Peter has lived in the village all his life and covers all aspects of village life. In this extract he describes his early memories of the village.

Well, tanks going by after the war. I can remember big, clattering tanks heading on the road; they used to frighten me to death. I can remember that. So there won't be many people can remember tanks going by. I don't know where they were going or what they were doing, but they were obviously moving the military.

And I can remember how all the farms have changed drastically, the working farms, you know. The farm opposite me, Thompson's, there used to be, I can remember 'em thrashing and cornbine doing corn with a steam engine, a great big steam engine up the yard. They used to bring it in and contractors used to come in. And this great steam engine and dozens and dozens of men. They used to come from Ireland and actually live in the buildings in the harvest time and then others had potato harvesting and all sorts, there used to be lots and lots of men come and live down the farms. You know, Millington's, I would imagine the same.

Geoff Thompson's dad, has he always had that farm as far as I know, yes, because when … Geoffrey, who has it now, we're more or less the same age and we used to play together, and Geoffrey's dad was one of the few people in Hambleton to have a car. There were only about maybe three or four cars.

Late '40s; '47/'48. I can remember Mr. Chilvers on the corner, which used to be a mill. They had a mill and they used to mill corn and stuff in there. He had a car. Thompson's had a car. Ostler's down Chapel Street at the big grey house Greystone they had a car and, really, that was about all the cars in the village.

When I was from sort of nine/10 they used to take me down to Silverstone to the motor racing, which was very basic then. Silverstone, when you see Silverstone now is a flash metropolis really, in'it? That was basically an airfield with straw bales around. I used to go with them and there's no motorways then at all, straight, it used to be a marathon journey. But he had a Jaguar in those days, a big Jaguar, so I were very lucky. Mrs. Thompson used to take all the food and when the racing had finished we'd stay and make a pan of stew or whatever and we took it in turns. And then at the end of the day, we'd just move a couple of bales out of the way and drive Silverstone circuit in the Jag. And I can still remember it as clear as a bell, honestly, just bombing around there a couple of time and then we were home.