There used to be four nice old men around Chipping for these odd jobs - Dicky Moss, Jack Booth, Matt Thompson and Irish Jimmy - who slept rough on straw in the barns. A sheep and cow sale was held monthly in the yard which was well supported by local farmers. At the right season, Harry Whitaker would bring a large stallion and the local farmers would bring their mares to be served.

On Boxing Day was the Talbot Shoot. A white paper disc, about the size of a tennis ball, would be pinned on the top of a pole, then approximately twenty yards away a man with a shot gun would shoot at the disc. Then Dicky Moss would shout back how many shots had hit the paper, and then the disc would be replaced with a new one. Seven shots in the disc was very good. This would go on all day, different men shooting. You could enter the shoot or let one of the men shoot for you. The prizes were similar to the Whist Drives - cutlery, bedding, crockery etc. Next door to the Talbot was another shop selling groceries, sweets, cigarettes and homemade ice cream which was well-known and people came from far away for it.

Over the bridge, the first house on the left belonged to Tim Procter, the next brick house being built later by Ted Hoyle, after which is the War Memorial built between the 1914-18 War and the 1939-45 War. Down Green Lane, the first field past Wharf Farm was the Show Field in the 1920s. Across the road, was the garage, owned by Alf Brennand, who ran the Chipping bus service to Longridge and Preston. Next door was Wharf Farm house where local people used to go with their little cans for their pint of milk where, in the early days, Tommy Wells was the farmer.

Behind Wharf farm was Chipping Mill - large mill where all the machines and grinders were driven by the waterwheel. The water that drove the wheel came up from Chipping Brook, down a race and under the road to the wheel. In the mill they used to grind oat, wheat, Barley etc. I would go to the mill for oatmeal for my father's porridge - my father and me had oatmeal porridge every morning - also ground flour for my mother to make lovely homemade bread and cakes. Animal food was also produced in the mill for the farmers. Some of the workers in those days were Bill Woods, Tom Freeman and Bill Tyrell. Their weekly wage would be just over £2 per week.Later the mill collected cow nuts, hen pellets etc. from Silcocks in Liverpool, and then delivered them to farms in a wide area. When the mill closed it was bought by Charlie Smithies and turned into a restaurant. We took my father to Charlie's one Christmas for lunch, £5 a head was the price. Now the old mill is a private house.

Back over the bridge was the post office and petrol pumps, run by Alf Brennand. At the top of these pumps were two small glass containers each holding half a gallon (two and a bit litres now). You pumped by hand till these glasses were full, then you pressed a little button and it would empty by gravity into your car tank. While this was emptying, you pumped the other full and kept on until you got enough petrol. Next door to the Post Office was a pub called the Tillotsons, previously called the Buck. Inside the pub the bar was where the toilets are now. The landlord in my early days was Harry Whitaker, father of Colin and Frank. In 1946 we got a darts team together and joined the Longridge Darts League. For many years this was one of the best teams in the Longridge league, winning a lot of major trophies.

Before darts became popular, ring board was played. This was a board about the size of a darts board with numbers one to thirteen on. Under each number was a small hook; you stood back about the same distance as you do at darts and threw small rubber rings, trying to get them to stick on the pothooks. "Round the board one to