

Robert William Copeland born 03 December 1919.

The following is a transcription made by Barbara Copeland, Daughter-in-Law of Robert(Bob) Copeland during a leisurely perambulation of Cartmel in March 2015.

Moved to Cartmel 1927/28

Aynsome Road

Ivy Cottage occupied by Townley family (nephew of Canon Townley)

The Lodge occupied by Mr and Mrs Hardwicke and their 2 daughters, Fanny and May and they went to the Elementary School with me. Mr Hardwicke was the local verger for lots and lots of years. I was also in Cartmel Priory Choir and he was the opposite side to where I sat. Sometimes the parson, Mold, gave sermons that were long sermons and of course us choirboys used to get a bit on the fidgety side and we used to start making faces at the girls who sat behind the boys, we used to get in trouble and I was always glad I wasn't sitting on Mr Hardwicke's side because he used to give the boy on his side a poke in the back with his thumb. Fanny, just after the war, she wrote a letter to me, I don't know what happened to that letter. I think she married a Major in the army, she was in the forces and May married a young lad who came to live at Cartmel and he worked at Aynsome laboratories and I think they live up Whitehaven way. A nice lad, a good cricketer he was.

Next door is Miss Carter, a big tall house with slates all over the house. She used to run a private school at Grange on Fernleigh Road, quite a few local people went to it. Postlethwaite, a postman who worked with me went there with his brother. She was also the Sunday School teacher and I fell out with her later on because I never missed a Sunday going to the Sunday School (held in the Elementary School) and the top prize for always being very good at Scripture was the Bible and I remember one of the lads called Isaac Atkinson (and his brother John) and he was always bright at school was Isaac, he got the Bible that year and she handed out all the prizegiving and when it came to the very end Robert Copeland – there wasn't one for him and I felt really peeved about this (people don't realise how things like this upset children) and when I came home I told my mother, she said 'Well that's wrong, I'll go and see her about it, you've never missed a Sunday School, you're always there'. She (Miss Carter) said she was sorry but also what annoyed me was that all the pupils there got a hardback book for the prizegiving and when she got this one she forgot for me she gave me a thin softback thing it was and that didn't suit me at all, I was really annoyed with that, in fact I was so annoyed that I said to my mother I'm not going to Sunday School again and I didn't do and that's why I came to join the local choir in the Priory. I was there for 4 years, so that was Miss Carter for you.

Across the road from Priest Lane is a big house where Unsworths lived. Ernie and Frank and Arthur. Well Arthur got drowned, he was in the Scouts and the Scoutmaster as well. That catastrophe happened just as I came to Cartmel. The Scoutmaster took Arthur down to Old Park because there were deep holes down there when the tide came in and he was teaching them to swim and what happened I think Arthur got cramp or something like that and the

Scoutmaster went in to find him and they both drowned. Yes it was a big tragedy that at Cartmel. Ernie started a business down in the Park where the Village Hall is now, as you go into the Village Hall there is an oak tree and that was there even then and he bought a great big wooden garage and had that was his first garage. And he had a taxi, one taxi, that was the only one in Cartmel and later on he opened one further on in Cartmel itself and had some petrol pumps of course.



Priest Lane (right hand side) Enrigg House is where Wearings lived. Actually there was a little cottage on the end where my stepfather, Mr Charlie Mayor lived with his mother and that was a little tiny cottage. Years and years later it was sold and the people who bought it incorporated it into the house itself (Enrigg). They bought a bit of ground round the back to create a small vegetable garden I believe they have now. And then next door to it there was a barn,

which the local plumber from Allithwaite, he took it on to have his plumbing business, (Bert Sowden).



Across the road there were 3 cottages there but 2 of them were made into one. The smaller cottage was lived in by a boy who was an orphan, he came from Lancaster and he came to work for Mr Mason. On the end house of those little houses there used to be a great big massive ash tree. It was terrific that ash tree, you wouldn't believe looking at it now that there used to be an ash tree, the roots must have been terrific, they must have gone under the house. I don't

remember them taking it down.



Across the road there were 2 houses there then, set back they were, very nice houses those 2 were and they had little boxwood hedges all round the garden, they were really tidy. A Miss Jackson lived in one and the local insurance collector called Frank Burton lived in the other cos I used to go to his house to play with his son. (The white house in the middle of photo)



Across the other side of the road lived the local schoolteacher for teaching the lads woodworking and gardening at the Old Grammar School and I can't think of his name, he was a bit of a stoot, his back garden used to look over our back garden cos we lived a bit further down but we never had much contact with him at all. Then next to him there were 2 little cottages and I remember someone dying, well they must have been very ill – there were not a lot of motor cars around. Well Ernie had his

taxi, and I remember them putting old horse blankets down on the road so when horses went by the clip-clopping on the road they wouldn't disturb the person who was very, very ill, they put blankets down. The one next to it was someone called Dixon who was in it when I first came to Cartmel, he was a joiner for Mr Burton and he also was one of the bell ringers as well.



On the other side of the road was Croft House (the house in the foreground) where the tax man lived who used to collect the taxes, his name was Cragg because he was referred to as Taxi Cragg and he used to be sort of doing the accounts for all the different societies. Next to Cragg's was the old police station, there was even a cell there, a proper cell because there was a wooden pillow for them to lay their head on.



