My Life

By
Irene Marson

Barrow-on Trent was an ideal village for a young family to grow up in. I am the middle of five children.

Going back to our Grandparents - Our maternal Grandmother, Annie Bentley was born at Meadow Farm, Swarkestone, about 1870. Our Grandfather Arthur Richard Morris, who was the same age, went to Meadow Farm as a live-in apprentice to learn the Blacksmith and Farriers trade. He consequently fell in love with the blacksmith's daughter, Annie. They married and came to Barrow to work at The Hall. Their first home was a Hall cottage, 7, The Nook. Grandad looked after the horses, drove Col. Eadie's cars and also maintained the water supply which was pumped to a holding tank at the top of the tower from two wells in the Hall field, which is the field in Church Lane opposite the houses which now stand in Hall Park. Their four children were all born in The Nook. Arthur, the eldest, my mother Ada Bentley born 1901, Frederick and lastly Emily Annie in 1910

In 1912 the family moved to St. Wilfrid's and grandfather started his own Blacksmith and farm.

Dad's family were farmers on Dufield Bank between Duffield and Milford. His parents moved to Meadow Farm at Swarkestone when mother's family left the farm, his parents being newly weds.

Dad was born at Meadow Farm Swarkestone in 1901 one of five children. Dad, John Askew Draper and his twin being the eldest Newton, then there was Auntie Ethel, Auntie Dorothy, and Uncle Eric who went to Australia in around the 1950s.

Mother was a gifted pianist from the time she was born. When she was seven she performed at concerts in the village and was so small she had to be lifted onto the piano stool. When the First World War broke out the organist at Barrow church was called up so mother took on the role of organist at age 14. When she was in her teens she went to Derby every week for music lessons and to sit exams. Her music teacher sent her to practice on the organ of the church of St. Andrew's, London Road which has now been demolished. He also sent her to a church in Nottingham to practice for the exam to gain her letters. It wasn't until the exam day she found he had sent her to the wrong church, so she took the exam and gained her letters A.L.C.M. on an organ she had never played before. She also sat the exam hoping to gain letters for the piano. She passed with honours, but missed the letters by one mark.

At this time, Dad was a young man living at Meadow Farm and working in the fields on Swarkestone Road and seeing this young woman walking the lane regularly on her way back from her music lesson in Derby, decided she needed an escort. So he walked her back home. They were married in 1924.

Ada and Jack, as they were always known in the village, started their married life living in part of St. Wilfrid's and that is where the first four of their children were born, Ivan John -1925, Geoffrey Richard - 1927, Irene Dorothy - 1929 and Cynthia Jean 1930.

Our young years at St. Wilfrid's were perfect. The house was homely and welcoming to anybody who wished to call. It contains some beautiful wood carved beams. Over the fire grate in the lounge is a beam carved with 'EAST OR WEST HOMES YE BEST'. Over each door are carvings of cherubs, and down the centre of the room is a beam with St. Wilfrid's and the date.

Dad's father Tom Draper died when dad was 15. His mother married again and went to live at Stanton-by Bridge so in 1931 we had to leave our Grandparents at St. Wilfrid's and go to the Meadow Farm where our youngest brother Stuart Maurice was born in 1932. Mother never settled at Swarkestone. I think she felt she was too far from Barrow also we had a nasty accident with Geoff and that put Mum off from living near the river.

Geoff and his cousin Ken (uncle Newton's eldest) went along the river bank and were swinging on a tree, the branch broke off and Geoff fell in. A gypsy who travelled to fairs with donkeys and who was grazing them on the Ingleby lane saw him and ran over the bridge, up the side of the river. He grabbed his coat but it came off. He managed to pull him out. Geoff would only be about 5 at the time. Luckily the District Nurse lodged with us at the time. She had been to Derby and had just got off the bus as they carried Geoff in the house. She pumped the water out of his body and got him breathing again. When the houses on Swarkestone Road were built Dad left the Meadows and came to Barrow and set up a farm tractor contracting business. Very few farmers had their own tractors in those days.

Although we were now living at 'Lyndhurst' on Swarkestone Road we still spent most of our free time with our grandmother at St. Wilfrid's. Most of my childhood memories stem back to life at St. Wilfrid's. We children particularly liked the outside toilet down the garden. It was a double seater and we liked to chat and plan our games and tell secrets. It was a test of endurance to go after dark. We had to pass a row of spooky bushes then try to shield the candle from blowing out. We did have an inside loo but we children were not allowed to use it. It was for guests.

The room on the south end of the house was never fully finished, this was where we held some enjoyable parties, and also members of the family had wedding receptions in this room. There was plenty of room in the grounds to play cricket and football. Grandma had a little terrier dog called Judy and she fielded the balls that went into the bushes. Auntie Emmie was only in her teens when we were born. She would set up tennis net and play with us. The whole family played croquet in the summer after Church before going indoors and having cold meat and bubble and squeak supper. Granddad had cheese which was almost walking off the plate.



When we moved to Swarkestone Road in 1933 only the two houses at the Swarkestone end were built and mother kept poultry on the land between 'Lyndhurst' and the two end houses. She also spent a lot of time playing for various events so if ever we children felt unwell we made sure we were at Grandma's when the spots came out because we knew we would be nursed better.

Mother played for morning and evening services and Sunday school every Sunday, so we nearly always had Sunday lunch at Grandma's. Granddad was very proud of his vegetable garden, particularly his runner bean row. He put his beans in the Police show in Derby every year, the only time he didn't come 1st. was the time he entered a group in Geoff's name. Geoff came 1st Granddad came 2nd.

Grandma had large iron saucepans which she filled with vegetables every Sunday and cooked on the large open range in the kitchen, then staggered into the scullery to drain them

My sister Cynthia and myself were left in charge one day when Grandma went on a rare trip to Derby to buy a dress, with instructions to wash the breakfast pots, tidy the kitchen, and don't let the fire go out, which we did, in our panic we went into Granddad's workshop and got some paraffin and put on the fire. It went up with an almighty bang and blew the flue trap door open. Soot dropped all over the kitchen and even outside the yard was covered. I don't think the chimney needed sweeping for a long while after.

