



# Archive 61

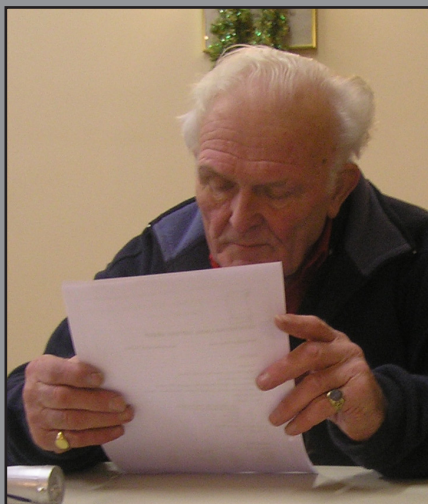
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## SPECIAL MEMORIAL ISSUE



NEIL TURNER  
1934 – 2021





## The Archive

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# Neil Turner: a legendary landlord with a wealth of memories

NEIL Turner, landlord of the Milbank Arms in Barningham until his retirement three years ago and a prolific provider of material for *The Archive*, died on October 31st at the age of 87.

Neil was a one-off, a great-hearted landlord and a wonderful source of anecdotes about Barningham and its people. He was renowned for his vast fund of stories about the village (mostly outrageous, some of them true), for his often risqué sense of humour and practical jokes, for his alarmingly potent cocktails and enormous collection of miniatures, and for his widespread reputation as an unfailingly genial and generous host.

He was an enthusiastic member of the local history group from its foundation in 2009, regaling meetings with his memories and contributing a lively column of Neil's Notes for *The Archive*.

Neil – he never used his first name Melvin – was born on October 19th 1934, the fourth of Sam and Hannah Turner's six children who survived infancy.

Sam was a Welshman, fought as a gunner with the Royal Artillery in World War I and lost a leg in action on the Somme, where two brothers lost their lives. Shipped back to England, he was classed among the dead destined for burial until a sharp-eyed nurse noticed his eyelids flicker.

He recovered, became Sir Frederick Milbank's chauffeur and in 1919 followed him to Barningham where he opened

a garage and ran a bus, taxi and haulage enterprise. In 1922 he married Hannah Etherington and the couple lived at Wesleyan Cottage (now The Nook) and North View before taking over the Milbank Arms three days before the start of World War II.

Neil was among the last pupils to attend Barningham school before it closed in 1943, and after national service with the army worked for three decades in Barnby's wallpaper shop in Barnard Castle, serving in the pub at nights. He took over the pub licence when his

father died in 1987 and ran it until retirement in 2018, serving customers from the cellar – there was no bar.

Neil never married, but had a large following of ladies from all over Teesdale whose shrieks of delight and embarrassment at his behaviour echoed round the pub on many a Saturday night.

An era ends with Neil's passing. He will be greatly missed by the history group and everyone else who knew him.

JON SMITH





*Neil regularly won the Barnard Castle Meet window display competition. Here he is accepting the cup with Tony Barmby in 1979. Photo from the Teesdale Mercury Archive*

## How my dad got the Milbank Arms licence

IN 1939 the Milbank Arms came up for rent. There were 35 people in for the pub, including my father, but he hadn't mentioned this to my mother.

All applications had to be in by 12 noon on the Saturday. My father nearly lived in the garage with his head in the engine of a wagon or car. He had to be shouted many times to come for a meal.

This certain Saturday he came to the house (North View) at 11.15am. My mum, knew what was on his mind (my aunt told her a week before that he was interested in the pub). She was very happy in North View, so took it into her head to really make him sweat. She said to him 'You're early Sam, are you not very well?' He said 'I am

*Neil Turner wrote this for the history group in 2009*

all right.' By this time it was 11.30. When he said 'Hannah, I am interested in the Milbank Arms, let's try for it', mum said 'I was as awkward as Dick's hat band.'

By now he had sweat over his forehead. She said 'If I said yes, there would have to be a lot of changes. All spittoons would have to go and ladies would have to be allowed in.' Dad said 'You cannot do that.' So mum said 'Forget it.'