Across the road there was a gap where there used to be a cottage (beyond the pink house) and it fell down and it remained like that and the next house was Miss Huddlestone. Miss Huddlestone was my great aunt who we came to live with my stepfather, Charlie Mayor and my mother. There was no back door to that cottage, the only way to it was from Barn Garth and there was a right of way across the 3 houses, the other 2 houses' gardens, this was to get access to the earth toilets and so my dad went to see Mr Cragg and said he would like to make a way into (the earth toilet) and he said he must go to the land registry and to the people who own the house (Paces). They also owned the one on the corner and one on Barn Garth. Of course he couldn't afford to put any fencing up as the wages of 35 shillings a week of course, he was a postman so Pace said they would pay for the fence to be put up. So he set about and he dug it all out, just enough width to take a wheelbarrow down the side of the house. He made a way in which is still there. But where he made his mistake after he had done that the people who lived next door, the other way, Dixons, claimed this other bit of land as well and so they claimed that bit of land, enough space to put a car on it. All Pop was interested in was making a way into our little cottage. Later on we moved into the house round the corner in Barn Garth, Yew Tree House, and then later on we moved from there into Hazel Dene the big house on the corner.

With the house (Hazel Dene, in the foreground of the photo above) there was a little garden at the other side of the road, below that there was a barn in which you could put either 2 horses or a coach and there was a loft above it and they kept pigs in it. It all went with the house and the rent was only £1 per week. My mother used to have to go up to the local District Bank in the square and pay the money once a month.



The white house is the Police Station and beyond the police station is Greencroft)

Then across the other side of the road was Mrs Wood, Dr Wood's widow. She was very, very nice was Mrs Wood. I never remember her husband, I think he must have died, I think they said he was in a wheelchair. But I knew both their sons, they both went to Cambridge because we had photographs of them, Mrs Wood gave them to my mam and I got all of her son's (younger son) fishing tackle as well which my own son lost when he went out fishing once. Greencroft the house is called and then there's a field in front of it and of course the man bought a place up in the square at Cartmel and when he moved into Greencroft he bought that field because now it goes with Greencroft House. It's a lovely big house, it's got a conservatory in it. In fact the stream runs north, which is very unusual at the bottom of his garden between his garden and the field and later on he had a double garage built in the field as well.

Peggy Pace was the person who owned the 3 houses and later on they must have moved to Bradford cos that's where we had to contact them, write to them at Bradford.



There's 3 cottages where the Greaves ladies are, there are the 2 Greaves' ladies lived there, one used to be a dressmaker I think, and next door was..., actually I nearly got that house. I was so near to getting it after I got married and I had come out of the army and I got to know a man called Widdup who owned it, he owned all that row. And I went to see him to see if it was empty and he lived at Grange at Windy Harbour, and I knocked on his door and he came to the door, nice little man and he said 'What can I do for you?' and I said 'Well I've come to see about the little cottage in Priest Lane and is there any chance of me getting it as I'm in rooms at the moment at the Slack' and he said 'Well I don't see any reason why...where do you work?' he said. I said 'I work at the Post Office' and he said 'Well I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have it' he said. So he said 'I'll go and get the key for you'. So as he went down the hallway his wife must have shouted to him what was going on and he said well there's a man come about the little cottage at Cartmel and he's come to get the key and she said 'he can't have that, he can't have that, I've already let that to another lady' and that was it, that was how near I was to getting it, that was next to the Greaves' so in the end someone called Laisby moved into it in the end. But she never lived in the bottom part of it, she lived in the upstairs all the time she was there. She came from Newcastle way, somewhere like that I can't even remember what her name was. But next door to that was a man called Benson who used to work in the Smithy. I always remember him, because us lads used to make fun of it at the time, Swainson's brother used to be the blacksmith, stone deaf he was, and if anyone got a hammer and tapped the anvil he could hear that, the ring of the anvil and when he was making horseshoes, maybe cutting metal up for the hoops, red hot and he wanted to cut a piece off, and he put the tool on to cut a piece off and he used to tell Benson to pick the hammer up, which he already had in his hand, he used to shout 'Strike Benson, strike'.

That's how us lads got it off, we used to say 'Strike Benson, strike'. You know what lads are like.

The next house was the Miss Fields', that was the biggest house of the lot in that row and they owned a shop in Cartmel itself I think. I don't know whereabouts their business was in Cartmel but they were 2 maiden ladies, really nice ladies they were as well. Their nephew came to stay at our house at Hazel Dene because we used to take visitors in and he used to come to stay at our house because he was absolutely mad on cricket and talking about cricket I remember Mrs Woods' 2 sons, I never knew the young one and what happened to him was a tragedy I believe. When he was at Cambridge he got hit by a cricket ball on his leg and it turned to blood poisoning and he died. But the eldest son, Joe, riding around Cartmel on a motor bike with one of those round tanks called a cigar tank because it used to drive by a belt, not a chain.



On the other side of the road there's the big house which is next to the church. When I came to Cartmel there was a lady called Miss Tatham lived in it and it was far too big for her and so she had the first house built for her on Cark road and later on a man called Kerr took it over and he bought it and just filled it entirely with books because he was a bookseller, he used to sell all kinds of books. Funny enough it's mentioned about the big bone being dug in the garden, the prehistoric bone, mammoth and I remember that being dug up and I never knew what happened to it.

Next to that house there was a barn and next to that there was another barn and what happened to that place itself was the garden was bought by a man called Futor and he came from Lincoln and he was a professional gardener and he had loads and loads of glasshouses put in there and he used to grow all kinds of flowers and things like that in there cos they didn't have the tunnels like they do nowadays and he used to grow lots of things like violets and you wouldn't think there was a market for violets but there was one part all of violets and it used to smell really nice and they used to pick them and make them up into little bunches and they were all boxed up and they used to be sent down to London and there was loads and loads of tulips and he obviously knew his job as they were picked and sent down to the cities. He was the man who had the Priory gardens and then later on he sold out and he sold out to a man called Mr Eccles, a gentleman type of man and he lived at Wood Broughton in one of the lovely big houses up there and he made all the barns next to the 'grey' house into a shop. He had 2 big wagons and there was a man called Goggins and another man (I forget his name now) and they used to go round selling wholesale vegetables, all up the Lakes, everywhere. Marsden, that was the other man's name. It was quite a business and he employed 2 girls in the shop. Later on it was turned back over into a house.

