

An Audience with the Vincents

Family background.

John Vincent: It was a rather big family. Grandfather and grandmum lived in Hendra. He worked on the docks and they had sixteen children, reared fourteen . . . in that one house.

Peter Vincent: They had one every year.

John Vincent: My father didn't spend all his life there. There was an old couple that lived across the road, called Hancock . . . and he used to spend a lot of time over there. And they had one son called Peter, weren't he?

Peter Vincent: Bill!

John Vincent: Anyway, he went off to America and they rather felt that they missed him greatly, and they more or less took my father in and they virtually brought him up. Just across the road – he used to go home – but he used to live over there.

My father married a girl from Bodmin Moor, who came to Golant in house service at Bodrigan, top of the hill, with a lady and gent called Creighton. And while she was there in service, Mr Creighton died on Par Beach . . . My mother was one of eight, my mother was born in Temple on Bodmin Moor, and one of the other sisters moved down here, and two brothers married two sisters. My uncle Fred married Aunt Theo, and my father married my mother. They lived in Orchard Cottage . . . and the other uncle . . . was Alton's father here in the village. We had another uncle in Fowey. They were scattered obviously with so many of them. The sisters . . . one married a seafarer, one married a painter and decorator in St Austell.

Peter Vincent: One married an Irish man and worked for Guinness people out in Dublin.

John Vincent: One married a Welsh man and went to Wales to live. So they got scattered all round the country side.

Watching the cider making footage (as shot by David Skerrett in the 1960s)

Peter Vincent: That's the beginning of the making the cheese, the start on the bottom, and what is being shovelled in there is what was always commonly known as "muck".

David Skerrett: Notice that Ron does the work and Reg does the talking.

Gordon Quantic –

Mick Morgan: used to live up Tinneys

John Vincent: They're just turning in the straw for the first part of the cheese. Spread it out longer then put your apple in, turn it in, press the straw in and then you go through the same process again until you go up about six heights.

Q. Why was it called the cheese?

Peter Vincent: Because I suppose, when it's crushed down and dried, they used to cut it out with what's known as a hay knife, and I suppose it's like cutting cheese.

It was wheat straw.

Peter Vincent: The cheese is up under the top now, ready to press.

Peter Vincent: and the big piece of wood we used to press down we always called the st-----???

John Vincent: That's right . . . and the granite trough, you'll probably see the cider running into it in a moment, was taken from the cider house, opposite the pub to Tanhay.

Peter Vincent: If you got down to the trough with a straw, twas better than any syrup of figs!

John Vincent: All the working bits that you're looking at now, and the crusher and everything . . . are still up Tanhay.

Peter Vincent: What you're looking up there is a single screw. Some of the presses in the village had double screws.

Q. How many presses were there?

Peter Vincent: I can remember 5.

John Vincent: That's right, that's exactly what I would say.

Q. Can you remember where they all were?

P/John Vincent: Yeah!

Q. Where were they?

David Skerrett: The one in Tinneys Lane was burned down by the following people – Julian Barr, the boys, Skerret and young –

Q. So there was one in Tinneys Lane?

John Vincent: Yes, that was a twin screw

Peter Vincent: That was Billy Bunneys

John Vincent: That was Billy Bunneys

Peter Vincent: Bill Spry had one at Chapel Corner

John Vincent: Up here on the corner. One at Torfrey . . . one at Tanhay

Peter Vincent: One opposite the pub

John Vincent: Yeah.

Peter Vincent: Well they all made good cider.

John Vincent: And when we kept the cows and used to supply the village, or part of the village with milk and cream, at Colquite, other side of the village, in one of the back sheds there was the remains of a twin screw one, wasn't there Peter? Never used, it was never workable.

Q. that's just inside the granite posts isn't it?

John Vincent: That's right, as you go out towards the terrace. Just in on the left it was.

Peter Vincent: Mr Geake used to store his cider in there. He had several barrels he kept inside. He had one just inside the door. He had a lock on the door but he had a half-screw staple on the door and it was easy enough to pull the staple out . . . and one day he decided that he was going to tap this barrel inside the door. And when he came in to tap 'en the damn thing was empty. A couple of local chaps, I won't mention no names, but a couple of local chaps used to pull the staple on the door, and put a spy hole up under the barrel and they used to draw glasses from in under the barrel. He never seen anything was touched until he come to – "how the hell did he get emptied" he said, how . . . ?

