

Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

*Cyril wrote this memoir in 2006*

**Cyril Reginald Warren**

**Born Watford 3<sup>rd</sup> March 1926**

1920s, 30s - My childhood in Matlock and Youlgrave

I was named Cyril after my mother's younger brother. Cyril Weston was killed in the First World War; missing presumed dead, like thousands of others. My father, Reginald William Warren, also served in the same war and was wounded in action.

My mother, Eunice Blanche Pretoria Warren, first learned about Derbyshire from soldiers of the Sherwood Foresters who were billeted with them for a short while on their way to France

Our family moved from Watford to Matlock in 1929. My father and mother had honeymooned in Matlock and immediately loved Derbyshire. They never went back to Watford, although my mother named the cottage she bought in Youlgrave after my father died "Munden", which was a wooded area near Watford where they went 'courting'!!

There was a job vacancy in Matlock Co-op for a draper (my father's trade) published on a list in all Co-ops at the time. Father managed to get the job, and we moved up to Lynholmes Road, Matlock. This was a Council Estate. I started school at the County School above Lynholmes Road and eventually so did my sister Gladys. Our time in Matlock was just a blur as I was so young and we were only there about 4½ years. What I do remember is being taken by my father snow sledging on the fields where Hurst Farm Estate is now. This was an open area all the way to Tansley. I also remember going down to see the floods when Crown Square and Causeway have had about 2 feet of water! When I was 7 years old we moved to Youlgrave

My parents decided on the move from Matlock to Youlgrave when they made the decision to start their own business and thought that a village shop would be ideal. I don't know why Youlgrave was chosen but the idea was a General Store in a rented shop. We moved into a building that had an empty shop next to a butchers shop on Church Street with a flat above both, as home. The flat had a living room, a small kitchen with a gas oven and a larder attached, a small bathroom, a small bedroom that mother and father had and a larger bedroom for us children. Eventually the children's room was divided by a large black curtain on a rail across the room. I slept in this part right under one of the two windows in the room – it was a bit cramped! My father eventually got a Morris 8 car and travelled round local villages selling various items from suitcases, knitting wool, haberdashery, etc. so became known locally. (Rowsley one day, Winster, Birchover, Stanton-in-Peak, etc.) Older people still remember Warren's shop.

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

Youlgrave School was very busy in the early years and I joined the class that was based in the old wood Scout Hut. I soon made friends with Frank Wilson and Luther Shimwell. Weekends and evenings were spent out and about the area of the village, particularly in the Dales (Bradford and Lathkill). It was a wonderful time.

The years up to 1939 were idyllic for us children, I always remembered the summer holidays as being sunny and fine. I used to go out to play about mid morning and would get back home just before teatime. With our parents being busy in the shop or travelling, in my father's case, we were left to our own devices. There was a gang of us of 4-5 lads and we would build camps on the Dales or just roam about. Some time was spent on Brookleton Dale building dams. Wintertime we would be sledging on what was then called Washcroft fields, or down Moor Lane. The fields are now the big Council Estate at the back of the Farmyard Inn. We would spend time on the iced up Meres in the fields up Moor Lane.

One particular incident I remember during one winter, a particularly bad one, involved my other sister Brenda. We were sledging down Moor Lane and as there was so much snow the track ran across the main road and down Hollywell Lane to the river at the bottom, a very long run; we only managed two runs in the afternoon!! We had younger children at the road to warn us of any traffic but the weather was so bad there was no much of that. The Council lorry was out gritting the roads in the village and was just up Moor Lane (they were having their sandwiches). Brenda came roaring down on our sledge, came round the corner, saw the Council lorry parked across the road, shot underneath it and carried on to the river. I saw this as I was on my way down to the bottom to help her pull the sledge back up. There were quite a few people around so obviously it became the talk of the village!! She was banned from sledging, by my parents, for the rest of that winter!!

### 1940s - My first job

At the age of 14 I finished school. Quite a few of our gang passed the 11 plus exam to enter Lady Manners Grammar School including me, Frank and Luther but as my parents were running their own business the education people decided they could pay for me to go. Unfortunately they were still struggling to build up the shop and couldn't afford it. It did not bother me too much (I was only 11 years old).

