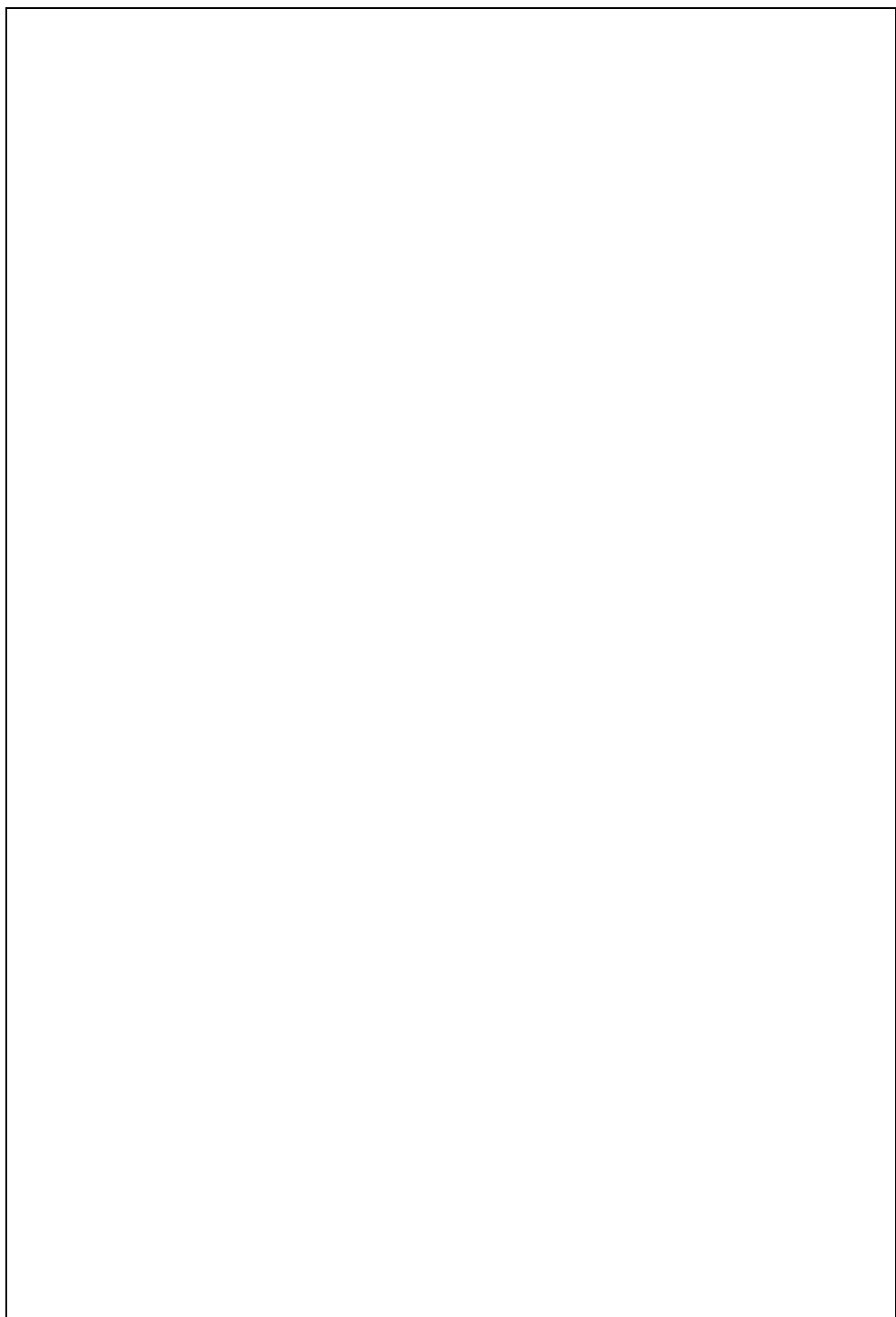


# EGGLESCLIFFE: THE PLACE AND ITS PEOPLE

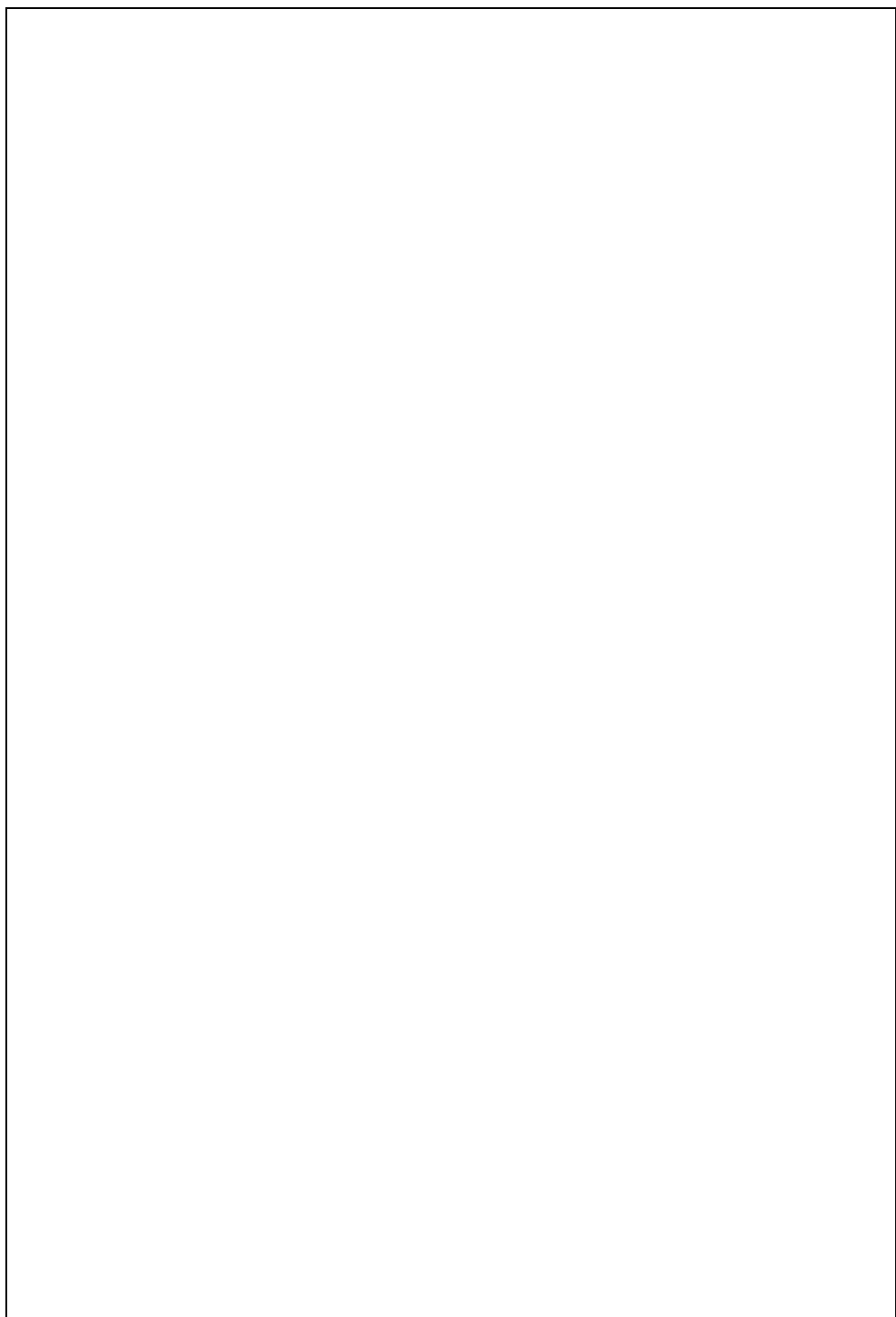


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## 1.INTRODUCTION

In October 2014 a small group of Egglecliffe residents met with Robin Daniels of Tees Archaeology to hear about a Lottery sponsored project called "River Tees Rediscovered" The group were enthusiastic about the possibilities and what follows in this booklet reflects and applauds the activities of those residents who put time and effort into archaeology digs at several locations, a building survey covering all of Egglecliffe Village and a series of oral history interviews with a number of residents.

