Brenda’s oral history includes her memories of village life from the late 1940s to 2017. In this extract she describes living in Mulberry Farm and how her Dad (Edward (Ted) Chapman became the newsagent.

“We moved in 1st January, 1949 and lived opposite The Owl, it was Mulberry Farm. It was a small holding of about 4 acres, and me dad used to grow all his own produce and sell it for bits and pieces, you know. Vegetables and fruit trees we had as well, and obviously made a living from it. Mulberry Farm is because the mulberry tree, that’s where it got its name from, and it’s still, to this day, still there and it’s still bearing fruit.

Mulberry Farm was a long house with the end to the Main Road, and the windows sort of faced east and west. The front room downstairs, there was a living room in the middle, there was windows at both sides, but looking both ways with a staircase in the middle. And then beyond that there was the kitchen and a big pantry with stone slabs, as farmhouses had in those days. And the outbuildings, there was a barn and some other outbuildings where pigs and farm animals had been kept at one time. Me dad used to keep pigs and poultry, but he never -- you know, he didn’t go beyond that. It was more the gardening side that he was interested in.

In those days, about 17 or 18 farms, I think, in the village, and they would ask Dad if they needed any extra help, sort of threshing days or in harvest. Because, originally, he used to work for Leeds Coop, and he used to be the hay cutter, he used to cut hay stacks up for the hay spade. And he used to come on the bus from Leeds to Hambleton, get off, walk down Common Lane, right over the railway and go to Ruddings Farm and that’s how he decided he liked the area and decided he’d buy the small holding.

Mum was at home, yeah. Well, she was an invalid was me mother, she had asthma which she’d been born with, but she also had rheumatoid arthritis and as she got older it got worse.

Mrs Gell, originally, was the newsagent when we came, and she did all the village on her own. Then Simpson’s took it over, down Station Road, but they didn’t have it for long, and it were them who asked me dad if he’d like to take it on. Dad ran it from Mulberry Farm and then when we had the bungalow built he ran it from there.”