At 14 in August 1940 I got a job at Long Rake Spar Mine as an office boy, paid 7s 6d a week. The clerk who I replaced had been "called up" into the RAF (George Wain from Pommy who eventually

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

lived in Stanton opposite Home Farm). I walked up to work most days but eventually Mr Lever the Works Secretary got a car and he used to call for me and bring me back home after work.

My job of Office Boy entailed making tea at mid morning break and dinnertime. During the winter time cleaning out the anthracite stove that heated the office and lighting the fire, then before leaving work at the end of the day stoking it up. I was typing and recording figures reference production and answering the telephone. The three of us in the office had to provide our own tea so I had to pass on to each member the small yellow tin ex detonator box we used when it was whoever's turn to provide it (wartime rationing). Happy days!! I eventually had the job of using a Kelly's directory which recorded all businesses under appropriate headings to send out a circular letter to all Monumental Masons recorded offering our white spar chippings to use on graves in cemeteries!! This was a standard letter made up by Mr Lever, which I could remember by heart years later!! I think I must have typed 200 letters or more over the time I was there as we wrote to all recorded people in the Directory all over the country. Mr Lever used to record all the letters regarding the business on a Dictaphone, which was a record cylinder, and I would sit and type these through headphones. When I had completed these I would then use a machine to remove a small sliver to that it could be used again. The cylinders lasted for ages, very modern!!

At year end I had to go on the works to the Engineer to help take stock of all his stores, nuts, bolts, electric parts, everything, then had to write the whole list by hand for the owner of the business when he came up on his annual visit to check the finances – profit and loss. Very important.

When starting work this meant I could only see my mates in the evenings and Saturday afternoon. Sundays were spent with the family, after Sunday School of course. Occasionally Sunday afternoon Father would take us out for a ride in the car just exploring the local areas. When I started work at Long Rake the War had started (3<sup>rd</sup> September 1939) and 1940 was the time of Dunkirk so it was getting quite grim. As petrol was rationed these rides had to be abandoned so it was walks round the village and Dales. The evenings were spent in the house now. Winter in someone's house, mostly ours, listening to the wireless or playing table games. Summer time out on the village streets playing various games (lots of football!) but not outside these areas. The Church bells were no longer rung as they were to be used as a warning that we were being invaded. We had all joined the Scout Troop so this took up one evening a week. The fear of German invasion restricted a lot of our activities. Eventually Frank and Luther finished at Lady Manners. Luther started work at his Father's Farm – Old Hall Farm up Moor Lane and Frank at Mawstone Farm. Saturdays for me were then spent up there helping out.

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

Later my parents moved to Lees House, Warren Carr, South Darley and had a lock up shop, rented of course, next to Youlgrave Church. They travelled by the car (same one) via Stanton-in-Peak. Father had come across Lees House in his travels. A Mr Lorrimer lived there with his sister. He was retired but was the Works Engineer at Mill Close Mine before Enthoven's moved there. They were in their late 60s. They came to an arrangement whereby Father would buy the house and they would live in the downstairs front room as a bedroom and meals and everything were together. Eventually he died of cancer but his sister got frailer and as Mother was up in the shop at Youlgrave she could not look after her. She moved across the road to the people who had known her for years, but did not live long.

As a matter of interest, my parents moved to this house while I was with the Occupation Force in Austria, so for a while I had no idea where home was (I often wonder about this ???).

### 1940s - Lea Mills and meeting Rachael

I came home on one leave from Austria while the old people were still there but they had gone by the time I was demobbed. I was demobbed from the Army November 17<sup>th</sup> 1947 at York and caught a train to Derby, this was early evening. On arriving at Derby Station found there were no trains until early next morning. I spent the night on a bench in the waiting room. This was at 8.30am and was called the milk train? I caught the early bus to Darley Bridge and walked up in uniform carrying my civvie clothes (demob suit) and other stuff I was bringing home. I got home as my parents were preparing to go to the shop. I was made a big fuss of and was made a slap up breakfast before they went. I spent most of the day in bed – I was exhausted!! I soon settled down to my own bedroom, sheets and blankets and pyjamas!!!

I was given Demob Leave with pay until January 1948 but started looking for a job early in the month. Xmas that year was the first I spent at home for 3 years. Ex-servicemen were entitled to their old jobs but it would have been difficult for me as Long Rake was a very small place and of course George Wain was demobbed before me so got that job. In any case the family had moved from Youlgrave and I had no means of getting up to Long Rake and back home so I had to start looking round. I tried Mill Close Mine but they had no vacancies so I looked through the local papers and spotted a position in the Production Department at John Smedley's at Lea Mills.

