

Stickney in the Thirties

by Derek Sayer

The village of Stickney. not everyone's dream
The place of my birth, I hold with esteem.
Over Half a century since childhood days
And memories dimmed in a mental haze.

I recall with affection this time of my life
Without any feeling of sorrow or strife.
How things have altered over the years
But not for the good or so it appears.

Through the middle, the main road twisted
And in those days the trains existed.
Gone are the station, the platforms and tracks
A victim of progress and "Breechings" axe.

The horizon was graced by two windmills
Where Shaw And Donner showed their skills.
Alas no more grinding of all that grain
With sails removed only towers remain.

The church is a landmark for miles around
Whose bells on Sunday were a wonderful sound.
The Reverend Robertson was resident preacher
While Mister Giltett was head Schoolteacher.

The Rising Sun, Plough and Rose and Crown
Were main road inns of most renown.
In more remote places others sold ale
Though no longer open to tell the tale.

Two garages took care of mechanical needs
From vehicle repairs to cycle three speeds.
Sid Woods and Bill Nelsey the men involved
Kept things moving and problems solved.

The blacksmith farrier had to graft
Ted Winn was the master of his craft.
Horses were shod before days toil
Pulling the carts and tilling the soil.

Three shops were passed on the way through
Cartwright's Shorts and Miss Sykes too.
Stocked with goods of various types
From Simmingtons Soups to new clay pipes.

Some people kept pigs' as a regular chore
And Betts and Shows had meat galore.
They were butchers performing the labour
Of killing and cutting for friend and neighbour.

The business of building and associate trades
Was done by Sam Cott and his comrades.
Bricklayers, Joiners and coffin makers
At times teamed up as undertakers.

A herd of cows, a bull a bit scary
Of Charlie Tailors modernised dairy.
Even in those days a milking machine
Stainless steel plant all sparkling clean.

The end of the traction engines was near
But Hansard and Maddison had threshing gear,
As did George Wright. They were the last
Combines making them things of the past.

Arthur Coulton the barber for haircut or shave
all short back and sides, no permanent wave.

The village shoe shop made its mark
through the proprietor called Saddler Clark.

A Post Office functioned in efficient mode
under the roof of the Scarborough abode
Thompson was doctor, he followed Yates,
Treating the sick and other worse fates,

For law and order with a cycle to ride
Constable Crunkhorn listened and spied.
His local presence a discouraging sign
for anyone wishing to step out of line.

About this period a decision was made
for young Bob Kingston to learn a trade
With King the shoemaker work was obtained
and precious experience thoroughly gained.

Peace and tranquility was brought to a halt
by the outbreak of war and enemy assault.
For military service the young men departed.
For those left behind restrictions started.

The Home Guard was formed without delay
with Captain Chapman to show the way.
Sunday morning for marching and drill
Performed with hilarity on station hill.

The rationing of clothing, fuel and food
Put the locals in a frugal mood
Blackouts were used preventing the light
aiding the bombers that came at night.

Evacuee children came out of the blue
as the local population continually grew.
Soldiers arrived at the fall of Dunkirk
Providing them billets required much work

A nearby airfield was constructed to cater
for, Lancaster bombers, and none were greater.
Some old blockhouses can still be located
showing the effect of time and dilapidated.

Then came the time for me to grieve
The place of my childhood I was to leave
Very good friends were left behind
But fond recollections still spring to mind.