The booklet takes us on a short journey around the Village to learn more about some of the buildings but more especially about some of the people who lived or are still living there.



## 2. THE START OF OUR JOURNEY AT THE OLD RECTORY

The approach to the front of the Old Rectory from Butts Lane snakes around the northern end of the building to reveal an impressive entrance and Dutch gables.



Sitting immediately east of the church the Old Rectory was largely rebuilt in 1845 with brickwork in a Flemish bond and tight mortar joints. The south elevation retains part of a previous building in narrow hand-made bricks and much wider mortar joints.



The house, now three dwellings, was originally in a much larger site and was the location of the Egglescliffe Garden Fete.

One of the residents who can recall the fete is Anne Barber and she remembered:

*"The Egglescliffe Garden Party was absolutely wonderful. When I took my little boys to it, it was the highlight of the year. The train was there. There were wonderful teas, Maypole dancing, Punch & Judy, the ankle competition, and during the film we saw at St John's I recognised Joy Barker, who I went to school with – she was one of the daughters of the garage man, where the Art Nouveau house used to be, which was wonderful for parties. And Gordon Rigg, who was in the little play they showed on the film. I went to work with him on the bus every day. And then this lovely lady in a big hat, on the screen, and she was the lady whose house we bought".*

One of those participating in the Maypole dancing was Brian Robinson:

*"We used to get a day off school to go and do the Maypole dancing, which was good fun as the colours of the Maypole – reds, yellows, blues, greens – everybody had to have a colour that you would dance round the Maypole and weave the different ropes. The practices were good because boys being boys and girls being girls we used to always try to not do it right, so you'd get different knots in the rope."*

Not everyone was keen on maypole dancing as Arnold Marshall described:

*"At school we had the Maypole. I wouldn't dance so they made me in charge of the gramophone, which I had to wind up. I used to be listening to the birds and they had to shout at me to give it a few turns to wind it back up."*

David Smith recalls:

*"There was a mini steam engine train which went round the garden and you paid your money and children rode round on it. There was lots of stalls, coconut shies, pony rides – my pony, I had to lead people around the garden for a penny a ride. It was a complete day out."*



### 3. ACROSS THE ROAD TO THE SCHOOL

Now the Parish Hall, the School opened in 1839 and catered for boys and girls. It was set up under the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.

This snowy scene shows the front of the school with an elevated window that is no longer present



This photo below dates from 1920, and whilst it may not be children in Eggescliffe School, it is certainly local as the sign held by the boy in the middle of the front row says Eaglescliffe C of E Group A 1920.





It is in sharp contrast to this one of Eggescliffe pupils from 1948



In this school photo below from 1956/57 a young man called Howard Ward is in the back row.



*'Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council.'*

Howard started at the school in 1953 and recalls this about the interior:

*"It had a dividing partition. They used to open it for morning assembly then the partition would go across to make two classrooms. And we had what we called 'the hut', which was a temporary building."*

Outside Howard remembers:

*"There was a large school garden with a greenhouse in it and the older children had their own little plot, just a couple of square yards. The greenhouse had a large water pit in it. Once a year we'd go up to Osmotherly on the moors and collect sheep droppings. It used to go into*

*hessian bags then we'd put it in the water in the greenhouse to make fertiliser for the tomatoes. This is the children, remember. I don't know if we had gloves...I don't think it would be allowed now!"*

Anne Barber also went to the school, but the reason why is a sad tale:

*"When I was 5 I went to Preston School in Eaglescliffe, and this is during the war. I didn't stay there very long, but I do remember during the Air Raids I would run home, and when the all clear went I would run back. There was an accident with a child and she was killed – it was due to mattresses that were stored at the entrance of the school. I don't know why they were there, but this child came in late and must have touched them and she was suffocated. So my mother thought that school wasn't good enough for me, they didn't take care of their children, so I was sent to Egglescliffe School".*

During the Second World War the girl pupils wore a bracelet with their name and home address, whilst the boys wore their details around their necks. The air-raid shelter for the school was on the opposite side of Butts Lane, now a graveyard.

Anne has other memories from the war including:

*"My one worry was my father getting called up, but he never had to be because he used to go out with the police - if a house was unsteady they had to blow it up and he was in to that type of thing. He had a wonderful sense of humour. If the police came for him he used to say 'get hold of my arm and push me in the van' which the neighbours would all be peeping! But my mother did NOT have a sense of humour! She did NOT!"*

Brian Robinson also remembers the school and an extra-curricular activity:

*"It was basically three schoolrooms. The main hall, as it is now, was split into two and there was a fireplace in the middle, which was a proper, original coal fire. Next door to the fireplace, if I remember right, was a little office which was the headmaster's office. When I was there the headmaster was a Mr Jackson. On a night in the winter – we used to get cold winters then, not like now – we used to throw a bucket of water down every night before we went home. The purpose of the bucket of water was it would freeze overnight and when we went back to school the next day we would have a slide in the playground to play with until we went into school."*

It seems that the school playground was divided, girls in one part, boys in the other, though not always as Arnold Marshall remembered:

*"The school yard was separated – the girls played in one half and the boys in the other half. I can't remember a fence being there, it was just a line. The girls used to play a skipping game 'all in together, girls, never mind the weather, girls' and they used to let some of the boys come in to play 'if you think you can skip'. And they used to go faster and pepper your legs with the rope. And if you upset one of the girls they used to send Margaret Watts to see you off. 'Right, you lot, get out back to your own half!' She was a farm labourer's daughter".*

Diana Tweedale remembered this celebration at the school, which made a local paper:

*"There was a wooden hut next door which was one of the classrooms. I can remember waiting in there in fancy dress on Coronation Day and brother David, won the best fancy dress, dressed up as a fairy"*



There was one celebration however, which left Howard Ward feeling very upset:

*"There was a Christmas party in the school hall and all children got a present. About 150 of us. Mr Jackson was always Father Christmas. I remember being very upset and crying when I got home because I got a colouring book or something, rolled up with an elastic band round and inside was a plastic train with a little engine and a couple of trucks. On the way home the train fell out so I lost it. I was only five or six years old."*

Several residents have commented on playing in an old ruined house close to the school on Butts Lane. Brian Robinson recalled:

*"Where The Glen is, there was an old house there, long before any of those houses were built, and I think it was a Mrs Crisp used to have that. It was a derelict house, a bit like the Addams Family house, really weird, and we used to nip in and play in the garden there, because it was well overgrown and the house wasn't particularly secure because there was nobody living in it. Then in the late '50s, early '60s, it was knocked down and then ultimately The Glen was built."*

The photo below shows the house, on the left, as it was many years beforehand around 1880



*'Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council.'*

Diana Tweedale also knew the house as a place to explore:

*"Miss Crisp's derelict house, which was full of all sorts, was between the school and the Hall. It was often a place to go and play".*

Diana's brother, David, had this to say:

*"And the house at the other side of the school, which is now the Glen, was where Miss Crisp lived and it was derelict for years and years and the garden overgrown and as children we used to go and play in there, but it was haunted - we had a lot of fun in there".*

#### 4. ALONG BUTTS LANE TO EGGLESCLIFFE HALL

These drawings are taken from a short booklet written by Anne-Varna Moses, date unknown, and show the front south elevation and the rear courtyard with the dovecot.



In the booklet she says "Tranquility is the great charm of Eggescliffe Hall: strangers feel at once the restful atmosphere of this friendly, peaceful old house in a quiet English village. A calm serenity pervades not only the house but the grounds: the rose garden, the spacious lawns, the mellow creeped walls.

The Hall is much added to from its more humble start in the second half of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. The original entrance was probably through the cobbled courtyard, now the rear. The present front at one time looked out over the green and Butts Lane but part of the green was enclosed as part of the front garden.