The barn next to that, which is a way into the gardens, when Kerr later on moved into the big house, he must have turned that into a place for all his books. His son has it now and it's all full of books. They specialise in steam and all this kind of business.

Then you go across the road to the Vicarage. Mr Mould was there when I was in the choir. Mr dad used to always say 'He's a marvellous man that Mr Mould', because he used to have Bible classes on a Sunday afternoon to encourage the teenagers, those that are standing around, about 14 to 16, instead of them just getting into trouble, he used to persuade them to come to his Bible class and he didn't talk religion, he talked about things of the day. He was a really, really educated man and Pop used to say about him that he shouldn't have been a parson, he should have been a lawyer, he was so knowledgeable. I know he liked his whisky, I used to go with a little bogey and take his whisky bottles away to the local tip and I used to get 6d for doing it.



girder in the water to soften it.

The place at the bottom of the garden at the vicarage that was a damp kind of place, it used to flood the water used to be inside of it. I remember this Archdeacon Lathorne. I think he lived out past Greenodd, (Penny Bridge?), he was very interested in cars, he was a sport type of man and my great aunt used to talk about him. I never knew him. Mr Wearing was the shoemaker. By the white house in the river there was an iron railing and Mr Wearing used to hang the full leather of a cow on the



the back for the fighting cocks and he used to supply these fighting cocks and it was all hush, hush. It was illegal to have these things. When I first came to Cartmel I believe they still used to use them and they used to have places to go up Cartmel Fell and places like that and they used to have scouts out keeping an eye on the road in case the police came to give them warning to scatter and all the rest of it. He also had a hut down the park and he had them in there, beautiful birds to look at.

The Smithy I know a lot about. I used to go and help in the Smithy, blowing the fire. My dad used to say 'I don't know why you're going there you won't learn much in that place only swearing'. I used to go and blow the fire for Tim Buck, he was the man who used to shoe the horses and one thing and another. I was never out of that place I was there loads and loads of times. I was there when they were shoeing horses and all kinds of things. He used to have a shed round

Also by the hut down there where he had his cocks there used to be an old, old stage coach, the same you used to see pictures of on Christmas cards, an old stage coach, green with moss, standing there and nobody ever bothered about it. One year a load of Catholic scouts came from Bradford and they came and camped just round the corner by the big rock, we always called it the big rock there. The day before they were going to go away, they already had the pump in the square primed for the water, so it was working then. They got this coach and 4 of them got in the shafts where the horse should go and they dragged it, and the wheels were going, and they went round the village, split into 2 lots, cowboys and Indians, and they went round the village with this coach, by the Smithy and through the archway and half of them were waiting with their scout hats, filling their scout hats with

water from the pump and throwing water and they took the coach back down to where they found it. I don't know what happened to it after that.

Mr Hayton was at the Cavendish.



Across the road from the Smithy a family there was very poor, in fact the children there used to run around without any shoes or stockings on. There were lots of sons, they were the poorest family in the village, they were very, very poor. Eventually they did move out and they went down to Ravenstown.



Round the corner the little cottage that looked up the street (white house on the photo, next to the road) where Mr Buckley, that artist lived, that was where Howsons lived. They had lots of sons and he was a builder.

In the corner (attached to the one above) there was a lady called Mrs Cumpstick. She had one daughter, I don't really remember seeing her father at all.

The house next to that was very nice, imposing house, (grey house in photo with yellow bushes in front) a double, well it has a beautiful front door and I think it had pillars to it. It was a Miss Teasdale who lived in that house



Next to that was Mr Wearing's shoe shop. (2 buildings on left of photo) He had a really good little shop, you used to hear him banging away there and he used to put corks on your clogs, because we used to wear clogs at school. If you had a pair of boots where the soles had worn out, well they used to get made into clogs and the reason why was that the trouble with clogs was that when you bought a new pair of clogs the leather was so thick and not as bendy as a pair of worn shoes, so they used to hurt your ankles as they hadn't worn in, so if you'd had an old pair of boots that you'd worn, the leather was nice and soft and then you had them made into clogs well they were a lot nicer around your ankles. Cottage on right was Joe Gaskarth's.

(Referring to the poor family opposite the Smithy). In fact they used to go to the church, Mrs Campbell was in the choir, they had a bakehouse, she had a contract with the church to make buns (baps) - when you were in the choir you always went through the side door and when you went through the side door, you just walked straight up to the vestry, and right opposite that door there was a shelf fastened to the big pillar - and on a Sunday night she

used to bring these baps and put them on this shelf (and I think they used to come and get them, being a poor family)



Ayres eating house is the building with the red door and the telephone exchange was the little cottage attached to that. In the next larger house lived Mrs Ransome with her daughter. Robinsons lived next door to that going towards the Gatehouse.



Mr Campbell had the bake house and it was a really, really good bake house and the stuff they made was beautiful and he only had one eye and how he had the one eye was there was a fight (there is an entry right there which goes up, splits half way up and comes out onto the cemetery road , right opposite where you go into the race course to pay) and there were these 2 men and they must have come up this entry and they were fighting, really going at it and Mr Campbell went to break it up between them and in the end he lost an eye through it. So he had a glass eye did Mr Campbell.

I never knew Doctor Green but there was a Dr Charlton came there and he had 2 girls and a boy and his wife was one of the nicest people you could meet. They were Scottish. He was abrupt and severe. Their son used to get into trouble for going in the Smithy too.