John Vincent: Now they're paring off the cheese, they've had an initial squeeze now – and we're back to building again now.

Q. Was the apple mix scientific, or did you just sling in whatever you could get hold of?

John Vincent: whatever they could get hold of

Doc Skerret: anything on the ground

Alton Vincent: Only windfalls

Q. but in those days the village was largely cider orchards, wasn't it?

John Vincent: Oh all of it

Peter Vincent: When I was a boy the pub didn't sell nothin' else. . . when Charlie Blowey had it.

Q. It would go straight from the cider house over to the cider pub?

Peter Vincent: That's right.

Q. What was it called then?

Peter Vincent: What dear, the pub? New Inn.

Doc Skerret: those were rum barrels, courtesy of Colonel Luck.

*Here questions were asked from the Lerryn group – but indistinct
They asked if the Vincents had any relatives in St Veep – they said no – then*

Peter Vincent: Having said that – Colin was in Hay farm. (that was it!) His son farms there now.

General reshuffle of furniture and a quick chat.

Introduced Penny and Greg and said that they'd like to hear any stories of the Cider House

Q. Was Austen's Cottage a cider house?

John Vincent: yes

Alton Vincent: on the end of the building

John Vincent: yes, that was where there was a twin screw. This end of the building. I'll tell you a funny story about that. Bill Spry who lived there, was a character. And Bill decided to hell with turning the handle to grind the apples, he was going to automate it and he put a Morris Cowley? Car engine up on the bank and knocked a hole through the wall, and he had a belt that would go across the path going into the house – yeah, used to carry the apples around into the loft, weren't it Peter, and somebody go up in the loft and tip 'em down the chute and this car engine – and he used to take the mag off, the magneto off his engine, and carry indoors when it wasn't being used. Well course it was only used couple or three times a year, wasn't it, when they were actually making cider. And if you could have heard the language and the performance when it come around to next year, to start that engine – but he wouldn't give in, he always got it to go.

Peter Vincent: He could swear for a quarter of an hour and never use the same word twice!

Alton Vincent: The car engine was on a concrete plinth. There was an alley way went down the back of the house to go into the house. The cider house on the left, bank on the right, the engine was up there, fairly high up. The belt went over the top. The belt drove a thing like a big mincing machine. So you'd go up there, pour all the apples into the hopper, over the mincer, and they'd all come out the bottom all chopped up into pieces.

John Vincent: I think he probably used to make more cider than anybody else.

Peter Vincent: And he used to sell it to the Earl of Chatham, most of it, up Lostwithiel.

And he drove a lorry for a man called Wherry, out to Par, and he used to bring the lorry home and we used to put the empty barrels up in to the lorry, then we used to bring it out in buckets and somebody up the end of the lorry tipping it into the barrels and then we'd take it up to the Earl of Chatham, up Lostwithiel. And then you'd have to rack it off up there again. I done that many a time when I was a boy.

John Vincent: Yes, I'm sure he made most.

Paddy: How long did it take between taking the apples up there and serving it in the bar?

Peter Vincent: Oh, two or three months.

John Vincent: Bit more than that.

Alton Vincent: Once it'd been put into barrels that wasn't the end of it. The cider barrels were stored on their side . . . and there was a big bung, that was always at the top, and once you'd put the fresh cider into these barrels, it would continue working, continue fermenting. Lots of bits of apple would get into the barrel, and all these bits would work their way up to the top, and come out the bung hole at the top. You had to have some spare cider handy in a jug to keep topping it up until all the

fermentation had taken place and all the bits of apple had come out of it. Otherwise there'd be . . . in it. And this went on for a couple of months probably. Eventually you'd have what you would call "rough cider", which was pretty potent stuff! Although that wasn't until it had been in the barrel fermenting for some time. If you drank it as soon as it came out of the press, like Peter said, well you'd be running to the loo, but once it became rough cider that was a different story. I never liked the taste of rough cider very much. It was a bit bitter, but some was better than others.

