



The Beverley Barge Preservation Society

Registered Charity No 1091733
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BILL'S BLOG 1

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Bill Cooper was born and bred down Beckside and is now a very healthy and fit pensioner giving technical advice to the Society about events and times of the people of the area. No one does it better than Bill.

THE STORY OF HARRY PALMER - A BECKSIDE CHARACTER

Harry was a local Carter who lived in Flemingate near to the Methodist Chapel; he owned three fields, two of which he kept for grazing and hay for winter feed, the third he used for growing Worsels. He had two horses, one called Boxer - the other a mare called Bonnie.

Harry had an elder brother called Sam and they both worked together carrying coke and coal from the Beckside Gas House; and they would also carry other goods for local companies as and when required. They had rullies for the cartage of coal and coke and two wheeled tipping carts for loose materials, manure, etc.

Harry had a speech impediment which caused him to pronounce the letter L as the letter R so Long would be Rong. He was a big friend of my fathers and occasionally we would borrow the tipping cart and Bonnie to transfer manure from the Barkers Mill, where my father worked, to the allotments on Sparkmill in Flemingate; the manure could well be the emptying of earth toilets which most houses had in those days.

One day Harry said to my father that his daughter, called Grady, wanted him to consider getting a water closet instead of an earth closet, but as Harry pointed out, "Where would I get me manure from ?!!"

When I was sixteen my father got me a month's work with Harry and Sam working in their fields trimming worsels. Sam and I did this while Harry continued carting with the rullies. I found it pleasant work in the October sun pulling the worsels out of the ground cutting the tops off and the root with a big knife and then laying them in rows to dry.

A week would pass by and then we would put them in a pile in the field much like potatoes would be. There were two types of worsels, one was round like a swede, yellow in colour, the other like a parsnip and red in colour. I started to make the pile mixing both types together when along came Harry to see how we were getting on, when he saw what I was doing he said, "Nay Nay Rad, rong reds tiv outside of pile and roond yerrows in ti middre" which meant *Long Reds to the outside of the pile and Round Yellows into the middle*. For many years after I was always ribbed by a Beckside character called Ernie Malton who I had told the story to. He would always shout out to me RONG REDS BILL, RONG REDS.

God Bless him.