In grandma's bedroom which was over the big kitchen in St. Wilfrid's under the window was a sofa and if Cynthia leaned out of the window and I held her feet making sure I didn't let go she could reach the walnuts on the tree growing on the front lawn.



IVAN IN FRONT OF 'ST WILFRIDS'

SCHOOL

My days at Barrow school are looked back on with fond memories. There were about 30 pupils split into the two classrooms. Our teacher was Mrs Thompson who lived at Aston-on-Trent. She came every day on a motor cycle complete with leather flying hat. The rooms were heated with open coal fires, which was alright if you were lucky to have a desk near the fire. The back of the big classroom was perishing. I only remember going on one outing. We all piled onto the back of my granddad's lorry and went to Ingleby. We had sports on the field where Walnut Close now stands. We always gave a concert on Empire Day, May 24th. Dressing up in red, white and blue and singing patriotic songs such as 'Rule Britannia' I left at the age of 11 just as the war had broken out. We were never provided with an air raid shelter at the school, if the sirens went we had to sit under our desks. Our age group was the first to take the 11plus. I was the only one in my year. I sat the first half at Barrow, and then had to go to Melbourne to sit the second part. Dad took me in his car. I was convinced he would not find me again, and was more worried about getting back to Barrow than taking the exam.

We all went home at lunchtime (no school dinners in those days) we did not have milk either as no bottled milk was brought to the village. The housewives bought their milk at the door served into a jug from a churn on the back of a farmer's cart.

My mother and her generation stayed at Barrow school until they were 14, when they went into jobs in the village, domestic or farm work.

My sister and I went on to Friargate House School and our three brothers to Diocesan School which was opposite. We had to walk to Swarkestone, get a bus to the Market Place in Derby (5p. Return) then walk to the top of Friargate. My brothers cycled to school. I was walking to Swarkestone on July 11th 1940 when some bombs dropped on Melbourne killing eight soldiers. That was one day I decided it was safer to go back home. We rarely had a day off, and our teachers used to say we turned up when children living on the doorstep stayed off.

I left school in 1946 and went to work in an Insurance Office in the Cornmarket, Derby. I left the Insurance Office when I started my family. Andrew and Neil were small boys and I was expecting Julie when the Head Teacher at the time, Miss Walford, asked me to go to work as School Clerk which I did for 15 years. I then left because my husband, Peter, had a serious illness. I went back two years later as dinner lady, which I did for another 15 years. I enjoyed working at the school and look back with happy memories.

When Cynthia left the school she went to work at the railway on Midland road near the station, she started off in the typing pool and was promoted to secretary in the research department.

VILLAGE EVENTS

There was always some social event happening in the village. These were held either in the old school, or the Clubroom, which was the old Club down Club Lane, or in people's houses.

Most weeks a Whist Drive was held either at St. Wilfrid's, Manor Farm, Holybush House or Ivy House. My sister and I must have been the first of the pressure salesmen knocking on people's doors. We were sent to every house to sell a whist drive ticket and also armed with raffle tickets. Most people bought whether they wanted to go or not.

Dances were held most Saturday nights in the old Club. These were very popular with my sister and I and our brothers. Friends from school liked to come and stay the night to attend. The miracle is that the building is still standing. Upstairs where we danced was a plaster floor which managed to hold up in spite of the jumping up and down of many feet doing the pally glide etc. Our shoes were white with dust. The room was held together with two big iron ties. Ivan and Geoff's school friend was Bernard Smith, who is president of Derby Opera Co. Whenever we meet up and always mentions his happy days spent at Barrow

Every year a Church Fete and Gymkhana was held at Manor Farm. Mrs. Page was Secretary to the Church and a very active worker in the village. The Fete was always well attended with plenty of side shows on the lawn and the Gymkhana in the field adjacent. The young people performed, usually a Black and White Minstrel show. A bus service was provided by Trent to link from Barrow to Swarkestone. We had no regular bus service to the village in those days.

Another yearly event was a sausage supper.

We had a very good cricket team which played on the site where Trent Valley is now. Because there were three boys, the Marsons at the Grange, they also got together a Cricket Team and in the winter Football teams. The teas were provided every week by village ladies, and every year a Cricket Club Supper in the Club when Derby County players came as guests. This must have been an event the Derby players enjoyed as Bert Mosley, then Captain of Derby County when they won the FA cup just after the war, has recently written his life story and has included a photograph of the Barrow CC dinner in the old Club. Bert, Jack Stamps and Leon Leuty would sometimes play for the Barrow Eleven if they had the time.

One of the yearly events which we enjoyed the most was the Barrow Pantomime. We started practising about September to begin performances in January until about March. The village had a good Youth Club in those days and the pantomime was a spin off of the Youth Club. About 40 people took part ages ranging from early teens to parents.

Mrs Page produced the shows and wrote the scripts (to save on Royalties) Mr Page painted the scenery-usually 3 scenes, a village scene, a ballroom and whatever was appropriate for another scene. He fastened the canvas up in the cowshed and went to work, the result being some excellent scenes. We did three shows at Barrow, and then went on tour. Three nights in Brailsford Village Hall (where we were always given a 'slap-up' party after the last show). Chellaston Institute was another venue. (Somebody wrote in the By-gone section of the Telegraph last year that the high-light of the year was when Barrow pantomime visited) They must have been short on entertainment in Chellaston in those days. We also visited Aston–on-Trent, Melbourne, Borrowash and a hall somewhere off Osmaston Road and Ash Hospital at Etwall where wounded soldiers were billeted. Henry Crocker from Chellaston who was the founder with his brother of the present Crocker Bros. used to transport the scenery to all the venues on his rickety old lorry free of charge. Most of the Barrow shows were in the old Club and the money went to comforts for the troops. The last few shows the money raised went towards the building of the Village Hall, and the last show we did before disbanding because we were all getting married and having families was in the new Village Hall in 1950.

In the 1980's the favourite entertainment was barn dances held in the barns at Ragley Farm (where my brother and his wife Geoff and May were farming), and the Grange and also where Trent Valley growers now stands.

