Frank’s oral history includes his memories of growing up on Garth Farm and going to the village school. In this extract he describes how Garth Farm was when the family bought it and how the farm operated when he was a child.

“There was a bag they had over the backdoor, one of the panels were missing. Dog used to go through there. And then there was a passageway down middle, which has gone now, and wallpaper had come off the top and it had formed an arch and you got to go through it. But, old lad who had it, he used to store thrashing machine parts in kitchen, because there were a well in kitchen underneath kitchen floor, and then everything were washed out. You know, a disused well sort of thing, so it went down there. He used to go around doing thrashing for people, I think, as well. We had a thrasher once, not our own, but, you know, a contractor a long time ago.

We had some cattle, because me Dad used to go with Les Walker to Ireland, because Les Walker used to go every week to Ireland buying cattle for all different people and then me Dad would go occasionally with him. And then we'd get 'em off railway, Hambleton station, walk 'em down Station Road there. Somebody'd be walking in front shutting all't garden gates. Then we'd probably sometimes walk 'em down main road right to crossroads at Gateforth there, and then put a bucket of water out of dyke into a trough for them, because that were all grass.

We used to put sugar beet on there as well, or potatoes, on't railway. When we were backing up sometimes, you know, they're only small, little tractors and a bit lightweight, and you'd be backing round and it were all icy and you could have just shot straight off on to mainline, just like nothing stop you. The potatoes were dyed, because they had got to go for Ministry and sugar beet went to factory.

For lifting potatoes, we used to fetch women from Airedale for potatoes and they used to land at 8 o'clock and then knock off at 4. They were all picked by hand and spun out, you know, baskets to make.

For sugar beet the Irishmen used to come and pull 'em by hand and lay them all in a row, and then one of us paid to cut tops off. And then you'd got to go pick them up and then we used to take it all to sugar beet factory at Selby in trailers.”