

# 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.