THE WAR YEARS

The First World War must have had more direct effect on the village than the second war. Nearly 40 young men went to fight in the trenches from Barrow a village less than half the population it is today. It would be hard to imagine the effect on the village if that number were taken from today's population. Mother's eldest brother Arthur was one who went to fight.

The Second World War did not have a big effect on the village other than the day to day worry of what might happen. Several small bombs dropped in surrounding fields, the biggest being a delayed action one which fell on the opposite side of the river to Crowtrees. It exploded the next morning, a Saturday, about 10am. I was doing my piano practice and the ornaments on the piano jumped in the air. Ack-Ack guns were sited on Sinfin Moor to protect Rolls Royce. The nearest to us were on the site where Ash Lea Farm now stands. At the time of the bombing of Coventry the bombers would drone over the village and the guns would fire. A decoy Rolls Royce was set up on Sinfin Moor to fool the Germans. A suspicious gentleman was arrested on the bridge, it was rumoured he was a spy. We never knew how true the story was.

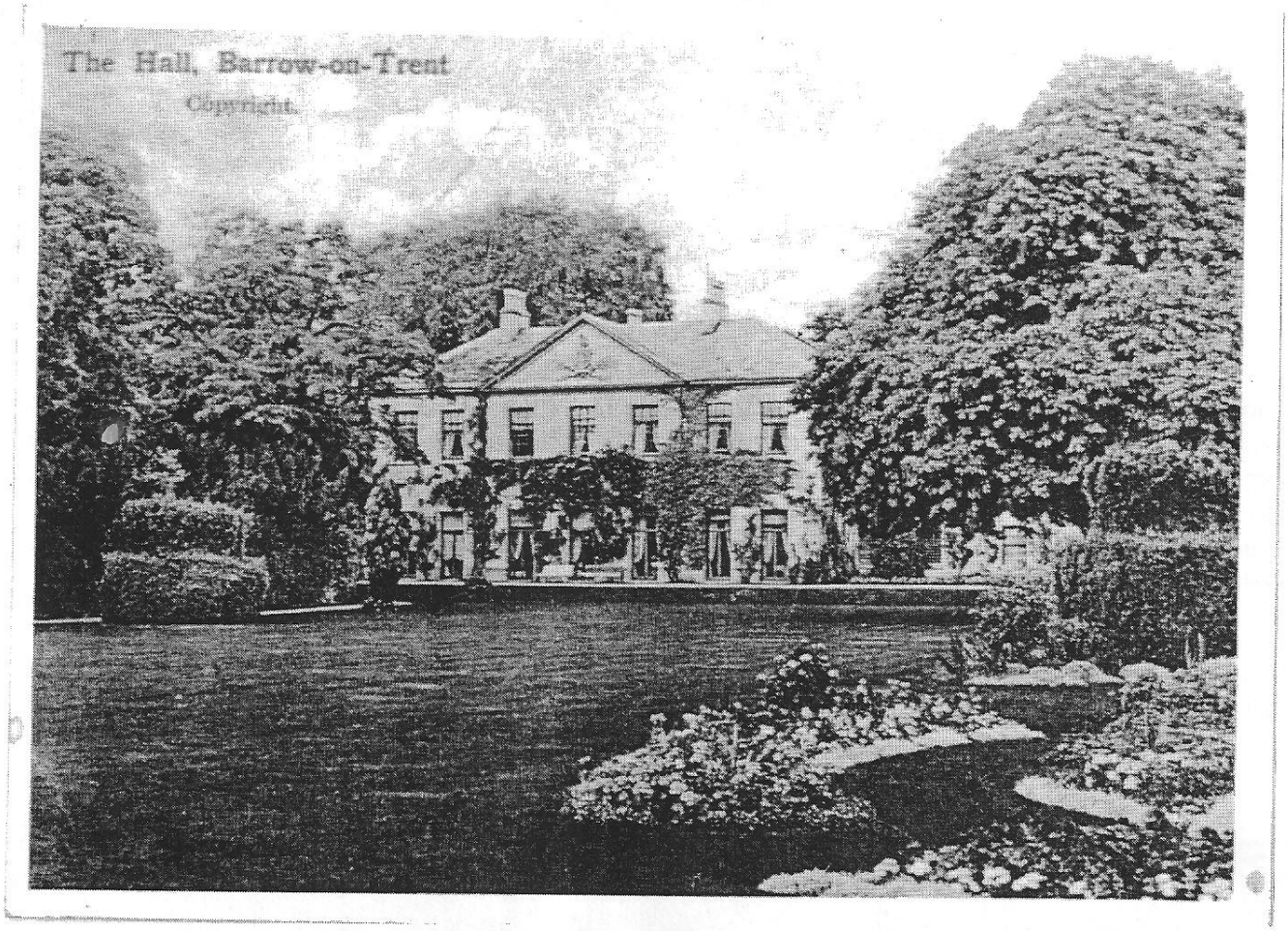
The biggest change to the village was when 'The Cottage' now the Club was taken over by the Army and filled with Military Police. One MP Bill Broadfield, kept in touch with the Marson family for many years. After the war he took a job in charge of Nuclear Warning Systems in the London area. Another MP was rather a slow come-day-go-day fellow. He was in charge of the ablutions. We could tell when he was walking in the village because he shuffled his feet so we christened him Christmas (after the saying Christmas is coming) Later in the war the village was alive with soldiers. They came to practice building pontoon bridges over the river. They were housed under canvas in the next field to the end house on Swarkestone Road. A Naafi was erected on the grass in the Lodges. Arthur Barlow's concert party came to entertain the troops. We poked our heads under the canvas and the soldiers let us go in and sit at the front. I don't think the concerts were really for our ears. Still we were very naïve and did not really know what they were talking about. One of the soldiers was a saxophonist in Harry Roy's dance band which was one of the best bands on the radio in those days. He joined our little village band for the Saturday night hops. We must have had one of the best village bands around. We were woken up every morning with the bugle call 'Come to the cookhouse door, boys' I wonder how many of those boys lost their lives in the D-day landings. It was rumoured one or two lost their lives by the river here while training to erect the bridges. When the camp was dismantled we children in the village had a field day digging up the coins which were dropped and trodden into the grass in front of the bar area.

