

# **Memories of Lunedale 1947-1952**

**by J Richard Walton**

My first memory of Lunedale is of my new home, The Bungalow, at Wemmergill when my father was appointed as gamekeeper in 1947.

My twin brother, Michael, and I attended Carlbeck School from then until 1951. The Head teacher was a Miss Dora Roberts, whom I remember well. Initially we travelled by school taxi run by a Mr Williamson, if I recall his name correctly. At 9+ the regulations of the day meant that we no longer qualified so we had to either walk to school or cycle. In bad weather Mr Williamson would pick us up contrary to the rules.

Other memories relate to Plantation End Chapel where, on one memorable occasion, the members held a completion between my brother and I to see who could eat the most at an Anniversary tea. There were cakes, sandwiches and scones. The teas were magnificent spreads and contrasted with the shortages of the post-war period.

The chapel also arranged bus trips to either Blackpool or Morecambe on the west coast or Whitley Bay or Redcar on the east coast. A real adventure then, with picnics en route.

Another memory was of playing cricket in an old quarry above the road with surveyors working on the new Selsset reservoir. One of them, a Mr Keith Jackson, came from Richmond, Yorkshire and the other Mr Des Wilson hailed from New Zealand.

I recall my brother and I making a 'den' in the wood between our home and Wemmergill Hall. The disturbance in the soil may still be there, albeit faintly.

Further memories include catching rabbits in the walls with the help of our Border /Lakeland terrier Paddy; tickling trout in Wemmergill Beck when I showed my catch to the Head Keeper, Mr Lee,- not a clever move.

I Also recall climbing Robin Hood's Penny Stone, walking to Nettlepot to have shoes repaired by Mr Ken Peacock; seeing the summer meadows full of many sweet smelling flowers in their myriad of colours.

We left Lunedale in 1952 when we moved to Holwick prior to our move in December of that year to Stanhope. Lunedale does hold some very happy memories- the summers seemed always hot and sunny, winters cold and snowy. Do my memories deceive after all this time? Perhaps so, but I remember them well. Cue for a song from 'Gigi'? I think not!

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issue of where we will spend eternity.