



Life on Busby Terrace, Cockpit Hill

My family moved to 5, Busby Terrace, on Cockpit Hill in 1939 from Northallerton, Mam (Mollie), Dad (Reg), sisters Margaret, Ann and Judy that is.

The other five of us were all born in the front bedroom of 5, Busby Terrace, (left) which was a two up two down house with two dry closet lavatories at the bottom of the garden. These were back to back lavatories, the one that

we used had two holes in the seat though we never went in pairs!!! One very dark night, when I had to go, (I was only 4), when Mr Kemp from next door was just coming out in his long white nightgown, candle in his hand, and I screamed thinking he was a ghost.

When my twin and me were born in 1941, we had to be Christened in our house because it was thought to be too dangerous to go to the Chapel as bombing was going on in Darlington and other nearby towns. "At home" was marked down on our Christening certificates.

When we lived at Busby Terrace, we had two evacuees to stay. They were both girls called Smith, one was Jacqueline, I don't remember the other one's name. I think they slept downstairs on a sofa bed. They didn't stay very long though as one of them stole some of our Mam's jewellery and they were moved to another family in Water End.

I can remember the Polish soldiers living in Nissan huts at the bottom end of Water End. We used to hear them talking to each other in Polish when we walked passed. John and Judy both remember our Mam giving cocoa to the soldiers on the green, and one of them gave Mam an army greatcoat that we used on the bed to keep us warm at night.



Betty and twin Billy Baines

Betty and my twin brother Billy pictured in 1948 waiting to go on Redcar trip

We lived at this address until 1947 when we got a four bedroomed house at Hilton Close. Two of my sisters still live in Brompton but I moved to Darlington in 1960 when I married a Darlington lad.

I remember my young sister "Frances May" (always known as Frankie) being born 1947 in the front bedroom, and on arriving home from school Nurse Kitching the village midwife telling me I could go up to see them. It was the first time I ever saw a new born baby.

Nurse Kitching was well known in the village and us small children always thought she brought the babies in the large black bag she always carried with her. When we saw her out with her bag we used to ask who the baby inside it was for. She just laughed at us, touched her nose and said you will have to wait and see, I remember her as quite a character.

My Mam fell down those steps right in the front of our house on Busby Terrace when pregnant with our Frankie (Frances) and had a very bad scar on her knee for ever after.

The trips to Redcar

Every year the Sunday School treated us all to a day trip to Redcar on the steam train and gave us all a few shillings to spend. We all thought this was really good fun all lining up on the station platform and some of us managed to get our photos taken for the newspaper. It was a happy time when children were safe going places on their own, we played on the beach all day staying together, so we could go into the sea we buried our clothes in the sand and once when we couldn't find my knickers I had to go home without any and I wasn't very happy about that but Mam just laughed when we got home and told her. We ate our sandwiches (aptly named) as they were covered with sand and bought sticks of Redcar rock on the way back to the station to eat on the ride home where we all arrived tired safe and happy.

Picture below shows us all looking forward to having a day trip to Redcar by train in 1948.

Left to Right, Frank Robinson, Maurice Gibson, Ronnie Lincoln, Peter Kirkbride, Percy Lee, train driver with dark tie, Tommy Lee standing on the stones, Unknown partly hidden, Brian Evans, Edna Robinson, Ann Baines, Engine Driver, Barbara Kirkbride, Judy Baines, and at the front Billy and me - Betty Baines, Ethel Kirkbride.





REDCAR DAY TRIP
19/7/1951

Left to Right (by window) -

At first open window - Maurice Gibson, Desmond Gibson, Margaret Evans.

*(Second window - faces pressed to glass) Brothers John & Billy Baines,
no name , Pat Brown , no name , noname, Jean Brown.*

(3rd open window) Irene Vayro waving

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS IN BROMPTON

I loved my time at Brompton School but I was left handed and Miss Bendelow and Miss Jameson would not let me use my left hand. They made me sit on it to force me to use my right, but it didn't work. I was and still am left handed, as are two of my sisters and two of my grandchildren.

Other teachers Miss Bent and Mr Oldham were not so strict and this made things much easier for me, I once had a painting exhibited in Northallerton town hall, it was a picture of Mrs. Mop 6 foot high. Mr Oldham was our science teacher and he gave us a project to last all term, so I asked my dad for a piece of garden and I planted strawberries in it, watched them flower and grow then ate them.