At 11.50 he pleaded again, she was loving it. He was not a wimp, but a powerful man; mum said it just shows how you can bring a man to his knees. So at 11.55 she said 'Okay, ring Sir Frederick.' So

he went onto the phone – our number was 13 at the time, must have been lucky. He rang the hall.

Sir Frederick knew dad was interested and had been waiting all morning for him to ring. Sir Frederick said 'Go to the glass doors at the side of the hall, not to the front as there are 35 interested people waiting to be interviewed.'

Sir Frederick called him in and said 'Sam, we grew up together in Wales. Most of your family worked at Norton Manor. I don't have to interview you, the pub is yours. Mrs Goldsborough had it from 1860 to 1910, Mrs Dobson 1910 to 1939. You from 1939 on, beat it.'

We have been here 70 years.



## Seven days in my life: Neil reveals all

*The Teesdale Mercury put the spotlight on Neil in 1972*

YOU won't find a happier shop person anywhere in Teesdale than Neil Turner, manager of tony Barmby's home decorating centre in Marketplace, Barnard Castle.

Customers are not only greeted with a smile but but sometimes with a lively snatch of song or even a tango around the display racks.

Neil has made a great many friends in his ten years at the shop, thanks to his jovial manners and the advice he is always ready to hand out to do-it-yourselfers.

And he is just as lively a character in the evenings at the Milbank Arms bar which he helps to run for his 80-year-old mother Hannah Turner who is licensee.

A confirmed bachelor, he claims to have been born in 1864 and to be 21 years old. He has lots of lady friends but says his policy is to run like mad without looking back, if any of them seem to be getting their claws into him.

This is his diary for the last week:

**SUNDAY:** Up earlier than on any other day to clean out the shelves and maybe do a spot of gardening or take the dog for a walk before opening the Milbank Arms at noon.

We've no bar as such, just rooms with tables. We must be one of the very few country inns left anywhere without a bar, and it gives people a laugh at times. Three lads working in the area asked me if I'd ever thought of putting in a bar. "Bar?" I said. "What's that?" They went into a lot of detail explaining what it was, but I said I'd never been out of my village and never come across anything like that. They thought I was a right country bumpkin and were tickled

pink. It was a long time before they realised I was having them on. They had a great laugh when they found out and have been coming back for years.

Another chap thought the bar was in a corner where we've a large mirror. He went to it and held out a hand with a £1 note before he realised he was looking at himself.

Life's never dull in a place like this. We always try to be cheerful. When customers come in they want a happy time – they don't want to see long faces or hear your troubles.

**MONDAY:** In Barnard Castle by eight to have a coffee and read my paper at John Brass's cafe before coming to the shop at 8.30. I couldn't get going without my coffee and paper.

Yes, I believe in being a happy soul in the shop – I like to do things with a bit of zest

and make people feel cheerful. Customers are used to my songs by now—things like Hawaiian War Chant which goes *Peggy mat, Hookey mat, Clippie mat, Or one corner two*. I do all sorts for people I know. Some of the ladies like a little dance as well – a waltz round the counter or a Blue Tango round the pattern room. It all helps the day go with a swing.

Usually I call the ladies Flower or Petal – or sometimes something a little ruder for those I know well! But we're serious at the right time. People want peace and quiet advice when they're choosing wallpaper or paint, and we're always happy to pass on advice or opinions. Some can spend hours searching through patterns and go away without buying anything. We don't mind at all – and it's probable they'll be back to place an order once they've



thought things over.

**TUESDAY:** I dress the shop windows every week and am always looking for new ideas. It's important to have them right, and people often admire them, though I don't think I'm good at it. I saw one smashing layout in a shop in Miami when I was on holiday and used it here when I got back. Another good design I came across in France. I didn't find anything in Germany though. I went to a beer festival there, and for days my eyes wouldn't open to see anything!

I've a great boss in Tony Barnby, who looks after the wholesale side supplying shops all over the north, and his wife Marjorie is smashing. The girls in the shop are Wendy Lee, a real smasher, and Jan Wilson, who's a real beauty. I think the world of these two lasses. We all get on well together and it's a pleasure to work with them.

We've a tremendous range of wallpapers ranging from £1.99 up to flock at £65 a roll, as well as paints, materials and furnishings. I do my own decorating at home, and that's a help when I'm discussing designs with customers or passing on advice. But there's time for a laugh most days.