Paddy burns lived in the house with the red door. Beyond that the building with the black door belonged to the Cavendish Arms and there was a rumour that there was a fighting cock pit in the rooms above. The Cavendish Arms can just be seen in the distance and beyond that there were barns. There were also lots of cyclists in those days, just starting up clubs from Barrow and Lancaster and they used to meet and do racing and they used to come through there and I used to see all the bikes propped against the wall, all along there on the side by the Cavendish Arms cos there were only barns there. (in the far distance in the photo) One of the doors into the barns was our Scout hut, we used to have a loft where the scouts met (there's a shop been made there now). Cartmel Marquee company used to have all their tents in there. Raleigh Cycle sign advert has been there all those years. Cavendish Arms in background



A tiny little cottage under the archway, someone called Wilson lived in it. They had one son and one daughter. (Townleys have it as an antique shop now).

Opposite there is Miss Overend's back door. You could go up into the Gatehouse, whether you paid 1d or 2d, used to be able to go up and look around.

You come round the corner to the front door of Miss Overend's and the same door with the same sneck is still there. You went in and there was a kind of smell of sheets, unbleached sheets, a dull colour. She was really quaint.



Miss Overend's house on left in photo. Next door to that I cannot remember who was there but next door to that there was Gaskarths and they were a big family.

All the local lads used to sit on the fish slabs (as they call them now). The pump didn't work all through the year, the Races were only on one day a year, Whitsuntide Monday, all the fair people used to come with their caravans and amusements. There was nowhere for them to get water and they used to have large containers, 5 gallons, lovely things, all polished, and they used to have to come to the pump to get the water. The local council used to have to prime it. They used to dig earth toilets, big, deep holes in the park and put these wooden toilets over them, they really stank they did and it was only for one day a year. They were filled in after.

The other toilets were already built when I came to Cartmel.

Round the corner from Gaskarths there was quite a few people. Charlie Gee lived in a cottage round the corner. There was a Mrs Murray, Cathercole they lived next door to Rawsons. There was also a man who used to be the mole catcher for Holker Hall, he lived in one of the cottages there.



The other side of the road is the really old house, it has cobble stones outside and even in the hallway, there's a barn there along the side, which used to be the place to come out for pass outs for the course and Mr Hough lived in that house with his son, he used to be the man who did the racecourse because it was all put up, weeks and weeks before the races and even the grandstand was put up (it was all wood) and after the one race day

it was all taken down and stored in the barns. That was his job and I don't think he did anything else besides that, he had a contract with the race committee. The house and barns belonged to Holker.

You then come back to Teasdale's. (Now the Cartmel Sticky Toffee Pudding shop) They lived in the nice house and next to that there was a little cottage which we used to call the pot shop - Mr Teasdale had all his pots in there, blue and white. There were that many pots in there that they were right out to the door, all the floor and the shelves, everywhere. There's an entry in there which goes down into the garden and the barns behind and that's where there is mention of the slaughter house.

Well what they used to do - Stuart was Mr Teasdale's nephew, he didn't kill them at all, as you need to have a licence to kill a pig. But they used to cure it themselves, Teasdales, they had all the slabs there, they used to rub all the salt, saltpetre, everything else and they were hanging in the shop later on. They may have slaughtered them there but it wouldn't have been Stuart because they had to have a licence. When you went in that shop it was marvellous, because they had a machine to grind coffee beans and there was a lovely smell when you walked in there.

There was a Mr Jackson who lived above the shop, he was a joiner and later on he had the first houses built up Allithwaite road, the first 2 house after Headless Cross and he had just one boy and a tragedy happened with them. When he lived in the flat, the door to get into the flat was in the wall going down to the racecourse. His wife had a bath with scolding hot water, why I don't know, somewhere in the passage in the flat itself and he was pulling along with his little engine and he went into the bath, scolding hot water and he died, I know where his grave is in the cemetery.



At the bottom of the square there were 2 pubs. Mr Bell's family lived next to the Royal Oak, in a big house called Ford House. The Royal Oak was occupied, when I first came to Cartmel, by 2 ladies the Misses Harrison and down that entry there used to be another 2 little cottages as well, I can't think who lived down there. On the right hand side of the entry there was a little shop window and Mr Benson used to live there and he was a taylor and you used

to see him sitting there with his needle.

On the left hand side (of the entry) was the back door to the Royal Oak and in those days people did not have refrigerators, they had meat safes with holes in them and they put their things in there. When it came to spring/summer time the Coniston Fox hounds did not do any hunting so they farmed all the dogs out to different farms and places and one used to come to the Smithy, Mr Swainson used to have one, it's name was Music, and it was a really intelligent dog and one day it must have wandered out of the Smithy into the Square (it used to wander all over the place this dog) and it went down this entry and could smell the meat in this meat safe and all there was a little wooden peg to lock the door and it must have knocked the peg with its nose, opened the door and got the whole leg of lamb and it was going up the Square with this whole leg of lamb.



The other side of the road was the Kings Arms, I can't think of the name of the people who were there, I know he used to work in the shipyard and the other side of the road was the Priory Hotel (white house sideways on in 1st photo) and that used to be owned by Baddeleys but before them there were some people called Davis and they had one boy and it was a shame for Davis because they were nice people as well, their son went to the Grammar School and when he was 15 (is that the age they left school, because we used to leave at 14 at the elementary school), Ben Ward, the local electrician had just set up in business (we had oil lamps in Cartmel in those days) and a big firm from London came and got the contract, Johnson and Philips they were called, and they had to bring the electricity across from Ulverston viaduct over the ridges, right down through Cartmel and over Hampsfell and right down to Meathop. One of the contractors (Ben Ward) must have put all the lights into the hotel because it was a good contract (my mum had him to put lights in Hazel Dene, he charged £1 per light, she had 12 lights put in and it cost £12). The Priory hotel would have had a lot more than that put in and so while he was there they asked if there was any chance of the lad going to work for him as an apprentice.