My project won the class prize which was a book and I was very proud. My twin Billy and me were very close and if he got into bother (which was quite often) I was the one who cried so the headmaster Mr Watson put us in separate class rooms but this did not work either as the classes were only separated by a glass partition. I remember the school yard was L shaped and I once was knocked unconscious when running to the toilet which was at the end of the yard. Someone was running the other way and our heads banged together, he was fine but I got concussion and a large bump on my head.

School Group 1952



*Back row, John Cowley, Kenneth Collinson, Norman Coverdale, Tommy Lee, John Robinson, John Houston, Ralph Pattison, Tommy Flowers, Cyril Kirby (I think), Billy Baines, John Atkinson,
Middle row, Godfrey Bowden, David Winn, David Beck, no name, Emily Outram, Miriam Harrison, Pat Brown, Beryl Jenner, Ann Kirby, Ian Leigh, Ronnie Carr, Ernest Waller,
Front row, Sylvia Walker, Julia Coverdale, Audrey Simpson, Margaret Alderson, Joan Hebdon, Mr Nelson Watson (headmaster), Lilian Walker, Irene Vayro, Jackie Kilding, Mary Lambert, Betty Baines*

Seated on ground, Rodney Bradley, Anthony McLean, Frank Robinson, Kenny Havelock. During our break we played skipping in the yard with a clothes line brought to school by Ann Kirby except on Mondays when her Mam needed it for washing day, and we played a game called lion chase. One person was the lion and chased us all. When you were caught you joined on to the lion and the last person to be caught then became the lion. The girls' yard was separate from the boys with a metal gate between the yards and some of the girls used to stand there just to see the boys and giggle (but not me!!!).

Our mother always had lots of washing to do and we used to help her. One day while helping, John was 7, he was messing about with the mangle in next doors yard. This was a very large mangle with big wooden rollers and he trapped his finger in it. Billy and I were watching from our back bedroom window which overlooked the yard and we saw his finger, it was flattened bruised and very sore. Next time he was very careful not to do it again.

The five families on our row were

1 - Mr. Dennis (who was a tailor by trade), 2 - Mr Coates, (who was a plumber), 3 - Mr Blenkinsop (who was a farm worker - he used to bring

rabbits for my Dad to make into pies and stews), 4 - Mr Tommy Kemp's, (who was a bus driver), our's was as I said, number 5 and our Dad was a bus driver.

The five houses all shared one tin bath which was large enough for three little ones to fit in. We filled it from a copper boiler that was in our back scullery. We could only have it once a week I think, as the other families needed it. It was kept hanging on a hook outside the Kemp's back door and there was a tap near the passage. Norman Blenkinsop was once held under this tap by his mother for saying a swear word My brother John and Sister say that they remember the soldiers on Brompton green and our Mam used to give them cocoa.

MOVED TO NEW HOUSE IN HILTON CLOSE

When we got our council house, we had two flushing toilets - one upstairs and one off the kitchen which we thought was heaven. No more running up the garden!!!

The day we moved in with furniture on a borrowed coal wagon, we all had a bath with hot water straight from the tap. The water was heated by a boiler behind the fire so after our baths we all sat round the roaring fire while our beds were sorted out.

For the first time in our young lives, the girls had a separate bedroom from the boys.

I was a regular member of the Methodist Sunday school and chapel all through my life in Brompton. We had a Sunday school anniversary day on Whit Sunday every year and we learned pieces of poetry and new bible readings to perform for the people in the chapel. A stage was set up in front of the pulpit and we all felt very grand performing our bits. I also entered scripture exams. My Sunday school teacher Miss Joyce Boon let us meet at her house to revise for the said exams and I used to do very well and got many certificates.

Once a year the Sunday school took to the road, teachers and children, the two Mr. Dennis's, Albert and Ernest plus Miss Joyce Boon. We used to parade round the whole village, down Water End over the bridge, up the other side into the village, round the church and up Corber Hill then down to Hilton Close. We carried a large banner held at each side by two children. We all liked a turn with the banner on which was written "Brompton Wesleyan Sunday School Soldiers of Jesus" and we sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" as we marched, rattling our tins to collect for the Annual Christmas party.