Another big change in the village when war broke out was the change in use of the Hall. Up to 1939 the Hall had been a gentleman's residence for the Eadie family, brewers of Burton. Most of the people in the village worked on the farms or at the Hall. Quite a few young ladies came to work in service at the Hall and married local boys.

In 1940 the Eadies left. They were worried Barrow would be too close to Rolls Royce for safety, so with their young family they moved to Burton. The Hall was taken over by the government to house Birmingham evacuees. It was a minor hospital for children who were getting over operations, or had skin problems. Not many went to the village school because of their health problems. When the bombing of London and the doodle bugs got worse the London children came. Some were also housed with people. Grandma had a brother and sister. Their father came to visit them, he was a Royal Marine and we were fascinated with the stories he told us.

In the 1980's when Peter was keeping the shop several evacuees visited Barrow looking for the Hall. They all said the same. They were more frightened of the animal noises in the night, and the creaking sounds in the house than they were of the bombs.

The Hall was a lovely house and it was a disaster when it was burnt down in 1957. It had become very run down during the war years.



During the war years we five Draper children were all at Secondary school in Derby and our friends liked nothing better than to come to stay for the weekend. We slept at St. Wilfrid's because we had an air raid shelter there and we were often 4 in a bed. Two at the top and two at the bottom. We always had a wooden trolley to play on made from a plank or two and some old pram wheels. We were never short of something to do. Mother had a job to persuade us to go to Derby to buy clothes, we would much rather stay in the village. The school friends who came to stay talk about their happy days at Barrow whenever we bump into each other.

Just after the war Geoff had to go into the Air Force. Dad was then short of a tractor driver so my sister and I had to do the driving in our school holidays. I enjoyed riding round and round a cornfield on a lovely summer's day.

The corn was cut with a binder. Dad sat on an iron seat with a sack folded on for extra comfort on the binder and adjusted the cutting bed. The tractor driver's job was to steer the binder close to the corn, the wooden sails turned round, pushed the corn on to revolving canvas beds, which

was then pushed up to a knotter. This tied a string round each sheath and threw it on to the field. The men came along propped them up to dry. A few days later the sheaths were loaded on to drays and stacked inn the farmyard, where a steam driven thrasher would visit for several days to thrash the grain ready for sale on to the corn merchants. Dad and I would sit under the hedge at lunchtime eating bread and cheese and drinking cold tea from a bottle. We did a lot of work at a farm at Findern. The farmer's wife was very kind and always came into the field with a plate of cakes etc. The only thing was I think she had the plate propped up on a dresser in the kitchen and with an open fire it was thick with dust. Still it all went down well.

In spite of the war we never went short of food, Dad killed 2 pigs a year so we had plenty of meat and lard. Grandmother made the best pork pies I have ever tasted. We loved to sit on the leather sofa by the big range in the kitchen at St. Wilfrid's and watch her moulding the pastry round the wooden moulds. When they came out of the oven, she would have the jelly made from the trotters ready to pour into the three holes on top of the pie.

Every Christmas day without fail we went to 8am. Communion and back to Grandma's for a breakfast of home made pork pie.

Christmas was a lovely time. We all gathered at St. Wilfrid's. We were sent to bed quite early on Christmas Eve. Because Granddad was very deaf we could hear him asking Mum what she was putting in our stockings. Needless to say it was never a surprise when we opened our stockings on Christmas morning because we had already heard everything that was put in. We were not allowed to hang pillowcases. Grandma said it was greedy and would be filled with the ashes from the fire. We believed her and it was not until I was older that I realised that 5 pillowcases took a lot of filling.

The five Draper family were all married in the 1950's. I married Peter Marson whose family were farming 'The Grange'. We were married on 11th August 1951 at Barrow church. This was Dad's 50th birthday and the wettest day of the year. We had the reception in the Village Hall and I catered myself for 100 at the Reception and we opened the evening party to the village.



PETER AND MY WEDDING. 11th AUGUST 1951. BARROW CHURCH

Geoff and May were also married in 1951. Their Reception was in the Barn at Hill Farm which was May's home.

Peter and I lived in Brookfield where our family of three grew up. Andrew, Neil and Julie.

Peter took over a local milk round in 1966, which he ran until 1974 when he had a serious illness. At that time the village shop and Post Office was situated in the corner of the Row. Mr. Charlesworth was about to retire and the property was condemned so we approached the Parish Council for their backing to build a new shop. We purchased the plot of land opposite the old shop which had been the site of four cottages previously demolished. We set about buying the land from South Derbyshire District Council, getting planning permission to build a lock up shop, which we were readily given as the village was in need of the facilities the shop and post Office would bring. The business was opened in 1975 and in 1980 we were given permission to build the house on to the shop. Peter retired in 1987. The people who carried on decided in 1998 to close the business. It is the first time in my lifetime and my parents and grandparents before that the village has been without a shop and Post Office. We are worse off for amenities now than we were in 1900. When we were children in the 1930's the village was visited several times a week by the Baker's cart, a mobile butchers and greengrocer, also the 'paraffin man'. He carried everything anybody would need in kitchen gadgets, props, saucepans etc., but mainly the paraffin for the lamps which everybody used for lighting along with candles. We knew when the paraffin man was on his way we could hear the saucepans and buckets clanging as the horse trotted along. We had regular visits by the Policeman on his bicycle. There was very little crime and doors were rarely locked.

All the cottages in the village had an allotment. These were in Chapel Lane where the Village Hall stands now, and opposite the Old Vicarage. The farm workers as soon as they had eaten their meal after work, would fasten their spades etc. to the cross bar on their bikes and go to the allotment. Joe Whittaker who lived in one of the cottages now demolished always wore his cap back to front.

