

Father was accidentally locked in Parish Church

Dorothy Tyson was born in 1909 and interviewed in 1994

I was born in New Bank Yard at my grandmother's. Next to Barclays Bank there's a narrow lane you go down there. They've knocked it down since. All the houses have gone now and it's all a car park. I was practically brought up there. There were cellars at the bottom and I had an aunt who was cleaning mad. There used to be a wash house there as well where everybody took their washing. Everywhere had to be cleaned every week. I always remember the vicar was going to see my Grandmother and he said to my aunt "You haven't much of a lookout have you Mrs Hayton?" We'd a big family and she said to him. "No, and if you've as many kids as I had you wouldn't have time to lookout of the window"

The pantry looked over on to the next yard and all the shelves had to come down every Friday. The old fashioned grate was all black leaded, the cellar steps scrubbed. They were always cleaning, always scrubbing. My brother was going to school one day after he'd been to Grandma's to see if she wanted anything, any messages and that. There was two outside toilets she was cleaning and when he came home from school at teatime she was scrubbing them again. George went and had a look and saw what she was doing and she looked at him and she says, "And tell your father that!". Twice in one day. I always remember scrubbing the cellar steps. They were as white as the driven snow. Coal was in there. They brought it in from outside and there was a box on the left hand side to put candles in – she used to dust them out I don't know how many times a day. She must have been mad.

At Christmas time we used to have parties. The family was very musical. My dad used to sing Auntie Mae used to play the piano, Auntie Edna played the violin practically all night. While the others played cards. Auntie Mae used to play the piano at the "The Roxy," it used to be "The Kendal Kinema," for the silent movies.

My father was a Master Plasterer and he lived down at the bottom of the yard behind the antique shop that comes out on to the New Road and still does. There's a lot of houses down there that you can't see.

During the war, when my dad was in the army my other grandparents were Unitarians and I used to go there with my mother and George, my brother, and we used to sing solos in front of the congregation. When we finished singing my grandfather clapped. Everybody was disgusted. I always remember Mr Miller, who was the parson, said, "If Josiah wants to clap, let him clap" and he did. My Auntie May was the organist at the Unitarian Chapel as well. She was very good, well she had got all the letters for music. She taught me, and I learned, but she gave me up 'cos I wouldn't practice.

We have a choir here – our guild and I make them a cup of tea and we practice and then we go out singing. We are going to the Stick and Wheel Club in a fortnight and then to the Brewery and then all kinds of places we go to at Christmas.

I'll tell you a funny story. When my father was in the choir at the Parish Church he wouldn't behave and they sent him to the back of the church to sit. And they forgot him, locked up and went home. He woke up terrified in the church and in the dark and he rang the bell to get someone to come for him. He was absolutely terrified and would never talk about it.

We used to take part in the Mary Wakefield Festival when I was at Kirkland School and the school was always winning.

I liked music in school but didn't like sums in those days. We used to do needlework. We used to make knickers and pillow cases but I couldn't get them right. I went to Allen Tech once. I

remember we made potato soup and none of us wanted potato soup and we didn't buy it and the teacher made us make it again the following week.

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