David Smith remembers:

*"The Hall used to be owned by the Jones family during the War. And just after the War they moved and a Miss Thompson lived there. She had the first mobile chair that I can ever remember. It was a three-wheeler and it was all enclosed. It was quite big and there was a lever came up from the front wheel right along and she steered it by this lever. And she rode round the village on this thing quite a lot.*

*As children it was the best place to go for Carol singing. We knew which were the rich people, where you got money and a piece of cake and probably a drink of lemonade. She always invited us into the kitchen and we had a glass of lemonade, a bar of chocolate and some money. After she left, Ashmore's bought it and turned it into offices."*

It has since been turned into several dwellings.

For one particular resident the Hall had a very special meaning as Arnold Marshall relates:

*"My eldest brother was two or three years older than me and we'd be sitting on the village green and I'd ask 'what are you looking at, Jack?' and he said 'never you mind'. But he was looking at the maid sitting in the top window in the maids' quarters in the Hall. He married her! "*

Visible on the south elevation of the Hall is a fire insurance plaque.



The leaflet by Anne-Varna Moses describes "from the number, we were able to trace the policy, issued by the Sun Insurance Company early in 1773. The policy was for £500 to cover the house, offices, adjoining coach house and stables being built for Robert Gibson and intended for the occupation of David Burton"



## 5. ALONG BACK LANE TO THE MANOR HOUSE

As we walk along Back Lane we come to a sharp bend in the road at which is a small cottage to the right, featureless from the road. This is Rose Cottage.



The view from the garden shows it to be of three parts and three differing heights. The brick built outside toilet is still present.



Diana Tweedale remembered Rose Cottage:

*"Also known to our family as Luke's Cottage, [it] belonged to the farm. Luke was my father's foreman and he was known by Luke as 'the gaffer'. I used to visit his house a lot and I remember he had gas lights and a bath in the scullery. Ada, his daughter, was my nursemaid. The house was opposite the farm entrance and Walter, his son, was my father's groom".*



The Manor House is at the eastern most end of Egglescliffe Village a short distance on from Rose Cottage. To the casual wanderer along this end of the village the view of the Manor House is dominated by a plain gable end with the full front façade only partially visible through the metal gates.



When seen from a more southerly viewpoint the observer will be presented with a fascinating building of two distinct parts and periods of construction.



It is thought that the left hand side is the earlier building with its roof line raised to match that of the later build, however internally it is a single dwelling. At one time the wing attached on the north side was also part of the Manor House but is now a separate dwelling known as The Grange.

Diana Tweedale, was born in the Manor House, as were her two brothers. She recalls from when she lived there:

*"Manor House comprises a big farm kitchen with a kitchen range, back kitchen or wash room. The pantry and a playroom have now been taken in by The Grange. There is also a dining room, cellar and a drawing room on the ground floor. On the first floor accessed by the front staircase, there is a master bedroom with toilet and wash room en-suite, another large bedroom, nursery, dressing room and bathroom. This could also be accessed by the back staircase. The maid's bedroom, apple room and bacon room have now been taken over by The Grange. I did not like the bacon room as sometimes maggots would fall off the meat that was hanging in there! There are two further bedrooms and a box room at the top of the house."*

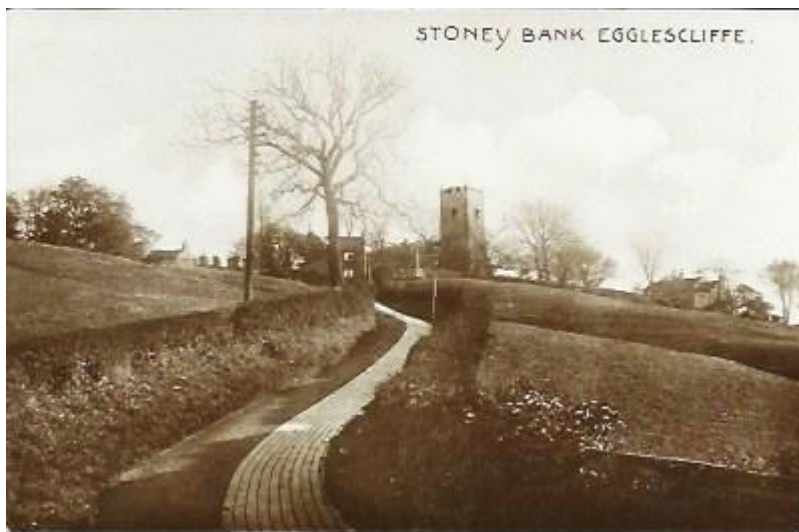
At one time Eggescliffe Village would have been an island surrounded by farms, for example Village, Old Hall, Manor, Grange, Eggescliffe Hall, Home, and Glebe. Urban encroachment has reduced the area of farmland, though it stretches from Eggescliffe golf course alongside the river as far as Stoney Bank embracing the east and south of the village. Nowadays the Smith family are the only farmers. How they came to Eggescliffe is recalled by David Smith:

*"The Smith family came to Eggescliffe when my great-grandfather, John Joseph Smith, married Jane Law in 1852. He was a ships' broker and owner and he became a gentleman farmer as the tenancy of Manor House passed on to his wife, as she wouldn't leave the Manor House. There's a pane of glass in a bedroom window with her name, written with a diamond, bearing the name 'Jane Law 1842'."*

David's cousin Alan Gregory has researched the family history and was able to go further back in time:

*"Manor House and the farm has definitely been in the family since 1795, when a Richard Paverly acquired the tenancy. Unusually the tenancy has passed down through the female side of the family, firstly to Elizabeth Paverly (who married a Robert Law), and thence to Jane Law who married John Joseph Smith (my great grandfather) in 1852. He had a yard in Middlesbrough, was a ship owner and broker, a coal filler (he bought the coal at the railhead and filled the ships bound for London). After his marriage, he added 'gentleman farmer' to the list of*

*occupations in the 1861 census. It was he who had the granite set path laid from the old Yarm Station, up Stoney Bank and on to the Manor House as seen in the photographs of Stoney Bank. He commuted by train to Middlesbrough and required to find his way home in the dark. He shipped stone back from London which he used to strengthen the river bank on this side of the river”.*



David added:

*"John Joseph Smith commuted to Middlesbrough by train every day, where his office was, and he had a granite path laid from Manor House to the Yarm station. In other words, Stoney Bank. The east window of the Aislaby aisle of St John's Church reads 'Mistress Jane Smith has caused this window to be dedicated to the glory of God, also in the memory of her husband, John Joseph Smith, who was, for many years, Church Warden of this Parish and died in August 1886'".*



Stoney Bank is well known by Egglescliffe residents and much used as the route to and from Yarm. It has had another use as explained by Brian Robinson:

*"Stoney Bank has always been there. It didn't have the metal barriers it's got in the middle of it now. That's obviously to stop people going down on their bikes but when we were kids it was excellent for sledging. We used to start at the top, at the War Memorial, and sledge all the way down past what is now the flats at the bottom then there's a little footpath that goes down the Bluebell onto the river bank. So we used to be able to sledge all the way from Stoney Bank all the way down to the bottom, down the little cut and onto the riverbank. It was a long, long way down but if you got right to the bottom you had done really well. I remember going home one night from sledging absolutely frozen and me clothes were actually frozen to me, to my legs. I literally walked with icicles on me trousers! I remember my mother having to put me in the bath with me trousers on to warm them up to get them to come off!"*

## 6. LIFE ON THE FARM

Farms, up to the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, were major employers of local people and reliant on horses before the advent of tractors. Horses were also a very valuable asset during the First World War as Johnny Smith related:

*"My grandfather was a horse-buyer for the Army in the First World War, so he spent quite a lot of time away from home. The horses were brought here or to a nearby farm where they could be gathered together. They would send a steam engine with horse boxes on which would go from Yarm Station, where they would load the horses, and take them off to be trained as gun carriers or whatever. Eight horses were required to pull a gun carrier, so you couldn't just find eight horses down the road; you had to go quite a long way to get them"*