Next door was a café (still a café in 2nd photo) and it was run by Browns and they had their own bakehouse and they used to make lovely cakes and they used to have the café upstairs above the shop.

The other side of the Priory Hotel was owned by a Miss Coward who was a very religious type of person and she lived at Stonydale (Shaftesbury House), (main house in photo with for sale sign) that lovely big house and she was well to do and she owned the whole block. Up on the top there was a big room and she was very interested in the Band of Hope and I joined the Band of Hope when I was little (7, 8 or 9 that age) and we used to go up there to lantern slide shows which were glass and it was all to do with drink and not to do it and us lads used to go and one man would be operating the camera, putting the slides in, and the other one would be at the front with a stick pointing at different things on the screen and when the slides had to be moved to different ones, he had one of those things out of Christmas crackers that go click clock and we used to love to get hold of one of these and one of the lads would click-clock and the man would move the slide and the man doing the lecture would say 'No, no not yet'. Then we would all start clicking them and (this is what lads do) when it came to the collection, if it was acorn time and we had a pocket full of

acorns, we used to drop acorns into the box for collection, because we had no money – they made a noise. So later on it was made into flats.

The District Bank was across the road on one side of the archway and next to that was another archway and there were a couple of cottages down there.



We now go over the bridge and on the right hand side where you could go down by the beck side there was a little cottage there where a man lived by the name of Mr Paisley and his wife, he was the chief bellringer. You then came round to the front (on the road) and there was a little shop there that Miss Warriner had and all the kids went in there because she used to have Spanish and Locust Beans and Kayli and things like that on the counter. She was really nice she was.



On the other side of the road was Eacote, that's where we went to live when we left Hazel Dene. Frank Hill lived in the cottage next door to Eacote along the beck.



Bluebell House is the grey house with the 3 windows on the top floor in 2nd photo.

Next to Miss Warriner's was a coach house (next to Bluebell). Bluebell house was a pub originally in the 1600s and the coach house, my great uncle Alf, he bought Bluebell and the coach house he turned it into a little cottage for himself. Next to Bluebell were the 2 ladies

who had the haberdashery shop, I forget their names, and then next to that was the Institute. Next to the Institute was 2 old cottages and they were really run down but there were people in it, I think one family in it were called Lindsey. When they moved out they knocked them down, the cottages jutted out. The Institute belongs to the Church and I think maybe these 2 cottages belonged to the Church as well.

Eacote used to flood, until they started the River Board, the river used to back up in winter time, it used to flood all those fields behind Ivy cottage, and where the doctor's house was and it used to whoosh across the road and into the smithy. It filled the Smithy up with water, just 2 inches from the top of the anvil – I remember it all being deep in water. My mother eventually bought Bluebell off my great uncle. I think she paid £600. With it being a pub there was a cellar where you kept the beer barrels and the water used to come from under the beck and into the cellar and flood it. The River Board started later on and below Cark wood, the other side of 7 Acres, they dug the bottom of the river out right away out down near as far as Cark. With taking the bottom of the river out it allowed the water to flow, so it has never flooded since, that was the answer to it all.



The other side of the road from Bluebell (Miss Hanley's) was (turned into a café called Bay Tree café) it changed hands quite a few times. The name of the people there was Raws and I remember the first telephone box in Cartmel was put there. The lady who had the Priory shop was a Miss Wilson. I don't remember her having the shop and she had a tiny little bungalow built on Aynsome road, the other side of the road from Miss Carter's house. 2 bungalows were built

there and one was Miss Deans, then next to them are the steps to go to Hampsfell. The first people I remember having the Priory shop were called Turner and they had it for quite a number of years.

Round the corner from the Priory shop you go down that ginnel, yard to Priory Close, and the Miss Blagdons, there were 2 ladies, their mother was about 101 or 102 when she died. I remember her being pushed about in one of those basket chairs with wheels and she had a very strong voice. Their brother was the Bishop of Peterborough and I remember seeing him, he dressed with black pants as far as the knees, knee breeches, with black stockings and shoes with a buckle on. There are 2 or 3 little cottages down there.



Across to the Flags. That road that goes down there from the Flags to the beck that was the proper old road and it was a proper ford when I first came to Cartmel and out between Ford House and the King's Arms and later on the King's Arms built an ash pit and so it took quite a big chunk off, but it wasn't being used as a ford because the bridge was there and then later on the race committee built the side of the beck up on the ford at the Bluebell side, they

put a footbridge over it for people when they were coming to the races. They came along by Wells farm that little passage there, past the toilets and over the little footbridge.



When I first came to Cartmel it was a joiners shop, (Red Pepper shop) this side of the Flags, it was quite a nice house as well, there was a big yard to it, all the wood for the joiner's shop was stored - not sure whether a man called Burton had it. Mr Burton had the one at Clogger Beck. I remember a joiner coming there and his name was Mr Gray and he was the last one I know who had it as a joiner's shop because he moved into the house where the haberdashery shop

was.



Down the Flags there was the Thompson family, there were quite a few in their family and then next to them was Speddings, I don't know where they came from but they had a bakehouse built at the back of the place and they made confectionary, bread and everything. The next house is a really posh house and there is a whirley gate for people to go through and the garden opposite belongs to that house as well.



Next to that is a tiny little cottage and then after the cottage is Wells House farm, the barn next to it, this side of it, that's been made into a house. I never knew who lived in the big house at the Flags, they were posh folk. I remember going through there lots of times and in recent years Wells house Farm gave a piece of their land in the front, a corner of the tiny little field to a playground for children.



