

Copyright © the estate of Lily Tattersall
All rights are reserved.

Page 11

fill them up with wee pebbles & make some soft clay & bake it in the sun for cakes. We had a lot of jobs & my auntie would say work first & play after.

We used to have to watch the chickens did not go up the ash hole near the fire when they had just come from my uncle's inglaker & I get a empty strawberny basket put a nice piece of soft flannel in it sort the little lame chicks out & put them up on the warm hob to keep warm to see if they would make it. the other chicks were like a mass of bundles of yellow fluff. Then in the summer we had to go & stop the young ducks from going in a little drain we had where the field used to drain off. We had about 3 cows for our own use & well would have to clean the skippion out with a shovel & barrow. Then there were the pigs we have about 4 pigs & I used to think how they did smell. they had a trough where there food was poured & they would stand in it fight w'it & then decide to eat it. We used to have one big field with potatoes my uncle used to grow his own sort white wonder & we would just

Page 12

them up spread them all out to dry & pick all the little potatoes out for supper you had only to wash them all put them in a pan & boil them & put a piece of farm butter on they were delicious. My uncle would go to Whitworth Co. op & bring apples damaged for the pigs & bring his wheat & corn & prevent & small his cuts mixed for the cattle it did not cost a lot then for things Bob Martins too & he could make our stuff grow & made it cheaper living. We had every colour of geraniums all in the the broad stone window bottoms every wide they were. we had stone floors in the farm house & a welsk round table that was cleaned & scrubbed every day. we use to mop all the floors with a mop bucket & mop & when the fire was in it looked lovely a fire range with a little boiler at one side & oven on the other & a Top Bar with real brass to clean & a Brass fender & a sack down for a rug We had all the games snakes & ladders draughts ivory Dominos which had come from Canada when my uncle & Aunt went to live there near Gabe's hair with beads pin on the wall to comb your hair & put a piece out of your Lead away is that

Page 13.

My aunt always used Persil for washing the clothes & Doctor Love Laces soap for washing us & Preserve Soap to wash & scrub floor with a bit of common Soda in. She was always active & showed us a of things we could do. We used to get all the old coats we had grown out of & cut them up & make peg rugs with a peg needle I too now have made three peg rugs we used to put them not on the floor but on the bed for warmth from the cold bedroom flagged floor with open roof & beams across. Then my uncle decided to put a wood floor in which he did it was a big job that.

My auntie at night would get all the eggs washed & with a lamp would put every egg up to the light & test it for say a blood speck & cracked eggs eggs with their shells & these were all used in the baking nothing was wasted. We had two big bedrooms & a stone stair case a kitchen & a set boiler in & that too was run off coal fire underneath & a big kitchen & a front room with a big Masonry sideboard in. Covery table & chairs Babinette with a lot of values in no one know how much

Page 14

all this is left to Nora in the Bungalow my cousin. We used to hang our stockings up a get apple orange & tangerine orange pear nuts & sweets always boiled sweets then.

my auntie Annie my uncles sister at Milnor used to bring us toys which had been our cousins in town & chocolates in lovely big white boxes with Red Ribbon on on a Photo of King George those were put away for a rainy day & my auntie would bring them out & we could have just 2 are that as she did not want to spoil your teeth. What she said went & not a word spoke back from us we used to say can we leave the table before we sated it away & was h up that was every morning before we went to school. She always did our hair & cut it herself never had one note for a dirty head at all.

We all got the flu one after the other & we could not cope & my auntie would Fenning's Fever cure & fill a cup & we had to drink it & don't ever remember her bringing the doctor to the farm once she used to cure us with herbs etc Zine & castor oil oilment all the things she used to give us never to eat between meals that was my auntie's motto.

Page 15

It was when I about 10 yrs I had to wear clogs
them days every night Polish them up with
Cherry Blossom shoe polish. As when we went to
school morning after we toed the line & was to
see who had clean clogs & show your hands to
see if they were clean. If they were not you
would have lines to do at playtime best punishment
ever I must clean my clogs about 50 times according
what the teacher gave you Mr Cuncliffe of
Whitworth use. To make our clogs for every
walk of life it was always the thing by Sunday
shoes & boots. In our front room we had a
good type writer & my uncle used to tell me to
learn it but I was not interested in it & use to
get a told off & sometimes the tears would fall
He said when you are going school count how
many stile des, you go through how meadows you
pass how many lodges for water he used to
ask me how many farms were there & etc
and he said it was Pelan sm to learn
us. In winter my uncle would play us at
draughts are Ludo are Smashes & Ladders
dominoes & I never could win he used to
win every time. Take off for huffing take about
3 are four off at once. Take about 3 Ludoes