Horses continued to be used on farms until after the Second World War, and this tale from David Smith describes an unexpected consequence for a skillful ploughman:

*"During the War there were Canadian airmen stationed at Thornaby aerodrome and they sometimes came to the Pot and Glass, which is, of course, where this Luke Marshall also went quite a lot of the time. When they found out that he worked on the farm they asked him who made the potato rows on the farm and he said it was him. Because they were so straight the airmen set the sights of their guns before they went on raids by his potato rows! And so they all bought him drinks! It was all done with a horse."*

However, the same Luke Marshall had a different experience much earlier in his farm career as described by David Smith:

*"After the First World War there were fourteen men or so employed on the farm. One of them was a young Luke Marshall, who worked on the farm for sixty years. But, as a young man in the early 'twenties, he was sent down to Hauxwell's, which was the engineers in Yarm, and he was sent with a horse and a plough and he was told by my grandfather to 'see Mr Hauxwell and get the share of the plough moved a shade to land'. He found Mr Hauxwell, gave him the instructions and said 'the guvnor wants you to move the share a shade to land, please'.*

*Mr Hauxwell put his hand on Luke's shoulder and said 'young man, we work to thousandths of an inch, not shades!'"*

Arnold Marshall can remember the harvesting of potatoes on the farm:

*"During the War years we used to go 'tatie picking down the farm and I remember the farmer saying to me 'look here, Marshall' and he'd go along with his feet find one that was partly covered with earth 'you've missed one – and one there!'. And he'd make you do it all again. It was paid, but not very much, maybe sixpence. He used to sit on the old trough and pay it out. I was green with envy trying to see what the adults got".*

Diana Tweedale also remembers potato picking time:

*"The school used to have a week off for potato picking in October and I used to help my father pay them at the farm gates. The older pickers used to hide potatoes, which they had pinched, in sacks up the Back Lane".*

If you walk the public footpath alongside the river from Eaglescliffe Golf Course to the Blue Bell pub you no longer see potatoes as a crop. Johnny Smith explained why:

*"We gave up growing potatoes in 1967 when two little boys had a fire on top of a straw stack in our Dutch barn and burnt the whole lot down. The insulation to keep the potatoes safe from frost was straw, so there was a row so many bales high round the outside of what you call a 'potato pie' with straw on top. They had a bonfire on it and the whole lot went, our whole winter supply of spuds. And all our potato machinery was in the shed and quite a bit of it was wooden so they went."*

Before the use of combine harvesters, wheat, barley and oats were harvested in a very different way. Our oral history project has had several memories of what happened on the farm.

David Smith recalled:

*"Harvest time was in the summer, which was done with a binder that made stooks and stacks. A favourite job was on a thrashing day when the thrashing machine used to be brought, pulled by steam engine, and then driven by a steam engine owned by a Mr Preston of Potto – you've seen the lorries? They brought the steam engine into the village pulling*

*the thrashing machine and all the men on the farm and Mr Preston's men used to have two days thrashing. That was in the winter. That's why the thrashing machine came in the winter, to thrash the corn, because you weren't so busy in the winter, but in the summer time, when you were harvesting"*

His brother Johnny remembered:

*"We'd get a thrashing company in for the grain and there were a few round here. The one that I remember most was Preston's of Potto. Dick Preston started out as a farm contractor, bought a thrashing set, which was a tractor, a thrashing machine and another machine which gathered the straw up and was either a baler or just loose with two strings round to make another stack. Oat straw you would feed to cows, it was nearly as good as hay. Wheat was mostly for bedding for animals. And barley was somewhere in between. Everybody wanted to buy something so you didn't throw it away. Thrashing might take two days. The machine would arrive after lunch in the afternoon and the workers would set it all up. The tractor had to be at the right end for driving a flat belt about 9 inches wide and probably 40 feet long".*

Their sister, Diana Tweedale also remembered the thrashing days:

*"I remember corn stooks and hay cocks, before the advent of bales, and used to make dens in them, also the binder before the advent of the "combine harvester" Threshing days were always busy and my mother would give the workmen iced buns and tea for 10 o'clock's, a cooked lunch and tea. I was always amazed how one workman was able to chew meat without a tooth in his head! I did not like the men killing the mice and rats with sticks as they ran out of the stacks when they were threshing".*

For Arnold Marshall the arrival of the thrashing machine meant something different:

*"There was stacks of corn in the farmyard and we used to go down there. I could see and hear the steam engine from my Grannies pulling the thrasher, which was then parked in the farmyard. The sheaves of corn would be put through the thrasher and we used to catch the mice and rats – the stacks would be full of them. The kids in the village would congregate with sticks because the rats would leave it to the last minute*



*to run out so we used to chase them and the dogs would be there - it was great fun".*

Close to and south of the Manor House is the Old Hall, and whilst nowadays it is not in good condition there are plans for a total renovation.



In some respects it is a puzzling building. The east elevation is built with well-cut stone in well-defined courses, and better quality than the other three sides which show a lot of weathering of the stone which is laid more randomly. Yet the east elevation has no windows and just a single door.



*'Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council.'*

Johnny Smith explained who used to live in the Old Hall:

*"The fellow who was senior man on the cows, he generally would have that house. It was draughty. The walls are eighteen inches to two feet thick stone but the windows didn't fit very well. But it had a good water*

*supply – a tap in the house – and I’m not sure how many of the villagers’ houses had a cold tap in those days!”*

He described further the daily activity associated with the dairy herd on the farm:

*After the Second World War I remember we had ten or twelve people working for my father but a lot of that was to do with bottling milk. He had a herd of dairy cows which were milked, mostly by hand, and that was why there was quite a large farm staff as every man had to milk three cows in the morning and again in the afternoon. The milk was delivered around the village. Some of the young boys in the village would start by asking if they could have a job here when they left school and the job was pretty much delivering milk, at least until lunchtime.*

The milk bottles were very thick and heavy and there was a rim on the inside at the top. A cardboard cap sat on the rim to seal the bottle. They had Alan F Smith printed on them with the name of the farm “Manor Farm” and the telephone number, Eaglescliffe 215.



His brother David described in more detail how the milk was delivered:

*Up to the early 'fifties we had a dairy herd at the farm and they supplied the village with milk which was delivered from a tricycle with a big box on the back, which held about eight crates of milk. And it took a lot of pedalling up the village. The order that it was done, the only way to do it,*

*you went up on the right-hand side of the bank, delivering those houses up there. When you got to the top you turned right round and went down to Eastbourne Avenue, back up and then round to the top of Butts Lane then round the back of the church and then it was easy down from the Pot and Glass all the way back down to the farm. They were delivered in long, thick glass milk bottles with our name and telephone number on it. But in the early 'fifties they associated human tuberculosis with milk and so all the cattle had to be tested for TB and all milk had to be pasteurised before it was drunk. And that killed the local 'straight from the cow'. So we stopped and we changed to beef. That was the end of the dairy herd.*

Johnny Smith explained why the hall was abandoned as a dwelling:

*"My father tried to get a grant from the local council in the late '50s early '60s to have it done up but the fellow who came to inspect it said 'what are these buildings?' which is where the cows were in a byre where we milked. He said 'Oh, it's attached to this house, you can't have anybody living in it.' So that's why it became empty. My wife and I had considered living in it when we got married but we were unable to because of that".*

## 7. THROUGH TO WELLS COTTAGES AKA PUMP ROW

Easily visible from the Old Hall and just around the corner from the Manor House is a short row of Cottages called Wells Cottages, though to many of the long term residents it is better known as Pump Row.



Outside the cottage at the eastern end is a pump and Alan Gregory knows about its provenance:

*"The pump outside Pump Cottage came from a French flea market"*

The Stockton Borough Council Historic Mapping for 1914-20 clearly shows a pump opposite the houses, about three-quarters along from the western end. Perhaps this is the pump in Pump Row.

