



**Memories of North Marston by Jennifer Heffer (Harwood)
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“I remember Mr Gould delivering bottles of drink around the village pushed on a set of wheels. We had Tom Seaton’s Bakery where I would go and get lovely cottage loaves and dough cakes. I can see Mrs Seaton now with her sleeves rolled up kneading the bread dough ready to go into the ovens. I remember taking my shoes to Tanty along Portway to his van in front of the house to get them mended. I can also remember going with my dad to Fred Anstiss to his van to have his hair cut.

One of the highlights of the year was the Sunday School Anniversary. I would always get new clothes to wear and we all had to sit at the front and sing and recite poems we had learned. Also the Village Feast would come each year in September – good fun: toffee apples, candy floss, rides on swing boats and a carousel.

My grandfather was a farmer and would walk to Jersey Farm, Granborough twice a day to milk his cows. He worked with horses and, as a child, I remember he always had sugar lumps in his smock pocket for me to give to the horses. I would ride on them bare-back when they had finished work for the day, also on top of the hay-cart, and I remember the binder coming in to cut the corn. I would help stook up the sheaves in sixes to dry, then later we would carry them in the cart to the rickyard and make them into a rick. My father, who helped Grampa, would thatch the rick to protect the corn through to winter until the threshing machine came (Vic Alderman). “

