



**Extract from Jennifer Heffer's entry in "Memories Shared, Vol 5"
published by North Marston History Club**

"My father, Eric Harwood, was born in North Marston in 1905 at Carter's Lane Farm where his father worked looking after the horses. He was one of a family of three girls and six boys and he often remarked how hard my granny (his mother) worked to keep the family going. He said that she would sit well into the night sewing so that they had clothes to wear the next day. When he was a young man the family left the farm and went to live in what remained of the old Schorne College before it was pulled down; the family then went into the newly-built council houses in Schorne Lane. Times were very hard when he was a young man; he would cycle to Newton Longville for a 7.00am start, shovelling ballast all day until the hooter sounded at 6.00pm when he would cycle home again.

My father recalled how one day his little terrier dog came home carrying a pudding basin wrapped in a cloth tied up with pudding string still steaming hot. Someone must have left it outside to cool down a little and been very disappointed at its disappearance. I think Granny made good use of it! "

**Extract from Mona Dumbleton's entry in "Memories Shared , Vol 2"
published by North Marston History Club.**

"My father was Alan Ernest Holden, though he was always called 'Joe'. We were distantly related to H J Holden, the tailor. I remember old H J Holden once gave my father a sixpence and my dad drilled a hole through it and nailed it to the doorpost as it was

so unusual for Mr Holden to give away anything – he was a tight old devil!

I went to North Marston school until I was fourteen years old and then worked at Narbeth's in Aylesbury for two years. When the War came I went to The Firs at Whitchurch where we worked on munitions.

A few other girls from the village worked there as well: Eveline Parker, Jean White, Eleanor Cheshire, Joan Rawlings and Lucy Bates. We worked there from 8.00am to 9.00pm Monday to Friday, and 8.00am to 5.00pm on Saturdays and Sundays. During the war we only had Christmas Day off. We cycled up to Whitchurch or sometimes took the bus. Lucy Bates lived at Crandon Farm and there was no road from there to the village in those days so she had to walk across the fields".

**Extract from Jim Tattam's entry in "Memories Shared, Vol 4"
published by North Marston History Club.**

My grand-father, Charles James Tattam (Jim) was a butcher and ran a shop from the house where I now live at 3 High Street. My father, Fred, also worked in the trade for a while. My current kitchen was the site of the original shop and I still have some of the old butcher's steels, meat tickets dating from the 1930s and weighing scales. There was a doorway through to my grand-father's house next door and from those premises my great-grandfather Thomas Ward (known as 'Tommy Friday') had worked as a coffin-maker and carpenter. This house where I now live used to have two stair-cases and Tommy 'Friday' built his coffins in the room up above my present kitchen.

The story goes that he acquired his nickname because his wife was a very religious woman who always had her women friends round on Fridays for prayer meetings at their house; Tom became so fed up with this happening every Friday that one day he nailed up the door and secured the windows to shut them all out!