One lady from Forest got a large order and paid in banknotes. I said they must have been under the bed and I'd probably find spring marks on them. "Aye lad, you likely will," she said.

**WEDNESDAY:** Some great characters come into the pub. Tommy Walker was one – he came in regularly for 60 odd years before he died. He always loved a joke. A stranger asked him how high we were



*Front page of the Teesdale Mercury in October 1984: Neil gets a strippergram on his 50th birthday*

in Barningham. He replied that Edgar was 5ft. 6, Jim was 5ft 7, and so on. "No, I mean how high are you above sea level," said the visitor. "Oh, I don't know about that," said Tommy. "I've never seen the sea around here."

My collection of miniature drink bottles gets quite a lot of attention. I started by buying one of Benedictine in London, and now I've 778, all catalogued. Some customers bring me unusual ones back from holiday. I've a complete list of where every one came from, and they bring back happy memories.

My father said years ago

that if I kept collecting them the family would be pushed out into the yard. Goodness knows what he'd say if he saw them now – they fill 10 large shelves and take 51 hours to clean every three weeks.

I rarely go out because I'm so busy here. But there's no need really. Staying at home is like a night out for me, because the customers are such a grand lot.

**THURSDAY:** My day off from the shop, so I get on with jobs at home or in my large garden. I grow a lot of flowers – gladioli and dahlias – and every sort of vegetable you can mention, to eat rather

than show.

This is darts night in the pub. We've a great team which has won the championship four year's running: John Lawson, John Clement, Trevor Turner, Graham Lowes, Colon Winley, Martin Fairley, Brenda Lawson, Ken Cottrell, John McDonald and Ian MacDonald. Practice sessions? No, they don't need them—they're too good!

We also have quoits on Thursdays, with a lovely pitch on the green in summer and an indoor pitch at Wilson House for winter. Our team is Bill Bell, Lewis Watson, David Carter, David Powell, Di Powell, John Carter, Trevor Turner, Derek Hazeltine and Dennis Lowes. There are also domino games most nights, with a good bit of crack going on.

I run the pub with my sister Brenda, who lives here with her husband John Lawson, but mum keeps an eye on us, makes sure we're doing things right. My brother Trevor lives in the village and his wife Jennifer sometimes helps us. Another brother, Lloyd, lives in Wood Street, Barnard Castle, and the third one, Malcolm, is in Richmond. My other sister, Sylvia McDonald, is the lollipop lady at Bowes.

My uncle Bobby Etherington, the coalman, is a bit like me only madder. He sings to people on his round.

**FRIDAY:** A busy day in the shop, with people getting ready for a weekend of decorating. Quite often we get huge orders from people decorating a full house. One lady was so pleased with wallpaper she bought that she asked me to go round and see it. Yes, it



*1987 Meet: Neil in fancy dress with Angela Hall*

was lovely – and that meant I could tell others how good it looked on the wall.

I love people, selling them things and sending them away happy. It's been said that I could sell wellingtons to Arabs and that I should be on the markets.

One marvellous gadget we have for hire is a wallpaper stripper. Tony asked me to have a go with it one day and I liked it so much that I spent hours using it – and he had to go into the shop in my place.

It's very rare to get a bad customer. I get on well with them, and know an awful lot of them personally. If I walk from the shop to the post office I can say "Hello" a hundred times, which gets embarrassing for anyone who's with me.

**SATURDAY:** Another busy day. A lot of time can be taken up giving advice on the right type of paint or paper, and how to put it on. But that time is never wasted, because if customers get the right advice they're likely to keep coming back for years.

It's also a busy night in the pub. We get a really cheer-

ful lot in – I like everyone of them, and don't think anything has ever been pinched.

It's always a pleasure to chat with tourists as well as the local people. We had two from America and one from China who came in looking for ghosts because they thought it the sort of place that might have one. I had to say I'd never come across one, though the floorboards creak often enough. But they were serious, so I sent them to Mortham Tower, which is supposed to be haunted.