BUILDINGS AND PROPERTIES IN THE 1930's-1940's

The church is the most important building in the village. It stands proud on a small mound in the centre of the village. It holds many sad and happy memories for our family. Mother played the organ from 1914 to 1968. She was quite deaf and Dad sat opposite the organ and Mother had a mirror above and Dad nodded to tell her when to play. Grandfather, Richard Morris, my Dad, Jack Draper, and recently, Geoff have been churchwardens for many years. As children we were not allowed to play outside while the church services were taking place when we were little. My sister and I had a Sunday best dress and hat. In the summer a straw hat with flowers round the brim. We had to take them off the minute we got home from church. For many years we were in the choir and went on some enjoyable outings on a bus to various parks and zoos, and once to London.

The widow, son, daughter-in-law and in-laws (the Lakins) of George Turner the Painter are all buried in the churchyard.

The Hall

This stood on the site of the present Hall Park until it burnt down in 1958. It was occupied by Miss Eadie in the early part of the 1900s and then by her brother and his wife Col. Eadie. Three

of their four children were born at Barrow. Jeremy, Jennifer and Alastair. The Hall was a beautiful house. It had the main entrance from the village corner where ornate iron gates stood leading up a gravel path to the front door which had an imposing portico. When the Hall was sold after the war, it was bought by a Mr. Durose and the gates were taken to his property at Ireton Wood. Through the door was a lounge entrance hall with a beautiful fire grate. An imposing oak staircase went from the hall to the bedrooms. The Hall should have been saved and restored. It gave employment to many people in the village. The laundry was done at The Nook, which was a property belonging to the hall. The Grange was the home farm and rented by the Marson family. Peter's mother catered for the hunt when it visited and various shooting parties etc.

The Hill

This was another beautiful house in immaculate condition. It was owned by Stuart Dobson and his wife, who was reportedly a Russian Princess. He was a dark handsome man very much like Clark Gable. He drove through the village in an open-top sports car with spoked wheels. My aunt who married Uncle Fred Morris came to work in service at the Hill. Stuart's brother, Ken live in 'The Cottage' on the corner now the Club. They were in business in Tamworth. When the Dobsons were away my sister and I went to stay with our aunt at The Hill. The house was sold shortly after the Second World War when the Malins of Thurman & Malin in Derby moved in. Mr. Malin became a churchwarden and school governor and they took a very active part in the village.

St. Wilfrid's

This is my favorite house in the village, I suppose because of the family connection and so many happy memories. It was bought by Richard and Annie Morris in 1912 and was occupied by them until Granddad died in 1952. When he bought it it was a farm and blacksmith. He sold off most of the land and went into business as a carrier. He travelled between Derby, Melbourne and Leicester. He took produce to market for the market gardeners at Melbourne. He fetched leather from Leicester to the shoe factories at Melbourne. He had a detachable body which fitted the lorry and turned it into a charabanc for outings and trips to Derby.

The Vicarage

The first half of the century the vicarage was on the right, half way to Twyford. The vicar in residence inn the 1940's turned his lawn into a tennis court for the use of the young villagers. In the early 1960's the new vicarage was built on land sold by my mother for the purpose.

Manor House

This was a working farm and owned by J.P.Hoult and his wife and son Duncan. They were staunch Methodists all their money was left to the Methodist Church and to build Manor Court. Their son Duncan was killed when he was thrown off the back of a cart. Mrs. Hoult played the organ at the Chapel.

The Grange

This was the home farm to the Hall and was farmed by the Marson family from 1926 to 1947. It was a large dairy farm and is the only one left in the village today. When the Marsons came to

the Grange the fields were ploughed by having a motor powered engine at each end of the field and the plough was pulled backwards and forwards on a chain contraption.

Hill Farm

Another dairy farm occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Goodwin from 1930 to 1960s. Before then by Sym Hoult

Manor Farm

This was farmed by Mr. and Mrs. Billy Page and their son Stanley. This family took an active part in the production of the Pantomime. Stan was very much a character of the village. He took one of the comedy parts in the Pantomime along with Bill Harnden (Jean's Dad) usually the ugly sisters or Dames. Mrs. Page was the Producer and Mr. Page the scenery painter.

The Walnuts

Miss Turner (sister of the famous painter and George Turner) lived here. George married a Miss Lakin. They also lived at The Walnuts. His wife died in NOV 1920 George married again and went to live at---------- CLIFF ASH COTTAGE, IDRIDGEHAY

The Meadows

Percy Turner (George's son) farmed here. When he died Billy Ordish lived there until they sold and went to live at Chellaston.

Crowtrees

This was owned by Dorothy Evans parents until after their deaths when Dorothy moved into a smaller property. On the opposite bank of the river was a rookery until the gravel people chopped it down. The rooks made a terrible noise first thing in the morning.

Tom-er-Hills (now Millstone Cottage)

This was bought by the Weston family of Ford & Weston as a country retreat, although Miss Weston spent most of her time here. A stained glass window was put in the church over the children's' altar in memory of her brother.

Trentside Cottage

This was occupied by the Wilkinson family, it also was bought by the Weston's and the Wilkinson's lived in the cottage and looked after Miss Weston. Tommy Wilkinson was the local 'PIG KILLER'. He killed Dad's pigs. We children covered our ears so we could not hear the squeal when the poor thing was killed. Then there was the carrying of buckets of boiling water for the scraping of the skin. Cutting up into various joints and the sides had to be salted and hung. The lard rendered for pastry, especially pork pies.

The Cottage

This was owned by the Manners family after Ken Dobson, who was related to the Eadies. They had several servants. They had two boys Robin and Andrew who spent their first few years just sitting on the lawn in their prams. They left about 1939 and went to Etwall. Before the Dobson's was Scout master Captain Bennett who was responsible for the archway erected at the side of the house to celebrate George V coronation in 1911

Eve Cottage

This was the wheelwrights. A large metal frame lay on the ground on the grass in front of the cottage to shape the wooden cartwheels.

The Row

These were mainly occupied by farm workers. Most had big families. The cottages had no running water this was supplied by a pump in the middle of the row and outside toilets. Most of the cottages in the village were either owned by the Parish Council or The Hall.

Holy Bush House

This was a small farm which had a cheese press in the outhouse. The house suffered extensive fire damage in the 1950s when the sister of Mrs. Jones, the owner perished in the fire.

