

A CONVERSATION WITH MISS KATHLEEN (KAY) FOSTERrecorded on the 20th January 1988at her home, "The Chestnuts"Horton-in-Ribblesdale, Settle

Topics covered include her childhood, education, training, subsequent years as a Red-Cross Nurse, and matron at private educational establishments. It also includes her early recollections of Horton shops and trades-people.

Interviewed by: Tony Simmons.
 'Churchgate,'
 Horton-in-Ribblesdale.

.....
 T.S. You told me that you were born at "Burnside," here in Horton, what year was that?

K.F. We're on are we?

T.S. Oh I should think so!

K.F. Erm...my mother and father were married..at Stainforth, in 1912 and..my father had previously lived at, "Burnside," and, my sister, elder sister, was bor' Diana was born, in 1914, at "Burnside," and then..I was born, at "Burnside," on the 31st of May, 1916. I'm *afraid*, the arrival of a second daughter, caused, tremendous disappoint to my parents, because there were very few Fosters left in England, and all my father, want was longing for, was a son and heir. And, the, er, nurse we maternity nurse my mother had, woke my father up at "Burnside," and told him to go and fetch, Dr. Hyslop, from, Settle, our Doctor, but that meant, that he *had* to.. saddle the horse in the stable nearby in "Burnside" and put, go down to 'S' in the dark, to Settle, to *wake* Dr. Hyslop up at Marshfield where he lived which was some..which was a difficult job, and, Dr. Hyslop had to get up and get dressed, and saddle *his* horse, to go back with in the trap, and they both, trudged up, from Settle to Horton, which is about, seven miles.. and, *when* they arrived, having tied the horses up, at the front door, there was Nurse Leylie(?), to greet my father, and to tell him, that she had *pru* produced, another, beautiful little baby girl. My father was left...almost speechless, and I can't quote, she wouldn't tell me...but he *swore* very loudly and was *bitterly* disappointed, but they *decided* that they better having come from Settle, on a hor with horses, go and see my mother...and..that was my arrival. My mo er, my brother, was born when we'd moved, to Stainforth, because the *moor* at Horton, and "Burnside," was let, to a Mr. George Ward of Bradford, on a ten-year lease, and we *moved* in 1918, to Stock Hill at Stainforth, and when my..my mother was expecting another child, and she was over forty, we rented "The Hollies" opposite the vicarage at Stainforth, where my brother was born, on July the 26th 1921..and, I have photographs, of my father, *holding* his precious son and heir at the christening, at "The Hollies," and, two little girls at his er er feet, and, my father, was then taken gravely ill with a duodenal ulcer, and was operated on, by..a Leeds surgeon in the *house*, at, "The Hollies"and, he had to have *two* operations, and, he *did* know..er that he'd..got a son because, they'd had the christening, and this little *baby* was taken in, to him while he was in bed, which he sort of fondled and everything, *but*, he only *lived* and died, on the 7th of October..er 1921, and, so he didn't really gain much benefit from his son and heir.

T.S. What recollections have you of your father? Any or none?

More follows/

K.F. Well not *really* I think it's only, when you're *five* you can't *really*, remember very much, except, I *remember* having a, happy *childhood* there, with, er, well *not* when he was ill but I mean before, my brother was born in Stainforth, er, and, of course in *those* days, you, didn't, get away very much I mean you were very, much left on your own resources for *playing*, and, we used to go down, to the beck and we used to go down to the Ribble, at Little Stainforth for picnics I've photographs of myself, *nearly* always with a sun-hat to protect the sun from my hair head, I just, can't *think* what, the people of that, generation, would think if they came back now, and found, small children, you know, going to, er *Spain* for a holiday, in in a bathing su costume... 'cause we were *very over-clothed* from the photographs we have.

T.S. Your mother died not long after, I believe.

K.F. Well, er I, had been going daily, *weekly* to er s er... the Fal where the Falcon is now, and was er had lessons, with the Nicholson daughter there Joyce Nicholson, and we bicycled through Settle, and I went to a little Dame's school at the top of..Giggle er the hill at Giggleswick, it's now an ivy-covered house. The one thing I *do* remember, *is*, er, being cal er, changed and put in my best dress, on a Saturday morning because, my mother was going to take me, to the prize-giving at Giggleswick and collect me, and as I, couldn't do my sums properly I had to stay there, and wasn't allowed to go, and as Treasurer of Horton Church I often look back and think, that, perhaps if I had paid more attention to my maths I might have done better now! (laughter)

T.S. How long after your father had died, was it before your mother died?

K.F. Anoth er I was ten.

T.S. You were ten? I see. With whom did you go to live after your parents died, you mother died.

K.F. Er, just a second...we, left Stainforth, and came back..we moved up to "Burnside" in about 1930..er because, the moor, and "Burnside" was, this was after, Mr. George Ward had given up the moor, and er, my father's first cousin Geoffrey Metcalfe took it over, and we had to vacate the house, for a month on August, but we moved up, and, erm, the gamekeeper and his wife, lived at "Burnside" in the kitchen quarters and had certain number of bedrooms upstairs, and, we were home in the holidays, and my cousin George Perfect's aunt, er, looked after us, in the holidays, because by that time I'd.. we'd gone away to school, the three of us.. but, life wasn't terribly easy, because if you wanted to have a pal in for tea, you had to go and face Mrs. Nicholson, and ask her if she'd put one extra on for tea, which was never very easy. I, er went to Casterton, when I was about eleven years old near Kirkby Lonsdale...erm....my sister'd been there, in the junior house and she'd been promoted, to the senior house, and, I'm afraid to have to say, that I was so unhappy and cried so every night at, er Bronte House, at Casterton, that the *next* term, they had to move my sister down, to comfort the poor little baby sister. I do remember how kind Miss Brydon was to me...er Miss Dobson the Headmistress, looking back, she was... not really what you would call an *easy* Headmistress, er because she was a very *formidable* figure, and you, er, you had to have something pretty, er *important*, to erm...to go to her for, because you always had to stand outside, her study door, and you, by the time you went in you were nearly shaking like you know like a jelly. But I was, my memory of Casterton is quite, a happy one...but...er...after I left Casterton, er...I, went, up to Berridge(?) House in London, and looking back now, it was a domestic science college, and I took a matron's

- housekeepers, er course, and, I *vowed*, that I wasn't going to tell I felt, that people had been kind to me at Casterton because I was an orphan, so when I went to Berridge House, I wouldn't, didn't *tell* anybody that I hadn't any parents, and I'd been there about a year, and we were all down in er the hostel, in a recreation room, er one Saturday, having, we used to brew ourselves tea, and I *suddenly* said something about, 'Oh *that happened* before my mother and father were dead,' and there was a *deathly* hush in the room, and, they wouldn't believe me, and, they'd no *idea* that I was an orphan, so it really it was very *stupid* of me but I think I got, a sort of *complex* about it.
- T.S. Yes. Something that you were, holding back inside yourself there , considerably. Going back to your times er at your private school, how did you make the journey there and back? It must have been difficult in those days.
- K.F. Well it *was*. Er it was all right coming home, because there was a very convenient train, and we had to, er, we were taken, in a bus, I think, to Kirkby Lonsdale Station, which is..non-existent now but it's miles before you get to Kirkby Lonsdale, it's nearer to Casterton really, and it *did* stop at Giggleswick where we would have been *met* by Mr., Hayton in his taxi and taken home, but it, er usually, Mr., Hayton took us...er Hilton, took us, er, trunks an' all..to Casterton, at the beginning and end of each term, and, you see it wasn't very *easy*, when we had visiting days, for, my relations to get together, and come and, take us out.
- T.S. So that really, you didn't see them between one term end and the next..
- K.F. Well not an *awful* lot, but then, no school, er was visited, like they are today.
- T.S. What were conditions like, in such a school in those days? Far more spartan than today, I would imagine.
- K.F. Oh yes. And, I mean, er, if you go I've been over the one or two, re-unions at Casterton in the summer term, and when you see them sort of, slopping about in holiday clothes, er, you know, home clothes, and, er, playing games, in shorts and things, I mean, we, wore our, strictly wore our, gym sh gym tunics, and black stockings I can remember that and black shoes, and a white blouse, erm, but we *were* allowed, to change, at the senior house, into and take, a sort, of changing of, er dre a home dress, I *do* remember that.
- T.S. When were you allowed to wear that?
- K.F. Well, er, er, in the at weekends I think on Saturdays and Sundays. But you only you didn't, I mean you wouldn't have *dreamt* of going to church you would be dressed in your Sunday or..uniform, it would be I think, a skirt and blou navy skirt and blouse.
- T.S. Would you be allowed out of school at all?
- K.F. You mean on our own?
- T.S. On your own at weekends or after school.
- K.F. Well no, I think the sixth form would be but I never reached the dezzzy heights dizzy heights of the six form I'm afraid.
- T.S. What do you remember of the food?
- K.F. Well I *think* er, erm...I think it was *reasonable*..the one thing the that does er talking of food, does remind me very much, of that, we had, a a Mademoiselle, and, erm...er and she had two, tables, in a in a, small room, for her for her, and we, went in *rotation*, and I *do* remember, always having to sit next to Mademoiselle because my French was so bad but it never *did* improve, and I've since been to France and everything and disguised(?) it, but, er, she really needn't have had me next door, to her