Peter Vincent: Golant used to have quite a few visitors in the summer time you know. You'd meet 'em down the pub and tell them about the cider, and we used to go up to Reg's and 'twas always nice to invite 'em up for the afternoon, Saturday afternoon or whatever like, you know and have a glass of cider. Well you never seen a pint pot in the cider cellar, t' was always a tumbler and the favourite trick was to start here and there'd barrels down here and barrels along here and barrels up there and you'd draw half a tumbler and pass it around like you know, and they'd try that one. Course, half a tumbler here and half a tumbler there, by the time you got around they'd be going down the lane with four legs.

Alton Vincent: Legless!

John Vincent: One thing my father always used to say when we were making – I don't know I couldn't have been very old – you keep lifting the funnel when you're carrying it out from the trough, filling the barrel, I used to get excited about it and keep lifting the funnel and have a look inside like that. One day he said to me "I'll tell you something my son", I said "What's that?", he said "take a hell of a long time to fill en with a bucket donnit!" I said "Tis, it's taking a long time!", he said "Don't take to empty en with a glass!"

But . . . not drifting away from cider making at all – in the village here there was all screw press. Now these ladies (from Lerryn) might know but up the end of Penpol, right at the end of the creek up the end of Penpol, there was a beam press, which was really thought out. It was a long, not huge tree trunk, not this big around sort of thing, but quite a big one, long one, and they had it hinged this end on an iron, with holes in it, upright like that, and they had a V cut out of the tree trunk that went over it and they could put pins through so when they made their cheese they could lift it up with a block and tackle to the top, and lift it up with a block and tackle at the front so that the beam, this big tree beam was out of the way, and when they finished making their cheese, they'd lower the front down on to it, like that, and outside of the – just outside the cider house there was a huge big stone, with a ring in it. They had a chain with a crook, and they'd lower it down, and gradually let the weight of this beam down and that would squeeze it. And when it got down they'd eventually hook up the stone, and that would squeeze, so it had a constant squeeze, all the time. When it got down to this level, they'd lift it up again and let the back end down a bit so . . . keep going . . . have these ladies ever seen it over there?

Esther Mary: I haven't seen it. I live in a house next door to a farm where they had one

John Vincent: Yea it was on the left hand side opposite the blacksmith's shop .

EM: No I don't come from Penpol, I come from Lerryn

John Vincent: Oh right! But that's where it was, down the bottom of Penpol. Quite an ingenious idea really because the screw presses were fine like at Tanhay, but you had to keep running back because once the pressure – once a certain amount of juice had gone out – the pressure was off so it stopped. So you somebody had to be on call to go back as often as you could, a couple of you, and

get on the end of the timber and squeeze it some more. But the one of talking about over there it had a constant press on it.

EM: The sort of press you're talking about is very much older.

Martin Dyke: Is cider still made anywhere in Golant?

John Vincent: Tanhay

PP: And up at . . .

John Vincent: I think the one still works up at Torfrey doesn't it?

PP: Opposite – Hybadore, but it's a modern one – Peter's helped up there.

MD. What's more important is it available for purchase?!

DS: I'm sure we could arrange that for you sir!

MD: I'll give you my name and number afterwards.

RD: Yes, Tanhay cider's very easily available . . . at a price!

PP: But the one up at Hybadore's in early stages of development . . . but they're concentrating on Champagne Cider. That's Barrie Gibson from Fowey.

Moving on . . .

PP: The pub carpark used to be a thatched cottage and Barry found a really good photograph – was it sent to you by Marcus Lewis from Fowey, which is on our Facebook page. . . (plug for Ghg Golant) . . . but could you tell us any background about that thatched cottage – there's a dog outside it on this particular photograph . . .

A: People called Barker lived there, before it became empty. They must have cleared out of there when I was a very small boy I believe. I can't remember them being there but that's the name of the people who had it. During the war it was used by the Home Guard and they stored sandbags in there, and the Home Guard used it for, I think, exercises. We boys used to go in and out and (furnish?) our catapults in that old building, and I can remember when it was made into the carpark. It was only a cob wall, and took the walls down to the level it is now I suppose, put a cement top on it, and it became a carpark. But I can remember the cottage being there with a thatched roof and we used to go in and out and play, and I know people called Barker lived there and they moved to Fowey.