Ivy House

This was where the Sharp family lived. Herbert Sharp was the road sweeper and kept the village tidy. Harry their son was disabled and could not read or write. He pumped the organ for Mum playing; it has since been converted to electricity. Every so often he went into a daze and forgot to pump so Mum gave the organ a kick. He also went round sweeping up leaves every autumn. He came to my house every morning when my children were little to ask if I wanted anything from the shop.

Barber and Cobbler

This was carried out in a parish cottage in the Nook by George Lumbers. A timber building attached to the end of the cottage was used. Most people had their shoes repaired in those days.

STORIES OUR GRANDMOTHER TOLD

Our favorite was the story of the baker's horse and cart which visited several times a week. The horse always had a drink in the river. One hot summer's day in about 1900, the horse put his head down the bank to reach the water, the river was low and the weight of the cart pushed the horse, cart, baker and all his bread into the river. When the river is low you can see the iron frame of the cart under a willow tree on the opposite bank.

Another story was about Nerpy Thorp who lived in a cottage in the Nook and every year shot the rooks out of a tree on the corner of the Nook to make Rook Pie.

Another story was another Thorp who lived in the Nook. When it was the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary in 1911 a party was held in the Hall field. Drink was flowing all day and plenty of food and this particular gentleman ate himself to death. He never had another thing to drink or eat and died that night.

The saddest memories told by Grandma were about Charles Henry Smith. He and his wife rented rooms at St. Wilfrid's. Mr. Smith was a maker and repairer of violins. He arranged to meet a client at Chellaston station to hand over a violin. He walked to Chellaston and handed over the violin, in the meantime a thick fog fell and when Mr. Smith arrived back at the turn to the village he lost his bearings and took the Sinfin road. He was heard calling for help in the Gardener's cottage in Moor Lane. The people living there ignored his cries. He was found the next day on Sinfin Moor, he was so wet it was thought he had also been in the canal. This happened in December 1920. He is buried on the south side of the churchyard. When his wife died, Mother bought their piano and mahogany sideboard. She gave many children in the village music lessons on the piano. Most days when I arrived home from school in Derby Mother would be giving lessons and I took over making the evening meal for 7 of us.

Another tragedy was the man who lived in Gardener's Cottage in Club Lane. He went missing while his wife had gone shopping. He left his shoes on the kitchen table. The village was searched. Eventually he was found in a large water butt right next to the house door. It was thought the shoes left in a prominent place as a message that he was not far away.

NAMES OF FIELDS

Most of the village fields were known by names. The site of the Council houses was known as Brookfield. The field where the new school now stands belonged to St. Wilfrid's and was known as Dovecote. Granddad Arthur Morris gave the piece of land on which the cross now stands. On the right at the back of the Village Hall is Dyche Furlong.

The fields running alongside the river from Barrow to Swarkestone were The Meadows. This footpath was used frequently in the summer. We had no busses to Barrow and went through The Meadows to get the bus

The fields at the Grange down Cow Lane were:
Taylor's Croft
Fernello Stitch
First Stitch
Second Stitch
Doctor's Close
Fleet Close
Sandham Nook
Greenfield
Cinder Hovel
Barrowgate
And 2 Glebe Fields

FACILITIES IN THE VILLAGE IN THE 20th CENTURY

In 1900 (my grandparents time as a young married couple) the village had a shop, post office, school, concert parties. Friends would meet in various houses for a singsong to the

accompaniment of a piano or small organ. The Club (then in Club Lane later on the village corner in the property known as The Cottage) A bakery in the village at the end of The Row and opposite the coffin maker. When the cemetery in Twyford Road came into use the coffins were pushed (by the man in the village) on a byre from the church to the cemetery. This was stored at the back of the church. (No expensive Undertaking firms in those days) A baker came several times a week after the bakery ceased to be used with a horse drawn baker's cart. Later a motorised vehicle. The butcher came twice a week until about 1980. A horse drawn and later motorised 'oil man' came once a week with all hardware products: soap, props, buckets, all the necessary for the oil lamps: oil, wicks, glass mantles etc. We could hear him coming his buckets hung on the back and clanged.

The Co-op laundry visited every week. Len Morris was the laundry van driver and was a nephew of Granddad's. He always stayed at St. Wilfrid's for a snack and drink and a game of cards with Grandma. Also 'The Willington' man visited once a week. He walked from Willington carrying a large suitcase full of haberdashery, tea towels, towels, dusters etc. He knocked on the door, and when Mother opened it he dropped his case on the step and proceeded to show everything he carried. To my sister and me it was like Aladdin's Cave with all the hair slides etc. I think most of the housewives bought something.

SALE AND DAVY'S SCHOOL 1900-2000

We still have the same old school standing built in 1843 (thank goodness) and we also have a brand new school built in1998. Thanks to the tireless efforts of Mrs. Susan Smith, our Head Teacher for the past 26 years and who has just retired in July 2000.

The school has an excellent reputation in the district and children come from many neighboring parishes.

In place of the one teacher when I was there in 1934 to 1940 there is a Head, one full time teacher and two part time teachers. The number of pupils is just under 100, and several other staff and several dinner ladies.

THEN AND NOW

One hundred years on we have only the school and club left. If the Hall had not burnt down, maybe we would not have these, who knows, the village would not have grown in population as it did when the Hall Park etc. was built and I doubt whether we would have had sufficient children to warrant a new school.

We have no traveling salesmen, just plenty of cars. In 1900 the village people in the big houses owned about 8 cars, and something like the same number of telephones. The telephone kiosk was erected in the 1930s. Before then in an emergency the nearest house with a telephone would be used.

With the arrival of Jill Scarfe in ---------- music is once more enjoyed in the village but instead of a pantomime and dance band we now have a successful and thriving community choir of about 40 members. Concerts are given and the choir sings at venues outside the village. Jill is a very talented pianist and singer and has done an excellent job in collecting the choir together and training them to sing together.

