Maureen’s oral history includes her memory of some of the things which happened during her time as Clerk to the Parish Council including, how the Christmas Tree was placed on the village green and the Queen’s Silver Jubilee Celebration.

“It was 1977, and it was the Silver Jubilee – the Queen’s Silver Jubilee. And Mrs Holland, who was the headmistress at the time, thought that the village should mark this event, and wrote to the Parish Council asking if a member would go along and all the other organisations in the village. Of course, no member wanted to go, so the clerk ended up going, and we put together a sort of event. And I can’t remember what all the things were, I remember the hook-a-duck, that – but the kind of things that you’d have at an event like this. And it was a beautiful sunny day as well, warm and lovely.

And the year afterwards there was the feeling that the village wanted to continue and the committee who were there, I can’t remember everyone who was on, but I remember Graham Robinson was involved and – oh gosh, Dinah Croad’s husband.

Yeah, well, he was on the committee as well, and various other ones. And you know, they were workers, they all put things together. And the last meeting we shared everything out between us and we just got on with it really. Brian joined in as a support, because, obviously, he was looking after the children at night time. So, we sort of went on from there.

The next year, the committee, and I don’t know how, somehow got together again, and I think I’d just had Jude, so I think Brian was sort of running it that year and organising everything that went on. And I can’t remember how long it went on, to be honest; quite a few years, I think. And on the second one the councillor, who’d had the lovely obvious wig, also had a traction engine.

Which he was putting in the parade, because we always had a parade with – you were able to do things in those days, not as many cars were coming through Hambleton. But we used to apply to the authorities, and a policeman would come and stop the traffic. So, he came the night before and he said, ‘I’d like to see you on the footplate, Maureen’. So, the day afterwards I just went rigged in normal clothes and somebody found a disgusting looking boiler jacket to put on me, put some oil in me hand, because it was a sort of – you wound it in a circle, and you had to be really fast to get this thing to turn, it was huge. So, there I was driving along the wrong side of the Main Road, and the traffic stopped to let it all go up Gateforth Lane.”