to teach me French because, they once, er the party I was out with we were camping, and they once sent me, on the Channel coast, where we were staying, to to set off early next morning, to get to order some food, and they kept *telling* me what to order, and then the *chips* that we were going to have, er looked so big and such a lot that I couldn't convert it, into, the sum that I, that we, you know, the *amount* that we were going to use, and I came back to the, where, to where, we'd put the tents up...we'd er, this friend and I had gone with head with a house, with a master and his wife...er on this trip to, erm, Rome and Florence which had been lovely, anyway, er the other, party had to eat so many, of these chips up that I'd ordered because I couldn't *convert* it into French, that, er, he was sick on the way back and we nearly didn't get home because he was the only one licenced to drive the car we were sharing, so that wasn't much good, wasn't, very much *praise* for Mademoiselle and teaching me French next door to her.

T.S. Sounds a little disastrous! How was the school heated and lit?

K.F. Oh well we *did* have central heating...but it wouldn't *be* like *modern* central heating, it would be great I can see them, great big pipes round the hall well if you were in the middle of the hall er you, you didn't, er get much, heat, but I can, see myself, sort of, clinging, on a cold day, to the radiators in the changing room and, and the passages up to the wing, er where there was a radiator, where we had our, 'elevenses.'

T.S. So it wasn't entirely spartan?

K.F. No, no, it wasn't what you call *cruelly*, spartan, things were just beginning in those days presumably, to, improve.

T.S. How was the school lit? Was it gas?

K.F. I *think*, it would be gas. I can't really remember. It's a long time ago you know.

T.S. How strict were the teachers in those days, compared with today?

K.F. Well there was *very* much more discipline.

T.S. In what way?

K.F. Erm... well I think you just didn't *do* things...that they you see.. erm, now I mean one of the things I *strongly* disapprove of with the youth of today, being allowed to go into Settle, and buy food, and walk about in Settle, in, a very mixed, bag of...you couldn't approach it its calling it uniform, and, then you find, that you're walking, round the stalls on a Tuesday and you're slipping on er...er er a thing that they've bought fish and chips in and just thrown on the ground. And I *personally* feel, that the that...the, the next generation, goodness *knows* what it's going to grow up like with the *lack* of discipline, that, we got I mean we were happy, and I think if you *are* disciplined and controlled, you are happier ... really.

T.S. You didn't feel that the discipline then was repressive?

K.F. *No I didn't feel* it because I think the were, you you just took it.

T.S. You took it as normal.

K.F. Yes.

T.S. And you didn't question it.

K.F. Yes...but you see you realise that, er, we're going back a number or years, to when I was at Casterton. There's been a lot happening, we've had a war since and, that, has altered a tremendous lot...but I mean *fancy*, going, down, a canteen at school now and deciding, whether you'll have, spend your, parent's money, on er..awful packet stuff and sweet things, er, instead of having a proper diet from the school.

T.S. Yes. What punishments did the teachers use to keep recalcitrant pupils in

order?

K.F. Well of course one thing was doing lines...that was a *very* regular punishment.

T.S. For you?

K.F. Well I'm afraid yes! I know (?) I expect I did..a certain number!
(laughter)

T.S. I see. Did they need any other sort? They didn't make you run round the quad or anything?

K.F. No, I don't think so, I don't think so, I can't remember... really. You see, really at a boarding school in those days, going back to when did I say it was? The nineteen thirties (yes) erm...the timetables were pretty full and organised you didn't have much time to yourself to be miserable in really.

T.S. I don't think that that has changed all that much now, in private schools, that's perhaps one of the advantages of them. Can you remember any particular characters either amongst the pupils or the staff, people who stick out in your mind over that time?

K.F. Well, er, it's funny that you should say that, be..cause, my mother, was musical...and..I *do* remember, in my childhood at "The Hollies" at Stainforth, on a Sunday night, we used to, she used to play, and we had to sing hymns. Well now...I used to go across the green and the stepping stones at Stainforth, and Mrs. Wilson, taught me, er music. And...she's now died but, well er but fairly recently, we were talking about it, when she was ill, and, she said, 'what a *total* waste of time it was bec' my *poor* mother was *so* anxious that we *should* be musical and grow up musical that she'd, had pleasure from it, er and it was a *total* waste of time because I've come to the conclusion, that I'm *totally* tone-deaf. And *one* of the things I *do* remember about Casterton, was, that we had the *choir*-master from, Kendal Parish church, to teach, to teach us singing, and, we were all in the big, old hall, hall we had our lessons, and he would *strum* away, and I remember, him making me which was cruelty to animals really, to *stand* on the bench to see if I could get my voi, tone a bit higher (laughter)..and, so, really...I think sh sh the, er Miss Morton that taught me music, was wasting her time but I learnt...er for *years*, because I think, my, guardian Uncle Mosley and, er, the family, thought that I *ought* to because my *mother* was, and that my mother you see would have wanted me to be musical.

T.S. The music that she taught you, was there any instrument involved? or was this merely singing?

K.F. Singing.

T.S. Just singing, I see. Do you feel that that training nevertheless has added to your life since, even if you were tone deaf? Do you now enjoy music?

K.F. Well I think I *do* appreciate it more, as er well I but I do think that's possibly...we do get, I mean, in the modern, er er er life, we do get an awful lot of awful stuff, and even I can decide it's awful on the television, with these groups and things, I *do* turn that off.

T.S. Yes, you're not alone! Your holidays from this school you would spend them where? at Stainforth?

K.F. No it was at Horton then...You see I spent my *Christmas* holidays, at Stain at Horton, and my *Easter* holidays at Horton, but we *did* always, have to go, and Ivy Hayton(?), who, was *with* us when my mother died at "The Hollies," er, her father, was a wonderful, erm, er, chap with sheep-dogs and he, I *do* remember her taking us, to Rydal sheep-dog trials, and, er, for her father, er Mark Hayton, was there, with these dogs, and being *frightfully* pleased with myself, because we went up to speak to him after he'd won, the Rydal