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I dedicate these written memories to my parents, Ada and Jack Draper who for many years worked tirelessly in the village. In spite of having five children to bring up they still found time to spend on village work. Mother playing the organ for 64 years, for which a plaque is erected in the church near the organ.

Also to my grandmother, Annie Morris, a wonderful woman. A regular church goer and a person who could turn her hand to anything. She could shoot and fish as well as any man. I spent many an afternoon sitting with her on the riverbank. If she had a mole in the garden which was being a nuisance she would sit patiently by the mole hill until it worked then she would shoot it, this would be considered cruel now, but in these days the villagers relied on all their home grown food. If she heard a noise in the night she would get up and walk round the garden. At the time of the depression in the 1920s the poorer villagers had a habit of sneaking out in the night to help themselves to a little coal.

These are people who my sister and brothers have fond memories of, and who worked tirelessly in the village for many years.



BROTHER STUARTS 21ST 24-12-1953.
GEOFF IVAN
ME (EXPECTING ANDREW) MUM. STUART. DAD. CYNTHIA



THE DRAPER FAMILY.

GEOFF

IRENE. STUART. IVAN

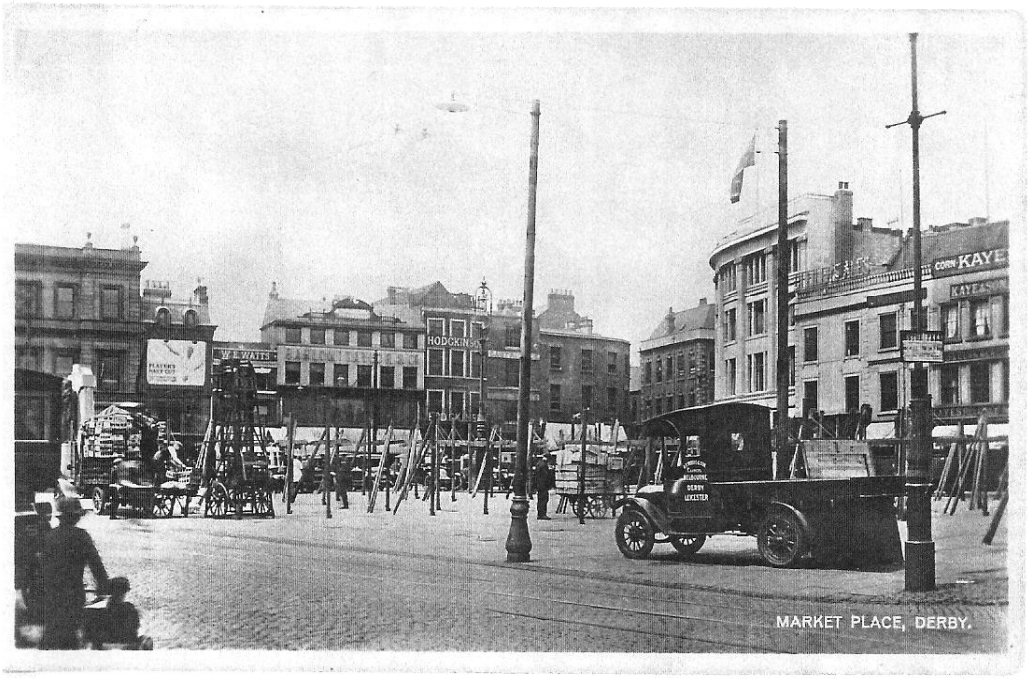
CYNTHIA



BARROW SCHOOL 1938



GRANDADS LORRY WITH THE BACK ON TO ACCOMODATE PASSENGERS WHO WERE TAKEN TO DERBY.



GRANDADS LORRY (A. R. MORRIS) IN THE MARKET PLACE, DERBY.



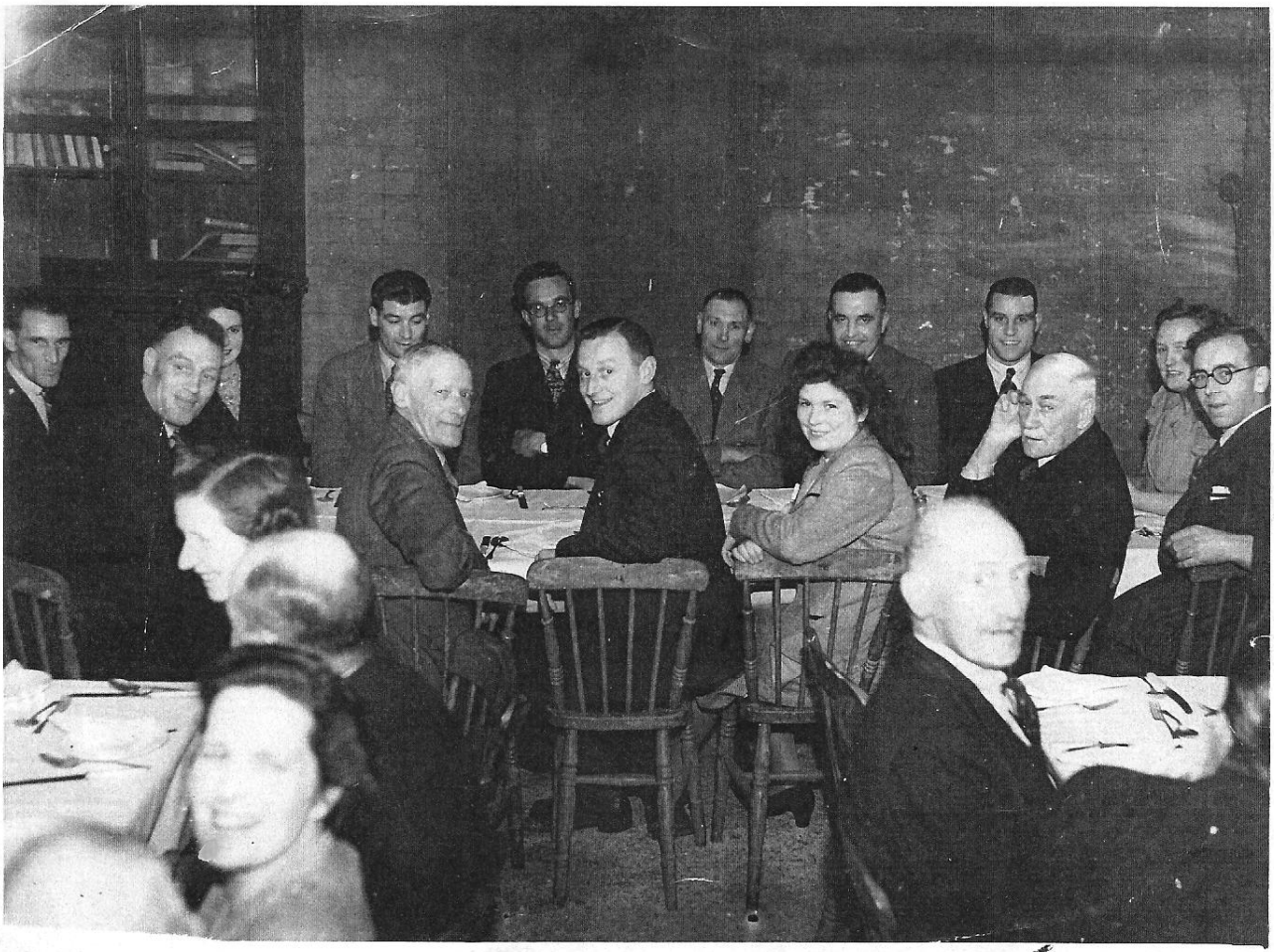
THE HALL BURNT DOWN IN 1954. 27 HOUSES WERE BUILT ON THE SITE KNOWN AS 'HALL PARK'