Page 16
just for fun. We had to go to bed
early 8-0 latest & up early next morning
we had a cow calfed & I use to have to give it
its food & wash the pots from breakfast our
Nellie had to wipe them all after then off for
our 2 1/2 miles walk to school. All the time we
lived at the farm no one ever touched us over
the moors it was peaceful in our days of young
We had a very bad Windy night when I was
12 yrs old one of the roofs off a Kencote blew
clean up in the air & all the Kencos were
blown all over the place my uncle caught 2 &
put me one under arm & said hold tight to them
they don't let them go it was dark & only the light
of a storm lamp it was awful I will never
forget it to the day I die it blew me over &
I had a job holding on to the Kencos now I am
terrible with feathers I go goosy at the thought
to this day. Never known a gale like it.

My uncle Cross a few of his Highland Reds Kencos
Good table birds as many times my auntie
would sell them plucked & clean them ready
for the oven & take them with 2 big egg
baskets to her customers round by
St Patricks school Old Mrs Lund was a good

Page 17

customer she had a Mrs Walls too
I think they must have passed on Francis
Land Son of Mrs Land did a murder of
a woman I use to carry some of the
eggs over the moors for my auntie on my
way to school she use to make farm
Butter & sell it as fast as she could
make it she Mrs Land was a grand
lady & I always remember one day slipping
in the snow with my wellington
boots on & most of the eggs were broke
I got told off although it was a accident
We had always something to do to make a
bob are two. When it was a haymaking time
we used to have to help all out in the field
Nellie on top of cart uncle putting the on my
auntie was flattening the hay in piles & I
was left to make all the trailing up after
We would get a good supper for doing that
it was hard work I can tell you my uncle
would say not in my time but in your time
lily machine will become master of men
& At last in the fields when where ^{was} little my
uncle would set a few inst men on to
row the hay & help & I had to take Auntie's

Page 18

home brewed ginger ale for them to have a drink in the big stone bottles. They were glad of it as we had very hot summer then. One bad winter we had quite a lot of fog & a little boy from Littleborough was playing with mates & a farmer & wanted to get off his land & home before they got lost in the fog they all ran off & Alex Jenkinson got on his own & kept running on & some how got lost from his little mates he finished up right over the what was called The Long causeway & fell & his tears were froze on his face & fingers on the cold moors. Every body was out me & my sister & Uncle & Auntie farmers off our farms round about trying to find him he was found after time dead & requested he is buried in Wardle Church yard chapel. There was a little cross put up to show where he fell it was like looking for a needle in a Haystack. Terrible on those moors. The chapel is right across the Globe Pub & I used to Beer 2 1/2 jill that is going a bit back now. The ~~village~~ village of Wardle has not altered

Page 19

all that much since I was a girl
although some parts have. Rev Machentrye
was the Parson at the Parish Church & as
you come down Wardle Road the Post Office
is there the Conservative Club too some of the
shops have gone many Bootmakers was Green
Grocery & sold nearly everything that just
at bottom of Ramsden Road. A great
Home baked shop next door to Globe Inn she
use to make muffins Pies cakes delicious -
they were. I think they had that shop till they
all died. Across from the Globe Inn was a
big store where everything was there too.
We only had 1/2 day holiday for Pancake Tuesday
& all the apprentices used to run off Religiously
We never use to go away at holidays only to
Tadmorden over the moors up the Long causeway
& Drop down a road by Ramsden Wood & get a
bus to the the Bus station to my Grandmas where
my brother lived. just the 2 of us Nellie & me &
we would stay for a week. they used to make a
fuss of us I would have like to stayed & not go
back to the farm. My brother would take us a
walk right up to Brass Stone Church there we
would look for our mothers grave which was near

Page 26

The wall very overgrown then & that is a long time ago now. He would take us round to Auntie Ada & Uncle Dick Brown who was care taker of Todmorden Co-op Store. They are both dead now. Uncle Dick use to come to Rockdale to watch Rockdale Hornets Rugby & He was a nice man too. My Auntie Ada was my ~~mother's~~ ^{Grand} sister & when Wilfred use to take us to see her she would put a big spread on for tea as much as you could eat it was a real treat for us. she used to do a lot of Taitery she made me a brooch with a pearl in the centre & lovely covers. My brother would have to go & practice his singing as he was a good Bass singer He was in a play called Green fingers & he use to make splicing stutles at Sand Home mill Walsden & they were for the weaving looms at the mills. My father was on Walsden Station & across the road I would go to the school which is still there today I went when I was 3 years old & I can remember this every body would put to cross their arms & put your head down for a rest. The Tod folks always said I was dead spit of my mother mind He was a nice looking lady it must have been hard in War days