- Sheep-dog Trials, and I really *did* feel important then, erm, and, we used to go home, she used to take us to her home sometimes, er, at, on Addingham Moor, and, go and see, father and the dogs, and I've *always* been se erm, interested, and, I *marvel* now, and *do*, enjoy, the, I can't think what his name is that does the sheep-dog trials on the television
- T.S. Phil Drabble?
- K.F. Yes. And I *do* enjoy that it takes me back to the days of Mark Hayton.
- T.S. Can you remember any particularly severe childhood winters?
- K.F. Well no, because I think, we *did* have, much more, *trouble* with the snow, and being cut off, and difficulties with it, but you just took it in, part of your life...but..erm.....of course, have I told you about the the winter that I had with er with Auntie Gertie?
- T.S. No.
- K.F. *Ill* with pneumonia at Douk Ghyll (no) and I came back. Well that was before I did my, Red Cross in the war, and, er I was up at Douk Ghyll which was, er up in the wood by the, well it's where the 'Three Peaks' are now, and all and all the 'Pennine Way' and the whole lot, walk past it, and, the, it's the house in the wood...and, er, my, Uncle Mosley Perfect my guardian lived there, and, er, I was staying there, actually taking first-aid and home-nursing classes to join the Red Cross. And, the, er water, fro with the pipe underneath the beck froze, and there was, I, trying to help, at the house because Auntie Gertie, er, had, got pneumonia, and, we had to fill a steam kettle, that was what the doctor ordered, because you see in those days, you didn't rush to the Doctor for a a antibiotic, er, you had to, sort of, well just run you run its course, far as I can remember, and, also in those days, they had a lot of calves, and, er, ducks and hens, and they all...had a sort of *mash* made...I can see myself, trying to make this, mash and, going and feeding the ducks and the hens while, while she was ill, and then, we had this *terrible* snow-storm, and Doctor David Hyslop had taken over from, his father at Settle, and he came up one day on the *train*, to see, us, and I *do* remember, him, er going and seeing, Auntie, Gertie and advising us what to do, which was, I don't know how she didn't *die*, really, then, but, er we did manage to cure her, and he was very busy taking *photographs* 'cause the *snow* on the trees and the wood and, the beck and everything was absolutely ...*fascinating*, and I used to walk down, every afternoon to get a bit of, breath of fresh air, to *encourage* the people, at the corner by the, bridge, of the, Horton to Settle road, by the church, and, every afternoon at about half-past-three, they were still digging, the same...snow, well not the same snow but I mean *snow*, out, and, they had, *heavy* spades, and they had to *cut* it into four you see, and *lift* it out a block, and, there was, the i the it was a narrow road before we got our ex wide..wid.. widened bridge and road, and there was just *nowhere*, to *put* the snow, er because, they got to this pitch, every, day for a week ... because, by the time they arrived for work at eight o'clock in the morning, *most* of them were quarry men, who couldn't work at the quarry because the, there was nothing, getting *away* the quarry you see, it was just...*dead*, and they started at the station bottom and they got to the same place at about half past three, in the afternoon, and it blew in, next night, and I do remember there was a *terrible* drift, whe by, er, Chris Sutcliffe's farm and the ca and the, e er erm...car the.. erm, camp site, it always blew in *there*, which blocked the road and they had that to dig, before they, er *got* to us.
- T.S. Which winter would this be?
- K.F. It would be in the erm...er..before the war, the nineteen thirties. (It

- would be) But I wasn't here in in 1947 I was up at Aysgarth School then you see.
- T.S. Yes. How did the people in the village manage for food and so on in bad winters?
- K.F. Well they were..they were a mu they were in a *much*better position in Horton, then, than, we would have been, two or three years ago, when there were no trains stopping at Horton, erm...because, an awful lot of stuff, was sent up on the train...the, passenger train and dumped out at Horton Station, and...er, the girls from the, Girl's High-School, in, Settle, used to take it in turns to go down on the train, and come back on again on a train, and get...work, for the girls to do at home. And then they'd send it in, for the teachers to correct...so, because, in *no way* could they, get down and back because you see, the *train* was only running, when it wanted to, because it was blocked at Dent. It only came to Horton and had to be *shunted*...the in those days there was the.. er, siding, to the quarry, for the trains.. to take the the stuff away, the, granite, away.
- T.S. Was that train, simply coming up to bring food, and necessities?
- K.F. Well it really was. T.S. Or was the quarry still running as well?
- K.F. Well I think they came up and tried to do bits and keep the machinery going you see, so it would, but it didn't work to a *timetable* it would just come and go when it felt inclined, I think.
- T.S. Visiting tradespeople, were there any or many?
- K.F. Erm, well we were very much better *fixed* in those days because, of course there were no super-markets to trudge off to, but, er, we *had* at the, er, bottom of the Station Hill, er, a Settle Co-Op...which you could get, *most* things at, and there was a *small* shop, that, sold.. erm...I think it also so sold, more things like, erm, hair, shampoos and those sort of things and hair slides and combs and, er, er socks and children's socks and things...er opposite, and then coming over, down to The Crown square, erm...we had of course, er Jacky Holmes, the, er...erm.....my brain's gone...erm...blacksmith, who came from Austwick, er and er to sh sh sh er to do the horses, you know shod the horses. And
- T.S. There were presumably quite a few horses in the village at that time.
- K.F. Oh yes. Yes, I mean it was great fun to go down and watch them being, shod.
- T.S. Whereabouts exactly was this?
- K.F. Well it was, in it's now, a broken down hut. At the bottom, just before you go over the small Crown, bridge...looking out onto the water, and just, beyond that, where Miss Hayward, keeps her car...er a bit further up..erm...there was, er, er Butcher John had his butcher's, shop, and you see in those days, they, er, cut up, and, er did their own butchering, I mean you could go up and there'd be a whole..er sort of *side* of erm, a cow or a sheep, and you you he cut it *off* the fr the fresh animal you didn't have all this pre-packed, Co-Op..pink..chickens and, you know sealed up meat...in those days you didn't buy a beautiful chop for *two*, he had you watched him and gossiped over the door..to him, while he was cutting it up for you.
- T.S. I think that most things were sold, un-packeted in those days, were they not?
- K.F. Yes. And *he* you see had a van, and, went round, and he went, right up to Ribblehead, with his van, on a Friday afternoon, erm..and, er, sold the the week-end joints. But there was *also*, er a butcher from Clapham that came so he had opposition. Robinson I think his name was. And then...we had..er...Mrs. Nelson you see we had er er a pe a sep a *only* a Post

Office. And looking back, I mean it was a great excitement, to go to the post-office, Mrs. Nelson's, before Christmas, and it was *full* of parcels that people were sending off well now with the price of postage, er..er I mean the postman walks into our post-office now, and there'll be per'aps *three* parcels going out a week before Christmas, because *really* you can hardly *afford* to send them now.

T.S. Where was the post-office?

K.F. Well, it was, *in* the Crown Square..and she lived, in the..house that Miss Haywood now, occupies, and, there was this wooden, *hut*, that was the post-office, and a counter you went into, and I *do* remember in the Crown Square, there was a a a sort of, odd building in the *middle* which is now where we park our cars there, and, erm, I do remember in the *war* years, er our...I can't remember what we called it, was it the Battle of Britain? and er erm, there was a *post* up, at the money that we were, *contributing* to it..I can see it *now*.

T.S. Yes I can remember that myself. Erm..

K.F. I think in *those* days, we did quite well in Horton...erm...with er erm I mean, with the War *with* helping with the War effort...and Mrs. Sarginson, who was a trained nurse, er, Ernest Sarg er Ike Sarginson's wife, *she*, ran First Aid classes, and they had a First Aid Post, and er, a blood transfusion service in the Village Hall, which was *then*, where the car park is. And that reminds me, of the, erm, excitement and joy, of, they used to have dances in the Village Hall...and *then*, it was so jerry built, that I'd, you, they had a *billiard* room downstairs, and a *reading* room where they used to take the daily papers and the Craven Herald would be in there, and you were a member and, there was a library, because there was no travelling libraries in those days, and, I *do* remember going to these dances, and, all the refreshments would be put, on a, er the top of the billiard table which had a board and, er people brought their nice coloured cloths and things, and, you, er, they were never able, to give you a *trifle*, with red *jelly* on top, because, with the dancing above and the the, er, doing The, Lancers and things, er it was so jerry built, that the, er, *whitewash*, on the ceiling of the roof, came down, and you were jolly lucky if you didn't get, a a piece of some trifle it wasn't cream on the top it was the, erm... (lime wash?)..the lime wa wash from the, from the dancers above, so you always went and got an early meal as soon as they'd put it out because...but *then* it was pulled down completely it was a total fiasco, and, er the village hall now of course is the old, Methodist Chapel.

T.S. Who provided the food at these?

K.F. Oh well the people in the village were *great* at..at..real *spreads* you had.

T.S. What's...who made the music?

K.F. Well it would be, Cockerill from High Greenfield, with his...ukelele or something he used to come down.

