were good players.

William was a prisoner of war and had an instrument sent out to his P.O.W camp, most likley by the Red Cross. Don't let us forget Harry Bell and Benny Marsden, the young lads in the band.

Hilda Higgins (nee Lancaster)

#### Baildon Oral History Group

The Oral History Group have written this book
A sequel to 'Our Village' in the past
You are sure to find
Many things as you look
To revive happy memories that last.

Horses tossing their manes in the air Carts rattling down cobbled streets Young lads playing leap frog Without a care Lassies skipping with dainty feet.

Skating in Winter on Sandals pond Sledging down the Eaves to Low Hill Rosie cheeked children With shouts of delight Speed along enjoying the thrill.

We're an interested little group And welcome new comers any day So come along, bring us your news And your views of 'Old Baildon' At work and at play.

Edith.A.Robinson

# Life In The Street by Marjorie Cheetham (nee Goodall)

Living in East Parade was like living in a family community, neighbours joined in with everyones joys and sorrows, in sickness there was always someone to help. When a baby was born there was Mrs Light to do the delivering and neighbours to do the nursing and see that cooking was done for the family.

Four of the houses were occupied by the Taylor family and three of the Midgeleys. Mr Dwyer who lived at the bottom of East Parade came round twice a day with milk, he had a large can with a half pint and a full pint measure hanging inside and you took your jug to the door to get which ever you needed.

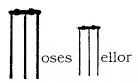
Then Craven Jowett came round once a week with oat cakes which were hung to dry over the clothes airer which was suspended from the ceiling, and when needed to eat they were spread with butter and treacle.

Mrs Light used to come to our house every Sunday evening and sit munching oat cakes, dry, which always seemed difficult to me as she only had a few teeth. There were many street traders, a Rag and Bone man, another with a sandstone wheel to sharpen knives and scissors, a pea seller with either mushy green peas or grey peas, which were really brown. Then there was the man with a Barrel Organ or Tingleairy with a monkey on top with a little coat on. It was a penny to feed the monkey with a few nuts. Also a man with a large cage of budgerigars and a circle of cards above

and for a penny one of the birds would pick a card out with your fortune on, which the man would read and put back. The children all played together in the square at the top of the street, had a bonfire there on plot night and generally enjoyed themselves.

Wether young or old no one ever needed to be lonely, doors were always open to everyone.





Baildon had many characters which one could bring to mind, but one of the most well known was Moses Mellor, he was as one would say in a class of his own.

Moses was expert on the Yorkshire dialect and featured in many programmes on the radio, he was also a well known speaker on this subject and made several recordings, the Yorkshire dialect Society asked him to do some recordings for the purpose of their dialect library, no wonder he was so well known in Yorkshire.

Moses Mellor 's great love was cricket, he was a staunch Baildon member, he was as familiar at Jenny Lane as the old wooden score box over which he presided, what could be more fitting than when the new brick built automatic score box was opened and dedicated to him, the tablet reads, erected by public subscription in appreciation of the life long services of Moses Mellor 1944 - 5.

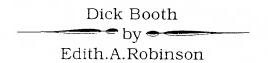
Mr and Mrs Mellor were a very affectionate pair, but typical of Yorkshire people would do some leg pulling with each other, on one occasion Moses had spent a very pleasent evening at the home of Mr Harry Foster, so enjoyable that it



went on very late, Mr Foster said that he would run Moses home, which Moses took advantage of the offer.

Adept at turning aside Mrs Mellors pretended wrath with a good excuse Moses was unprepared this time, he thought his wife would be in bed, this was not so, he was met with "Well what is the excuse this time?" his reply was "Nay ah flaid ah sall hev ta mak one at owd uns dew this time," typical of Moses Mellor.

On another occasion some of the Baildon men who worked at A.V.R the aircraft factory at Yeadon had an argument as to how many worked there, one chap said Moses will know so when asked his laconic reply was "Abaht haif on em."



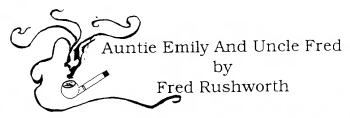
Dick Booth, although not a local man, was a very familiar figure in Baildon in the late thirties and early forties.

He had a horse and cart and went around the village collecting rags, bones and old metal and selling firewood, as in those days everyone had coal fires, so the wood was needed to start the fires burning.

He was a very dark haired fellow and always wore a trilby and thick glasses. People always knew when he was around, as the call would go out, "Firewood, tuppence a bucket!" He was actually better known as "Tuppence".

About this time we had a young daughter and had managed to get her a second - hand three - wheeler bike, as owing to the war years, things like this were difficult to come by.

One day, as I was walking up Westgate, I met Dick coming down with his horse and cart. He gave me a broad smile, touched his hat and I thought to myself, "he has a bike there just like my daughter's!" Needless to say, when I arrived home, she was running round the house, frantically searching for her bike. "Perhaps you have left it somewhere?" I suggested. "Oh, no Mum I parked it by the dustbin." Evidently, Dick had thought because it was leaning against the bin it was meant for scrap! Anyway, as the bike was not really roadworthy, we were pleased that things turned out the way they did.



I am sure that many of us have childhood memories that stand out and some more than others, one of mine is about Emily and Fred Robinson.

Emily and Fred lived in an old house that overlooked Kelcliffe and their view was looking across at Browgate, to get to their house one walked up Manor Fold then turned right down a flight of stone steps then turned left to the houses, I do not remember who lived in the other houses. Emily and Fred did not have any children but were very fond of them, lots of children would refer to them as Auntie Emily and Uncle Fred.

Fred worked at Shipley Fan Company which was situated just off Valley Road, the building is still there but is now used for some other purpose, it was only a small firm and I think just made electric fans.

Fred was very interested in making crystal wireless sets, he also got my Father involved in making them, I feel sure that they would be among some of the first in Baildon to make them, later they improved on them and made a one valve one that gave better results, all of these receivers had to be used with headphones, later when they had advanced more, loudspeakers were used.

Fred was a practical joker, I do remember going to their house which must have been round about Christmas time, we were sat round the fire place when I was amazed to see a pair of boots appear just below the cove on the fireplace then disappear back up the chimney, this happened several times until I did realize that Fred was working them by pulling a string up and down as we sat, but of course I did

not notice this, I was watching the boots thinking it was Santa Claus.

Fred smoked a pipe and used twist which was very strong, on one occasion he put some in a clay pipe for me to smoke, we sat round the fire puffing away but it was not long before I felt so sick and dizzy I don't know how I walked home, my Mother told Fred off but he just laughed, I would only be about eight at the time. Fred at times helped Mr Noble in his tin smiths shop where repairs were done on pans, kettles and buckets etc they also made coves for fire places which had two brass knobs on to enable it to be moved up and, if the weather was windy the cove could be moved down to stop the smoke from blowing back down the chimney.

