

the other wagon. Another thing of interest in the summer was the local council lads tar-spraying. They had a horse-drawn boiler on four wheels with a fire hole in the bottom to boil the tar. The tar was in barrels hoisted on top of the boiler with a block and chain, and then it was emptied into the boiler. When it was boiling one man used to pump the tar into a long flexible pipe held by another man. He used to have his pants covered in sacks to try and keep them clean. The boiling tar came steaming out and a gang of men would be waiting with barrows filled with chippings which they spread onto the boiling tar. They are a bit more modern now!

Inside the Sun Inn, in the olden days, was a stone floor. The beer was mostly mild - very little bitter or lager - and, in my younger days, was five pennies a pint. There were hardly any ladies in pubs in those days. On the floor they had small iron troughs called spittoons filled with sawdust. Most men smoked a pipe and they used to spit into these troughs.

Turning left, now up Garstang Road, the highway used to be very narrow. On the left was a wall with a thorn fence on it. The road was widened and a large wall was built on the left hand side. Up the road was Madge Bamber's chip shop - chips and peas for two old pennies, fish three pennies and dabs one penny! Further on is the Congregational Chapel, and the road leading down to Brick House Farm, then owned by Tim Procter, its land stretching down to Startifants. This is now Chipping Show field. Opposite the Congregational Church were three large fields owned by the Talbot pub which was also a farm then. Next there are two tennis courts, built in the fifties. Oliver Hayhurst was the Council foreman in those days and the Council provided a digger whilst we provided a wagon and the courts were built with voluntary labour. We had two tennis teams and we used to go all round the area playing "friendlies". The new village hall has been built next to where the tennis courts were.

The Club houses were owned by the Oddfellows and was the Oddfellows Hall, which has many happy memories for the older people of Chipping. Meetings, dances etc. were held here. There were three main dances held every year. They were the

Annual Church Ball, the Farmers' Ball and the Catholic Ball. A live band played the dance music. Tickets printed for these balls were like a little two page book. Inside, every dance was printed - Waltz, Foxtrot, Barn Dance, Valeta, Lancers etc. Opposite the dance was a space for partners to book a dance in advance of the night. My mother told me that one night she had every dance booked. The lads had to struggle for a partner in those days! They also had a whist drive, which was held at the bottom of Windy Street in the Parish Rooms. After the whist, they had to walk up to the village hall to the dance. These three main balls all provided a "sit down" cold meal such as: beef, ham etc., sweets and coffee.

In front of the hall was a sports field where we played football nearly every night, with anywhere from ten to fifteen players a side! Most lads played in clogs and you had to learn to look after yourself. When the '39 to '45 War started, the field was divided into small plots to grow vegetables in. Next down Garstang Road was the village smithy where horses were shod. The smith also did repairs to machinery and hooped cartwheels, making our bowl and hoops too. We used to help him blow his fire up with large bellows.

Next to the Smithy was a row of houses called 'Sunnyside'. At the rear of the first was a cabin - the village bike shop - whose owner was nicknamed Dooaf. He mended our bike punctures and did other repairs. The last house was a draper's shop kept by Mrs Seed, selling all kinds of ladies' needs. Turning left now, up the road, there were no houses, right to the top of Malt Kiln in those days. There used to be a very narrow corner there until the road was widened in the thirties. The new road was pitched with stone from Thornley Quarry and then rolled by Chipping Council's large steamroller driven by Bill Fare. On one occasion, whilst going up to Old Hive, the roller fell in the little stream on the right hand side of the road. It lay on its side for a while. I don't remember how they got it out.

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