T.S. Just one man?

K.F. Well they there'd probably two of them or something you know. (Umm.) But during the war that, leads me to re reminds me, that one of the most vivid..recollections I have, of the Horton and its *Home-Guard*. But you see I wasn't, per a res permanent *resident*, in Horton I had my, er well Red-Cross leaves you see in Horton, but...er that...er... oh yes one of the things you see, "Burnside" our home, was, after the Bradford evacuees left, er, we let the house, to two families from Norfolk, that evacuated because the bombing was so bad with children, and so, we didn't really have a home to go to I used to go and spend my leaves up at Douk Ghyll with the

Perfects, erm....I've forgotten what I was going to say. It's gone.
What was it, the last I said?

T.S. That's all right we'll come back, let's not worry about that. Erm, let me come back to these visiting tradespeople and we'll, I say, we'll come back on to that one in a moment. What other visiting tradespeople were there?

K.F. I think you mentioned some-thing about somebody coming round once a month.
Oh yes, well now, er there were, *two*, er greengrocery carts one came I think, on...a Wednesday and the other on a Su a Su a Friday or something because, people *did still*, then go to Settle you see on a Tuesday, and I think by that time there'd be a bus service, and the *train* you see, but you had to walk to the station....erm, and then you see there was a very good pork butcher that came on a Friday, from Settle, he had a shop up...er opposite to where the library is somewhere there, er and, you could get, excellent, cooked ham, and, sausage home-made sausages and, erm *chops* and things, and then, we *did* have, erm, a *fish* man, that came down, and he he got his fish from Grimsby, er, and, had a shop in Hawes, and that was quite useful in the middle of the week. An and you see you got it delivered to your *door*.

T.S. He had a van?

K.F. Yes.

T.S. I see. How about things like bread? and milk?

K.F. Well, er, bread...er...would be..from, er, the *shop* I think. You see the *Co-Op*, and then there was the Post-Office as a shop as it still is now....I mean it wasn't Post-Office it was just a *shop* then, and that was er, er the, er, the erm... er part of that, the shop, er was used as a sort of Youth-Hostel at one time, when Annie and Jenny Wain, ran the shop.

T.S. People didn't bake their own bread particularly then in those days?

K.F. Oh *yes* and the farmers would.

T.S. Where would they get their yeast from?

K.F. Charlie Reade. (Read? Reid?)

T.S. Charlie Reade, where?

K.F. Well that was where, the, erm.....Three Peak, the the Cafe is, er er Bayes Cafe, and, shop, is.

T.S. He would always have fresh yeast, that would be fresh yeast would it?

K.F. Yes I mean, er yes yes, he would ge er er er be I think he would be the chief, one for yeast, and I would think the *Co-Op* would sell it too at the other end of the village..you see when you think about it, from the size of the village we *were* quite well, supplied with shops in those days, because it *paid*. Because you see, if you had to, erm, I mean *now*, er everybody's got a car and pops to Settle....and it's sort of become a habit isn't it?

T.S. And that's why there are no there's one shop left in Settle now I mean thinking to what you've said, how many shops would that work out at in Settle then.

K.F. In Settle?

T.S. Umm - sorry, in Horton.

K.F. Yes well then another person that di came round regularly, and I do remember, er, having to be very careful and always to stay in, because once a week, er, Shepherd and Walker's that, had the *Chemist*, had the *front* part of the shop, as a Chemist, when it was Shepherd and Walker's, and, the back part, was, er a Proven(sic) Store, and they, came round to the farms, once a month and took the order, and I think *possibly* at Douk Ghyli, you'd nearly order your yeast there. But I *do* remember, er Auntie Olive, Perfect, er, always made butter. I remember going up I used to *love* to go

- up and help her, and pat it up and make patterns on the, pounds of butter.
- T.S. Did all the farm, farmers wives around here make butter?
- K.F. Yes and you see you killed your pig..which gave you ham, and I mean, it was a lovely sight to go into the farm houses and see these *beautiful* big hams, and that's why, on the beams, you have, you have these, sort of hooks where they were all hanging. And there was *nothing* like ta tasting, a piece of really good, Yorkshire, cured ham, by, the *professional* farmer's wives, that they *were* perfectional(sic) they they were *perfection*...at it, because you did it..erm if you were a farmer's daughter, you'd done it all your life you'd learned from your grand-parents, as to how to cure hams, and I mean, the the crackling, and the *brawn*, just to think about it, I mean you buy a bit of brawn now I did from the shop, the store in Settle, and, I, only thought, when I had my lunch today I had that and some ham, and I thought what blinking..*awful* tasteless stuff it was. But the brawn that they made, really had bits of *pork* in it...and ham an'....
- T.S. Was this for self-consumption, all of it, or did they dispose, sell the
- K.F. Well *some* of them would probably kill so many pigs, er that they had to sell them but, I *do* remember talking, just recently when I went up to visit Cam, talking to Mr. Beresford who, was a boy at Cam in the war, and, he, two things, that interested, Sheila Haywood and I when we met him when we visited Cam I'd never been to Cam, and she *took* me there, and, er, about his childhood, that he went walked to school at Oughtershaw, and, he was *made* to walk, from *Cam* to *Oughtershaw* every morning, *carrying* a gas gas-mask...and, er once, he li forgot to *take* his gas-mask he told us, and, he had to walk back, from Oughtershaw, to Cam, to get his (laughter) at about a little boy of ten I mean how *cruel* could you be? and what was the
- T.S. What distance would that be?
- K.F. Oh quite a way, over the fields you see, I mean when you *think* of the likelihood of there being (Laughter) a gas attack, at, at Oughtershaw school, you see that was cruelty to animals wasn't it? And, also what he told us you see, that that, you *did* buy, ba *sacks* of flour, in the outlying farms, and, they had to walk, to...Hawes from Cam, to get the yeast.
- T.S. How would the farmers wives dispose of the butter and so on?
- K.F. Well you see I think they'd bring it down, in *baskets* and sort of *panniers*, from Cam, To Hawes, like, they brought it down, to, Charlie Reade, and *then*, he ss, if he, he would take as much as he could sell in Horton, and then *he* would have *handed* it over to, erm, Dick Davies's father, who lived at, the, erm...Crooke's Far er er the farm er at thee erm...erm...camp site is, and he would take it on, in a horse and trap, and sell it, on Tuesday in Settle....any surplus.
- T.S. He would sell it for people or would he buy it directly off them and sell it of his own accord?
- K.F. Well that I honestly can't remember. But I mean there was nothing like, a good pound of well-made, Yorkshire, butter. There was, than than going to Asda Supermarket or something and buying it. Or the Co-Op in Settle for that matter.
- T.S. Presumably even in the war years there wasn't that great a shortage of such things?
- K.F. Well, there was a quite a *Black-Market* in eggs, in places...and things like that.
- T.S. So at the end of the day what you are saying is that the village was as near as anything, a self-contained unit.
- K.F. *Yes yes*, I mean a lot of old people, er...would have er hardly, would er I mean t'would be a great day, out, and I *do* remember at the exhibition the

last exhibition we held the History Group, held in Horton Church, there was, a charabanc-full, that *went*, to Blackpool, and, er, it was one of the *first* charabancs, this picture, and, it really was..absolutely incredible, because, it wa there was *great doubt* as to who was *on* this, charabanc, and we got a bit of information from the old people in the village, and then as the week progressed, we had to cross these names out and add *other* names to these people, because people came, who were old, Horton-ites, and, looked at it and said '*that wasn't Mrs. So-and-So*, and they, I, *two* of them were nearly scratching each others eyes out as to whether it was her or hi you know..(laughter) or which was what, and then, I had *at least* learnt that I'd never, you know..have a, a charabanc in the church exhibition again.

END OF SIDE ONE

T.S. One of the questions I wanted to ask you about, in your childhood was, did you have any illnesses that you can remember as a child?

