Trevor’s oral history includes his memories and knowledge of his family’s life in Hambleton and village life. This extract includes some details of his family, his Dad’s work and playing football.

 “So, me Dad had lived in Hambleton all his life. Dad’s mother passed away a week after he was born. Well, his mother was Jane Milner and his uncle was Billy Milner. Another relative were called Arthur Milner. Now, Arthur was, in this description, it was called the length man; that's a street cleaner. And he was a street cleaner for Hambleton, Gateforth and Thorpe Willoughby. He was highly respected and will be greatly missed by the Methodist Church, where he was a Circuit Steward, Sunday School Superintendent, and held other positions. He was a keen sportsman and had played cricket for the village team. He often officiated as umpire -- as umpire or referee at local matches.

So, me Dad's mother's mother was called Christiana Leach and she married William Milner, and he had quite a few brothers and sisters according to this list. There was a Rose; a Joseph, that says was born in Hambleton in 1867; a Jane; a Mary, that was born in 1860 in Hambleton; a John; a Thomas, that was born in 1854 in Hambleton; and a Robert Milner that was born in Gateforth in 1847. And, according to Charlotte's list, their mother and father was Joseph Milner, was born in Hambleton in 1821.

The first job I remember Dad having, he worked at Bosworth’s Nurseries, down Chapel Street. Where they had strawberries and tomatoes and all that sort of thing. There was a tale I-I think they had a horse abd cart back in them days, and me Dad was on – stood on the back of the cart, and it set off, you know, and he fell off the back and knocked himself out. The bloke he were working with went to Mr Bosworth and said “come quick, come quick, Alfie’s dead”. He said “well, if he’s dead there’s no rush is there”. That’s a tale I can remember.

I played for -- we had a football team that Alan Wray ran, called Hambleton Crusaders. We'd be 12 or 13, I think. We played on the field opposite Wray's -- you know, on Main Road. There were some goal posts on there and that was our pitch. We used to get changed in Mr. Wray's garage, and there was a sleeper across the dyke, and we used to cross that.”