The cottages would have been one up one down when originally built but over the years two or even three have been converted into single dwellings. Colin Hyde lived at No 1 Pump Row from immediately after his birth in the late 1940s when the cottage was one up one down. He can remember many details of living there, and the people close by:

*"There was three of us in it – me, me mam and me dad. My father converted part of the upstairs into a small bedroom for me – put a small window in the T-fold. No bathroom, just a tin bath outside, which was a Saturday night job in front of the fire. Then he built a corrugated sheet lean-to on the back and put a bath in there and we got a gas boiler with a gas pipe that plugged in just near the stairs to boil the water. It was very cold in the winter, obviously. The toilet was still outside, which was not much fun in the winter – you don't want to go! It was a flushing toilet in a wooden box, lead lined. We had to put a car sump heater in there to keep the water from freezing. The coal house was out the back as well.*

*At the side we had a chicken run and used to get the day-old chicks, some for eggs and some for fattening up for Christmas. The gas cooker was at the bottom of the stairs and beside that there was a door to a little room, 6 by 3 mebbies, with a Belfast sink in and an Ascot wall heater on the wall for hot water, and a table and a cupboard to put the food in. We didn't have no fridge or anything – there was a stone slab for putting the butter and stuff on and that was it. Then the front room with the fireplace me mother used to blacklead every morning before she lit it. Everybody had coal fires. Alec Bretherton was the coalman. The coalyard was up where the new Village school is. The old building was knocked down for the school”.*

As for the neighbours:

*“In number two or three Wells Cottages (depending how you work it out) Willy Raby and his wife lived and they were ancient! His was also one-up, one-down. The stairs were like a ladder, really steep. You wouldn't get past Building Regs now, no way! It had a lean-to kitchen on the back and he used to sit by the fire, smoking his pipe and telling us stories about when he was ploughing with horses when he was ten year old. He was eighty six or seven when he died in 1964 and that's when we got the two houses knocked into one.*

*May Fenney lived in the end house and Ralphy Smith in the next one with his mother. Then there was Saddlers, two sisters, the old dears. We knew everybody in the Village. Rene Marshall lived out the back in the Avenue; she was the one that laid everybody out when they died. Down the corner was Dick Smith and his wife and Tommy Whittaker next door – they both worked at the Skin Yard down Yarm and when you walked past their house – whoo! It wasn't that the house was dirty, it was on their clothes when they came home was all. Mrs Harrison lived out the back here in Eastbourne Avenue and her son, Neil, used to sit on the toilet playing his bagpipes! ”.*

Colin started at Eggescliffe school at the age of 5 and remembers David Hardy, Philip Binch, Leslie Raper and Stuart Seymour also at the school and it seems this little gang were not averse to liberating fruit from the local orchards.

Many years before Colin Hyde lived at No 1 Wells Cottages, Arnold Marshall was born in the same house in 1936. He later moved just around the corner to No 8 the Green. His father fought in the war but never talked about it but Arnold did get to hear some conversations:

*"I found out later on, after the War when we lived at number 8. We used to be chased up to bed and there was a knot of wood in the floor and my brothers and I took turns to remove this piece of wood and listen to what they were saying below about 'where were you, Jack?' (That was my dad's name). My Uncle Doug, my mother's brother, was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and they would exchange stories. My father was one of the few from the village who were in the Forces during the War. There was another guy called Cyril Bell, who lived in the corner of the Green. He was killed during the War".*

## 8. AROUND THE CORNER TO THE POST OFFICE

The Post Office was located at No2 Rose Terrace and was in a small room in the house and closed in 1979. The painting below was by a local artist named Dick Clark and shows the red post box in the front wall of the house.



At one time the Post Office was also a shop and run by the Doughty sisters, but as they became unable to continue Jean Hardy took over until it closed. Jean's daughter Janet was born in and still lives in that house.

She recalled:

*"My mother ran the shop and the Post Office, which she inherited from some people called the Doughtys. I think my mother took it over in the late 'fifties, early 'sixties, from Rachel and Sally Doughty. She was running it before I was born. They were getting on in years when mum took it over. The Doughty sisters were a family that lived in the area for a long, long time. They were well known in and around the area.*

*We all used to help mum out in the shop and the Post Office. I was only a child and I remember sneaking down the stairs and helping myself to sweets and things! If we went on holiday my brother, who was quite a bit older than me, would sometimes take over for a week or so. Friday night used to be book night so after tea, without fail, dad had to sit and do all the books for the Post Office and the shop. Some nights it went easy and some it didn't. I remember sitting and helping him count the stamps to*



*see how many we had left. The Post Box was in the wall outside the house. What was the Post Office is what is now my dining room".*

There was however a disadvantage to living at the house as Janet explained:

*"We never got away with anything because everybody knew my mum so if we were up to mischief everybody knew who we were and would threaten to tell my mother".*

You could be forgiven for thinking that running a post office in Egglescliffe would be without security issues but this tale from Janet tells a different story:

*"I remember an incident where we were getting 'funny phone calls'; people ringing up and threatening to chop us up into pieces. I don't think the police ever found out who it was but because we were a Post Office (and at the time I think there had been some Post Office raids) they came and fitted an alarm system. But this was the early to mid-seventies and it was pressure pads on the landing and one by the front door as you came in, and one at the bottom of the stairs. But we kept forgetting they were there and setting them off when we got up in the night to go to the loo! And we had to lock the dog up because he kept setting them off as well. And around that time – '76 or '77, they fitted security screens. Whereas we used to have an open counter they put up glass security panels in the Post Office".*

The shop was an obvious attraction for the children at the school and Howard Ward remembers buying some sweets there:

*"We would also go to the village shop, which was on the Green, on the left hand side about half way along, coming from the Butts Lane end. It was run by two sisters called Doughty. They were elderly ladies. They sold sweets, which were all we were interested in. I think it was also a grocers. I remember paying for some aniseed balls - they were about tuppence for eight - and I had the money including a couple of farthings, which were legal tender up until the mid-fifties. They weren't very pleased I gave them these farthings because although they were legal tender nobody used them by then. I don't know where I got them from."*

This photo, taken at a wedding in 1957 shows Sally Doughty, second from left, and next to her is Clara Marshall the grandmother of Arnold Marshall, and she lived at 7 The Green.



The photograph, below, is thought to have been taken by Janet's grandfather who was a keen photographer, with the postbox clearly visible.



This picture from an earlier time shows a sign above the window which says "Doughty Grocer" and another on the porch saying "Egglescliffe Post Office"



Photo courtesy of Johnston Press and the Hartlepool Mail

Neil Abbott can remember visiting the shop and described it:

*"You stepped inside the porchway and on the left hand side was where she kept the stamps. It was a tiny little room. They had shelves where they stocked the food, tins of beans and things. It was tiny but it was well stocked. It was a great place to be – the sort of place you could pop into not just for stamps, but they also stocked bacon, eggs, bread, tins of food, so if you ever ran out of anything you didn't have to go down into Yarm. You never got out without a conversation – it could take half an hour to buy some egg and bacon".*

## 9. ACROSS THE GREEN

As we leave the Post Office and walk across the Green lets pause a while and consider what the Green contributes to the setting and sense of place. Within living memory it has provided natural resources, been a place for celebration, a place for play and for some younger inhabitants a place to defend against raiders outside the Parish!

Alan Gregory described some changes to the Green:

*"The green has been reshaped a number of times. The barn which stood on the green (in front of the row of cottages now known as The Green), was shown in a photograph of about 1890 but by 1900 had disappeared. I suspect the green was tidied-up in time for golden and diamond jubilee celebrations and for the Coronation of George V in 1911. Trees were planted in 1911 by the children of the village. I claim my mother planted the walnut tree".*



The photo above from ca.1890 shows the brick barn on the Green and to its right alongside a tree is a water pump.

By 1975 the pump was in a sorry state.