Emily and Fred eventually moved up Jenny Lane into a house that Dick Dodsworth had built, it was a terrace house opposite tide field, unfortunately Emily was ill and spent most of her time in bed which they had moved down into the sitting room.





#### By Norman Robinson

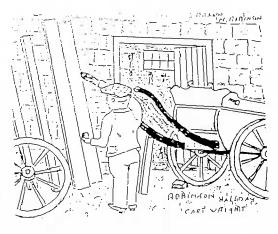
At the bottom of Mill Hill in Northgate, was a cartwright's workshop, which is now Baildon Moor Garage. In the 1920's it was a busy workshop, as all farmers and different tradesmen, used horses and carts; motor



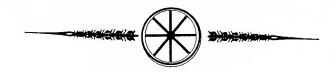
cars were very few. Robinson Halliday made any shape of cart or trap to order. Adjoining this workshop was blacksmith's shop, and he would fix the iron ring around the wooden wheel, after they had been made by the cartwright. He also supplied all the brackets and various

metal pieces necessary for the cart or trap. In those days coffins were made to order, so, if a person died, Robinson had to leave all other work, to quickly proceed with the cutting and shaping of the wood, as the whole work had to be completed in less than two days, from being informed to the completion of the coffin. Luckily, he had a young man who helped him in the evening until quite late.

The blacksmith Edgar Halliday was always busy, shoeing farm horses and ponies. For builders, he would make or sharpen their tools, e.g. chisels, picks etc. For the children, he made irons for their sledges, and also



shaped a small piece of round metal into a two - foot diameter circle to form a 'bowl', as they were called, this we would hit, and guide along the road with a stick or a piece of metal, thinking we were driving a train or car. It was great fun, making it do as you commanded. Children loved to watch when a horse was having new shoes fixed; watching the blacksmiths get the iron red hot, and then shaping it, and pressing the red hot metal against its hoof. This caused a cloud of smoke to rise into the air, the smell of which was all part of the joy of watching.



#### In Love With A Model

After fifty years of marriage I'm ignored and cast aside Not that I want a fuss, mind you But the situation, I cannot hide. My husband sits around With a glow in his eyes But I know it isn't for me, He doesn't even notice When I bake apple pies Or brew a good cup of tea. He's obsessed, bewildered, bedazzled With a model, it's really quite true, Counting doors and asking "Were there three steps there or two?" She isn't blonde or auburn haired. She doesn't aspire to fame, She's a model of our well loved village, 'Baildon is her name '.

Edith .A .Robinson



## School Holidays 1920 By Lillian

We were lucky myself and two sisters, we either went to the seaside or Slough for the week. This is where my Auntie lived. A week at the seaside meant mother baking bread to last us the week. We also took sugar tea and butter and were provided with our own shelf in a large cupboard. The Sunday lunch was provided by the landlady, but we shopped for each day's meals and handed the goods over to be cooked for us. Our names were written on the eggs. Slough was a short ride to Windsor. As there were 15 of us we had a small bus. I had been round the castle when I was 6 and remember the Queens dolls house. I also remember seeing the two princesses. The rest of our holidays were mostly spent at 'Dove Hall' up Hope Lane. There were hens, ducks, a cow and a horse and a long walk to spend a penny. Our job was to fetch the drinking water from the trough two fields away- I guess there wouldn't be much left when we got home. We played in the fields and at nights we walked home with a lantern. It always seemed a long way to the village - no houses then and Hope Lane was just a dirt track wide enough for a horse and cart. Oh! it was £1.2s.6d return to London from Shipley by train. Not a lot of children had been to London. Happy Days.



Holidays After the 1914 - 1918 War



I was born just before the start of the Great War, 1914 to 1918. This was the first war that involved every family and many nations. We had not had

the like of it before - aeroplanes were only just coming into being, the main weapons were the rifle and the cannon. Tanks were in their infancy.

Slowly after the war the soldiers returned home, the country had to start to put it on to peace time work which took a number of years, so money was scarce and holidays were holidays at home.

As things improved the children had their Summer holidays at the end of July and August, their father would have one week's holiday, and without pay, and it was a set date, it was called Shipley Tide week or Bradford Week and another for the Leeds area, so it depended where the father worked. Shipley Tide was the last week in July then came Bradford and Leeds.

Early in the year each household would book into what was called a Boarding House, a house with three or four bedrooms. Sometimes guests would all sit at a large table for their meals, which was breakfast, dinner and tea, sometimes you were lucky and had a small table to each family.

There was no sitting room to sit in on an evening, you stayed

out until about ten o'clock, then there was plenty of shows and cinemas to go to, or there was the funfair with all the stalls and roundabouts etc.

As you made your way back to the digs as they were called, you visited a late night cafe for a drink etc, as there were no refreshments when you got back to the house.

The charge for accommodation and the cooking of your meals, no cooking at tea time was around £2.14s.od (£2.70) for two people and a small child up to four years old.

The guests had to buy what they wanted to eat and give it to the lady of the house if it needed cooking. Meat, fish, cabbage, peas etc. Potatoes were supplied and charged to you, she would also provide a large rice pudding for 6d.

Wages at that time were approx. £2.10s.od to £3.10s.0d for a 47 hour week 5 days of  $8^3/_4$  and Saturady morning  $3^1/_4$  hours.

Each bedroom had a big jug full of water and a large basin - also a waste bucket under the stand, this was your washing facilities, the jug was filled each day with fresh water.

#### Copy Of A Receipt

For 2 persons and a child

Accomodation etc. £2.14s.od
Potatoes 1s.3d
Milk Puddings (2) 1s.od
Milk \_\_\_6d
£2.16s.9d

#### A Sample Of Household Prices:

Suite	£9.10s.6d
Bed	£3.0s.0d
Mattress	13s.0d
Large sideboard and mirrors	£8.5s.0d
3yds x 3 1/2 yds carpet	£1.5s.0d
Table	£2.0s.0d

#### Summer Holiday 1921 By Marion Mann

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My Mother came from Kent, so our holidays were spent with her relatives in Ramsgate, Broadstairs and Brighton. There was great excitement for weeks before the great day when we would board the train for London, collecting comics, books and games to entertain us during the journey, which took quite a few hours. I had one Auntie who lived in London, so we broke our journey to spend two or three days with her. We visited Westminster Abbey, the National Museum and saw the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace. Once we were lucky enough to see King George the V and Queen Mary. My sister and I used to call this part of our holiday 'going to school again'. We were rewarded for this by being taken to Regents Park Zoo. There was another adventure for us in the journey from London to the coast.