Back into Cartmel, across the road is St Mary's Lodge (white house in the photo) Two ladies lived in there, called Allonby. When they were going to church they always wore hats with veils on, black veils. Ladies used to like to have a veil in front of their face. I know my great granddad is buried in the churchyard on the other side of that house, right against the house in the churchyard itself. Across the

road was Mr Bland, a really tall man, quite big as well, and he used to go to church on a Sunday and he was in charge of opening the door. The main door, inside the porch, was made of iron and it was really heavy with a big sneck on it. He was a very nice man. Then we go down the causeway and the engine shed. Next to St Mary's Lodge was a barn and a man from Field Broughton, called Frierson, he was an architect, (there was another 2 brothers as well who were gardeners), they made that into 2 places that barn.



You went down the Causeway to the shed where they kept the steam roller and then later on it was diesel and then next to that there was a house where some people called Moorby lived. There was quite a big yard behind that and that is the end of Barn Garth there.



When you went round the corner there into Barn Garth there was a break between, I think there had been cottages but there was no roof, you could just see the outline of the window frames and it had all been incorporated into the yard behind this house. The next place were 3 little cottages. John Atkinson lived there, the lad I mentioned who went to Sunday School and got the prize, he lived in the middle one. His dad used to be the hound trailer, laying the trail for the hounds. I can't remember who lived next door to that but next door to that lived a man called Swainson who worked in the Smithy and he was the brother of Mr Swainson who owned the Smithy. But he was stone deaf, he used to work 6 days a week in the Smithy and on a Sunday morning he used to walk up to Field Broughton and work at the Smithy there at Field Broughton on a Sunday. Miley Swainson they called him. Next to that was a very big house, its just been sold, and the people who lived in it were called Pedder and I think the boy who fell of Humphrey Head, there's a stone there to remember him by. Then later on there was a Miss Smith, she had been a nurse down in London I believe and she came to live there. Her father was a vicar at Cartmel.



There was a house next to that, owned as a holiday cottage, to a lady who lived down in London, she had a chauffeur and they had a big American car and they used to come up now and again. To get the car parked next to the house, off the road they chiselled a piece out of the house which you can still see. Next to that was the field, a nice little field and that went with that house. Billy Watson who took over the Smithy from Swainson, he used to have hens in there and things like that.

Next to that was Field Cottage, I think they call it, a Reverend lived in there, (Rev Taylor)



then a barn, right opposite the houses that we lived in Hazel Dene and Yew Tree Cottage, because Pace's owned all three, including the one in Priest Lane and that's how we came to live in all 3. We started in Priest Lane, then to Yew Tree cottage, which was right opposite the barn which is gone now. It belonged to Holker, there were no spouts, the starlings used to come and there were holes in the wall and when it rained all the water used to pour off and that's what we used to look at. But its gone now. Maybe that's why its called Barn Garth.



Coming back along Barn Garth, there was Hazel Dene, Yew Tree Cottage, then a big house. When I first came to Cartmel, Mr Howarth, who took over Mr Crag's job of collecting the rates and taxes, because he had a little Morris car and he used to go round all the farms picking up the rates because it came under Ulverston then. Later on he moved from that house to the one in Priest Lane where Mr Crag was.



Next to that were two cottages, there was a lad called Benson lived in the second one, that was the son of the man who was the tailor. Then there was the garden. There was no back door to those two cottages, everything had to be brought through the front door.



Next to that was the garden belonging to the school caretaker, who lived in the house belonging to the school and then there was the school and the little road. There was a pillar box in the wall there, an old Victorian box. On that corner were some people called Moorby, no relation to the other ones and thy moved away years ago. Next to that there's a little cottage. Then you're back to the row of houses on the corner again, the Causeway. A little fellow who worked with me in the

woods when I came out of the army, called Preston lived there. The house next to that I think was a Howson. I remember a man coming to live there and they said he was a workhouse keeper and I remember him all dressed in black and he used to walk up to the Kings Arms and have his whiskey and walk back. He was real dour looking man.

Next to that were some people called Collinson I think. On the other side of the road there used to be a long wooden shed, whether it was from the 1914-18 war because people could buy these huts after the war and there was a Miss Duggan who had this. She had a few hens and a little hen hut there and a little shack at the end of it.

Then there are the row of cottages, the first one was a holiday cottage, someone called Goggins lived in the next one and the very end one, the little tiny one next to the Pig and Whistle.

Across the road was Mr Hull's, a grocer's shop with the stone steps outside. The house next to it was in keeping with the shop, a little old world cottage. But later on they knocked it down, not the shop but took the house down and built a brand new house there.

Coming back up Aynsome Road, there is a house that looks down, south, Ida Airey from Aynside, lived in it for a good while, but not then. Kilshaw's lived at the back part of the next house and then next to that was Knowles the painter and decorator and coach painter. In those days there were landaus and coaches that the gentry had and he used to paint them as well. He was very good because all the lining had to be done by hand. My dad's brother, who got drowned, he worked there, served his time there and so did George Broadhurst's dad and Kelly Howson as well. Quite a few locals served their time at that shop. That's on the corner and next to that is the school.