K.F. Well I suppose I had, the usual, er, measles and, those sort of things, but, one, disaster, *did* happen to me as a child..which has caused me a great deal of, (a) worry and (b), expense I suppose, that...in the garden at 'The Hollies,' which was before we left, in, erm...what did I say the nineteen thirties didn't it early nineteen thirties, er, I I mean my mother was still alive then, and we had a tricycle..and, we *kept* it, in the people that had been there before, were mad on, er birds, and there was an old aviary and we kept this *blessed* tricycle, and why, er my mother didn't buy us one *each* and save squabbling I just wouldn't *know*, but anyway I reckon, and always have done that my sister, knocked me off the tricycle and I *fell*, in the garden on the path, and, I have always, I had a *big* nose then 'cause my *father* had, but I've had, *terrible* trouble with my nose...and, I *went*, to see, old Doctor *Hyslop*, about it and he told me that there was nothing much to do to it sort of thing..but *eventually* I was *sent* to a specialist in Leeds and taken by my mother...and, *he*, said that there was nothing much, that could be done or wrong with it it would *grow* straight well..talk about, *anything growing* straight, and, so, my mother, died, and, had been dead quite a long time, when I think, old, Doctor Hyslop our doctor had *realised*, that, *this* was becoming a sort of *obsession* with me, because, in one of my nostrils, it's like when you *curve* your, *hand* you know the white...skin, it was sticking out in one of my nostrils, and as I got to what I suppose in those days you weren't called a 'teenager' but I was coming up to *being* a teenager and was *ex extremely* self-conscious about it, and, old Doctor Hyslop, did worry about me I think...as a a poor little orphan in a storm, and *he* sent me up, to a specialist, in London...er, because, it was at the *time*, when, plastic surgery and that sort of, manipulation after accidents, and a *relation* of his, had had a bad motor accident and injured her nose, and, he was later Sir Stuart Duke Elder, had *straightened* it for her, and he thought, that, if I went to this, Mr. Mewkie, (? sic) in London, er, he would, *send* me to somebody, and as I was nearly twenty-one, I was going to spend my, er 'twenty-one money,' getting for my, twenty, you-know er inheriting the money, *on* my nose to improve my beauty...so I went up to London all alone, and, er, I've forgotten where I what hotel I stayed in, but anyway I went to see Mr., Mewkie, and I was absolutely *paralep* (Sic) because he was, up in upper Regent Street near Harley Street, just where the old B.B.C. was I could take you to the door *now*, and, when I sat in his waiting room, it was *full* of *cups* that he'd, sporting cups rigger cups and, golf cups and things that he'd *won* you see and I thought *crying* out loud what am I going to see? Anyway, he talked me into, *telling* me that it was, *mad* to have a..plastic surgery operation, because he said, you've got a a, a nose, very *aristocratic* nose now, but, if anything goes wrong, what happens? You see...I mean it's in such in its *infancy*, I mean if your face had been, *burned* badly, and, you were *scarred* it would be worth trying. So, he had me up, and I went into the Hallam(?) St. Nursing Home in London and had, this operation, which was quite something, my *sister* had to come and live in the South because he wouldn't do it without somebody, a close relative being near at hand, and so there was I on the top floor of the Hallam House Nursing home, and he *removed* this cartilage you see, and, and, er, got away with this, ugly boning that had sort of, sticking out, but, the most *extraordinary thing* was, that, I was very lucky, because, opposite me, I had the Honourable Mrs. David Bowes Lyon having an operation, which was the, then, Queen,

Mother's, er..Sister in Law, her brother, David Bowes Lyon's wife...and, it was *in* the Autumn September, and, I had a very nice night-nurse, because the matron had got, her great friend in, because, er, she, kept getting *phone calls*, from Balmoral to find out how the Honourable Mrs. David Bowes Lyon was from the Queen, and she had to have *somebody* who could, er, answer the telephone at nigh-in the evenings properly you see, and, she used to, spend a lot of time she was *terribly* good with-to me and sit with me at night and things, but, the Honourable David Bowes Lyon, passed my, door, which was always left *open* because I was sort of young and nervous and you know sort of thing, er, to visit his wife, and one night, he came in, er, and came across, and he said, could I *possibly* help him and I was *terrified* really he was all in a, a City, you know, clothes and everything bowler hat, holding, because, the Royal Family had sent so much fruit up from Windsor Castle, that his wife couldn't *possibly* think of eating it, and could, *I* eat, this, this, bowl that *he'd* brought, that, I mean he was replacing, and he said 'it *does* need eating and I can't take it *home* from the Nursing (Laughter) Home, would you like it?' and, er then every night he popped in, after that, I was there about a week, you know to see if I was eating the proper eating the fruit, and *that* was quite an experience..and then, my, my *sister* sister and I went down onto the south coast and caught the most *dreadful* cold, and that nearly undid the whole thing, but erm, at least, er, he did, beautify me I think a *bit*, and I was always grateful but it was quite an experience, when you were just twenty-one coming from the Yorkshire Dales to be *stuck*, right in the heart of London.

T.S. Fascinating. Was there a nurse here in Horton as such?

K.F. *Well, no* but then we *did* have the *District* Nurses..visiting, and I mean *nobody* went to Airedale Hospital to have their babies...they'd, nearly *all* be delivered at home. Erm, there was a Mrs. Sargenson here...who left ended up on Overlands...er, Mrs., Ike Sargenson, and *she*, came from Dumfries where she'd taken her training and she also, did her mid-wifery at Carlisle, um er Hospital, General Infirmary and, *she*, er, er, *delivered* an *awful* lot of, er, babies in Horton. Er, and sometimes I mean, erm, she was *rushed* there the the baby was arriving and almost, sometimes the people didn't really know that they were expecting it was as, you know like *that*, but now I mean, you're monitored and go, to Airedale Hospital and, no doctor comes and delivers your baby in the middle of the night. So the doctors *really* don't have that..bind now, and I suppose really it's much safer because, it wou in *those days*, if anything went *wrong* to with the birth, you'd have to've been rushed, to, er, Leeds Infirmary, that was our *nearest* hospital.

T.S. And that's not very near is it?

K.F. *No* I mean it's over fifty miles.

T.S. And that would have to be what by train?

K.F. *Well* I think if you were a maternity case they would take you in the ambulance..because there was an ambulance service of sorts.

T.S. So the doctor for Horton was always..

K.F. *Well* there were *three* doctors in Settle..all in different, surgeries, there was old Doctor, Balfour Hyslop, at *Marshfield*, who was *our* doctor, and then, his son *David* took over, and then, erm, there was Doctor Ludgrove er Doctor Edgar, and, erm, can't remember the other one it's gone out of my head, but, there were there were *three* surgeries and three running I mean it's *very much* better *really*, to, we're very *lucky*, in the Townhead Surgeries..er, 'cause Doctor.. er..*Brewster*, replaced, er, there were *two* Hyslop brothers Tony, and David, and *Tony*, was replaced by Doctor Brewster,

and he really I think master-minded Townhead Surgery, which, according to people that, I talk to, we get a much better service than, lots of modern...er, doctor's places are. Well now you see at last, we've got the, er, Townhead, erm...I don't know what we call it, er the the er, physiotherapy place and er, the, er, *clinics* and things next built next door just through, at Townhead sur.

T.S. Certainly, for a rural town, it seems a remarkably efficient set-up there. I was very impressed with it as you know. When we come back to when you, left your private school in your teens, how old were you when you left school?

K.F. Well I think I, would be sort of, er seventeen to eighteen, and then you see I went straight from school to Berridge House, to take my, Matron's-Housekeeper's training.

T.S. Where is Berridge House?

K.F. In London Finchley Road in London.

T.S. I see. How long were you there?

K.F. Two years.

T.S. What sort of qualification did that give you at the end of your course?

K.F. Well it just gave me a Matron's-Housekeeper's Certificate, I could, be a hou I could have been a Housekeeper, but the *whole object* of the exercise really was, that I would get the *school holidays* to be with my, dear little brother Bryan.

T.S. I see, yes, I remember you saying you had assure you had, assumed somewhat of a 'mother' role with your brother hadn't you?

K.F. Well I *tried* to.

T.S. What did you do after that? after your two years there?