I've seen quite a bit of the world on holiday travels, like to get away and find out things for myself. I sometimes have a break with Franz and Margaret Egarter, who used to be at the Black Horse in Barnard Castle, and now have the Sea Shanty restaurant which is doing famously in Tor Cross near Dartmouth in Devon.

I behave in the same daft way when I'm anywhere. When I was at Key West in Florida I did the Hawaiian War Chant with some friends and Americans started taking snaps thinking we were a party of entertainers.

# My memories: the best of Neil's Notes

'THE Rev Richard Alderson was Vicar of Hutton Magna till he retired with his wife Louise to live in Fountain Cottage, Barningham, in 1954.

'He was an ardent pipe-smoker who grew his own tobacco. There were tobacco plants everywhere in his house, all these funny leaves in the airing cupboards and shed. It was like a kipper house.

'He soaked the tobacco leaves in black treacle and asked people all over the village to plant a row or two of tobacco for him in their gardens. He'd smoked a pipe since he was 14 and he was 95 when he died.'

'SALLY Armstrong was the daughter of George Armstrong, landlord of the Black Horse pub in Barningham. She had a good singing voice and performed from time to time at the Hippodrome Theatre in Darlington.

'She made several recordings which she would play on my record-player at the Milbank Arms. The one I remember best was called *Why Am I Always the Bridesmaid?* It used to drive me up the wall.'

'ROBERT Clarkson of Moorcock was taken seriously ill during the great winter snowstorms of 1947 and they-brought him down from the moors on a sledge to the Milbank Arms. He lay there for about four hours until an ambulance got through, I thought he was dead.'

'NANCY Brass was the second wife of George Herbert Brass and raised three sons and six daughters at No 3 Park View. She worked as a house-

*Neil provided The Archive with a regular column of comment and recollections.*

*Here are some of his contributions  
(to be taken with the  
occasional pinch of salt)*



*'Nana Brass terrified me'*

maid at the Morritt Arms and was known to everyone in later life as Nana Brass.

'She had a heart of gold but if you got the wrong side of her you'd had it. I did when I was a lad, and I didn't dare pass her house – she'd stand outside, arms folded, waiting for you.'

'THERE used to be a byre behind where How Tallon is now, where John Brown of South View kept half a dozen cows and delivered milk around the village. The cows used to graze the village green in summer. One day they went into the hall grounds where the game larder had a yew hedge around it. Three cows ate it and died.

'The Browns had a daughter called Ada who was a bit... well, everyone was sorry for her. She never received any money from her father but she smoked and used to come to the back door of the Milbank Arms almost every evening and say: "Av you got-a-wan?"

meaning a cigarette. Mum would say yes, and Ada used to say: "I think I'll have a two."

'THERE used to be a noticeboard outside Barningham chapel in the 1940s with the heading "Who is on the Lord's Side?" above a list of sinners. One night the Powell boys added the names of everyone in the village.'

'I remember climbing onto the roof of Church View as a child. We used to put slates on top of the chimney. The smoke piled up and filled the house. I had my bum tanned many times for doing that.'

'WE celebrated the coronation in 1953 with a fancy dress parade and party on the village green and a television was set up in the village hall. It was packed, standing room only, and I never got anywhere near it. I've never seen the coronation yet.

'It rained all day, it was a wicked, wicked day. There was a parade down the village and all the kids got soaked.'

'I USED to go to Crooks House as a child to bring home buckets of potatoes. They were that heavy I used to throw one out, then another, to lighten the load. By the time I got home there were hardly any left.'

'THIS district nurse and her husband arrived in the village and stayed for two years. Then one Sunday they came out of church and two men came up and bundled her into a car and drove her away. They were her father and her real husband.'

'EAST View was derelict in the early 1970s and George and Ivy Bellwood who had North View



used it as a stable for goats and horses. The upper floor was used as a hayloft and one day a horse climbed the stairs to get at it. It took them ages to get it down.'

'IT was 1951 before mains electric arrived in the village and the first place to be switched on was the Milbank Arms. My mum, who was very proud of how clean she kept the rooms, was horrified when the lights came on and she saw all the cobwebs on the ceilings.'

'THERE was a Major Anstice Bannister and his wife Florence tenants of Elim Cottage in the late 1940s. She was cook at the hall and carried her husband's dinner home in a suitcase like a hot box.'