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

I went for an interview but did not hear from them for a while so phoned them. I was told they had got one or two applicants and these people had declined, they somehow got mixed up and concluded I had as well! Anyway I got the job and started work at Lea Mills in February 1948.

My sisters were already in a new job in Brenda's case at Paton & Baldwins mill and of course Gladys was married to Peter Frith and lived up at the Farm in Stanton Lees, as a farmer's wife.

I set out at 7am in the morning, ran down the road to Darley Bridge (usually eating a sandwich), caught the Silver Service bus to Matlock, ran across the bridge to the station yard and caught the E2 Midland General bus to Lea Mills, arriving at 8am. We finished work at 6pm and did the reverse journey, getting home at 7pm. I mostly had to walk up from Darley Bridge but later on Brenda sometimes came down on her James motorbike she had bought instead of bicycling. It was a small phut phut and she brought a cushion with her and I sat on the mudguard with my legs dangling!! No pillion.

My work in the Production Office was ordering the trimmings for the garments, labels, ribbons, elastics, sewing thread, etc. for making up garments, also doing a monthly record of Production and once a year a full Stock Take of everything (which I had to write up in books for John Smedley himself!) on the machine room floor which was the top floor. The machine room was a long room with rows of sewing machines where garments were made up, then down three steps to another long room running at right angles with another set of overlock sewing machines and steam pressing machines.

The main room continued on up three steps and this was the inspection area and after that the packing room where garments were boxed up or parcelled. A chute ran down to the Warehouse where the finished products were stocked and where orders were made up and despatched. I had to go down there as I also ordered the boxes, wrapping paper and string and labels, so I had plenty to do.

The production office was next to the first machine room and the door came straight out to this room. NB: at the time I was there the work force contained 600 girls.

The factory itself did everything from receiving the raw wool and other fabrics to washing, spinning, knitting, making up and despatching to shops all over the country and abroad. The only thing they did not do was dyeing which was done at Drabbles Mill at Tansley. To me it seemed like all the 600 girls worked in the Machine Room !!? I was really embarrassed for weeks as the

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

minute I stepped out of the door I was wolf whistled down every room!! I did notice a certain blonde half way down the room sat with her back to the aisle I had to walk down, particularly as the girls facing her would warn her as I set out and I think for a good while she was as embarrassed as I was! I never really got used to it!!

Eventually I did manage to chat to some of them on the way down but it took some doing with all eyes on me. It was some time before I got round to the girls half way down and Xmas 1948 when I took more notice of the abovementioned girl. This arrived when we kissed under the mistletoe in the office and I found out a bit about her as we talked for quite a while. Her name was Rachael Millicent Mosley and she lived up the wood at Lea Bridge. There were 4 sisters in the family; Jessie, Hilda, Rachael and Ivy (Robert was the youngest).

It was early 1949 when we started “going out” together. She would come down to Matlock early evening and I would meet her there and we would either go to the pictures but more often than not would walk to Lea Bridge and after seeing her home would catch the buses back home. Sometimes I would stay down at Lea Bridge from work and we would explore round the area and Holloway. I would take sandwiches and eat them in work. It was later on in the year when I went up to the house. Usually there was no one in as her mother worked at the New Bath Hotel in Matlock Bath by then. Bob would be out with his mates and her sister Ivy was by then courting Lewis Gilbert from Stanton. Her father was around somewhere but never showed himself. The walks from Matlock were either of the main A6 road to Cromford, then the road by the river to Holloway, or over Riber so we did some real walking.

As we got to know each other we began to extend our trips at weekends mostly. We sometimes bussed into Derby from the High Peak and spent the day looking round and regularly went to the Gaumont Cinema. We would get back to the High Peak and across the path past the sewage works! I then walked her up home then ran down to catch the last bus to Matlock and from there to Darley Bridge. I eventually persuaded her to come up home to meet my family. Father and mother took to her immediately, Father particularly, and made a big fuss of her. Shortly after this she began to stay some weekends, which was ideal as it gave her chance to live in a house with all the amenities, which she made good use of.

We were courting for about 3 years. They were wonderful years for me and I eventually plucked up courage and we got engaged! This was some time in 1951.