EVACUEES WITH MATRON.

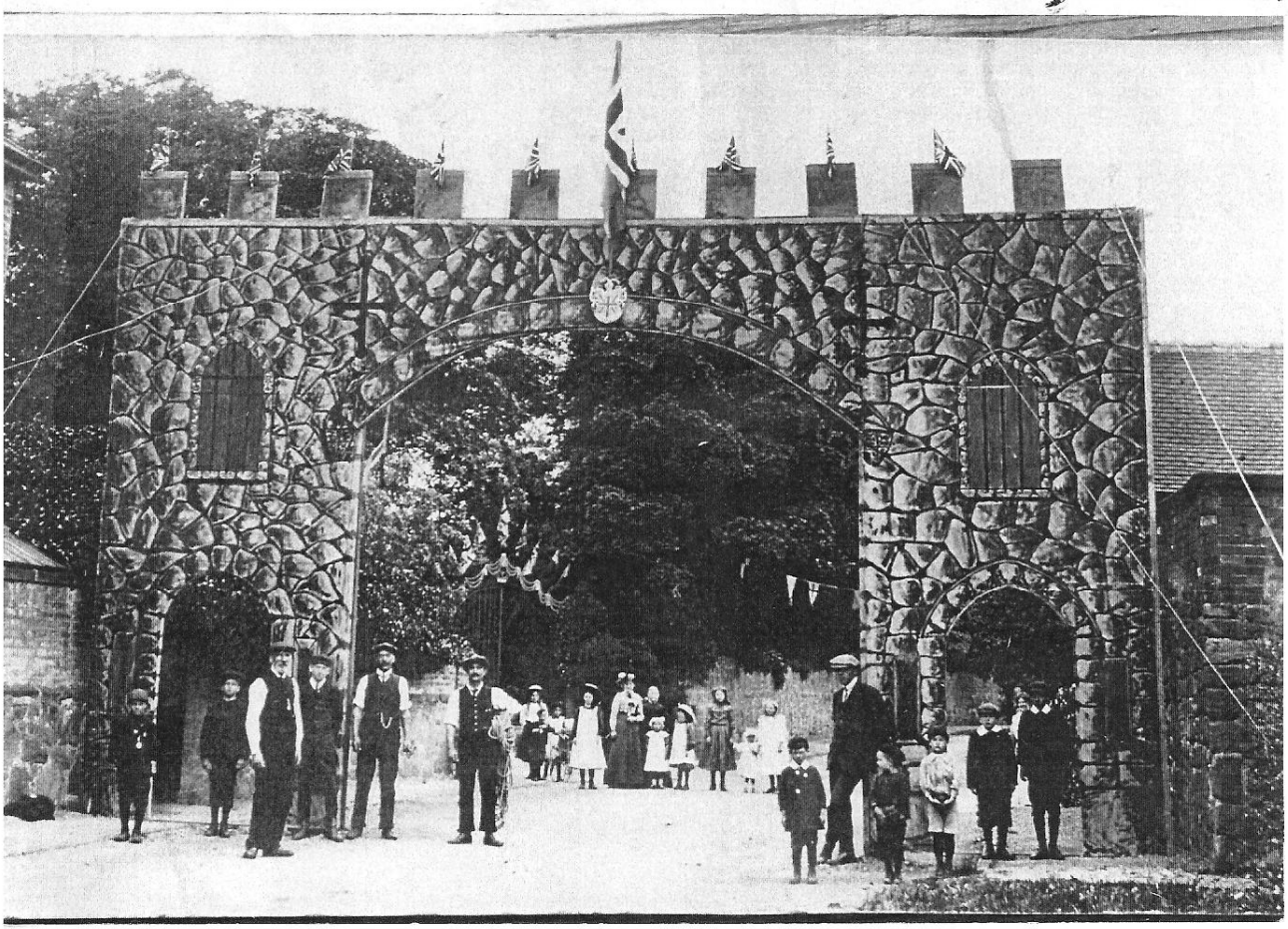


EVACUEES AND STAFF.



CRICKET CLUB SUPPER ABOUT 1948 WITH DERBY COUNTY FOOTBALLERS AS GUESTS.

LEON LEUTY.
JACK STAMPS
JOCK WALLACE.
BERT MOZLEY.



THE ARCH ERECTED IN THE VILLAGE TO CELEBRATE THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY, 1911 IT WAS BUILT BY THE BOY SCOUTS LED BY MR BENNETT WHO LIVED AT THE COTTAGE. (NOW THE CLUB)