The first place we visited was usually Brighton, where we stayed in a boarding house. As the beach here is all pebbles we bought a special type of shoe, which had a sole made out of string with a cotton top, this meant we could paddle in them. On the beach were some bathing tents (like a smaller edition of those used by Sheikhs), in which to change into bathing costumes. There were no fancy bikinis in those days and I remember mine was a cotton dress stitched up at the bottom to fit my legs. We were taken on the pier where boys waited for people to throw pennies into the sea, (which was lovely and clear) then they would dive in for them. Our next port of call was St. Peters, between Ramsgate and Broadstairs to stay with an Auntie and our two cousins. There I really did enjoy myself as I could play cricket and football with them and their friends. We also went to a farm and helped the farmer milk the cows and collect the eggs from the hen coops. There were also trips to the beach shrimping and paddling, my sisters joined us for these activities.

After a few days, on to Broadstairs where my Great Aunts and Granny lived. There were two Aunts and Granny who were sisters and very precise and particular they were. We had to 'mind our p's



and q's', sit up very straight at table and be still. It wasn't so bad for my sisters to sit still, but for me it was very difficult, I always wanted to be on the go. One of my Aunts took us to Canterbury Cathedral where we had, what I called, another history lesson, looking at the tombs of ancient Kings and Queens and Knights.

The holiday ended with us going back to St Peters for a few carefree days with our cousins. Before leaving for home we went shopping for presents for our friends. We generally ended up with little imitation buckets filled with sweets which looked like pebbles from the beach.

I remember one year making a pact with my cousin Charles (he was 6 and I was 5) stating he would emigrate to Australia when he was 16 and I would follow him later, (he eventually did go to Australia, but I didn't follow him). Our trunk was packed again and weeping and wailing we left for the station. We had never gone very far in the train before excitement overtook us again with the thought of the long journey in front of us. Three very tired but happy girls arrived home very late at night and went to bed thinking of all the adventures we had to tell our friends

The reason we were able to go so far afield for holidays was because father worked for the railway and got free travel once a year for himself, my mother and two children which saved a lot of money.

#### School Holidays 1925 by Fred Rushworth



The Summer holiday when the school closed, which I think was for one whole month was greeted with great excitement, no lessons and no cane for all that time. Those who were lucky managed to get a week at the seaside, probably Morecombe or Blackpool.

My family would sometimes go to Morecombe and stay with some people called Scotts who had originally come from Bradford, it was not a big house and the facilities were not good, we had our meals with Mr and Mrs Scott but at least we could say we had been away. Another Summer holiday would be to stay with my Mothers sister who lived at Bedale which is ten miles north of Ripon, we had to make the journey by train there was no such thing as a bus service in those days.

On this holiday I could play with my cousins and a lot of time was spent by Bedale beck where we were able to catch minnows and other small fish which we would keep in jam jars.

Lots of people who worked in the mills would find that a notice would be put up on the notice board stating what dates the Summer holiday would take place and that the mill would be closed for one week, but in actual fact it was a week with no pay, except if you were lucky enough to be on the staff, so a lot of scrimping and trying to save money had to be done if you wanted to go away, a large family would not manage to be able to afford to go away.

If we did not go away, alot of our time was spent playing on the Bankside, Terry Robinson and I would make model gliders out of wood and paper, and fly them from the top of the bank.

They were happy days we made our own enjoyment and the Lancaster girls would at times join in some of the games, Edna and Billie even if they got knocked about did not often complain, so they were happy days and then back to school, with perhaps a different teacher, it could have been Sally Ramsden, and her yard stick which was her cane.



#### Holidays 1932 by Jovce



I think I was probably one of the lucky ones when I was at school in the thirties; my Mum had a part - time job so we always had a week's holiday at the seaside, usually Blackpool or maybe Southport. It was always the last week in July, the local Shipley Tide week, and as now, the weather was unpredictable. It could be hot and sunny or wet and rainy, but it never seemed to be a problem, especially at Blackpool there was so much to do for children.

Fine sunny days found us on the sands making castles or paddling or walking along the promenade watching the hundreds of other people enjoying themselves too. The wet days meant a change of plan, but lots to do; a ride on a tram or the Tower with its Roof Gardens, Aquarium and the ballroom to listen to the mighty Wurlitzer Organ - you could stay in there all day.

There were three piers, all with amusement arcades, side shows and concerts each day, but best of all for children, the huge Pleasure Beach. You could spend hours there riding on the different amusements or just watching other people taking rides having a go at the side shows, hoping to win a coconut or a soft toy. The last thing was to buy waffles and doughnuts (I can still smell them) and walk back along the promenade among the happy crowds of people, most of them doing the same thing, and back to the boarding house to bed, to dream hopefully of another happy day tomorrow.

At the end of the week we would be homeward bound on the train, with lots of lovely memories and tales to tell the friends at home who were not so lucky, and had to spend all the school holidays playing nearer home.

#### Holiday at Bardsea. Near Ulverston in 1934 by Mary France

Three of us teenagers, were allowed to go on holiday to Bardsea my Aunties lived there and would therefore 'keep an eye on us!!' Our landlady charged us for rooms, purchased and cooked food and charged us at the end of the week - total cost each £1.17.6. $^1/_2$ d - see attached bill.

One meal had the added delicacy of Yorkshire Pudding - we had this every Sunday at home and therefore felt dubious about a Lancashire woman's offering, as we imagined it would fall far short of our respective mother's cooking. After struggling with our portions for some time and grumbling about their rubbery texture, Kathleen picked up a piece and with a cry "I'm fed up with this stuff", flung it across the table. Unfortunately, it flew in my directon and immediately disappeared down my dress.

A Boys Brigade Battalion were camping in the village and we had a very enjoyable week joining in their activities, cricket, swimming, hiking etc. I remember one of the boys had a front tooth knocked out with a cricket ball and the leader immediately pushed it back! Romance was in the air that week, we continued our friendships for quite a long time per letter - the boys lived in Liverpool. We were still writing during the war when one of the boys was captured and made prisoner -of-war after being shot down during a bombing raid over Germany.

#### Copy of a Bill For A Holiday In 1934

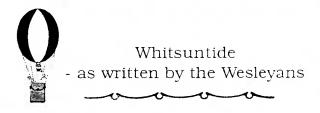
Rooms	£1.10.0d
Saturday's Dinner	3.0d
Chops for Sunday	1.4d
Peas and Potatoes	6d
Three eggs	$4^{1}/_{2}d$
Milk	2.1d
	£1.17.3 $^{1}/_{2}d$
Two eggs	3d 2
	£1.17.6 $^{1}/_{2}$ d

In the two or three weeks before Whitsuntide Baildon Council got busy resurfacing the roads and Towngate. Out came the machine with a cauldron of boiling tar over a fire, a cart with stone chippings and a steam engine, with a large roller in front and two smaller ones behind. The tar was spread over the road and men with spades scattered the chippings and the roller went back and forth over it.