'ANN Emmett lived in Holly Cottage, Barningham, in the 1950s. She used to knit blue or pink booties for all new babies born in Barningham.'

'I REMEMBER scrumping apples at Fairview when a child in the 1940s. Willy Todd left every night on the dot of seven to play dominoes. As soon as he went we headed for his apple tree. One night he went the other way and caught us all.'

'THERE was a family called Davis who were tenants at the Gatehouse. They had a lovely daughter called Joyce. I had eyes for her all right.'

'GEORGE Goodall was a Barningham Estate woodman and handyman, who lived in part of Heath House with his wife Betty until about 1966. George was bald from the age of 21. Betty's father moved in with them after the wedding but she soon persuaded him to leave.

'Another Heath House ten-



*Eric Licence and fez*

ant, in the 1940s, worked for the Metcalfs of Barningham House. He had at least nine kids. His wife was about 20 stone and he was a weed of a man. Every Saturday she was outside Barningham House at 12 noon to collect his pay.'

'GRUNDY Graham was what we called Robert Graham who ran Barningham shop and post office when I was a kid. It was a good store – buckets, brushes, wellies, you name it, he sold it, and if he hadn't got it he'd get it for you. You could put in an order in the morning and he'd deliver it at mid-day. We did 90 percent of our shopping there.

'He had something wrong with his thumb, it ended in a sort of claw, and when he was weighing out our sweets he'd hook it on the scales to give short measure. The deformity was the result of an accident at sea.'

'ERNIE Holmes was Sir Frederick Milbank's batman during World War I and followed him from Wales to Barningham in 1919. My dad had lived next to Ernie in Wales and the pair couldn't stand each other. One day when dad had cleaned the Milbank cars, Ernie wet them and dad knocked him down.'

'JOSEPH Leggett was the Milbanks' butler for more than fifty years. He looked just like an Alice in Wonderland frog'.

'ERIC Licence took over the Dun Cow in Newsham and changed its name to the Pipes Tavern and filled the bar with his collection of pipes. He would sit in his smoking jacket – he had a different one every evening – and a fez with a tassel. He had a moustache that curled round and the ends went up his nose.'

'ANNIE Lowes bought The Hollies in Barningham after the war and opened tea rooms in the cottage. It was very busy at weekends, all home-made scones and teas, and lots of it. You never finished it.'

'MISS McCulloch lived in Heath House with a paid companion Mary Dales in the 1930s and children had a skipping song that began "Miss McCulloch and Miss McDale, Went for a walk down Wensleydale, Said Miss McCulloch to Miss McDale, By, you're looking very pale..." I can't remember any more.'

'THERE'S definitely a ghost in the Milbank Arms. You can go to bed in the centre bedroom and suddenly it goes deathly cold, the door opens three times and then it gets warm again. People say they've seen the figure of a girl in a long taffeta gown rustling along the corridor.'

'I WENT to the village school in the early 1940s. We called the headmistress Fanny and she sat in front of the south wall of the main room, below where the clock now is. She had a cane with a large brass knob on the end and wore



a blue blouse with spots, a brooch like teeth, a hairnet, whiskers, lisle stockings and lace-up shoes. She would sit near a potbellied stove, under the fish in the glass case, drinking her malted drink. She would slosh it around her mouth six times before swallowing it!

'I remember standing on the foot-scraper during playtime one day hanging onto the downpipe on the school wall when it came away and hit me on the head. There was lots of blood but Fanny just took a chair leg to leather me for doing it. And then they made my dad pay for a new pipe, he wasn't best pleased.

'We kept tadpoles in a tank on top of the school piano and one day so many kids were hanging on that it fell over and smashed onto the keyboard. Our parents had to pay to get it dried out.

'Miss Addison was in the small room. If a teacher was ill Miss Hook would walk from Scargill bringing the children from there with her. There was no bus to Barningham, it stopped at Newsham and pupils from there had to walk the rest of the way.'

'I CAN remember playing in The Terrace, now called Newby House, when I was a child. There was a pump in the middle of the kitchen floor, and when they took it out they found a well underneath, 35 feet deep. It rested on a large slab held up only by some rusty old iron bars. Anyone using the sink had to stand on it, not knowing what was underneath – it could have gone anytime.'