The party was always great fun. All the seats were put round the edge of the room so we could run and play games and a very large picture of Jesus the gentle shepherd with a lamb looked down on us all. There was a small room just off from the main one where the little ones went to draw and listen to stories and sing. One song I remember was "Daisies are our silver, Buttercups are gold."

When I was at Secondary school I went to Chapel on an evening and sat upstairs near a lady called Mrs. Willis who lived on the corner of Lead Lane. She showed me how to make a frog out of my hanky during the long sermons. Sometimes I would go up into the Choir stalls and pump the bellows for the organist Miss Boon, it was a very big organ with lots of pedals and buttons. We all got prizes for regular attendance at Sunday school, the Sunshine Corner used to meet on Tuesday evenings in the Sunday school.

One evening we got there too early so we went up the passage to the back of the pub "The Mason's Arms" to see some guinea pigs that I knew were there. There was a quoits match on and our Frankie ran in the way. Her head was split open and she fractured her skull. A lady, Mrs Garbutt ran out of her back door with a blanket to wrap her in, I remember it was covered in blood and we were very frightened. An ambulance came to take her to hospital where she had to stay for a long time. When she came home all her long blonde hair was gone because they had to shave her head to stitch her up. She wore a sun bonnet all the time until her hair grew back, needless to say we never went near there again.

Sunshine corner was lovely though, lots of happy songs and games. When I was older I went to the youth club there and learned to play table tennis.

Next to the Sunday school was Mr Laking's farm and I used to go there to see his daughter's Mabel and Minnie and to play in the farmyard and sometimes collect the eggs for Mrs Laking.

When we were young in Hilton Close, we played skipping in the street with a borrowed clothes line and some of our mother's would come out and turn the rope for us and they would skip too, and we sang skipping songs.

When I was eleven I went to the Allertonshire School, I loved my school in Brompton and did not want to leave. I was in the drama group and took part in lots of plays performing in front of the whole school. I was also a girl guide learning many skills which have helped me in my adult life.

When I was small we had two milkmen delivering in Hilton Close. The first one was Alan Littlefair with his horse and cart and churns clattering as he went down the bank. Mam would send one of us out with a jug to get the milk which he ladled out with a very large ladle. Dad would send another of us out with a bucket and shovel to follow the horse and collect the horse muck for his roses and we had to be quick as other dads sent kids for it as well so it was a case of who got there first.

The other milkman was Cherry Atkinson and he had a clever horse that knew just which house to stop at. Cherry would let us ride on the footplate, he was a very jolly man with a red face, hence his name Cherry. If any one touched the footplate the horse would move along the road to its next stop so of course sometimes a child would touch it and Cherry would have to run after the cart.

There was an orchard in the village round the church and we used to get as many apples or pears as we could carry for a penny, in pockets or in our skirts. The owner was Mr. Kit Mitchinson known to all as Uncle Kit and I used to get

crab-apples for my Dad who made crab-apple jam or he sieved them for crab-apple jelly.

There was a lady in Water End who had fruit trees. She was called Granny Christson and we got a pennyworth of apples or pears off her in brown paper bags. The village orchard is gone now replaced with houses and bungalows. Down Water End up the passage next to Danny Hoare's fruit shop there was a windmill. It had no sails though and the village barber used it. I remember going with Billy and John to get our hair cut. It was a large room with waiting benches round the sides and a big barbers chair in the middle.

In the warm summer time we would go up Red Hills to play with a ball or play in the beck under the bridge next to the factory and we used to watch Mr. Hardcastle the village blacksmith making horse shoes in the forge. He would pump on the bellows making sparks fly then dip the shoes he was making into a pot of water making the room fill with steam. He had a bike hanging on his wall, a very strange bike called a penny farthing.

On Coronation Day all the children in Hilton Close went to Mr Walker the bus owner and coalman's house to watch it on his television, as he was the only person in the close that had one. We all sat cross-legged on the floor and cheered our Queen as she was driven past in her Golden Coach.

When I was 12, the Evangelist Billy Graham from America came to the village with a large caravan and I went to see him preach. It was the talk of the village at the time. Also when I was 12, I started to go to the Close which by then was a children's home. I helped with the little ones, it was good, I did this for two and a half years on evenings and Saturdays.