Then came Whit Monday when the Sunday schools of the village held a service in the square around the fountain. We always had new clothes for the occasion and it was lovely to see all the girls in pretty dresses in different colours and the boys very smart in new trousers and shirts.

There was a harmonium on a flat cart and the ministers stood on the cart to conduct the singing of hymns and the prayers, the children stood in groups around. The church children were usually in front of Mrs Nobles shop and the Conservative Club. As the service went on our feet with our clean white shoes, or pumps, as they were called, gradually sunk into the melting tar, as it always seemed to be a hot day.

After the service we unstuck our feet from the gutty tar and proceeded to the Sunday school for iced buns and tea and then went down Langley Lane to Long Close, the home of Miss Ellison, one of the Sunday School teachers. A very imposing house with a large field in front of it, in a beautiful setting with trees all around. There we had races, egg and spoon, sack races, three legged races and generally a very good time was had by all. Eventually we all went home tired but happy and clothes not quite as clean as when we left home earlier in the day.



Whit Monday was a very special day; it started with the Bradford to Ilkley walk via Shipley, Menston, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Ilkley over the river to Askwith, Otley, Yeadon, Apperley Bridge, Greengates, Undercliffe to Peel Park, approximately 35 miles.

A lot of Baildoners went down to Otley road to watch the walkers arrive as they passed along Charlestown and Hollins Hill. The first ones arrived at Charlestown half an hour after leaving Bradford. They finished in the park in the afternoon. The Park held a Gala that day and one of the main features after the race was an air balloon flight over Bradford, this was an unusual sight in those days, people all over Bradford looked out to see it pass over their area. Two parachutists used to drop out of the balloon. One year this balloon landed on Baildon Moor, which was a great event, and we all rushed to see it.

In Baildon in the afternoon the Wesleyans met at the Sunday School around 1.30pm; Fred Bell brought his horse and cart and a small organ was put on it. We all followed the horse and cart, (the horse was trimmed up) down to the village for 2.00 pm. In the village all the churches, St Johns, Primitives, Moravians and Wesleyans gathered in groups alongside the Angel Hotel and in front of Noble's Hardware Shop (now Barclays Bank).

A Conductor stood on the cart and in between different Ministers giving a speech he would lead the singing with the help of the St. Johns choir. This lasted about an hour, then the churches went their seperate ways to start their own activities and a tea party (really a picnic).

We, the Wesleyans with the horse and cart went over Hallcliffe to Mr. Fred Riddiough's house 'Beech Mount' where, we all received a bar of chocolate at the gate, then we sang a few hymns for him and his family.

After singing we looked round his big garden and greenhouses which had large grapevines growing in them. We went to Sunday School, they had put forms outside to sit on and we had a long bun and tea and a cake. After that we went up Cecil Avenue to a field owned by a Mr. Bob Scott, where we had a number of races, with winners receiving prizes. This finished the day off.

It was a great event as children did not get far in their holidays and I cannot remember a wet day.





Playing out when we were children was vastly different than for the children of to-day. T.V was unheard of and even the wireless was in its infancy, crystal sets were the first and not many homes had these.

We nearly always played with children in our area which was around South View Terrace, Wrose View, Bank Crest etc. We were known as the Top Enders, children who lived in lane end and lower Baildon were Low Enders.

Girls and boys played together, names I can recall are, Edna and Hilda (Billie) Lancaster, who lived in Wrose View, Terry and Pat Robson, Kenneth Milner, Edith Ellis, and the Fearnley family.

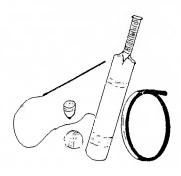
We used to go round to Lancasters and sit on the front steps and more often than not Mrs Lancaster would give us a drink of ginger pop. We all played well together, if we did fall out it would not be for very long.

Mr Lancaster had a weaving shed on Bank Walk and many were the times we would all go in and see the looms clacking away. Mr Lancaster never seemed to mind us going in and very often would show us what type of cloth they were weaving. The games we played in those days were tin can relevo, whip and top, and many of the lads had bowls which were made at the blacksmiths which was up Northgate and consisted of an iron hoop with a handle attached, you would run guiding with the handle. The cost of these were about one shilling and six pence which today would be 7p. The girls mostly played with their skipping ropes and whips and tops, sometimes the top of the tops would be chalked

with different colours and when spinning would look very much like a rainbow.

Tin can relevo was played with perhaps six or more in the game. A tin would be placed on the ground and someone would be nominated to watch the can, the rest of the group would go and hide, and shout out when they were hidden, the one watching the can would then try and find them. When one of the children was found it would be a mad dash back to see who could kick the can away first; if the child in charge of the can in the first place managed to do this then the one who had been in hiding would take his or her turn to watch the can, many times this game would be played in the dark which did make it more difficult to find the ones in hiding.

What happy childhood memories, we did not have a lot of toys and if we did manage to get a bike it would most likely be a secondhand one. A new bike cost about £4.19.6. not many parents could afford to pay that, a man who was working would not even earn this amount in his weekly wage, so a family would have to live very carefully. There were no benefits to be had in those days, if you could run errands such as shopping for someone it was a bit extra, I did shopping all Saturday morning for tuppence, Terry Robson got sixpence so he was well off.



#### T'Lass Who Tripped Up



"Ave hed a good friend for monny a year,
But shoo allus hed one failin'.
Shoo'd trip up owwer nowt,
An fall flat ov' 'er face,
Even when we thowt it straight sailin'?
One day particularly comes ta mind,
Shoo hed a fall ov' a diffrent kind.
Wi wor rushing past Shipley Co - op for t'bus,
When wi spotted a lad rollin' a tyre,
On t' causer towards us.
A cud see what 'ud 'appen
As it wobbled so near,
A did mi best to warn 'er
But shoo didn't 'ear.
All at once,shoo wor feighting

A struggled to 'elp 'er up
It really made me perspire,
T'lad stood theer gaupin?
'is mouth 'oppen wide,
A tried to land 'im one,
But 'e jumped quickly aside

N- BOBINSON

On t'floor wi' tyre.

But 'e jumped quickly aside, So a' says

"Ave gotten summat to say ta thee. If ta drivving thou aspires. Thou'll nivver pass thi drivving test. When thou can't control one tyre!!!"

Edith.A.Robinson

## Baildon Carnival by Mary France

I do not remember whose brain - child it was. My memory stretches from 1929 to the war and names such as George Bird, Mr.Haley the Bank Manager, the mother of Jim Laker the famous England cricketer, was on the committee.

The first thoughts are memories of the decorations which were a wonderful display of 'fairy lights' stretching from the Fountain in the centre of the village square to various shops surrounding the square. They continued up Northgate and as they were switched on we stood breathless on the Fountain steps awaiting the magic moment.