1940s - Rachael's family

When I got to know Rachael, I did not know much about the family, only that she had a sister Ivy and brother Robert living at home. Ivy I saw regularly as she worked at Lea Mills and Robert worked on the railway based at Rowsley sidings. He was training to be a driver but had to start training as a Fireman on the engine. Eventually I got to know about her other two sisters. Jessie the oldest lived at Birmingham and was married to Geoff Sykes. Hilda was in the ATS and at that time was in Palestine.

Rachael's father, William Henry Mosley and mother, Sarah Millicent, lived at the Mosley Farm at Wormhill to start with. Sarah's family, the Mullins, who came from Ireland originally, were living at Hassop, near the railway station, as their father worked on the Railway.

Rachael's mother started work at the Mosley family farm, as a maidservant. She married William Henry Mosley when he was 48 and she was 20 and expecting. They then had three more girls very quickly and as Sarah had difficulty in coping, Jessie was sent to Birmingham to live with her uncle, Bob Mosley, a butcher and his family who brought her up.

The Mosley family was moved about quite a bit as William decided to farm on his own. They moved to various farms starting at the "Holt" at Lea and after that at Holloway. Rachael was born at Lea and I believe started school there. The farm at Holloway was down what was called Little London and is still there. William retired from there and they managed to get one of the two keepers cottages on the Lea Hurst estate at Lea Bridge. They were called Tunnel Cottages as they sat on the Railway Tunnel that runs under the hill, which rises above the sewage works. You could hear the trains passing under the cottages! It was very primitive as there was no water or electricity. There was a spring at the bottom of the drive leading up to the cottages and Sarah would take a bucket down on her way to work and leave it there. The girls would take it up at dinner time then bring it back on the way back to work and Sarah would pick it up on her way home from work, at the Temple Hotel at Matlock Bath to start with. This was the drinking water. The water for washing etc. was collected in a large tank, which gathered the rainwater from the roof. The lighting was a paraffin lamp or candles.

Robert was killed on his motorbike, aged 17 years, on his way to work. The accident happened at Lea Bridge, a notorious bit of road on a blind bend where near misses were a frequent occurrence. It was at a time in the morning when all the buses were bringing people to Lea Mills. I was in the

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

second bus in line from Matlock. The bus involved was the one from Bonsal and was right on the bend. Someone came to our bus to say there had been an accident with a motorbike. I got off the bus and ran to the scene hoping it was not who I thought it could be, but unfortunately recognised the bike and the person lying partially under the bus. Word must have got through to the Mill and I saw Rachael and Ivy running down the road. There was a lot of blood on the road so I ran up to meet them and stopped them going to the scene.

I confirmed their fears and persuaded them they had better go up home to their Mother and tell her what had happened and stay with her. Later on the local policeman got in touch with me at work and I volunteered to go to the police mortuary in Matlock and officially identify the body. I did this on the way home. There was no way I was letting either of the girls do this and the police accepted I was part of the family. An inquest was held and I had to attend this as a member of the family who identified the body.

William died shortly after Robert and it was concluded that Robert's death brought this on. He was found outside the door of the house and had died from a heart attack. I helped Rachael to sort things out, registering the death in Wirksworth, arranging the funeral and burial and all that this entailed, with her. Father, Mother and Robert are buried in the same plot in Holloway cemetery, and we used to visit this regularly, as did Ivy and Hilda, with flowers.

Eventually Sarah got a house up on Rutland Street in Matlock and spent the rest of her life there. Lewis brought a 15 ton flat lorry (borrowed from Siddall's who he worked for) and we did the entire job in one trip!! Tunnel Cottage was left empty (also next door) and eventually disappeared and there is not much left now, as it is overgrown.

### 1950s - 4 Lees Terrace, Stanton Lees

Early in 1952 we were looking for somewhere to live, rented of course, when Ken Twyford in Stanton Lees let us know he was moving from No.4 Lees Terrace to the house at the top of the village under the Moor Edge. He was a friend of Gladys' husband Peter. I went to see the owner of the house, a widow who lived in a big house near the First Derihon factory. She promised to consider me and told me I was the only applicant at that time. I went to see her two weeks later and she told me I could rent it, but I had to see the agent Noel Wheatcroft in Matlock. It was all finalised and we had somewhere to live. There is a Rent Book somewhere recording our weekly payments collected by Wheatcrofts rep.



## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

We fixed the date for the wedding as March 10<sup>th</sup> 1952 (on a Monday) in Holloway Church. There was quite a bit of work to do on the house, which I did myself. We honeymooned in London and came back to Lees House to live with Mother and Father until the house was ready. As Mother and Father were in the shop most of the time, Rachael had the house to herself, and really enjoyed it.

We eventually moved into 4 Lees Terrace. We bought new furniture through my father, mostly utility furniture but still going strong to this day!! There was electricity to the property but no water. It had a quarry tile floor downstairs but we put linoleum down with a carpet centrepiece in the living room and had a rush mat in the kitchen. There was a Jackson cooker and an electric copper boiler; these were included in the property fittings. Upstairs was a large bedroom at front with a smaller bedroom at the rear, the stairs led straight into these two rooms through a door to each. There was a sunken yard, below road level, at the back with a coalhole in the wall. Half of the yard had a slate roof where we stored the tin bath, garden tools, etc. I built a coal shed of corrugated iron to enclose the coal by the coalhole. There were 4 steps up on to a paved area, the opening to the main road was a further 4 steps up from here. From the paved area there were some steps down the sidewall of the house to the front of the terrace. The 4 toilets for the 4 houses were at the top of a small paved walk up from here. The other tenants had to walk along the front of the houses and up 4 steps to gain access to their toilets. These were bucket toilets of course, emptied every Monday by the Council. What a job!

On the top paved area was a cast iron water pipe, which carried water from a small underground stream, which ran under the road and into a small sunken stone tank, which had a pipe outlet. This ran under our garden and down to Hill Carr Farm then to the river. This water provided us with washing water for laundry, baths, etc. We had two large metal buckets to store or collect this in and every night I would fill these and put them in the kitchen by the sink. The drinking/cooking water came from a cast iron stand tap down the road at the junction with the Birchover road. We kept a special bucket for this and I filled this every night. I also filled the copper boiler when it was not needed to heat the water, for an extra supply. Even with this water supply, Rachael would have to collect more water especially later with the extra washing when the children arrived. We had a small electric water heater for pot washing, cooking and personal use and this always contained water from the stand tap. The only problem with the water from the spring was if it rained heavily, as it would then run dirty and would take some time to clear. In this case I would spend a bit more time with the water from the stand tap.

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

When we first moved in we would go down for a proper bath at my parents house, but we could really only do this at weekends. When the children arrived this was not possible so the old tin bath in front of the fire came into use. There was a side boiler one side of the open fire in the front room and an oven the other side so when we had a fire there was always hot water there, about ½ gallon.

We had one problem with the water supply from the water pipe on the top paved area. I was working at Lea Mills still and I was getting a lift with my friend Syd Smith from Matlock to Lea Mills and back. We had the three children by then. At going home time there was a terrific storm and when we arrived in Matlock the metal drain covers on Crown Square were lifting up with the weight of water running through the pipes. Syd decided to run me home. As we arrived at the house (the rain water was running down the hill a full stream), I got out and Syd went off back to Matlock. I walked down the steps to the top of the yard to find the trough overflowing and the water was running down the steps into the back yard. The small drain in the yard could not take the water so it was running straight through the house to the front door, and out on to the front path. The children were sat on the stairs and Rachael was trying to sweep the very muddy water to stop it flooding the whole house. I ran back outside and managed to lift one of the steps that went down to the path to the front of the house and diverted the water but the damage had been done. The carpets were wet and the linoleum ruined. It was weeks before we could get everything dry but the linoleum had to go. We did not replace it and got one or two small carpets to cover some of the tiles. I built up the step at the back door but it was still shallow. I then built up to top step into the yard and lowered the other step down to the side of the house, but we never had as big a storm again – such is life!!!

There was quite a big garden on the front with a paved path down to the boundary wall on to a field. To the left of the path was a bank of grass, which was used as a play area for children. I put a small corrugated iron, partially open building on this at a later date for a play hut. This was under a high hedge that grew on the side of the rough road that went down to Bee Hill Farm. Down the side of the house was another small grassy area and I eventually put a garden shed on this with electricity in. This was a raised area in front of the toilets. We had a flower garden for Rachael at the front of the house on our patch then a small lawn with a swing, then a vegetable garden that was very successful. For Rachael it was still a lot better than the family home at Lea Bridge but to me it was a bit primitive!!!