K.F. Berridge House well that's still(?) in you see, I went down, and I was at this prep school in Surrey, and, er no I was at a *girl's* school in Surrey..oh yes now I must tell you this little, ditty, er, er at Limpsfield in, er the *Manor House* at Limpsfield..now, er..the, I was *there*, and I could *never* do right for doing wrong I mean the, if, er the the *Headmistress* Miss Gribble she really *was* the *last* straw, erm, I've worked with some people but, *never* with anybody so difficult, because, they *swam* outside that term I was there, and, if, if I went out to help them, at the swimming, you know with the little ones with their clothes and things, I ought to have been, doing jobs inside, and if I inside somebody was injured in the pool and I ought to have been outside and I couldn't do right for doing wrong. And *then*...I heard, that the prep school, further up at Limpsfield on the hill, erm, er was wanting an assistant matron, and I got the job...erm, I went *back* with my sister, fairly recently, through Limpsfield, and I went to try and find the Manor House, and it's, now departed, the Manor School, and is all a building, estate, but the old Post Office and the old, shops in Limpsfield are still there, but...and the prep school, we went down to see it, and watch the boys in the in the grounds and everything is still there..and then I..went back in the, September of the War being declared, to, the, erm, er, the school at Limpsfield, and, er, *left*, er to do war work.

T.S. Where did you do that war work?

K.F. Whe er at *Limpsfield*, we had umpteen, er, th the boys prep school, that Autumn of the war I drove through London, down they sent for me, er all among they were filling the *sand*, ba er bags er er, er all through London you know, for the, er, fires and things that we never got that first, year did we? Er, what did you sa-I've forgotten what you asked me?

T.S. I was saying then, what did you do, as the war years...

K.F. Well *then* you see, I came back *here*, and, stayed at Douk Ghyll, and, I took my First Aid and Home Nursing in all this, and, *then*, I joined the Ilkley Detachment of The Red Cross. And, and *then*, I, I was sent to, Arlington Hall...where I worked for..quite a long time, and actually, I quite *enjoyed* my stay, I it was quite a biggish Convalescent Home, it's on the road between Otley, and, Harewood..corner, Harewood bank, on the Leeds, Harrogate road, erm, and we had *quite* a jolly time there I made great friends, and, I only looked back, be, before I did this, talk, er and, we did seem to be quite happy, there's a photograph of us all, erm, playing *bowls* on the, doing *bowls* on the lawn with Matron, she tried to teach us, because, we *had* to try and help we had a P.T. Sergeant for the men to get them fit, and we used to have to come and play, hockey with Red Cross sticks with them, and I once nearly broke a Sergeant's, the P.T. Sergeant I *hooked* him (laughter), on the leg on, with a stick, you know anything-nothing di, like a *hockey* stick, you know, with a curved thing, and he he he er half-broke his *leg* I think I can remember *that* was very popular. But er, I was quite happy there, but I used to...er, get bored with the work it was *very* monotonous, and, so, er..Peggy Firth from Ilkley and I, we did, we became *assistant cooks* but paid fer, as nurses, as, er Red Cross, Nurses, which was a *pittance* in those days, and, erm...er..*because*, we *enjoyed* being in the kitchens, it was a *change* you see fortnightly, we did a fortnight on the wards and then a fortnight in the kitchen, er the only real, *funny* story I can remember about *those* days, is Gwen who was the cook, she is the, mother of that picture with all those, brats there on my mantelpiece, lives over in Cumbria, er, *she*, was, erm, our Cook, and, I was working, as Assistant-Cook with her, and we *did* have awful trouble, in *feeeding*, the Army and Airforce, erm, where they had, nothing to do except think of the next meal, er on *civilian* rations when they had been on Army rations you see, they came from, all the, local hospitals that took, the, the British Army and had extensions and things, built for them like Menstone(?) had, er er huge ward Menstone Asylum. Anyway..we, er..we *heard*, that, we were, having an inspection from, the, Medical Officer in, you know quite high ranking was calling, he'd rung up to say he would like to see, and inspect us, so, we, dashed upstairs and, put our best caps on, and came dashing down, and, what we *did* keep was, two, *enormous*..er galvanized iron, pans, and one was at *one* side, which was, chicken food, for, old Albert Lamb the Keeper who kept hens, on the right-hand side of the Aga and on the left-hand s-side, we put *everything* that, was edible, and, turned it into *soup*. We put puddings, cakes..the lot..and, in our excitement, in trying to get the place, brushed up and tidied up, I shall *never* forget it, but, we used, on the *pig* one, on the *chicken* one, put our *feet* on it to, squash it down you see, oh it didn't matter, and she got to the wrong side of it and she *squashed*..(laughter) the men's *soup* down..*just* before the General appeared! and he *really* was rather a high-ranking..anyway, we got rather pink in the face both of us, and, sort of, not trying *hard* not to giggle, I mean what he'd've well we'd have had to have said both pans were for the *hens* wouldn't we? we couldn't have said we were going to serve his troops..(laughter)..with the *soup* after they'd had a, a boot treading them, but, erm, we *did* have quite a jolly time...and then I got pleurisy...I was on part-time, and I came back and stayed with my Commandant in Ilkley Mrs. Ford up at The Pines, and worked at the Camp Reception Station there.

T.S. Where was that again?

K.F. At Ilkley, er, and, erm, we were I was at Ilkley, Camp Reception Station,

More follows/

at the *time*, of the D Day Landings, because, erm, er they had, erm, a, two or three *well-known* regiments, er at Farnley(?) Park, and, er, we had the, a a *secretive*, visit from the, King and Queen, er, to inspect them, you see it was all so hush-hush you hadn't to mention..and it was a *sad* time when they all went down to the D. Day landings...er, and er, er, we, we took over the sort of sick parade, for the people that were left to clear it all up the camp you see the whole camp went..mysteriously in the night with all these *enorm* I can't remember what..you called the tanks...but, erm, that was rather a sort of traumatic part in the war, and an *awful* lot of the people, that had been in those regiments round Otley, er, were killed. There was the, I know where the sort of erm, I can't remember when we *had* the D. Day...landings, where what year was it..it's so long ago,

T.S. 1944 would it be?

K.F. Something like that, I mean it proved the turning-point in the war didn't it?

T.S. Yes that's right.

K.F. But, erm... and we *did* get an awful lot down at the Camp Reception Station, of, erm...the Admin people, er, and they were always getting *hernias* and ruptures and, breaking *bones*, because they had to hel-man-handle the ten-the, the erm, firing-range you see and all the, er gun-carriages and things, but we *had* quite a jolly time, we used to have dances and things at the O.C.T.U. and everything. And then..I, I was at, on part time, and then I had to, I got fit again, and I had to go back into, whole time, or I should have been conscripted into the ATS or something, and, I went to Harewood House...which was looking after officers...and er, it was..er, I rather *dreaded* it, but you see, I *did*..really, have to work, so that I *could* be *available* for my brother, that was what I, sort of felt you see, and tried to get, my leave when, he was, at home..he *trained* out in erm..America and Montgomery, in, America I've got a photograph of him out there..er, but, erm,

T.S. What was he doing?

K.F. R.A.F.

T.S. Pilot?

K.F. Yes...but, he, erm...but I *quite* enjoyed it I suppose looking back...er...and...*really*...er...I mean we *did* have the whole of the grounds, er..I was there, er when, er the Earl of Harewood, who was a prisoner of war, er came back, because, we'd moved, across, in Europe, so that he was released..and, I *do* remember we all, had to dress in our best caps and I've got a photograph somewhere..and, wait, er, while, er the Princess Royal, was rung up by the Queen, and she went *dashing* off the night before, up to stay at Buckingham Palace, and she...er, and she brought him back, and the poor lad, was supposed to be thanking us for this great reception that we had for him, er and he'd lost his voice he couldn't *speak* and I can see him now, er er, standing on the steps you know sort of, sort of having to say 'I can't speak' you know sort of thing, but, we *did* see quite a lot of the Princess Royal she was very *easy* to get on with but *terribly* shy...she used to come in when we had a Christmas, er Dinner and, er, er, thing, and, I *have* got a book, that she's er gave me, er, one Christmas and signed it.