During the following week we danced every night round the village and up the road, not only we fortunate few villagers, but thousands from near and far. The buses were re-routed and the queues for them stretched many hundred yards. The revellers were all in good humour and eager collectors moved amongst the crowds rattling their boxes. No charge was made just people's generous giving ensured the success of the courageous enterprise of the organisers.

Different parts of the village were each given a name and the gypsy tribes named after them - Old Bill's Tribe, Bubbling Well Tribe, Early Stone Tribe, Bedlam Tribe from Duck Hall, Lint's Tribe, Abode of True Love Tribe, Ghyll Steppers, Loyne Enders etc. We were all gaily attired as authentic gypsies, and processed on foot and in caravans from Baildon Green to the encampment in Hardaker's Field on the edge of the moor, lead by Black Dyke Band and Baildon 'Bletherheeded' Band (tin whistles, tommy-talkers, etc). There the King and Queen were crowned, after which a visit was paid to the tribes to secure a suitable bride for their son, the Prince.

Then broth was served from the great 500 gallon cauldron. One year a huge ox was roasted, turning round and round on a spit dripping

fat, to be sliced and sold later in sandwiches. The September weather was always good as far as I can remember, or perhaps the sheer enjoyment and happiness of the occasion blotted out the memory of any rain or mist!



## Picture recalls ox roasting of 1931

Baildon Carnival as clearly as if it were yesterday - yet the year was Arthur says the animal was put on 1931.

Arthur, 82 of Dewhirst Grove, Baildon, was there as a butcher's boy and is on a photograph to prove it. He recalls how in the good old days he used to go home covered from head to foot with burns on his chest after a day on the spit.

He says the first ox was given by the Lund family of butchers in Shipley. "The carnivals raised money for the hospitals and they Arthur is in the centre of the

ARTHUR Noble remembers the gave the beast as their day the first ox was roasted at contribution to the hospital fund."

> a piece of land by the school for the people of the village to see it, but it escaped and was missing for four days. "Then a farmer at Rawden got in touch to say he had got it and it was slaughtered at our butcher's shop in Baildon just a couple of days later."

He worked for George Rhodes, but later bought him out and took over the two butcher's shops in Browgate and Westgate.

photograph above on the left of the three men in butcher's aprons. Also on the picture is Fred Wood, who ran Butterfields Tank Works and made the cauldron in which the carnival broth was made.

Carving the ox is a fromer Baildon auctioneer Percy Caroll and other well known faces including those of Joe Denby, of Tong Park Dyeworks, and Jack Holmes, the Co-op butcher.

Arthur, himself was a butcher in Baildon for 30 years and the picture is his treasured possession.

Each evening concert parties entertained between the dancing. Local tenors, basses, sopranos and contraltos gave of their best; brass bands came from other villages to give their well-rehearsed renderings of popular music, in smart, gold-braided uniforms. Dancing groups recruited in the village tapped and toe-danced on the stage which had been specially built in front of Noble's shop, watched by adoring mothers who had spent many hours sewing the variety of costumes.

In June, 1933, it was decided to have a Rose Queen and attendants at the September Carnival. The contestants were entered from the local Churches and had to appear one by one on the stage at the Picture House during the interval of the films. The clapping of the audience was the deciding factor no well-known and highly-paid panel of judges here - and, modestly, I must confess that I was chosen. Were many of my friends at the 'pictures' that night I wonder?!!

After riding in procession from the moor edge to a field belonging to the Reddihough family at Beech Mount, I was crowned by Mrs.Sucksmith, wife of the Council chairman. My mother had made my lovely pink net dress and the bouquet of roses were from my Auntie Dorothy's garden. In September I and my attendants, one of whom was Mary Dyson, joined the Carnival Queen, Edna Goldsborough, in a conveyance built in the form of a galleon, driven by a warrior (Tom Butterfield) in horned helmet. We paraded round the village and outskirts in a wonderful procession of gypsy caravans, floats and people on foot.





#### Baildon Carnival By Hilda

I suppose it was because my grandfather was on the Baildon Hospital Charities Committee that I was asked to be an attendant or bridesmaid for the wedding of Leon Petulengro and Eileena Smith. There were twelve village maidens, each with a different task at the Gypsy wedding. Of the Civil wedding at Baildon Parish Church on Sunday morning I can remember absolutely nothing. I remember the wedding luncheon in Baildon Picture House cafe, probably because in those days going to a 'do' like that was quite an occasion. The tribal wedding was after this.

Standing on the stage could have been quite daunting, but we were watching at close hand something we had never seen before and



would probably never ever see again. Plus the fact we were being filmed by one of the well - known film companies and all in all it was really something special. I hardly dare watch when the thick part of the lower thumb was cut with a cut - throat razor. Blood ran and their hands were bound together with a red rope which I had been carrying. This was to mingle their blood. The other 'maidens' each carried something for this awesome ceremony. The Gypsy music played in the background and as we were backed by trees on one side, you could imagine what the ceremony would be like in its own setting, perhaps in a deep wood.

### Carnival Plays

Three Plays - 1930

Plays in Towngate

THREAD O'SCARLET

THE MONKEY'S PAW

THE DEAR DEPARTED

Plays performed by the Amateur Dramatic Class of the Sedbergh Boys Club, Bradford.

The Producer and Coach,
Mr A.Blewitt.

## ★ Baildon Carnival ★ By Norman Robinson

The 1937 Carnival was a special occasion. On the Saturday 28th August, a Romany couple was married in Baildon tide field. The entrance of which was between Foxes grocers' shop (now Spar) and the Working Men's Club (now Copper Beech). This was the first Saturday of the 1937 Carnival.

The couple were both dressed in all their finery and the main part of the ceremony was the cutting of their palms with a sharp knife and mingling their blood together.

After this the man jumped over the fire which was burning in the field, then the bride jumped over and then they both jumped back over the fire together. Petrulengro then gave them a loaf of bread and two red cabbages a sign of plenty through life.

Later they went to the church to be officially married. Their names were Leon Petulengro and Eileena Smith.

All this was part of a week long Carnival, where everything was free. They did, however, have a collection for the local hospitals which raised hundreds of pounds.

There wasn't any heavy drinking or rowdiness. In those days a girl would not dance with a man smelling of beer. Everyone enjoyed themselves and had a good time.

On the first Saturday, most people from the churches and clubs etc, dressed up as Gipsies and formed tribes all with their carts or caravans, Gipsy style.

