

Conversation at The Barn House, 15th May 1991.

'Burglar, Burglar, Alfred Judd; went down Fry's, made marks in the mud.'

'Fry and Fudge got on his track. But Judd was in bed with a very bad back.'

It could scan better! (It goes better the way I say it. But Ron memorised, it so we'd better keep it.) But this one is the one that was on the wall of the Market House, -

'I desire to live worthily all my days, so that at my death
I may leave to others a record of work well done'

It's a quote by Alfred the Great that Fripp thought so much of.

Ron Musselwhite was very upset when it was taken down but the people who done up the Market House took it off the wall. *They were pestered by people knocking on the door saying is this where Alfred the Great burnt the...* They should have said yes and charged them so much.

The poem about Alfred Judd was just a poem made up by somebody when it happened. Ron Musselwhite wrote it down, somebody told it to him; he memorised it and he was very upset when it was taken down, you know. Ron was very conscientious with his work, you know, these A.A. men go round and see that sort of thing; notice things. I thought, if we don't write it down, you know.

It was just a poem that someone said and always stayed in his mind; I don't know who made it up; but he used to recite it. It goes back a long way but I don't think Ron goes back to Fry. I think he goes back to Fudge in the olden days. Very few people go back that far. Jack Reeves, he can only go back to Pinks and I can remember when Pinks were there. I can remember when Pinks moved, when Mrs. Stone, her parents ran the bake house there. Mrs. Brown as she is now. The bake house was round the back, next to our back. The chimney used to stand on the end, they've taken it down and changed it into living quarters, open plan, they put a fireplace on the end. They took away the best window which I thought was madness really. They took the window away and put the fireplace there but I thought it better to keep the window myself. It overlooked the garage, to the west. I thought it rather strange.

And they put all those funny lights in the roof and I wouldn't have the one over our place. I said I know what'll happen; somebody will put a floor in, first floor level and live in the top and be looking over our place. They were horrendous windows, old metal windows, put in with the tiles all over the place. We've got two at the back of our house, horrendously done; awful, really really awful. Yes, Sanford House, you can still see the shop on the end. The Sanfords were there during the war. The people that finished were Meanwell; they had it as a shop and a bake house. Before them was Pinks, that is Mrs. Stone and then Fry's before them. Meanwell wasn't a Post Office, they sold everything - fireworks, all sorts of things.

The Post Office was always where I remember, the one that was closed down now. On your photograph it says the old Post Office, probably was an old Post Office before the one that has closed down now. *Yes, Butt, had Westview before he built the one that has closed down.* That was just a shop selling groceries, selling anything that they could sell, really. I can remember three bakers going, there was Bird and Goodwin, Meanwells and Hinwoods, all baking. *Mr. Pearce came in 1935 and you were born in 1931.* I can only remember him there, I can't remember Hinwoods there.

Yes, I was named after Charles. He took the business over from Thomas when he died; then he died. He died when I was born so it must have been '31, soon after I was born. I don't know when Thomas died. I don't know how long Charlie actually took the business over. Really, Thomas was bankrupt when he died, he was just the opposite to Grandfather; through that Grandfather was so mean, he turned everything into money but Thomas fed the village, he was religious, a religious man. Thomas thought it was his duty to feed everyone, he wasn't a good businessman. Didn't worry about the money coming in, had terrific debts. I might be wrong about this, when Charlie took it over; I think probably the worry of it might be something to do with his going over. I think it was a complete worry.

And then Connie, Mrs. Purver's sister, was very hurt about it all, she should have benefited more, you know, there was nothing. Thomas had three children, I believe I'm right; George, Charlie and Mrs. Blake. Tom married into the butcher's business, the one on the front of the book. Tom came over from Dean [Grimstead], they all lived at Dean, the Hinwoods, as a manager but she was not the daughter of the Morgans; though that's where Morgan gets his name from. She was not a daughter, she was like a niece, so the Morgans, my great grandparents were no relation at all. Possibly her name was Morgan, the Morgan who had the shop, his brother. Roy is the one who knows about this. It's not very straightforward; I am not even sure she was a direct niece. For a long time I thought they were part of the family, you know, the Morgans but I think she was part of the family. *I think she was adopted, someone would have died and she was taken on.*