*'Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council.'*

Alan Gregory has a leaflet describing an event that took place on the Green:

*"In 1897, it was the Parish of Eaglescliffe that celebrated Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The celebrations were an all-day affair and took place on the green on Tuesday June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1897. There was a bell race for girls under 7! The programme allowed ample time for the consumption of ale. The Treasurer for the day was my grand-father, Frederick Walton Smith, JP and churchwarden"*

PROGRAMME			
			
8 0	A Peal will be rung on the Jubilee Bells		
12 0	1. QUOIT MATCH, open to the Parish	...	8 Prizes
	*.* Entries close on Saturday, June 19th, and to be made to Mr. W. F. JACKSON, Secretary, or Mr. R. HODGSON, Treasurer.		
	Wild Flower Competition for girls under 15 years		
1 30	The Children and Parishioners will meet on the Green and sing the National Anthem		
1 45	2. Stone-gathering, 30 stones one yard apart	...	7 Prizes
	3. 40-Yards Handicap for girls under 7 years	...	7 do.
	4. 60-Yards Ditto for boys under 7 years	...	7 do.
	5. 100-Yards Do. for boys under 15 years not living in the village	...	7 do.
	6. Skipping (Fancy or otherwise) for girls under 14	...	4 do.
	7. High Jump	...	4 do.
	8. Long Jump	...	4 do.
	9. Boot Game for boys 10 to 14 years	...	7 do.
	10. 100-Yards Race for men any age	...	4 do.
	11. Bell Race for girls under 14 years	...	7 do.

David Smith recalled:

*"I can remember the village green being scythed by Mr Butler, who lived on Rose Terrace, and made into hay."*

Celebrations have been many and varied and this recollection from Margaret Smith was clearly very poignant:

*"We also have, in our village, a very lovely 11<sup>th</sup> century church. Our daughter was married in this church and that was very interesting because it was the first Catholic nuptial mass to be celebrated in the church since the dissolution of the monasteries. So in that way it made village history. Following that the wedding party walked across the Village Green in traditional village wedding style and the reception was in the Manor Farm. That was a very happy occasion and a great joy".*

Not all celebrations however went quite so well as this account from Geoff Turner explained:

*"The Parish Council had the responsibility of the Bonfire on the village green for many years. The Scouts used to provide refreshments, again on the Green, and it was all quite well co-ordinated and a specific firework area was cordoned off to try and keep people safe. Unfortunately one year a lady did get hit by a rocket – possibly due to her own fault – but the Council's insurers decided that the 3<sup>rd</sup> party insurance for that night should be so colossal that the bill was, we felt, unreasonable, though maybe not in terms of insurance claims etc. And they felt, also, that we should provide expert Wardens to patrol the area while the bonfire was happening. So in the end the bonfire was abandoned, much to quite a number of people's regret".*

Neil Abbott also recalled the annual bonfire:

*"I regularly attended the bonfire nights on the Green. That was the one thing I think that brought all the villagers together. Everybody came out. It was a great way of getting rid of garden rubbish! The bonfire used to reach enormous heights, then the Smith family used to put a bale of hay or straw to get it away, and Mrs Smith would turn up for the ritual lighting of the bonfire at about 6 o'clock in the evening, and the bonfire would merrily burn until midday the following day. It was a bit chaotic – no organisation – fireworks going off left, right and centre, rockets included. I recall a pal of mine putting a rocket in a milk bottle and it hit a house! Fortunately it narrowly missed going through a window. I think*

*he might have been in the Pot & Glass beforehand! People around the village used to make toffee apples and the girl guides, scouts and cubs used to have hot dogs on the go. It was a good night all round. But then somebody mentioned Health & Safety and public liability and were we insured? And that was the end of it. It would have cost thousands of pounds so that put the kibosh on it”.*

Whilst the abandonment of the annual bonfire was regretted by many David Smith experienced a personal disappointment under slightly different circumstances:

*“After the War we celebrated on the village green with a huge bonfire, the effigy of Hitler on top strung on a rope with a sword straight through. As a young kid I thought that was marvellous. The sword was going to be mine next morning because I was going to get up very early and get it, which I did...I got up very early and went to the bonfire but no sword. Somebody else had beaten me to it!”*

For Arnold Marshall the Green was a playground:

*“When the War ended I was about nine. I found some rings on the back of my mother’s wash house that were for playing quoits with. My grandad, apparently, had won a gold watch in a competition on the village green. So we used to play quoits and the pitch on the green was to the right of where the stone cross is near the top seat. It was clay and two big steel pegs in the clay. And the fellows after the War taught us how to play. They would come out of the pub on a Sunday and join in.*

*We used to run races round the village green and we used to play football with a pig’s bladder – no rubber. There was a little shop in the village run by Rachel and Sally Doughty and there was a lad that lived in there - I don’t know what relation he was to the sisters. But they were the only people in the village that had money. He used to appear on the village green at football at half time with a bottle of lemonade. We used to have maybe a crust of bread to eat at half time and we’d be trying to drink this lemonade with bits of bread floating in it from other people drinking it!”*

Sometimes though the games of football were interrupted as Arnold explained:



*"Bertie Bell, who lived in the village and worked on Jewell's Farm, he used to keep a pig and he used to come onto the green while we were playing. He had a piece of string on its back leg so it couldn't run away. He used to say, 'never mind the football, will you go down the fields and get us some acorns for the pig?' There used to be some geese on there as well, I don't know who owned those".*

If you have ever wondered how Eggescliffe came to be in a conservation area Tony Harrison was able to explain:

*"50 years ago in 1967, the government of the time passed the Civic Amenities Act which established the concept of conservation areas. At that time, several of us in the village had formed a little group called the Eggescliffe Village Amenities Society. It was a group who came together to try and ensure the village character was preserved and that the village was neat and tidy. That group, in about 1969 or '70, learned about the establishment of conservation areas and decided that would be very relevant to us in Eggescliffe Village. So a sub-group of the Society was formed – I think there were probably five or six of us in it. I can remember four names of those involved: myself, Johnny Smith (both of us still live in the village), there was a man called Johnny Slack and another man called Ian Duncanson. The first thing we did was contact Durham County Council, because at that time the bodies responsible for assessing conservation areas were the regional authority. The Council duly came back to us fairly promptly and said 'yes, we think you have probably got a good case, but we can't do anything about it at the moment because we're so busy on our first one, which is going to be Durham City Centre and Cathedral, so I'm sorry, you'll have to wait a few years. It's purely a manpower problem.' So we had a chat about it and thought, why can't we do the report and assessment that's necessary ourselves? So that's what we did, starting in about 1970. Johnny Slack was involved in local government and gave us an inside track on how to write the appropriate report that met all the standards. We submitted our report in April 1971 to Durham County Council. Believe it or not, all our proposals were accepted by them and they found the need to do very little more in terms of paperwork, assessments or reviews to award the village conservation area designation. They did, however, slightly change the area of land we had proposed be covered by the conservation area. They actually*

*extended it and included land to the west of Yarm Road, where, as local villagers will know, there are historic railway artefacts including some rather interesting coal drops. So those too became part of the conservation area, which was designated in 1972”.*

A big feature of the green is the mature trees around the perimeter. One of the trees, a walnut in the picture below, is very distinctive with its lean and its open branches. Arnold Marshall remarked:

*"The village green hasn't changed much but the circumference of the trees has greatly increased. It is lovely to see them so large. Gangs from Yarm would come up Stoney Bank and raid our Walnut tree. We were forever fighting them off”.*

This photo below shows the Walnut tree as it is today



Diana Tweedale can recall visitors to the Green:

*"I can remember the lamp lighter who came round on a bike and had with him a very long pole to help light the gas lamps. He had a very odd*

*eye. He must have been blind in that eye and as a young child was very frightening to look at. Also from time to time there was a knife sharpener who came to the top of the Green and people queued up to get their knives sharpened. There was also a rag and bone man with pony and cart”.*

Occasionally, the activities of the younger residents of Egglescliffe brought them into conflict with adults as experienced by Arnold Marshall:

*“The local policeman, Sergeant Woodward, didn’t live in the village but did the rounds on his bike. I got caught by him once. I was near the entrance to the farm. There was a large hawthorn tree there and there was always starlings in that tree to get the hawthorn berries. Well I didn’t like starlings and I was always keen with a catapult and I was just taking aim at this starling when PC Woodward came round the corner on his bike and he caught me. He took my catapult and hit me round the ear! If my dad had been at home he’d have given me another one! Later on when I joined the Coldstream Guards and I was on a recruiting drive I bumped into his son. He said I’m so and so Woodward. I said your dad wasn’t the village bobby was he? He said yes, and I said tell him I’m older now and he hit me round the ear!”*

## 10. PAUSE AT THE MARKET GARDEN

As we leave the Green and look through the gap between St Anne's House and Village Farm we will look towards where the market garden under the name of Binch's used to be. Kathie Hatfield worked there and recalled:

*"In 1976 my youngest child was going to nursery and three women who lived in Martindale Grove had the opportunity to go and work at the Nursery. It was the year of the very hot summer and after Easter we went to work there. It was the growing season and everything that was grown supplied the shop in Yarm and the shop in Stockton. The staff at the Nursery: there was Ted, who was the Nursery manager and he lived next-door-but-one to the Pot & Glass. Ted was single and he was very knowledgeable about growing plants. There was also somebody from University who lived in one of the houses at the back of the Nursery and he had a little bit more expertise. I believe he got his accommodation with his job. And apart from the three of us who lived in Martindale Grove there was a supply of casual labour who seemed to come and go. They were people who lived fairly locally and stuck it out for a few weeks. I suppose when the three of us decided to go and work there they thought it was continuous labour for quite a number of months. I worked there from after the Easter until the Christmas, which in the growing season sees most things happen.*

The market garden around 1975



*'Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council.'*

*They supplied fruit and veg and also flowers to the shops. The shop in Yarm was quite a decent size. We grew salad crops and tomato plants and there were root vegetables that we didn't have anything to do with. We would pick lettuce and bag it up, and Ted used to tell us about all the diseases and things that would eat the lettuces so it was important to look out for things that would destroy the crops. Inside, we would side-shoot the tomatoes and wind them up the supports until eventually we would be picking them. They were in the main greenhouse. The other greenhouse had the chrysanthemums, which were single bloom, and we would go round taking off the little side-blooms so we would eventually end up with a single bloom which they sold in the shop. The other thing they had, leading down from St Anne's House to the Nurseries, was a hedge of sweetpeas. Every day when they were in bloom we had to pick them as a priority job and they would be taken to the shops in Yarm and Stockton and sold.*

The Yarm shop is in this photo from 1975 and is the double fronted one on the extreme left.



*'Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council.'*

*As the season for tomatoes, salad crops and flowers came to an end we did some indoor work. During the holidays we could take the younger children, who were off school, round and he would give them a job in the*

*outhouses, dusting out the plant pots for a few pence. It was a very hot summer in the greenhouses but we treated it as a bit of fun and we learned quite a lot. But I don't grow chrysanthemums myself! It's very time-consuming to get a single bloom chrysanth. But they smelt absolutely delightful.*

*The Nursery was probably winding down in the early '80s because in 1983 we came back from living abroad and St Anne's House was on the market and the semi-detached houses at the back were on the market or sold. The shop in Yarm closed I believe because of a death in the family. The daughter who lived nearby had no interest in running a market garden and the other member of the family didn't live nearby so it was broken up and sold. Nothing has been grown on that land since, which is a shame, because they were beautiful big greenhouses"*

## 11. ALONG CHURCH ROAD TO THE POT & GLASS

As we leave the Green and walk along Church Road some of the houses are more recent additions and were identified as infill residential sites within the village scope in the document submitted for Conservation status.

Diana Tweedale remembered a previous resident of Church Road:

*"Robert the fish" and his wife Edna who came round the village once a week with a fish van. They lived in the village up Church Road on the right hand side".*

She also remembered:

*"Mad' Harriet used to live beyond the Outlook and she used to clean the church. She never missed a service and that included our wedding".*

Alan Gregory has lived on Church Road since 1988 and has discovered much about his house's history:

*"Horse and carts leaving the Pot and Glass were obviously a problem. With no gardens to the front of the cottages, the front corner of the cottage was in constant danger from well-oiled drivers, so it was rounded to a height of about three feet so that the wheel hubs of the wagons did not take the corner of the cottage away. It is currently hidden behind the bushes. Mark you, that same corner is under threat from modern day delivery vans!"*

Neil Abbott can remember another resident of Church Road and a Pot & Glass customer:

*"One of the regulars in the pub was Bert Bell. He was born in the village and lived in Cliff House in Church Road. He was a real character. He was a motor mechanic and used to help with break-downs, quite often after having had several pints. The police would call at his house and say 'there's an artic. broken down, can you come and help us free it?' Bert would say he'd had half a dozen pints and couldn't drive, but the police said 'don't worry. We'll get you there and back'. So he'd go out to these breakdowns, crawl underneath the lorries, free them, and then they'd take him home again. And anyone else around the village who had a problem, Bert was the go-to man. He would help out. A great-hearted fellow."*



Another person Neil remembered lived not far from the pub:

*"By the time I came here the gas lighting had gone, but I do recall that there was one man who held out. He was called Bill and he lived in Chantry Cottage, which was just beyond the Pot & Glass. Old Bill was a gardener and he lived in a Church house and steadfastly refused to have electricity put into the house. Walking past on a night time you could see him lighting the gas mantle; it gave off a brilliant light. He lived there surrounded by cats; he took in strays. He used to tend to the Rector's garden and trim the hedge round by the churchyard. Lovely man".*

All good walks should end at a pub and for us it's the Pot and Glass.



Brian Robinson can recall the names of many of the landlords and landladies:

*"I have used the Pot & Glass public house in the village since I was old enough to go into pubs. When I first went in, the landlady, the licensee, was a Mrs Abbey. She wasn't in there very long, then Frank and Marnie Morley took it over and they were in there for a number of years with his brother-in-law (Harry) and Frieda so it was all family-ran and I became very friendly with them and their family. Sharon Morley, who's in the [church] choir now, is their daughter-in-law. Following Frank and Marnie*

*in the Pot & Glass were Bill and Ann Taylor and they must have been in there for about 12 years. Ann was a nurse and Bill looked after the pub. They had a one-armed bandit and every night Bill would be on it. Following them was a guy called Graham, came from a pub in Stockton, but he was only there for something like six months. Then you've got the present landlord we've got now, who is Dave Bunyan and his wife, Ann".*

As far as business practices go this one recalled by Neil Abbott is probably unique:

*"I was a regular at the pub. It was part of the village life. Edith Abbey took over running of the place after her husband, Charlie, died. She ran it with her sister, who was a widow, but both were getting on. Occasionally Edith would go for a nap in the afternoon and sleep in. I know one of the regulars was a chap called Bert Dodsworth – he was the manager of the local bakery, 'Jackson's the Bakers'. Having worked in a hot atmosphere he would drive up at five o'clock, press the bell - no response. So he would pester Edith to have a key cut so he could open up! She relented in the end, so he got this key and for the first two hours of an evening we used to serve ourselves and serve anyone else who came in to the pub. No fancy cocktails or anything like that! It was a pint or a gin and tonic. That worked quite well. She used to come down at half past seven, say 'is this all mine?' and scoop the money into the till. Then in the end she said 'why don't you lads just operate the till yourselves?', so we did. She never lost a penny. When she died Frank Morley took over the running of the pub. We were sat there one night and Bert Dodsworth - he used to have this enormous bunch of keys – he peeled off one, tossed it behind the bar and Frank caught it and said 'what's this?' Bert said 'it's a key to your front door'. Frank looked absolutely astonished; he said 'how long have you had this?' Bert said 'about two years'. I said 'don't worry, Frank, we've all got one!'"*

Pubs are social hubs where all sorts of conversations are fueled by a mixture of alcohol and good company. Jokes are told and stories abound, some believable and others perhaps not so believable. This tale from David Smith may or may not have been told in the Pot & Glass but is surely worthy of being told and believed:

*"We used to have a chap worked on the farm called Leo. He was a conscientious objector. As a little boy I didn't understand what a conscientious objector was. Leo was very very religious and one day he was working with all the men down the field at the bottom hoeing turnips. At the other side of the river, Clockwood House on the Leven Road, they had some peacocks. They used to call and this chap Leo thought it was the Gods calling him. He dropped his hoe, and he went off, arms in the air and nobody ever saw him again! "*

## 12. ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS

Our River Tees Rediscovered project had three strands to it and the archaeology part was very popular with many residents keen to get involved.