## Baildon's Pictur sque Gipsy Wedding





## BAILDON GIPSY DEMONSTRATION & GALA

RDAY, SEPT. 7, 1929

lapse of 34

#### PROCESSION UNIQUE

The princession will move off across BAILDON CREEN, where it is stated the inhabitants in the Year 1850 created Wire Netting to keep out the Scarlin Ferry which was their prevalent on the adjusting village, passing slong we see on our right Sandals School, where for many years, one known as ERNEST addustrated anto his lock, on the left stands the house of the once famous bone setter, immediately following we arrive at Lanc End, noted for its ILLUMINATIONS in the DAY TIME, we also see "Ye Bay Horse" a noted hostelery, kept by one known as HARRY, a truly genied host, we now start to seemed the pumple known as Execute on the left we pass the historic residence of BUDGE, famous for his Zoological collection, a little further slong we see the home of Aristoric sides BLATHER, believed to be a relation of Harold Eloyd of Picture Home, little structure slong, well revated we see the residence of michonous as ALBERT, usually providing about early in the morning, with a zery black look on his face. Now we reach the residence of michonous as ALBERT, usually providing about early in the morning, with a zery black look on his face. Now we reach the residence of one known as COLD BILL. Isamust as the Author of "If I had my own own way," immediately behind here we find the ruins of Codger Castle, bassing here we see on our felt. The Nine Hold Case, being now as the top of Bragestee we have time to turn our attention to "Codd Castle," the owner being known as "King of the Somalist" here also like the shop of HARRY, the Pill Puncher, immediately behind here list the residence of FIELD MARSHALL EARL OF CRAYEN, this residence has been been seen to be a seen our felt. The Nine Hold Castle, the owner being known as "King of the Somalist" here also likes the shop of HARRY, the Pill Puncher, immediately behind here list the residence of FIELD MARSHALL EARL OF CRAYEN, this residence may be visited by any other story as a seen our felt of the Somalism of the sounderful years of the story of the Somalism of the Castle Hardy of the Somal The procession will move off across BAILDON CREEN, where it is stated the inhabitants in the Year 1860 erected Wire Netting to keep out the Scarlet Fe

when visitors will note the

CAULDRON

containing the famous Cipey Broth

After the Coronation of the King and Queen and the marriage of the Prince, the tribes will be judged and prizes awarded to the value of

2 Tons 3 Cwts. 4 Qrs.

Inter-Tribal Sports.

See the Gipsies' Side Shows.

See them making Pegs & Brooms

The CLAYTON SILVER PRIZE BAND will be in attendance and play a choice selection of Dance Music, etc.

## Admission: Adults, 6d. Children, 3d.

P.S.-No Dogs, Sack Carts, Curner Cuphoards, Courses, Stepholis, Scythe Blades, Hadging Bills or other dangerous weapons allowed on the ground.

It is particularly requested that all parties will keep off the walls and fences, so as to avoid damage. BLEATHERHEAD BAND, BRASS BAND, PIPER'S BAND.





#### Mr Whittaker

Every year during Carnival week we had a Mr. Whittaker from Woodbottom, who would bring his Airedale

dog along to help raise money. The dog had a bandage tied round his head and a wide band with a large red cross on it tied on his back. They would walk along with the Carnival procession and afterwards stand in the Carnival field, and the village collecting with a tin box. The dog was very friendly and children used to make a fuss of him, they came for many years and together raised a substantial amount for the Hospital Fund.



## Saturday, September 12th

### In the Carnival Field,

ADJOINING BAILDON MOOR.



The Court will award a Flitch of Bacon to the Married Couple who, after a trial by jury, have proved that they have lived for a year and a day without a cross word or a quarrel; with never a rift in the matrimonial lute.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE COURT.

Judge: Frederic H. Richardson, Esq. (Solicitor, Baildon and Bradford).

Clerk of Court: Mr. John S. Lyness. .

Counsel for the Flitch: Mr. R. HOWARD MOORE (Town Clerk of Baildon).

Counsel for the Applicants:
Mr. R. W. Parsons (Deputy Chief Librarian of Bradford).

Foreman of the Jury:
Mr. Moses Mellor (of Broadcasting Fame).

#### Look Out!! You may get a Jury summons.

Intending applicants for the Flitch should notify the Secretary, John S. Lyness, "Rathlea," Carriage Drive, Baildon, by Monday, September 7th, 1931.

Phone: Shipley 1031.



A halt will be made here to give the judges the opportunity of judging the various tribes of Gipsies. For this purpose competent judges have been engaged from the Zoological Gardens, Liverpool, and Crystal Palace, Birmingham, in the persons of

## Mons. BERETZE, HERR LAVINARY, L.X.Y.Z.,

After the ceremony of judging the procession will be re-folmed and will proceed towards the encampment, leaving in the rear Westfield Terrace, otherwise known as Bradford by the Moor, passing the home of Butter Tom on the left, Slim Alfred the Mason Weaving Overlooker at the Roe Buck, Samuel the legal publican at the Malt Shovel, the man of seven languages on the right, and Knablaw, Mazzawattee Brewer on the left, forward to the camping grounds. Here the gipsies will partake of their favourite repast Soup or Broth, made of the finest beef, muttou, ham, lamb, veal, potatoca, peas, cabbage, turnips, carrots, etc., which will be sold to the public at 3d. per basin. After the Repast various

#### Sports Bill be taken part in by the Gipsies

(all tribes included), for which

## PRIZES TO THE VALUE OF 300 cwts. WILL BE AWARDED.

#### List of Epents:

Male foot Race under 3 miles.

Female

Barrowheel Race.

Obotacle RACO.

Male Children's Race, under 12 years. Female Children's Race, under 12 years

Tug of War (Males).

Tug of War (Females).

Egg and Spoon Race (Open).

Sack Race (Open).

Skipping Rope Contest.

Bell Race.

Blindfold Race.

Potatoe Race.

Special Race.

Entries to be made on the ground.

During the Sports the renowned Bleatherhead Band will play Selections of Music, composed for this occasion by Shoebare and Abbii, and other classical music.

The Gala will commence at Six o'clock precisely.

## THE BAILDON BRASS BAND

Will be in attendance and play a choice selection of Dance Music.

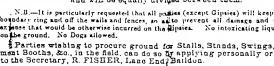
Admission 3d.; Children under seven foot six 2d.; all upgrown uns aboon that heyt FREE. K.Z.—No Dogs, Tubs, Sack Carts, Corner Chairs, Gonaria, Steehnils, Seythe Blades, Hedging Bills, or other daugerous meapons allowed on the grounds.

The Committees are negotiating with the Midland Zailway Company to run Cheap Excursions from Leeds, Sheffield, Harrogate, Skipton Alkley, and other places to Baildon.

The proceeds are entirely for the bonefit of the Baildin Horticultural Society, and the Bruss Band, and will be equally divided between them.