Penny White: I was cleaning the church once and someone came in and told me that's where he was as a child and it was condemned in 1947 because it was so damp. I can't remember his name or anything . . .

A: 47 I would have said it was gone before then – empty before then.

PW: I thought he said 1947

PP: Well it could have been empty before and then they decided to take it down.

Peter Vincent: The old chap that lived there with his family was called Nick Barker.

A: That's right. It was empty during the war you see, latter part of the war certainly.

MM: Sagets had it too didn't they?

A: Barkers were related to the Sagets.

MM: Yes, she married a Saget and he was killed during the war.

Alton Vincent: One of the Sagets married a Barker. Mmm. That's quite true.

Peter Vincent: Nick worked for Charlie Blowey. And he was up loadin' up the cart one day with farm yard manure with two horses and a cart to take to the field, and Charlie Blowey – proper slave driver – he came up the road, and Nick was there lighting up his pipe, and he looked at Nick and he looked at the cart and he didn't think he had enough on the cart. "Oh Nick!" he said, "What you on your holidays?"

Alton Vincent: I can tell you a story my father used to tell me about cider making and the cheese. There used to be a press apparently down at Pennytinny Farm, and Pennytinny Farm backs onto Sawmills Woods. He said they made cider down there one year, but when they took the cheese up to throw away, they took it in the woods and threw it in the woods. Trouble is the pigs got down there and they ate it. And all the pigs got drunk and they were rolling around and falling down and going to sleep. He used to tell me this.

Question about making a liquor from the cider . . .

John Vincent: Unfortunately yes! I made some very good cider in a bourbon whiskey barrel, and Alec King had a little building company in Fowey, used to live just across the road here, and we had this brilliant idea one day. We'd just recently acquired a deep freeze and Alec said "I read something once that you could extract the alcohol if you put it in a container and froze it because there was a lot of water in it. But when you take it out" he said "you want a cake stand or something like that, something with small mesh, turn it upside down, put the lump out, put a container in under and the alcohol will drip into the container." So we thought we'd have a little crack at this – or I did – and I got some of these plastic containers a bit like the ice cream containers – they're tapered slightly aren't they? I thought they'd be ideal. I put them in the deep freeze. Yes, they duly froze. And I went through the process. I tipped it out, caught it and he came in to me one day and he said "What's it like?" and I said "I don't know, I haven't tried it yet. I put in two bottles." So he said "Let's try it." So we put a little drop in a glass . . . my God . . . you couldn't . . . it was like poison! It was so horrible it wasn't true! So now we decided we had to devise an idea how to sweeten it up. So we put a whole jar of honey in a saucepan, put it on the Rayburn and melted it into liquid and put this honey in. I tell you what – it weren't bad! But Alec made his way home eventually – down here across the road. And he had this little building business in Fowey, with about five or six chaps working for him, and the next day i thought 'I'm not feeling very good – I wonder how Alec is?' So I popped down and Jane, his wife, who didn't mince her words said "Vincent, you bastard!" So I said "Why?" She said "I've had to go to Fowey and give the men instructions" She said "He's up there can't lift his head off the pillow!" So that was my little . . . it was never tried again, I tell you!

JV. So can you remember when John and Reg would put barley sugar in the barrel?

John Vincent: They tried putting all sorts in one time or another but it never worked, you know, very well.

John Vincent: There's some funny stories – it's stupid little stories really, but I suppose it's interesting to you . . . when we had the farm over there and we used to go up to the yard, there was an old cob cottage. Because the building on the left was reputed to be the school once upon a time, where we used to milk the cows.

Peter Vincent: That's just through the granite posts on the left . . . where Kenny . . .

John Vincent: Through the granite posts on the left, with the farm and that, and we had the cows house there, and then up, just elevated a little bit on the right was an old cob cottage, which was said it was the school master's house that went with the school. What year that would have been, God knows, but that's where we used to keep the cider, and that's where there was an open chimney and that's where I learned my trade as a farrier.

MM. It's still there.