The archaeological activity on the farm was centered on Devils Hill, which is a large mound that is recorded on Ordnance Survey maps from the 1850s onwards. The purpose of this mound is unknown with a number of possible explanations; the two strongest candidates are either a Neolithic round barrow, or medieval motte and bailey castle, and it is significant that it pairs with Round Hill on the other side of the River Tees. There are two other plausible explanations for Devil's Hill, one is as a landscape viewing mound that may have been constructed during the creation of the parkland to the south of Egglescliffe in the 18th century while the other is as a mound for a gun battery during the English Civil War engagements that took place in this area. Significantly the Ordnance Survey map depicts a Devil's Hole in front of it which might bolster this explanation.

The excavations required some serious effort as the ground was very hard.



Two excavations were situated around the edge of the mound to determine if there were any ditches or structures which might throw light on the construction.

In neither case was anything that could be directly related to the mound found, instead what was found was evidence of the dumping of rubbish against the sides of the mound. Pieces of ceramic pipes, glazed kitchenware and red earthenware were typically found.

A third trench on the flank of the mound was started but there was insufficient time to complete it. The finds from it were similar to those from the other trenches reflecting both domestic and agricultural rubbish, however the period distribution was significantly different with a relatively large number of sherds of 13th to 15th century date and three sherds of a fine red earthenware that was probably of 16th/17th century date although, it more usually has a glaze at this period. The earlier date of the finds from this trench may well suggest that the mound was of medieval or earlier date and that further excavation in this area might locate the original soil of the mound.

The only progress in terms of interpretation of the mound is to probably rule out its use as a gun battery site. If this had been the case then there should have been finds of metalwork of some description, and despite an extensive metal detecting search nothing was found.

Our archaeological activities also took place in three gardens on the south side of Church Road. The purpose of the three trenches was twofold; to locate evidence of medieval activity, and to see if it was possible to find any information in regard to the English Civil War occupation of the area in the mid-17th century.

All three trenches contained medieval pottery dating from at least the 13th century onwards demonstrating that there was activity in the area at this time, and it is almost certain that the present properties had been established by this date. In general terms there was far more 13th/14th century pottery than 15th /16th century, and the latter material was completely absent from one of the gardens. This suggests a generally detrimental impact of the 14th century calamities of the plague, Scottish raids and poor harvests.

A couple of finds are shown below



A moulded clay pipe bowl with heart design, initials 'T' and 'W'. The stem had the maker's name and location in a cartouche of which 'TOCKTON' is visible, presumably 'Stockton'



Piece of moulded plate of probable 17<sup>th</sup> century date

### 13. ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This booklet would not have been possible without the enthusiastic efforts of many Egglescliffe residents who were involved in the archaeological dig, the building recording and the oral history recording.

Without the assistance and direction provided by Robin Daniels of Tees Archaeology our project could not have taken place. Extracts from the Tees Archaeology Report TA 04/15 are included in this booklet and gratefully acknowledged.

Diane Marlborough, Information & Operations Librarian of Hartlepool Borough Council, took on the task of transcribing the oral history interviews, without which this booklet could not have been produced.

Photographs from Picture Stockton Archive – courtesy of Stockton Libraries & Heritage Service, Stockton Borough Council are gratefully acknowledged.

Information about the school from “150 not out. A history of Egglescliffe School”.

Mark Hemming for many of the Village views from his collection of postcards.

Johnston Press and the Hartlepool Mail for use of a photograph of the post office and shop.

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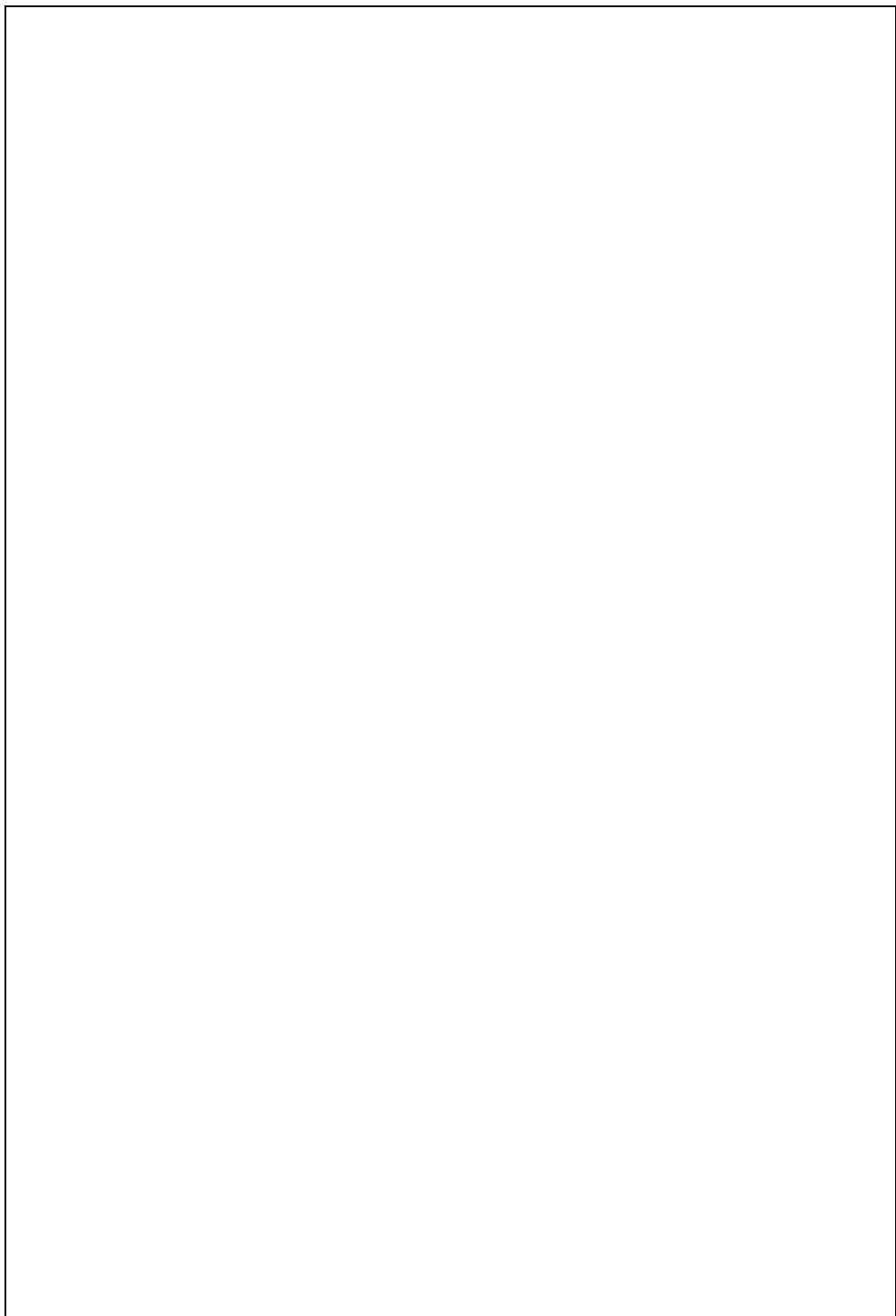
The archive for this project is held by Tees Archaeology, Sir William Gray House, Clarence Road, Hartlepool TS24 8BT

Ian Reynolds

October

2017







River Tees  
**Rediscovered**