'MY father was in the village Observer Corps during the

war, watching out for enemy aircraft and parachutists. They had a wooden observation post in a field beside the road from Nor Beck to Wilson House. Sleeping was in a trench dug nearby, with cots to the sides and ankle deep in dog ends.'

'A FORMER policeman called Harry Jenkins lived in the Old Rectory for a time. He had a son called Paul who was a chemistry enthusiast and caused a stir by letting off gunpowder on the school bus.'

'THE Park View council houses were built after the war on what till then was an empty field. We used to sledge from the top of the green by Newby House right across the road and up the other side almost to Fairview.'

'I WENT to Sunday School in the chapel in the 1940s. The seats where the boys sat were open at the back so we could pinch the bottoms of the girls in front'.

'BEFORE the post office closed in the 1990s there was a postbox outside with metal feet and fixed to the ground. One

day a boy pinched a rude book from his dad's drawer and showed it to a girl, who to his horror posted it. He tried to dig the postbox out of the tarmac with a pick-axe. His dad had to pay for its reinstatement.'

'DORIS Preston was a farmer's wife at Hawsteads who ran the best dance band in the land. It often played at dances in Barningham school and there were wartime sixpenny hops in the Reading Room for soldiers based at the Hall. There was a full-size billiard table lent to the army, who took it to Rokeby and when it came back the slate was broken.'

'I COLLECTED rosehips during the war and was given a badge and certificate after picking 51 lbs of them. I was paid 3d a pound.'

'A MR Sayers arrived in Barningham with his wife and three children just after the war and moved into Hillside where he set up a shop selling spectacles. The whole village joined his panel, had their eyes tested and bought glasses from him,



*Sunday School, 1948: Norman Bradley; June Blades; Ann, Christine, Irene, Robert and Ruby Brass; Ann and Duncan Layfield; Donald and Pat Malsbury; Cynthia Maughan; Beryl Oliver; Mrs Bradley; David, Ida, Kathleen and Margaret Powell; and Greta and Muriel Walker.  
No sign of Neil!*

Then the police came and took him away. The lenses were just plain glass.'

'AND there was Dr Sheldon, who turned up in Barningham with his wife and set up a surgery in the Reading Room, taking on only female patients. Many women from Barningham and Newsham signed up and had appointments with him until the police turned up and raided the surgery.

'It turned out he was completely bogus with no qualifications. He vanished overnight. Our pub dustbins were filled with needles, poisons, and other medical material. There were an awful lot of very embarrassed ladies when the news got out!'

'SHARON Cottage was demolished in the early 1970s to make way for Curlew House. It was in a very poor state of repair, the lintel over the back door had slipped and the door was permanently jammed open. It was sold to a builder who promptly pulled it down, the stone was said to have been used to shore up the banks of Nor Beck by the road bridge. There was hell on. It was a lovely little cottage, though in a terrible state.'

'THE first television set in Barningham belonged to Betty Goodall. Her father bought it for her and she used to spend hours criticising the girls who appeared on it - 'look at them brazen things showing their legs!' she'd say.'

'OUR doctor was Dr Thomson at Woodside. In World War I he'd been wounded, gassed twice and caught malaria. He liked a drink and every morning he'd call in to the Milbank

Arms for a whisky before work. He was a dentist as well. I remember struggling in his dentist's chair to escape. 'I'll make you struggle, you little bugger,' he said, and pulled my tooth out. There was no anaesthetic in those days. Did I struggle!'

TOMMY Welsh was a tramp in Barningham after the war. He was a well-educated Irish officer who'd taken to drink and slept rough in the lime kilns Round the World. He taught us deaf and dumb language.'

'I DEALT with one young customer who sat all night over half a pint and never spoke a word by loading a starting pistol with blanks and shooting at him three times.

'He went as white as a ghost and ran out. Half an hour later he came back, saying he'd had an accident. I couldn't shut him up after that.'

'DURING the war the moors around Haythwaite were taken over by the army. It was a range like Feldom, out of bounds with red flags and targets everywhere. They used to set off smokescreens and for years afterwards small bombs were found up there - an area to keep clear of.'