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

It was a house of our own though and we settled in very happily. I had a longer walk to and from work of course but we did have the full weekend. Rachael would go out shopping on Saturdays some times, and we did go into Matlock together occasionally but most of the household items were delivered. The man from Ormes shop in Bakewell came and took the order for groceries on Monday and this was delivered mid week. The butcher came round twice a week. The Co-op bread man came every other day. There was also an ironmonger's lorry once a week selling paraffin, etc. We had a small shop in the village run by Miss Doxey in her front room on the lane that ran across above our row. She sold allsorts of stuff, soap, a few sweets, clothes pegs, etc., etc. Eventually the Post Office shop at Darley Bridge set up a little shop by the Chapel, Miss Doxey was retiring by then. You could obviously order items from there for delivery next day to this shop. We settled in very well and soon got a routine going and were content.

In 1953 Rachael became pregnant and in June 1954 our first born, Andrew, turned up at Darley Hall Maternity Hospital on Two Dales. Obviously we needed an ambulance to take her there and I had to go to the top of the village to the call box to arrange this, which was late evening. I then stood by the front door and watched it coming along the road by Einthoven's so that we could be ready for it. Andrew was born the following day and believe it or not my father was the first to find out by phone!! I telephoned from work, and then called at the hospital on the way home from work to see our first-born. We were both "overjoyed" as they say. Unfortunately you were not allowed to walk in to visit, you had to make an appointment so I could not see her every evening. I think I only managed 3 visits on the way home from work. She was kept in for a week when my father and I collected her and the baby to bring her home. There are now houses where the Maternity Hospital used to be.

At work it took quite a while to walk down the room as all her friends wanted to know about our baby. At work later on (I cannot remember when) I was given a new job down in the Sales Department. I was stationed in one of the Storage Warehouses. There were racks and racks of boxes of finished garments and the clerical work was done on a long bench, the windows were 4-5 feet above the bench so we could not see out, unless you climbed on the bench!! I now had the job of working out the stocks of all garments required for the Factory Department to make. This was quite some job as if I did not get it right we could run out of stock and it took 3 weeks for the garments to be made!! Of course I did not get paid much more to do the new job, you were supposed to be lucky to be in a job!! I still had to go up to the machine room area to check where some items were, particularly if a big order had come in and we did not have enough garments in stock. I seemed to be able to cope alright but I did get caught out sometimes! The girls still

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

wanted to hear about Rachael of course. At home Rachael was even busier when in October 1956 our second child arrived – Keith – same ambulance procedure as before, 2 years on.

Some time in this period during April 1956, I was sent down to London Office to get some idea of the Sales part of the job. I spent a week there. There is a letter from Rachael somewhere sent to me in London office reporting on our 1<sup>st</sup> baby and his antics!!

Some time in 1957, unfortunately I have no record when, Andrew was taken ill. He could not bear any weight on his legs in bed and any contact at all made him scream with pain. We called Dr Forster who promptly organised an ambulance to take him to the Derbyshire Children's Hospital in Derby. They operated on his leg the same day. He had contracted osteomyelitis, an infection in his leg bone. We were frantic with worry, as we had no way of getting to the hospital. Keith was just over a year old. We phoned twice a day while he was there.

Eventually Peter Frith (Gladys's husband) took me down to the hospital twice in his car. I was still at Lea Mills so I walked over to the High Peak after finishing work to wait for him there and he ran me back home after the visit. A week after the operation Andrew was taken to Bretby Hall in Staffordshire, a recuperating hospital. This was a lot farther away and there was no chance of a visit in the evening. Peter took us all down on a Saturday afternoon and Rachael and I took it in turns to see the lad, as Keith had to stay in the car. I think we were a month there and eventually we took him home. It was quite a while before he could walk and run around but he made a remarkable recovery, and has never had a problem since. I think we were very lucky that Dr Forster was so quick.

In September 1958 our third member of the family arrived, a girl, Helen. Our family was now complete. Unfortunately as there was no room at Two Dales Maternity Home, Rachael was taken to Wirksworth (we told the children they did not have girls at Two Dales, only at Wirksworth). I was lucky regarding visiting as Jack Frith at Hill Carr Farm took me over but I only managed two visits.