T.S. Was she living in a part in a wing in the building?

K.F. She, yes she had a a a wing you see, which *really*..er, er, was, more, the part I think she kept her own bed-room, and things but, we had the dinning room, and the li and the library, and the Long Gallery, was all where the officers slept I mean you could sleep about, ooh, twenty..twenty-four in

the Long Gallery but *that* was for the young ones. We had a *lot of*...Poles there. Er.... I I don't know *why*, but you see, if..if the Polish, Generals and things, who'd been injured in *their* war, and come back to England, erm, they hadn't a *home* to go to. So it was very difficult to discharge them wasn't it?...just to leave them leave them at, isolated in England. But, er, at the towards the *end* of the war, well we'd..more or less won it, I *did* feel, that we'd, we'd have a, mammoth task, cleaning, our part of Harewood House to give it back. And, I was, my, erm, sinus troubles were causing, a lot of, my sinuses were, causing a lot of trouble and one thing and another....so anyway I...er hap managed, to get out, but what made finally, made me decide that it was time to give up, was when one of my Polish Generals that was in, where I was work-part of the hospital I was working in in a wa in a private room, and he, got hold of me, and asked me, if I could arrange, to *keep*, some of his uniform and personal effects well I couldn't do it you see..anyway I went to see Matron and she agreed..so we, put all this stuff away and he departed and kissed my hand as they all did and you know, great 'carry on' - 'He could not tell me where he was going' - and departed and then we forgot all about him....and *suddenly* he appeared back, to see us, out of the blue I think he'd rung up from London, and, he'd, *been*, to Poland, and collected his wife back, and walked her back over the mountains and I thought well if my patient...can walk back over the...Laughter)..I can't remember what mountains it is in Europe but over these mountains, it's time I gave up my feet were giving out and my sinuses had gone and, everything so I packed in.

T.S. And he managed - would the war still be on at that time or was it just over?

K.F. Well it was er more more or less wasn't it? a sort of foregone conclusion that we'd *won* the war it was all that settling up, and, before we, they finally...

T.S. But he couldn't just, catch a train over there could he, he must have been some sort of

K.F. He must he must have had inter...must have had people contacts and things mustn't he. Or *she* must have done. But *that* finished me off I thought well I've done my little bit.

T.S. What did you do then?

K.F. Well *then*..I had a, a break..and a bit of a, a sort of er er....you know, at home at Horton, and then I, er, that was when I got my, er, job..at um...er Aysgarth School Prep School.

T.S. What year was that?

K.F. It was in the '47 blizzard.

T.S. I see yes. A bad winter to go.

K.F. Yes.

T.S. Do you remember that winter there?

K.F. I..di-never forget it..because.. I, went over for the interview, and the term had started.....er and they couldn't get a Matron, and, I *went* over with my sister, just before..the, it was the, third of February that it started, and, *had* the interview, and, I said I couldn't go for about a fortnight to get myself sorted out and, you know, packed up and, clothed and one thing and another, and then you see I was sh, sharing 'Burnside' with my *sister* 'cause she was then a war-widow with Michael as a small boy, and, I *left*, Horton about twelve o'clock, on the *Sunday* that the blizzard started...and..I don't know whether I was a..a *fool* or...fool-hardy or what I just don't know, but, I *do* remember picking up, two, walkers..on the way, from Selside to Ribbleshead, and *they'd* got caught in

this storm and it was, blowing up, *terribly*, and one of the men..weren't well and his *car* was at, the *pub* at Ribbleshead, and, I dropped him *off* because I daren't even turn the *car* to go up there becau-and get stuck..and *how* I ever got through to Hawes God only knows, but, I *think* I was the last car...to go over the tops and there was nobody else coming the other way, and I *managed* to get..to Aysgarth School, on the, Sunday night...and, I spent, eight weeks, and, three days...er, at Aysgarth..that Easter Term, we were *snowed up* all the time..and, I had to to come *back* for my holiday, I *rang* up, the Police, at Hawes...and they said, er that I was to *ask*..to ring up *later*...er er-er.. bec-not to..*attempt* to go up from Hawes *over* to Horton, because they'd *got* the most *enormous*..snow-plough, which had *cleared* the *main* roads in the East Riding, and, the Northallerton area, and they'd got it up there *trying* to make a way though. And, that I *must* wait, until it came down..so I, went, and, had lunch in Hawes, and I shall *never* forget Hawes it was a Market Day, and, the *snow* was piled up in Hawes as high as the shops and the houses in the Market Square...and there were people down and farmers, with, sort of *pannier* baskets *buying*, and..I sort of walked about, to keep warm you could, I drank, coffee, you know, endlessly, but, it, was a sight that I shall *never* forget, *there* were the farmers..talking, and the *tears* were rolling down their *faces*, with the *anguish* of how they'd had to shoot their cows, all up, er er over, er er *Cam*, and over the Buttertubs to Hawe-er, you know over into Swaledale..and *they'd* walk down, to get the *first* food that they'd..had for, eight weeks. So I *do* know what the forty-seven blizzard meant.

T.S. It sounds as though it completely paralysed the area.

K.F. Oh it *did*. It was terrible really. And you see people *were*..getting then, a bit short of food.

T.S. Did the school go short?

K.F. At at Aysgarth? *No* because in those days, you see, it all came up on the, the little local train from Northallerton to er, erm..Garsdale. But *now* the, the li-there *isn't* a line. So *that* was very lucky that we had that. And the School used to send, something down to bring it up from the Station at, Newton-le-Willows. And I shall never forget the the the we've *never* had anything to equal it not in nineteen-sixty-even in nineteen sixty-five. Which, I think it was sixty-five that was a bad year wasn't it?

T.S. Or three?

K.F. Well sixty-three I can't remember which. And *there* I *stayed* at Aysgarth you see until I retired.

T.S. When did you retire?

K.F. Well I ca-became..I..*paid*..the cheque..for this bungalow, on the first of August 1970. And I, was *part-time* for a bit. But by *that* time, I was getting, old and haggard and, and, thing because I'd had the bones taken out of my toes...by then, so I was...about done-in, finished.

T.S. Were those the toes you told me the General trod on?

K.F. Yes! (laughter) I've decided he was to account for it! But I was *very* *happy* *really* at Aysgarth and it suited me, and I mean, I *could* come over here you see on a Thursday afternoon, and do some gardening and things.

T.S. Have you any particularly strong recollection of any characters from that school?

K.F. *Oh* *yes* well we *did* have, quite a lot of, erm...well an awful lot of..er, *Scottish* people 'cause, there aren't many *Prep* Schools in Scotland. A lot of *Scottish* families, and, er...er...yes, there are one or two, er...*now*, erm...I mean, I'm beginning, when, er-er peop-sort-of famous people come along I think *my* *God*, he was a little boy when I went to Aysgarth, I mean