John Vincent: The fire place is still there is it? We put a bellows and that, and that's where I learned my trade as a farrier. But we had barrels of cider in on the right hand side. And some of the cider eventually would – if it wasn't used quick enough – it would get down in the barrel and it would go thick. Like go all oily, horrible, and go off. And just going up Downs Hill, old fella that used to work down on the docks, Alec MacDonald. Alec used to like to come over and stand and watch us making horse shoes and things you see. He was up in his eighties, and Alec was standing there one day and he said "Err" (he always used to speak so quiet) and he said "I suppose . . . have you got a little drop of cider there?" I said "Yes Alec. What ee want a glass of cider?" I thought 'I'll try you out, mate!' and I tapped off some of this cider that had gone all oily sort of thing and Ole Alec, he used to shake a bit, and he picked up the glass there – "Ere" he said "That idn't bad!" he drank the lot over the course of months you know.

Alton Vincent: No wonder he lost his mind!

John Vincent: Yes, over the course of months. 59.23

Alton Vincent: They moved house. They used to live opposite my mother and they moved house and one day I was out looking over our gate and a taxi stopped outside with Alec in the back and the driver said to me "Do you know this man?" and I said "Yes, it's Mr MacDonald, why?" well he said "He wanted to go to Golant, I brought him down and he says he doesn't live here!" I says "He does, he lives over there!" He'd gone a bit doolally by that time. It's that darn stuff you gave him! (to John)

John Vincent: "Any more about cider?"

PP: We don't have to stick to cider, if you've got any questions about where you lived, or something you've been puzzled about – going round the village.

Mary Skerrett: Yes, we saw terry Quantic on the film – was he Golant born?

John Vincent: That was Gordon, Terry's father. Yes, he was born up at Tinneys – lived in Tinneys Cottage. Quantics lived in there.

Mary Skerrett: Oh right!

Penny Parsons: Tinneys Lane? I understand you used to take your milk cart up Tinneys Lane?

Peter Vincent: Yes. I used to go through with the pony and cart, yea!

Penny Parsons: Was it a proper road?

Peter Vincent: Well it was a lane.

Penny Parsons: A proper lane?

Peter Vincent: yea.

Alton Vincent: What, up through Tanhay?

John Vincent: Tinneys Lane.

Alton Vincent: Oh Tinneys Lane, yes. It used to get over grown certain times of the year. Full of ramsey – wild garlic – used to be everywhere. Used to pong a bit the wild garlic, used to be everywhere. It used to get overgrown with the stuff. Mrs Isles used to live in the cottage at this end of Tinneys Lane, and Mrs Isles ran dancing classes for girls and she used to put on concerts up in the school. There were two sorts of concerts. One was Mrs Isles and the other was Mrs Dyer who put on concerts up the school. Mrs Isles dancers were called Mrs Isles' Starlights. She had some success because there was a chap out St Blazey called Baxter who came here to one of her concerts, and he used to do a bit of tap dancing and singing – a bit of tap dance and song up there for us – but somewhere, I was told, he was spotted by ?? who took him up to London and he ended up in a theatre up there. Tony Baxter.

John Vincent: Her name was Marmie, Marmie Isles wasn't it? Marmie Isles and she laid on a concert up the old school up the top, you see, and I always remember sitting down there, and she come out on the stage and introduced the dancers or the first act sort of thing, and nobody had ever seen her any other than in a coat and trousers. Always coat and trousers. And to everybody's amazement she came out on the stage with a dress on. A sort of almost off the shoulder dress. And someone sitting next to my mother said "My God, Marmie Isles got a dress of the shoulder". My mother said "A dress off the shoulder, teeth off the National Health!"

)Laughter in the hall!)

John Vincent: But, about the village – I was only talking to Penny just now, or Penny asked me about it. Where Penny lives, and the cottage next door, um – the two cottages – my Uncle Fred who worked on the docks and earned more money than my father, um used to do quite a bit of work for Charlie Blowey. He hauled quite a bit of the stone from out in the quarry at the top of Downs Hill to build St Clouds with horse and carts. And another uncle of mine, my mother's brother, John, Jack, he was with him, but as something sort of a perk, these two cottages, going down the road where penny lives and the next one became vacant. And old Charlie Blowey who owned sort of half the village then, he told uncle Fred he said "I'll sell you those two cottages - £50 each". There was a knock on our door one night – Uncle Fred lived in Tywardreath – he'd walked from Tywardreath up here – he come in, knocked on the door . . . my father (everybody in the village had a nickname in those days) . . . nearly always. My father's was Niggy. So he said "Niggy in?" Mother said "Yes". He said "I wanna have a chat." She said "Want a cup o tea?" He said "Yes please! I'll have a cup o tea. Now" he said "I'm going to put my cards on the table. Charlie Blowey has offered me those two