, N.B .- It is particularly requested that all passies (except Gipsies) will keep outside the boundary ring and off the walls and fences, an acto prevent all damage and unnecessary ax sense that would be otherwise incurred on the Afpsies. No intoxicating liquors allowed

Parties wishing to procure ground for Stalls, Stands, Swings, Refreshment Booths, &c., in the field, can do so by applying personally or by letter to the Secretary, R. FISHER, Lane End? Baildon.





#### The Mucky Kid

The processions were always watched by many people and were very colourful but even after all these years one entry still stands in my mind. This was a man dressed as a woman with a small boy in a bath of water with scrubbing brush and soap. Every now and then he would stop and proceed to scrub the boy causing the lad to shout 'Stop, Mum Stop!'. This was very funny to watch then, but years later I heard that he had been told

to stop doing this as it was cruel to the child Probably in anticipation of winning a prize the 'mum' scrubbed a little too hard. This entry was called 'The Mucky Kid'.



## Memories of Baildon Tide

The Tide was always held in July but long before that excitement was rife. Spending money (or pocket money), which was one or two pennies a week, was carefully saved for the great occasion. Thursday saw the beginning of the roundabouts and caravans arriving. These were pulled by big horses, stopping at the Bay Horse Inn for a rest before pulling up the steep hill of Browgate, into the Tide field. This was in Northgate, what is now the Copper Beech Club. Opening night was Friday but prior to that the children congregated in the field to watch the erecting of the various stalls and roundabouts. The first stall was usually the brandysnap one and the next sold huge jelly sweets. All the stalls were lit by paraffin lamps which made a hissing sound. They also threw out quite alot of heat. We used to try and win a goldfish but somehow the small white balls went anywhere but into the bowls (much to the delight of the mothers). We also rolled tanks; these were oval shaped metal with a weight inside and trundled down a slight incline. They were supposed to finish up in a slot at the bottom but seldom did, so no money was won.

There were coconut shies where the coconuts seemed to be stuck on to the stands, they were so hard to knock off. A popular one with the youths was the one where thay had to wield a hammer and strike to make the bell ring, showing off their muscles. The big steam engine made such a noise, making electricity for the roundabouts; also power for the organ which bellowed music incessantly.

The atmosphere was great, we met all our friends, as well as strangers from other places, enjoying themselves. The cost of practically all roundabouts was one penny or two pence, but after 10 o'clock on Saturday night, everything was one penny. Monday was the last day of the tide and our fun was over for another year. Tuesday saw horses at work again taking everything to its next destination. As the years went by a traction engine took the place of horses.

# Memories of Baildon Carnival The Strong Man By F.Rushworth

One thing that does stand out in my mind about one of the Carnivals, although I do not remember the year, was a strong man act on the stage in Towngate.

I do not know if it was a play, or perhaps some story of Baildon history, however what was to take place was the hanging of a man, a gentleman called Little Samson was called on to play the part, he came from Horbury near Wakefield, he was not very tall but was a well built chap.

This scene was rehearsed in a field in Station road, where Little Samson who must have had very strong neck muscles was able to do the drop in the hanging scene, and it was done a few times in practice, when the hanging scene was going to be done in public the Carnival Committee had second thoughts about doing it, so it was called off, Little Samson then said he would do a strong man show on stage in Towngate.

The first part of his show was to lay on his back with a large anvil lifted on his chest, two men were selected from the audience and were asked in turn to strike the anvil with sledge hammers, it did not seem to have any adverse effects on Little Samson. Another part of his act was to have an apple in each hand and with arms outstreched from his side would crush the apples to pulp, he then asked for ten men to come onto the stage but I think twelve came up, Samson then looped a thick rope round his neck with enough length for six men to be at each side of his body, he then told the men to pull hard on the given signal but they were taller than he was so his feet left the ground, he then had to wave his arms for them to stop pulling, he must have really had some strong neck muscles.

#### TWO PINTS OF WATTER

Two pints of watter recipe said a really cudn't believe what a read Bakin' apple crumble At Belmont School "Did sumdy want to sleck aht fuel?" Little lass set off wi' all at shoo owt ta . School beg, ingredients an Two pints o' watter An anxious thowt came ta mi then. "When baked, wud thi launch it Dahn Shipley Glen?" Another thowt came, a' cudn't bide "Appen thi wud launch it Dahn Baildon Bank side" After 'ours o' speculation, a' woz delighted ta see Apple Crumble came 'ome I' time for t' tea It really wa' most delicious So ,'ave nowt else left ta tell Except, "two pints o' watter Came back 'ome as well".

Edith.A.Robinson



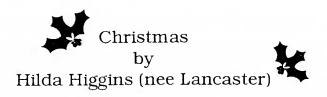
#### Christmas by Marion Mann



Preparations for Christmas started some weeks before the enchanting day, with the making of decorations for the room and the tree. We had sheets of different coloured shiny paper from which we made lanterns. When we had melons my Mother would save the seeds, dry them and dye them different colours. She would then get pieces of wallpaper and cut them into strips. My two sisters and I were given a knitting needle and told to wind the paper round it, this made a kind of bead. These were then threaded onto strong cotton, with three or four coloured melon seeds in between. Some were longer lengths to hang around the room and others shorter for the Christmas tree. As Christmas was always spent with my Granny and Aunties, we would decorate the tree at least a week before so that we could enjoy it in our own home before going to Granny's.

On Christmas Eve the three of us slept in Granny's big 4 - poster bed, which had a canopy and curtains which pulled on and shut out the rest of the room. We would pull the curtains tightly shut so that if we did happen to wake during the night we couldn't see Santa Claus when he came.

In the morning the curtains were pulled back so fiercely it's a wonder they were not pulled down altogether. There at the bottom of the bed would be three stockings together with a parcel, or a new doll and possibly a pair of slippers. I can remember one year I got an umbrella. Did I feel grown up?!



When I see a holly tree it always reminds me of Christmas when we were young. Why, I don't know, but Grandfather usually provided the holly tree for us. Perhaps it was because he lived with us and he was the one who liked gardening. Right at the bottom of our garden, backing on to Hillside Terrace, were a few holly trees. We four girls would start, when we thought it was near enough to the Great Day, to pester Grandad and, looking back now, it always seemed quite a long time before he finally took his saw and with four eager children behind him, descend the steep path and steps. It was rather a prickly job trimming it, but who cares in childhood?

A small metal lantern type trimming was hung on the tree and for one or two years this contained bird seed. This was for a pair of waxbills. These were proper birds and were allowed to fly free in and out of the tree and, of course, feed from the seed. I still have this lantern and I reckon it must be now about 70 years old.

Christmas morning we were always wakened by "Christians Awake" played on a record on an old fashioned wind - up gramophone. For many years after I was married I kept this up, sometimes playing it on the piano, sometimes putting on a record. This last Christmas I played a it on a tape, but I don't think my daughter and husband appreciated it. The children were too excited to bother and anyway, it was really for me and my memories.