My sister Margaret worked at the cake shop in Water End called "Naylor and Dam's", she trained to be a bakeress. She was only small so they nicknamed her "dolly". Over the road from there was Mr Windress's newsagent shop and in the village were many other shops. I remember a butchers called Maplebecks, he was a jolly red faced man, his shop was round the green and opposite were two shops one of these was a hat shop at one time owned by Mrs Spence who lived in Lodge Lane.



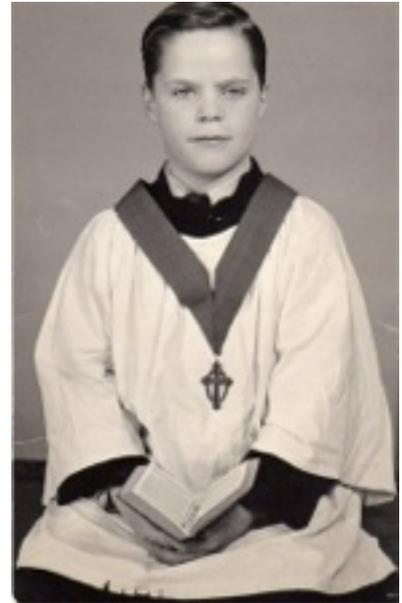
Then an artist had it for a while, he was a Mr Martin and I used to take his two little girls for walks. In 1951 he gave me a small painting of a cottage which I still have now. *(left)*

Later this shop became Pinfold stores.

Once when I was only small, Mam sent me to the village Coop with our grocery order and the ration books and I somehow managed to drop

these down a grate at the top of Hilton Close. Luckily for me a man called Frank Waite from the village saw me crying and he got the books out for me. I remember my Mam being very cross with me but Frank and me became very good friends.

My Family.....



*Left: Taken by Margery Bell in the garden behind the Bethel Church on Cockpit Hill, from left to right , Ann,John,Judy,Margaret seated with Frances on her knee,Billy, seated on stool Reggie,then me Betty Baines
Right:Our Billy was a choirboy and altar boy at St Thomas's from 9 - 11 when he went away to school in Scarborough.*

The picture below shows two children's nurses in the grounds of The Close in 1963, after The Close had become a children's home. One of the nurses became my brother Billy Baines' wife.





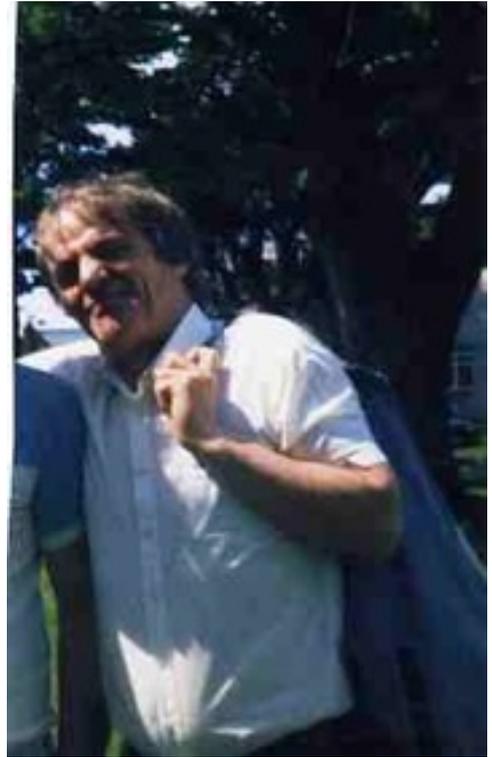
'KIDS PARTY' IS TAKEN AT BILL BAINES' BUNGALOW IN 1967 ,ALL THE KIDS ARE BROMPTON KIDS (I KNOW ALL OF THEIR NAMES) BUT WILL ANYBODY RECOGNISE THEMSELVES, I WONDER? says Bill.

Reg and Molly Baines



THIS PICTURE SHOWS BILLY & BETTY'S MAM & DAD,REG AND MOLLY BAINES WHO LIVED AT BROMPTON FOR ABOUT 40+ YEARS.

Outside number 29 Corber Hill in 1967



Left: Bill sent this picture of some of his family outside number 29 Corber Hill. He thought it was a good idea to show the picture because the Northallerton end of the village does not get much of a mention on "Brompton Matters website". Here it is just to prove him wrong.....

Right: Here you see my twin brother Bill at the Whitsuntide Fair in probably 1986

Day out for all the family



Here the family are enjoying a day out at the Sheepwash by Cod Beck reservoir above Osmotherley