'Barningham Park was taken over by the army and the hall became a training base. There were around 200 soldiers at a time undergoing fortnight-long exercises on the moor and the Milbank Arms did a brisk trade. Every room was packed every night. The beer was like water, mind, and we used to add raisins to give it some taste. There was a thriving black market, especially for whisky. We had hundred-weights of sugar in the attic.'

## History Group Publications

Where Lyeth Ye Bodies\* Guide to Barningham church, graveyard map, memorials and burials.

Barningham Baptisms\* Listed by date, name and parents. Vol 1: 1500-1800; Vol 2: 1800-1950.

Barningham Brides\* All marriages 1580-1950, listed by date, groom and bride.

Counted\* A-Z of census returns 1841-1911, arranged so that families can be tracked through 70 years. Vol 1: Barningham, Scargill, Hope; Vol 2: Newsham, New Forest. Vol 3: Brignall, Rokeby. Vol 4: Dalton, Gayles & Kirby Hill.

Jam Letch & Jingle Potts\* Barningham farms, fields, owners & occupiers in 1838.

Short Butts & Sandy Bottom\* Newsham farms fields, owners & occupiers in 1841.

A Child of Hope\*\* Journal of Mary Martin, born 1847 on a local farm.

A Fleeting Shadow\* The diaries of young Newsham schoolmaster James Coates, 1784-85.

A Farmer's Boy\* Memoirs of life in the area in mid-Victorian days.

Aback to Yuvvin\*\* 1849 Glossary of Teesdale words & customs.

Barningham Vestry Minutes\*\* 1869-1894, Parish Minutes\*\* 1894-1931 and Reading Room Minutes\*\* 1892-1922. Transcripts, history, index and names.

The Archive\*\*\* Group newsletter. Back issues downloadable free from website. Hard copies also available.

Memories 1 & 2\* DVDs of cine film of Barningham, 1960/70s.

\* £10 each + £1.50 p&p

\*\* £5 each + £1.50 p&p

\*\*\* £2 each + £1 p&p

Discounts for group members.

Some booklets are available in digital format at £2 per publication - please contact us for details.

We may also have copies of *As Time Passed By*, a history of Barningham by Merryne Watson.

More information on our website:

[www.barninghamvillage.co.uk](http://www.barninghamvillage.co.uk)



*Neil frequently appeared in the Teesdale Mercury. In 1990 he was presenting darts league awards...*



*...In 1991 he was window-dressing winner again...*



*...And in 1994 he was testing a tobacco detector*

## Barningham Local History Group

[www.barninghamvillage.co.uk](http://www.barninghamvillage.co.uk)

Covering Barningham and surrounding area:

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## Ooh, you were awful... but we liked you

NEIL loved a practical joke. When I moved into Barningham in the 1970s I called into the Milbank Arms and complimented him on the coal fire. 'Costs a fortune,' he said. 'You want to be on gas. Everybody else is, there's a gasometer up on the moor supplies the village.' I searched for it for weeks.

He was particularly proud of placing a statuette of a husky man, naked but for a figleaf, in

the ladies' toilet upstairs. Visitors who lifted the fig-leaf were mortified to discover a sign saying they'd just rung a bell downstairs for all to hear. Some never returned to the bar.

And then there was the apron he'd raise suddenly in front of lady customers to reveal an enormous knitted appendage underneath...

Farewell, Neil. The Milbank will never be the same again. *J.S.*



*Victorious darts cup winners celebrating in the Milbank Arms, c1985. Back: David Carter, George Rigg. Centre: David Powell, Don Day, John Carter, Colin Lowes, Bill Bell. Front: Trevor Turner, Bobby Brass and Phil Thompson*

## The Barningham book

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**Little Cottage, awarded Grade II listed status in 1982, was threatened by plans to demolish it by the new owner. The cottage, located in the immediate area of the Little Bank Arms, was built in 1880 by a local family. It was threatened by the plans to demolish it in 1982 to allow for a new access to the Little Bank Arms. The cottage was saved by the efforts of the Little Bank Arms and the Little Bank Arms.**

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