I went to the little elementary school and when I first went there, they did have central heating but it was very old and when it came to the summer holidays they decided to renew it all and they took all the floors, which were really thick boards with all knots in the wood. We used to trip over the knots. They replaced all the floors and they dug a pit at the back for the central heating boiler to go in and they put all new pipes in. They did a lot of work that particular summer. Mr Jackson was my school master and Mr Simpson, well he taught Pop, so he must have been there a lot of years. I believe Mr Simpson was very strict, according to Pop. When I went to the school I'd moved up from Gainsborough and I got one year in the school at Gainsborough, so when I came to the school at Cartmel I didn't go in the infant's class, I went into the next class, standard one, and Mr Simpson's daughter was the teacher of standard one. Miss Simpson, then we got a nice new lady came called Miss Weakens? And she taught standard two. I think they used to take two classes each in those days. Then there was Miss Owen, she took me for four class then the headteacher for five and six. Later on, Mr Jackson, the headmaster, used to breed fox terriers and I was about maybe 12 and he took me on to look after his dogs and asked me if I'd like to do the job. I used to go every night after school and go in the kennels, he had about 5 or 6 dogs, and I used to have to clean all the wet stuff where the dogs had weed and the poops, put fresh straw down. Then I would take these dogs for a walk for an hour, I used to take 3 dogs at a time. He used to make his own leads of winder cord and little round pieces of copper, he used to put it through and a piece of rubber by their neck. When I came back he used to say 'Where have you been Robert?' I used to say that I'd been down 7 acres or I'd been down Cark road. You know what lads are like, sometimes I'd been down the park and fastened the dogs to whatever I could fasten them to and played football for about quarter or half an hour. He bred the fox terriers to show them, they used to brush their noses so they were square and they used to chalk their bodies so they were black and white and they used to

take them round showing them. On a Saturday morning I still had to go and everything had to come out of the kennels and I had to give them clean beds, clean straw and he had a flit gun to go round everywhere, that is a pump filled with Jeyes fluid and I used to get the large amount of half a crown a week for doing that, that was quite a bit for me and I remember saving it up and buying my first bike from the smithy.

The next house to that was called the white house and I think someone called Lewis lived in there and its got a big garden alongside it but you can't see it from Aynsome road because there is a high wall.

Next to that is one cottage and I think a Mr Booth lived in it and there was a workshop next to that was Doors and that had been a smithy. Just around the corner were the cottages that we have already mentioned.

I remember when the troops started to come, 2000 troops came to stay up at Field Broughton in Longlands' Farm fields, 2000 for a fortnight, Terriers. Mr Booth's daughter installed a fish and chip shop in the part that had been the smithy. She did really well and it was there quite a while.

Cross over to the other side of the road to Glenfield where Unsworths were. There was a big piece of ground there and someone came from Seatele and had a bungalow built there called Addison I think. Then the semi-detached houses start. I can't think who lived in the first one but next door lived Gaskarths, that's the Gaskarth's father and he had a big business, a painting business in Grange on Windermere Road. He had lots of sons, Walter, the eldest, Joe, Cyril, Jimmy and another one went to Manchester (he was a pattern maker at the shipyard). He was very good at cricket, so good that one season they had a cricket match and he scored well over a century which was out of this world for a village team and a national newspaper must have had a gift for anyone who did this and he was awarded a bat, a real honour.

Next to that were 2 more semi detached and a Miss Thwaites lived in one with her uncle who was called Mr Johnson and he used to go round doing people's gardens but he had an unusual bike, I've never seen one since, but the wheels were made of wood, like bamboo, just the rim. I don't know where he got it from.

Next to that Walter Gaskarth lived in that and then there was the playground, the Jubilee playground. We wore clogs and we would stick to the bottom of the mud and piddle and when we crossed the road, checking there was no traffic, but there was very little then, and there were scrapers by the door to go in. They are still there those scrapers. I think the playground belonged to the village, not the education and the village decided to put concrete flags in half of it. They were made at the old iron works at Backbarrow, a place where they made concrete slabs and concrete things for drains and the price of them was 5s each and you could subscribe to them. My great aunt was a pensioner and she couldn't afford 5s but half a crown so she paid for half of one. So they put flagstone across half of it and red piddle down the other half, like on tennis courts. It didn't stick to your feet. We were chuffed with this because we could go roller skating at night time, playing hockey with

hockey sticks we got from rummage sales and tennis balls. On a moonlight night it was smashing.

The next place, there was a big high hedge and Joe Gaskarth had hens in there. But there are bungalows in there now.

Town End, the Pig and Whistle and next to the P&G there are 2 little cottages. A man lived in one of the cottages, they called him Dickinson or Dixon and he was a really good mechanic and he worked for Ernie Hunter for a while then he was on the dole and I remember him going down to the dole office at Flookburgh on his penny farthing. It didn't matter whether you lived at Lindale, Allithwaite but you had to go to the dole office at Flookburgh and a man called Bowker ran it and he was a real grumpy man. He used to say when you went in 'Have you not found a job yet, not found a job?' He was really gruff with people not that I ever went. I think I only went once. It was up Sandgate Hill on the right.

The cottage next to that is where my great granddad lived, Holly Cottage, it's carved in the stock of the gate.

The other side of the road that was an island and it was really run down. The beck ran down one side of it and nearly opposite the 2 cottages there was a broken down barn that was open but there was a roof on it then there was a wall then there was her little old cottage and next to the cottage it went down into the beck, there were ducks all over the place and chickens and hens wandering on the road because there was no traffic about. Her name was Miss Tilda Fishwick, she was a real character she was and in the garden it was all elderberry trees.

On the other side of the road there is a cottage and that always went with Pit Farm for the farm man.

If you carry on past Holly cottage as if you were going to go to Cark there was a row of cottages there then called Gladstone Terrace, there were 3 or 4 cottages there, the first one you came to was the bigger one then there were 2 smaller ones. Valerie Pickles lived in that once and when they built the secondary modern school they got rid of that terrace.

Headless Cross the Pattinsons lived there. From there towards Cartmel, next to Burtons the joiners there was a house and the Dawson family lived in that house.

Along Cark road there was just the one house on the hill, Miss Tatham had that built. Then there was the Three Dollies, a Miss Suthers lived there. My great aunt and my mother used to do her washing and Pop made me a little bogey with wheels from a pram and I used to have this basket of washing and I used to take it on to her and I remember one thing she told me. She told me about earache, maybe I had it once when I saw her, 'People don't realise but they always put cotton wool in their ears but if they would only go along the hedgerows and get some proper wool caught from sheep and take it home and wash it properly and dry it, that's what they should put in their ears because its not as close as cotton wool and you can hear better with that wool in your ears.'

