

Well now, this is something different. I was at work and Iris was at home and at the fire. I don't know what she lit it with, but the chimney caught fire. I saw the smoke from where I was working, so decided to go home and have a look. When I got there the fire-engine had been ordered and the fire was really alight, for the piano was playing with the roar, and the house was vibrating.

Anyway, the firemen came and put a ladder up to the chimney, which they then poured water down – and not just one bucket! This went on for a while and our neighbour was at home sick. He was watching all this movement with a smile on his face. The firemen called a halt to everything and the 'Boss Man' was telling Iris how much it was going to cost. By the time he was finished she was ready to 'change her pants'!

The firemen had cleaned everything up in our house, so off they went. Our neighbours was sitting at the table having their tea, when all of a sudden, the 'heavens' opened – all the water that had been poured down our chimney rushed down theirs and, of course, it was water *and* soot. It was a real mess, so, of course, it was our turn to smile. As the firemen had left, they had to clear up for themselves. We didn't offer to pay – the 'Boss Man' was only pulling Iris's leg about the cost.

We were still living at the same address on Coronation Day (1936). The biggest meadow was to be used for this occasion. We also had a procession. Two of us from Church Street got all dressed up – short skirts and lipstick. There was also a young man from the other farm who was dress as a Black warrior with a long spear. As the procession moved up the street, so he was poking about with the spear. He was lifting up our frocks and making a meal of it! We all had a wonderful time.

We were near the Pub when my other mate from Church Street went home to change his clothes. When he got home the place was locked up as the family was somewhere else and the only window that was open a little way was a small one for the toilet. He thought he could get in that way, so with the help of a small set of steps, he made a start. He got his head and one shoulder through, but then got fixed. He couldn't move forward or backward, as he was hooked on a peg that was there to fix the window open. So there he was, stuck until someone came home – by this time he was exhausted. His wife and children came home to find him stuck in the window. But instead of trying to get him out, they all stood there and laughed – Ha! Ha!