#### Childhood Memory Of Christmas

by Mary France 11.0.0

What a wonderful, exciting time was Christmas - and still is, after a lifetime of experiencing its joy and happiness.

Being the eldest of a family of five children I was co- opted by my mother to help with the preparations, not only in the 'food department', but also in the secret choosing and purchasing of the younger ones' presents. Mother and I would, under some pretext or other, visit the Co- op Toy Fair held at Christmas in Westgate, Shipley, and purchase gifts appropriate to our children's requests. We carried them home, which proves we had no expensive, elaborately boxed articles for Santa's sack. Once, I remember, I picked for the baby - a golliwog which she still treasures to this day, sixty years later!

Talking of Santa, maybe you would like to hear of one Christmas Eve we shall never forget. My Father was a practical joker who sometimes, my Mother said, 'went a bit too far'. He was a builder and, therefore, used to climbing on roofs, and every Christmas Eve we five and two cousins who lived across Westgate, gathered round our front bedroom fireplace. After a 'Hello, Santa' called up the chimney by each of us, Santa would answer 'Hello,' the voice being well disguised to represent that of a bearded old gentleman. We would each shout our requests and he would assure us he would bring them if we were good and went to bed early. But the particular Christmas I am relating was a little different. We called and called, but there was no reply! Father was in the room with us and suggested he would look up the

chimney and maybe find the reason for the silence. Was Santa stuck, or had the soot choked him? Suddenly, he reached up "I've got him, I've got him," he shouted."Oh, Daddy, let him go, let him go" screamed the children and fled from the room, the two cousins hardly touching the ground till they arrived, breathless, back across Westgate safely in their own home. Father, was of course, helpless with laughter, but left the wellington boot to retrieve when we were all out of sight. He had, needless to say, previously packed it with paper and placed it on a convienient shelf in the chimney breast.

Without exception, all seven of us still remember that Christmas Eve.



After a very early rising, breakfast and a short time to play with our toys, we were warmly dressed and accompanied to the Moravian Chapel where we had the Children's Lovefeast with tea and sticky currant buns.

We had previously learned

and rehearsed Christmas songs and recitations which we performed with varying degrees of accuracy and volume! Why did the old ladies who were deaf always sit at the back of the church and then complain they couldn't hear us? I try to remember that now I am one of the 'old ladies'! That church holds so many memories for me that I'm sure it wraps its arms round me as I step inside.

Will, our children have such happy memories of times past, I hope they never pass over the meaning of Christmas amongst the materialism and noise of the modern age.

## Christmas Memories

As Christmas approached we learnt several new tunes and ditties etc. to be played when we visited band supporters around Baildon and Tong Park. These visits were in some slight payment for their kind help and we always played something they asked for, and then there was always mince pies, Christmas cake and a drink or two at most places, with a few exceptions. needless to say that after setting out at about 8.30 am in Christmas Day to play, we got very hungry and also somewhat thirsty. We played at the Denby residence at Tong Park, and Lady Hill at Hawkwood for Lady Whitehead, and many other large houses, and so on, to the Glen. The first house we visited on this area was Mr Higgenbotham's. We played a few bright numbers, and then into his large bungalow for refreshments of the usual acceptable type, by this time having indulged at several places we were feeling very happy to say the least, and worked our way back from the Glen to call at the other Denby residence where we were made very welcome and fed large pieces of cake and the usual to wash it down. I'm afraid to say that our last place of call rather spoilt things, and we started to play a hymn which people had requested, and unfortunately it was played in several keys ,and sounded horrible .We all slunk out of the grounds and I'm afraid that that was the last time we played there.

We had a lot of fun at rehearsals and Willie Halliday who played trombone was a great joker. He had played with the 'Dyke' when Mr Paley did, and he was an extremely nice chap. Fred Middleton who some of you will know was a very staid chap and played the Tenor horn with great sucess. Ernest Gelder also played the trombone, while his brother Willie excelled on the euphonium and brother John was a first class cornet player who helped us out when we were short handed.

At first when Mr Paley conducted the band, I played the cornet but we were short of a baritone player so he said I would be better on that instrument. I wasn't happy playing the baritone, so when Mr Paley stopped conducting Baildon Band we got another one from Pudsey one John Willie Sykes who had been leading cornettist in his day. He sold me his cornet which was a very high class instrument, and so I became a cornet player again, and when we went in for other contests Joe Shooter used to play on mine and I had his.

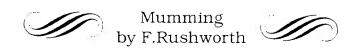
I remember playing at various places, but one always sticks out in my mind. We were playing in Wibsey Park and during the first half of the programme the conductor (whose name I forget, said something to Willie Gelder which he took exception to so as nobody kicked Willie about, he said right "I'm off" so brother Ernest said "well if Willie is off, so am I." However peace was regained and the concert continued.

Another funny thing happened when we were playing at a contest at Yeadon. The big double bass player was a member named Ted and he was lame with one of his legs, but a very good bass player. We were all sitting on the stage ready to start playing the contest piece, with our instruments all warmed up and there was a panic cry from the bass section "no just a minute Ted's instrument won't play." However, after alot of help and turning upside down of instruments, out fell Ted's large packet of sandwiches which he had pushed down his big Bell End for safety. There are many things I could say about my time with Baildon Band but which perhaps are best forgotten as they were all done in the process of growing up.

Hoping this will be of interest to some people .......

Yours sincerely,

Eric.H.Booth



Mumming must be something mostly associated with Yorkshire most people from other counties do not seem to have heard of it.

Mumming took place on old years night when children would dress up and go round to peoples houses, they would sing carols at the door, when the owner came to the door the children would offer to sweep the old year out, in those days

every house would have a coal fire so the tidy in front of the fire would be pulled away and the ashes swept to the back, in return the house owner would usually give some money for doing this.

It was not a good idea that too many of you went to do this because the money had to be shared out so if there were a lot, the money of course did not go far.

Terry Robson and I went on our own many times, if we got



five shillings each we did very well, on one occasion we must have made more than the five shillings because we had fish and chips at Nichols and the next day bought an air gun each at Kings cycle shop which was in Saltaire road at Shipley, the air guns were Diana's and cost five shillings each.



Fred Heppinstall



Lillian Goleby (nee Hogg)



Pat Hutton (nee Smith)



Fred Hutton



Joyce Lambert (nee Lancaster)



Mary K.France (nee Ellis)



Konrad Ronkowski



Eileen Bernard



Marjorie Cheetham (nee Goodall)



Gladys Burn (nee Lancaster)



Hilda Higgins (nee Lancaster)



Edith A. Robinson (nee Robinson)



Norman Robinson



Marion B. Mann (nee Hanson)



Phyllis Rushworth (nee Smith)



Fred Rushworth