We, of course, on the introduction of a family in the house had to reorganise the sleeping arrangements, including extra beds!! The beds were bought through my father of course but he never knew about Helen as he died the same year (January 10<sup>th</sup> 1958). When the children got older, Rachael and I moved into the small back room and the children were put in the big bedroom.

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

All the children started school at Stanton-in-Peak and were taken to and from there by taxi, driven by the milkman, Harry Webster.

When Helen was about 1½ - 2 years old, Rachael used to bring the children over to Lea Bridge to see their Grandma. She would walk down to Darley Bridge, with the pushchair, which she left in one of the farm buildings (with the farmer's permission) then catch the bus to Matlock, then on to Lea Bridge. The same way I got to work. This was school holiday times of course. Then she had the journey back all the way uphill from Darley Bridge to Stanton Lees. No wonder the children were/are good walkers!! I would stand on the bench at work to have a word with them through the window while they waited for the bus to come and take them to Matlock and home. One of my friends used to keep watch for me in case the Warehouse Manager turned up!!

We did occasionally go to Bakewell, particularly to the Show, but this was quite a journey, as we had to walk up to Barton Hill to catch the bus. We left the pushchair in one of the Quarry sheds, with permission, and after a full day walked back but that was downhill!!

At work I was getting more frustrated as we were treated like the people working on the shop floor, only they were paid more and could improve their pay by overtime. We were considered to be staff but if we had any time off pay was deducted. I had to pay for the bus fare on top of this with no recompense, which did not go down well. We started to complain but got nowhere so I decided to make a move. I managed to get a job at Enthoven's just down the road – ideal. I gave my notice in (one week) and suddenly a mass panic and I was asked to stay with an increase in salary? No chance!!

I kept in touch with my friends there and they told me a month after I left they were all made up to staff levels with fixed salaries – increased of course.

I started work in the Production Office at Enthoven's 2<sup>nd</sup> November 1959. This was a real blessing, no more running down the hill to Darley Bridge and the climb back up the hill. The only advantage Lea Mills had was it was a five-day week. I never saw the children during the week as they were in bed at 7pm and were not up in the morning when I left for work at 7am. At Enthoven's I had to work Saturday mornings, but of course I was home a lot more. I cannot remember when the two weeks holiday every year came in but I think it was soon after I joined my new job.

## Cyril Reginald Warren – a memoir of family life in the 1920s – 1960s

A year or so after Helen started school, Rachael got a part time job in Bakewell as a sewing machinist in a small factory (Granby Garments). She would leave home with the children, walk over to Stanton to catch the school bus to Lady Manners, catch the same bus back in the afternoon, walk back over the Moor and got in at the same time as the children. She only did this at these times to make sure the children had someone to come home to. It helped us financially of course and gave Rachael a change from an empty house.

### 1960s - The move to Stanton-in-Peak

Eventually Andrew passed his 11 plus exam and started school at Lady Manners Grammar School and made the same journey using the taxi plus the school bus from Stanton-in-Peak to Bakewell. By this time we were getting a bit crowded and we decided to put in an application for a Council House. We had a visit from the Housing manager, who happened to be Humphrey Davie-Thornhill. He saw what our conditions were with the mixed family of children in one bedroom. Our application was accepted but we had to wait for one becoming vacant. We were very lucky as one of the two Council Houses at Stanton-in-Peak became available and we were given this.

Rachael's sister Ivy and her husband Lewis Gilbert lived down the road with her two boys in an estate house and they soon got together with our 3. The move was made on the 23<sup>rd</sup> July 1966, a day to remember. Lewis brought his 15 ton flat lorry and moved us in 1½ loads, including the coal from the coalhouse. Keith was now at the John Turner Secondary School at Darley Dale. He had to travel on the Matlock bus that went there via Birchover/Elton/Winster and the same journey on the way back, which made quite a long day for him. John, his cousin, also went there so he had company he knew. Helen started at Lady Manners from Stanton but of course also had her big brother travelling there.

*Cyril's memoirs end here. He loved Stanton, the walks, the countryside and the sense of community. He was very grateful for the support of his fellow villagers when Rachael died on May 31<sup>st</sup> 2000. Her always considered himself lucky to have lived in such a beautiful part of the world.*

*Andrew Warren, March 2016*

*andrew.warren@hotmail.co.uk*