with take an example of one or two...er...there's, erm...well, Mr Jeremy, Mackrell the Registrar, er at the Bradford Dioc, Diocese, er was an old boy he was a boy at Aysgarth when I got there, and, I *did* go with, the Rev. Bacon and Henry Barker, when, they had the meeting in Skipton, er, to, er for the churchwardens, and, *joined* them, and, er, I *did* know a Mr. Mackrell had been appointed Registrar, but, I, in my ignorance, thought it must be his *father*..and suddenly down the main, aisle of Skipton Church, there, was the, *young*..Registrar with a wig on and, gown and all the lot, and, it was my little, er Jeremy Mackrell who was always, known as Georgie Giraffe because he was so tall and thin and I nearly fainted, and it was rather like this year..I went up, to Sports Day and they've started, with the *younger*..er boys at Ays, er *old* boys at Aysgarth, an Old Aysgarth Association, and we, about three or four of us that were there *years*..er were asked, so, it was a wet Sports Day but we stayed on for this drink party in the new building, and, I was talking to one of the *parents*, of two boys, that we'd had there, and was talking to him and he was telling me, funny things that had happened or something and, referring back to the dear old days at Aysgarth an,' I suppose I was sort of laughing and everything, and, a a man appeared in and he *looked* rather, old and haggard, and I thought well anyway *he* can't be one of *mine*, he must be a grandfather or something that had come in you see and he propped the doo the, door, er, up, and when I'd finished talking to Mr. Hinchliffe he came up to me, and he said, 'it *is* Miss Foster isn't it?..'and I said yes..er, I thought well it must be a, *parent* or, something or somebody, and erm, so I said 'well I'm afraid I I don't know who you are' you see, and he said '*well*, I was one of your little pets,' so I said 'One of my little pets?,' and then I thought of my grey hair, and, he said, erm, 'I'm, Sandy Taylor.' And I took a deep breath and I said, 'not Sandy' I knew we'd never had, another Sandy Taylor, 'Sandy Taylor from Chipchase Castle in, er South Scotland,'erm, and he said '*yes*..I don't live there my father's still alive, and I *couldn't* believe, so I said 'well now look come on Sandy, I can call you that now can't I?,' and I said, '*tell* me how old you are because I shall *only* go and look up I've all my, you know, cards of, a Form Lists of of ages and things, going back when I go back home to Horton on Tuesday, so he said 'well if you don't tell anybody I'm forty-seven' and I nearly fell into the, (laughter) my glass, and, he, I, but I said 'I think it's quite *clever* of you to have recognised *me* you see..and he said, 'oh but Miss *Foster* that *laugh* of yours and your *voice* shouting at me as a small boy in number one dormitory at s'eight, I ca I I I've *never* forgotten it! And we had a *long*, talk - he was *down*, staying at the Wensleydale Heifer 'cause his horse is in training at Middleham..so we then discussed Lester Piggot and his sins and all this, and we, I've got, *three* Old Boys, that now, that're *training* at, er Newmarket, so, I *have* enjoyed, watching, the, er, Flat-Racing Season, with these three Old Boys..er..but he tol he told me then that Lester Piggott, would um, be put in prison he, there couldn't be anything else for it and what a fool he'd been. But, er, it *was* a bit of a shock to find, that one of your, little pets, who'd been so *naughty* as a, a boy, was now forty-seven..ne-nearing forty-eight. But then *another* thing, was, that, looking back, we had, a relation, of, er, erm...MacMillan, when he was Prime Minister, and when, *he*, um er...a..er er was a *new* boy, er, they had a sort of test with a new Master, sort of general knowledge test the first day really just to sort of fill in time and see if they knew anything sort of thing, and I met a poor little thing...er, in the er-er *crying* down in the, er in the changing rooms or

something I er I in the middle of the morning and I, sort of said 'what on earth's the matter' whether he's homesick, and he said, 'no, but I I I haven't won the the thing because, I called my...the Prime Minister Uncle Mac and he *is* my Uncle Mac and why *can't* I call him Uncle Mac' and that was MacMi...Mac..er MacMillan you see, and er, then I *do* glow with, motherly pride, when I see Lord, er Glenarthur, speaking in the House of Commons...because he was a little pet of mine he was *terribly* shy and, nervous, when he came to Aysgarth and I used to help him to *garden*. And I quite like seeing him, making a report in the House of Commons I've forgotten what he *is* now..he's minister of something. But-you-see I it *does* make, me feel old when I go to bed at night.

- T.S. You sound as though you have a lot of affection for the place.
- K.F. Well *yes* and, I er you they, yes, I, I *did* enjoy one the life there really it su it was an *interest* with all the boys.
- T.S. When you came back to the village, what were your feelings about it? Had it changed? How had it changed?
- K.F. Well...yes and no, it *had* changed a lot really..erm, and of course we were then, when I, came back in about, shall we call it 1971?, er and, was living in the bungalow trying to get the garden to rights, erm...it was erm..we *didn't*, have, the, *tourism* worry, then, and the *people* about..erm...but *now*, I mean, the..people walking past the bungalow all over the bridge, on the, route of the 'Pennine Way' and the 'Three Peaks' and what have you and all the erosion on the moor and everything...Erm..it's er...it *isn't* a terribly peaceful place to *be* or not like when I bought it, but I was very very lucky, to buy, this land here, and have a *lot* to be *grateful*, to old..er Mr. Jackson..erm, at Douk Ghyll, because, I had *tried*, to have, a bungalow built, in the *garden* at "Burnside" and they wouldn't pass that it was an undesirable extension to the village, but, er I never thought that, Bob would *ever*, want to sell me a best bit of his meadow, but, he did very kindly..sell it to me, and *because* it's, erm, the oth-er-because I'm between th the, school, and the barn, you see on the other *side* of the barn, which I *would've* been er-er if I mean in the *garden*, I got planning permission..after a great deal of, worry and agitation to build it here..and er, I've been very *happy* really.
- T.S. We're running fairly short of time now and it wouldn't be right to finish if we didn't..without talking just a little bit about your Yorkshire Pedigree because I know it stretches back for a considerable distance. What can you tell me about your forbears?
- K.F. Well, I *suppose*, really, er...th my forbears, er, go back a *long* way in Horton, because, w-er, we have had a pedigree, in the Foster family, er that was one, *done* in 1925, this pedigree, of *all* the, a-er-erm...relations, descending, from the 'Banks' family, that lived, er, in various parts of er, well sort of er, Clapham, Lawkland and that area, and, erm..and we're *on* it...the Fosters, but, er..I *have* collected, owing to us having this History Society, er, a-another, erm...family tree, which goes *further* back than *this* one-the *other* one the *big* one does, connected with the 'Banks' family, and, *this* goes back, that, a '*Foster*', married, a *Heselton* (?) from Brackenbottom that lived, which was what the *Carr's* farm is now, erm...he, and, er...the the er, the, *she* died the Miss, the *Heselton*..b.bride, er died in...fif or was buried or something in Horton, in fifteen-ninety-something so *presumably*, er...that that's a far back because p-previously to that, I could go back, to, erm...a a to nineteen-er...to seventeen-something..in this *other*, tree, but, thee, er..the *Thomas Foster*, of Brackenbottom, er was, *buried*, at Horton, on the sixth of

September in fifteen...erm...ninetyseven and as they had about three or four children..er, she obviously must have been born, in the, middle, fifteens, and then...Alice...daughter of *William* Heseline, married Thomas Foster of Clapham. Their son John William, lived at Lawkland Hall, with his wife, Ann, who was..a daughter of Thomas, Ingleby (?) of Lawkland Hall. And she died, *he* died, and had a disastrous death at Scarborough staying, to improve his health, in 1879, and he is the one I think I talked about this when, they came an'..took, a er I had to, write about, er, those..when the *villages* were done in the Craven Herald, and, *he* is the one, poor man, that was *brought*...er, by train, er the coffin was brought, and, had to be, taken off, at Hellifield...er because of the junction, they couldn't shunt it off at, th the coffin off at Horton, and, old Mr...Sharpe who lived at er..er where the, Middletons live now, erm, he's *remembers* his *father*, telling him, that *he*, had to go down with a flat cart to Hellifield, and bring...erm...er...John William, Foster, er back, and, the horses shied, at the bad corner at Helwith Bridge, and he fell off, the coffin an' all, and they'd had a terrible trouble, to get the horses back into the harness, er on in the *flat* cart and, poor Mr. Foster, erm, put-er, his coffin put back again..er, and that was, er *must* be true because I don't think old Mr. er Sharpe would have *told* me the story, but, he rather had an un-timely end didn't he coming (laughter) undone...at, thee er, a on the road to Horton.

- T.S. Undone on his way to be buried! And, as we in come into to the last minute, who carries the 'Foster' line forward now?
- K.F. Well I have, this baby brother that, I was, er so put me out as being the baby Foster, and *he* has, two sons, and, so, I've got, one two three four nephews to carry on, er the well, er f-four..to carry on the 'Foster'..er my brother's children. And then Michael Harrison, my, sister's, er, son. So, I'm not without relations.
- T.S. That's fine. Well, as we finish the tape all I can do is to thank you, very much, for what has been a fascinating afternoon. I shall now look forward to transcribing this and letting you see a copy of it.
- K.F. Well I shall have to cross some of it out I think, when I get the cop-the rough copy!
- T.S. I hope not!

ENDS

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