cottages for £50 each. And," he said "I wondered if we'd buy one each and rent them out." I think about an hour and three quarters/ two hours later, three/four cups of tea later, father said he couldn't afford it, Uncle Fred said "I'll loan you whatever you haven't got. But at the end of the day Uncle Fred got up and said goodbye, because they decided it was too big a risk. They never bought them.

Alton Vincent: I can remember Aunt Thea – and my Uncle Fred as well as yours! They lived down Tywardreath and during the war she was very kind hearted, she used to make yeast buns and things and used to give them to the kids down there. Food was a bit short during that time and if they were playing out near her place she used to come out and give them all some buns. It was very nice of her – very nice person.

53.12

Barry C-T: Would you mind telling us a little bit about milking in Golant? It's quite intriguing that all the cows came into the middle of the village to be milked. Where did you distribute the milk? Were you the only people milking?

John Vincent: In the village? Well the Rundles kept a few/odd cow or two and used to milk here – opposite (Hillside). And then the Geakes had Golant farm.

Alton Vincent: Harriet used to do the milking.

John Vincent: Yea. And then eventually us. It was all sold in the village. At that time . . . I don't know how many inhabitants are there in the village now? Anybody know?

Response: Two hundred and twenty.

John: Back in that time we were about two hundred. The cows used to cross where the shop is – the Geake's or Scantlebury's cows, our cows – I mean we were the blight of Arthur Geake who kept the shop cos he'd be out here with the brush and the broom.

Barry C-T: Was that up here and Gumms Lane?

John Vincent: Yes, the lot.

Mick Morgan: The was a lane up the top of the yard, there used to be a lane go up through wasn't there.

John Vincent: That's right. We had the orchard, and as the lane went up and curled around, and all the steep fields that you see that side – that's where we ran the cows.

Barry C-T: And that's before the common is it?

John Vincent: Yes. Before you go out that far, yes.

Doc: Did the Scantleburys milk.

Peter Vincent: He milked for the factory.

John Vincent: He used to send his to factory. We used to if we had surplus.

Peter Vincent: We had to then the government stopped us producing as retailer. They stopped us. We used to have 4 and something a gallon delivering around the village and 1s and 9d when it went to the milk factory.

Barry C-T: Was it treated in any way?

Peter Vincent: Not ours, no.

John Vincent: No, no.

Peter Vincent: Right out the cow right in the jug.

John Vincent: We had the . . . there's a little stream isn't there, comes down by the granite gate posts there.

Mick Morgan: Yes, along by Mrs Phillips.

John Vincent: That's right. 'Cause one of the old Golant reservoirs is there in the foot of Downs Hill on the right hand side, and the spring when there was water, it would overflow and come down that stream. The other reservoir's up behind Tinneys, and summer time the village got very, very short of water. And the reservoir up here that used to run this side of the village wasn't too bad, but that side of the village people used to run out of water, because the spring would dry up and the reservoir never had the water. And they decided . . . the chute of water that comes out by Roger Tabb's – all of a sudden the council put up a sign down there. Everybody had gone there for years, but they put up a sign: "This water is not fit for human consumption". Anyway the people that side the village complained so much because they kept running out of water, the council decided to put a reservoir on the far end of the village green. And they put a tin shed down there and a little petrol engine. And they were going to pump water up. Somebody said "Well where's the water coming from?" All of a sudden the "Unfit for consumption" sign came down! That water went into the reservoir and got pumped up! But Peter and I we used to laugh – I mean we told them, and told them and told them. Half the problem was the reservoir wasn't sealed properly – it leaked. And that's why it used to run out so much in the summer, and it would dry up sort of thing. And they wouldn't listen . . . no, no, no, no, no! And Donald Luke who lived down the shop, down the bottom here – Donald Luke got the retainer from the council that if anybody rang him and said that "We're running short of water" he'd go over and put a tin full – he had a tin sort of thing – however long he wanted the engine to run for - he'd put a tin full of petrol in, fire her up to pump water up the reservoir. And we used to laugh and stand up the yard and say "Hang on, give it twenty minutes and the stream will be running!" And you'd look out and sure enough the stream would be running.