After Miss Suthers there was a place on the left hand side and people called Deeson lived there.

On Allithwaite road, the first semidetached houses that was a Mr Jackson who lost his little lad in the flat. He was a joiner/tradesman and he had those first 2 built.

Back to Town End and the cottage on the right hand side which belongs to Pit Farm and in later years the barn at the end was made the place for the Doctor's surgery.

On the opposite side of the road there are 3 cottages, I can't remember who was in the first one, at the Town End end, the next one Isles lived in that and the next one my great Uncle Ike lived in and he owned the 2 of them. That's called Bridge Cottage and then round the corner there is Maggie Puddle cottage, there's a little cottage on the end of it and a man called Sargent lived there and he was our scout master.

Across the road is the Quaker chapel and next to that are 2 cottages. When I first came to Cartmel Mr Pearson lived in the first one. Whoever lives in one of those is the caretaker for the chapel. There was nothing across the road. Later on there was a shed built for Cartmel Weavers. The beck was under that wall side and that was put in pipes.

Back across the road the Police house was built and then 2 cottages were built for agricultural workers.

At the Cavendish Arms there was a Mr Hayton and next to it are 2 cottages. The little one under the archway Wilsons had it but now it is an antique shop. Across the road from Miss Overend's back door towards the smithy there was a house with an impressive front door with 2 pillars and people called Ransome lived there. There was a mother and daughter lived there and the daughter was in the choir.

Bluebell House

My uncle owned Bluebell House and he had this little cottage made (see page 9) and he didn't have luck with regards to letting it so he decided to sell it and so my mother bought the house off him for £600. Just after the war, they were still in Ecote and when I came home from the war after 4 ½ years, I just sat down on the doorstep with my kitbag because I knew my dad started work at 5.30am and I got there about 2am so I knew I didn't have long to wait so I went to sleep (I'd just walked from Levens Bridge with all my gear).

As you went in the front door of Bluebell House (there were 2 doors as you went inside) to the right there was a lounge, with the grandfather clock stood in the corner. It was stone flagged because the bar had been in there and then as you went forward there was an old staircase made of heavy oak, hard as iron. I tried to put a screw in it once, using a brad for making a hole, and it just screwed off in my hand. I couldn't get anything into it at all, it was just like iron. As you walked up the stairs they used to creak.

On the ground floor there was another room on the left and as my uncle Alf could not get the people out of the cottage he must have come to some arrangement with my mam and

the family lived in that room, like a bedsit. He never did get into his cottage, poor old fellow. I think he died there (Bluebell) and she died there, a lot of people died in that house.

As you come round the corner there was another door which went into the cellar. There were shelves all round the cellar and a drain in one corner and I suppose they used to have the beer barrels down there when it was a pub. But when the beck used to flood, the water used to come up this drain and it used to flood to the level of one of the steps inside. It didn't happen very often.

On ground level you carried on along the passage until you came to the kitchen. The kitchen had a window in one side and it used to get its light from a yard which was covered with glass in the roof. But it was too dark to work in the kitchen, you had to have 2 lights on all the time. It had an old-fashioned grate originally with a bar coming across where you could hook pans on over the fire. When my mam moved in she had it taken out and had one of these triplet grates put in with an oven. It used coal and was really good. There was a little hole at the side, I could always imagine when it was a pub a fella putting his pint in that hole at the side.

My great aunt Polly who lived with us used to like a bottle of stout and she used to pour the stout out into a glass and then put a poker in the fire and when it was red hot she used to plunge it into the glass of stout, I don't know why, whether it gave it a taste or something. She used to take snuff as well. I used to have to go up to Teasdale's to get half an ounce of snuff. She used to ask me to go up to Teasdale's to get her half ounce of snuff and her pension. There was an old boy who lived not far from Johnny Rawson and he had been a gardener up at Grayrigge's up at Wood Broughton and he stuttered a little bit, a little fat fella, Billy Bragg they called him. He used to go to the shop and put his book (pension) down and say to Stewart 'I've come for my dib'. I got this off and so when I went for my great aunt Poll's pension I would say 'I've come for my dib' and Stewart would say 'Tha's a bit young for getting your dib' and I would say 'I want half an ounce of snuff an 'all' and he would pull my leg. I still used to get it though.

Then you went out into the yard and when my uncle Alf had made the little cottage he put a breeze block wall, he split the yard up because it must have been quite big. They must have had barrels in there because there was a toilet put in the bottom of the yard. Then you went out into the back lane where they used to hang the washing out. But if somebody came down you couldn't stop them because it was a right of way. The wall was quite high and the yard was roofed and shared with this little cottage. There was a coalhouse to the left hand side and a little loft above it.

Up the stairs onto the first floor, you turned left, up some steps there were 3 rooms on the front, 2 quite big ones, one on the right and there was a small one and then another bigger one. That was the one that Belle and I had when we lived there before we moved to Barrow when she was expecting Jean. At the top of the stairs if you went left you went up 2-3 more steps the other way on the left hand side, that was where they (my parents) slept and then you went in and there was another room there as well, so she (my mam) had that made into a bathroom.

The house was built in 1600s and in the corner where the door was to go to the passage there was a great big boulder sticking out in the wall. It was just sticking out and they built the house around it. It was a quaint old house.

There is a 5 barred gate next to Ivy Cottage and we used to go down there – we called it Castle Meadows- we used to dam the beck up there and paddle in it. Next to the barns, which used to belong to Ivy Cottage - they have now been made into cottages - there was an old walnut tree, the best in the district and we used to go into the field and throw bits of wood up to get them down, like you do with conkers. It was a great field, all tufty grass and you used to get all sorts of bird life, snipes and water hens.