

*Windy Street*

Before Windy Street joins Top o' Chipping there is a three-storey house which had been an old vicarage where Mr. and Mrs. Alan Moon lived with their family. Windy Street narrows allowing only one vehicle at a time to proceed. I still remember the smell of diesel fumes as I pressed myself against the wall when the buses came through. Mr. and Mrs. Marsden and Bill Curly with his mother Ginny, lived in the last two cottages on the left, and opposite, Mrs. Mercer with her two sons Raymond and Bunny. The last house in Windy Street had a short flight of steps to the door and Maimie Smithies lived there. Where the road widened before joining Talbot Street, lived Mrs. Dick Proctor on the left - I went to her house to watch Princess Margaret's wedding. Next door was the bank and the Sun Inn. Opposite was Hoyle's shop and more memories, the red wooden counter, barrels of butter to be weighed out and sold loose, the afore-mentioned potato baskets and the coffee-grinding machine. Next to the shop were the homes of Jack and Tessie Gardner, Mark Seed (the postman and cobbler), and Mrs. Walmsley. Tucked away in the corner were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mercer in their cottage. At the other side of the shop was Mrs. Maggie Wells' house.

TALBOT STREET

Lucy Kenyon, who drove Smithies' grocery van, lived in Talbot Cottage at the top of the street. Next door was Robinsons' butchers' shop and slaughter house. Talbot Barn was where the pigs were kept. Behind the Talbot were garages and a large yard.

Below, at Bottom Shop, where Dick and Mabel Fletcher made ice-cream and baked meat 'n' potato pies on saucers, I remember a line of clear glass-fronted Crawford's biscuit tins and all manner of things hung from the ceiling. 'They were not short of anything they had not got!'

In a cabin at the side Mrs. Fletcher served jugs of tea, Horlicks and "butties" to hikers and cyclists. A bench was always left outside and a wire basket, which was attached to the wall, attracted all the wasps in summer.

Over the bridge we would go through the gate, across Bailey's field, to paddle in the Coe or picnic on the Water Board manhole covers at the top of the field. Mr. and Mrs. Procter lived in Mill House opposite the mill. It was a working mill, there always seemed to be a lot of activity there and sacks swung from a long chain. The water-wheel was in a state of decay, 'Jinny Green' had accumulated at the base. The offices were in the mill yard next to Wharf Farm where the Baileys lived. I would get a quart of milk (I remember the metal ladle) when Hoyles, who lived at the red-brick house at the bottom of the Lodge were on holiday, and would feed their cat. Rosie Squires kept hens on the back field where Kirkfield now stands, and I would go to the mill to pay for the Indian Corn which she fed to them.