Peter Vincent: That chute still running?

Voices: Yea!

Peter Vincent: Do anybody know the origination of a chute? Why a chute? Why it's called a chute?

Barry C-T: Something other than water went down it?

Peter Vincent: NO! A chute is – I don't know how to say it really, um – no source of supply. See it's got no origination, nobody knows where it comes from. If you were to trace that one you wouldn't know where it come from. I heard this, I didn't know until a month or so ago when I heard them

talking on a programme on the radio. A couple of people rang in to say "Oh, we got a chute in our village, and whoever was doing the programme said that that was the origination, it was called a chute because there's no spring. Don't know where it comes from.

Barry C-T: We've got photographs of a fenced off square in the middle of the village green, and somebody said there was a well there once upon a time?

Peter Vincent: No, that would have been the reservoir.

John Vincent: That was the reservoir. They put in a reservoir, and fenced it and put a little tin shed with the engine in.

Alton Vincent: After 9 O'clock you never got no water.

Barry C-T: There was a body of water there was there?

John Vincent: No, no they ran it from that chute.

Barry C-T: Oh so they just took it out of the chute and pumped it up the hill.

John Vincent: Yea.

Penny Parsons: Was there a village tap that people got water from?

Peter Vincent: No there was a well, up where me and Micky lived.

Mick Morgan: Next to Mrs Phillips. Between Mrs Phillips and Pam's.

Peter Vincent: People used to come up there and bail up their water out the well.

Penny Parsons: The building's still there, isn't it.

Mick Morgan: The council put a pump there for a while.

Peter Vincent: Did 'um? I never knew that.

Penny parsons: So is that where people used to be able to go to get water?

Peter Vincent: Used to go and bail it out.

John Vincent: Lots of people out the terrace, when they ran out used to come down there for a pail of water.

Penny Parsons: OK. Does everyone know where we're talking about? No?

You know the top of Fore Street – Pam's (Ager) house that looks down the street, as you go round the corner, between hers and Mrs Phillips there's a little cut in that goes round to Pam's garden at the back and there's a well.

Peter Vincent: That was the only two sources of water – the chute and the well.

Penny Parsons: Isn't there one below Tinneys Cottage?

Alton Vincent: Well we used to get water from the well in Bruce's cottage. MacDonalds had a well at the back of their place. We used to go and get water from there.

John Vincent: And does anybody know the creation of the village Green as you call it now? It was always known in our day as the Dump, because nothing was carried out of the village. We used to have a chap with a horse and cart, go round the village, pick up everybody's rubbish, and it gradually went back and back and back, and that is how it was created. Be fascinating to dig it up I expect!

Alton Vincent: I can remember the lorry.

Peter Vincent: 90% of it was only ashes. Everything else was burnt wasn't it?

Pity we ever laots tthat railway, i was a porter . They come back beside the water on the way back.

Alton Vincent: There used to be a dog called Scamp, belonged to Tom Tabb. He chased the train He'd wait down by the hard ground for the train to arrive.

John Vincent: When my father went to the school they got to 99 pupils when they closed it when I was there there were 5 of us

Stuart Hunkin, Maureen Neale,

Just coming toward the end of the war, they brought up there – I don't know I was too young, they brought in this Anderson shelter the first couple of times he opened the door and we weren't in there it's all very well but you've got to practice this.

Peter Vincent: He was dachshund terrier first cross. Also beside the cows we had pigs of course the rats had a fine time – they could jump in and jump out I thought "my God what's that" The dust come out of that barrel, there was hell up. I piked out 9 rats out of that barrel.

We also had an old lady lived in the viillage. She had a big garden she used to turn ground like a man with a fork she always used to wear hob nail boots we always used to see her go in we haven't seen Mary Philp come in I'll take a run out there for her chickens she had old barrels she wasn't very tall I grabbed the barrel and pulled the barrel over and she crawled out backwards.

Going back to the milk. Cardboard press in tops. Clarence will know what I'm talking about. We had people in the village that wouldn't have the bottle.