Trottie Gunstone's father was a brother to Thomas; they adopted her. Fred Hinwood, who lived in our house, he committed suicide in the old barn, didn't he? You know, where our garage is, he committed suicide because he was treasurer of the Horticultural and he got in the drink. Nance Spreadbury's father, they lived there, the little boy fell down the stairs and died in the end, tragic, and he [Fred] hung himself but he hung himself because he'd had a drop of the old [booze] and he owed this money. I expect it got to him. He strung himself up in the old barn that was the old blacksmiths before the garage. Yes, that was Fred; he was another son, Thomases. His name was the same as Fred Hinwood. [Fred Harding H.]

Yes, there was two lots of Morgans in the village years ago. I think there was three with the butcher; I don't think they were any relation to the others. There was the lot up the top, Maud Morgan's family and there was a carter somewhere. *There were families way before them, in the 1790s. Before them there was Thomas Morgan and Thomas Major Morgan, one of them at the Dog.*

Oh, yes. I went round to the bake house next door, I can remember going round there and seeing them working at different times. No, I don't think they had any horses, only vans. I can always remember when Pinks went away, they left us a great cat. I can always remember the first time they went, it brought a great rat to Mother's at the door, fantastic, as though the cat was saying, "Can I come in? Here's a present."

I would have thought that Harvey was perhaps 12 or 14, something like when he had his accident. I know he suffered quite a lot; he couldn't work and got very depressed before Mother gave him this job. We had the Corner Shop and lived over the top; I think I was four when we moved next door. Mother ran the shop and employed him, gave him a job; he lived with his mother and father, Tom Blake, at The Forge. He used to sleep up there but he'd come down, he travelled down for work; he had all his meals at our place.

Of course, later he bought the business; well, bought the premises, which we never owned; Diffey's of Salisbury owned that. I am sure it was Diffeys but I don't know if it is the same people as the caterers. We always paid them the rent. I can remember Mother saying, I don't know at what stage it was but we were living in the middle house, "Do you know that little shop pays better than the garage. We actually took £14 clear profit last week." That was in the shop which I suppose was quite good money in those days, clear. With a garage it's always so much outlay all the time, but with a shop I suppose she could keep it tight.

With all this about shops opening on a Sunday; they always opened for Atty Persse's stable lads on a Sunday morning. So they went to church and when they come out of church they could go in and spend, you know, whatever little they had. My goodness, they were poor. That shop always opened for them to buy a few sweets and things. Now that's strange, isn't it? All that time ago and Sunday was so strong then but the shop always opened for them. I don't know how they got away with it really; how they did it. I know that's a fact.

When Father came to the village he was with Hardings who ran the bus, Swiss Cottage, that's where they lived. Harding was his brother-in-law. Father always told the tale – they had a new Scout bus. You pushed the clutch level with the floor, it was a band clutch, but they struggled with the gears. So Harding said to Father, "Take it back to Salisbury and see what the agent can do about it. So he went back and he stood outside for an hour, then a fellow came out to him and said, "We can't do anything about it; the best thing you can do is get a bigger pair of boots." He brought the bus home back and they went on using it.

Mother, they got married and moved in to the Corner Shop. Bill was born and he was brought up in a work box. Mother said, Dr. Hobbs saved his life, with honey I think, just put it on his lips. He was 2 ½ pounds, I think. 2 ½ pounds and they put him in a work box. That's what Dr. Hobbs said, to just moisten his lips with honey and milk; Mother said honey. He grew and I don't know, there's no record of it, a boy and a girl died between my brother and me. I was a twelve pounder, completely different. I think, possibly, the boy and the girl would have survived today, possibly; it was sad.

Mrs. Brewer, next door to us, in the Thatch, she had nine stillborn children in between the five was it, children she had. I think it was five, she had. She would stop work, have them, lose them and go on working. Incredible! She was a little old woman, she was only small. But that's what happened, it was expected, those days.

Roy Stone, his father was a very religious man, but his father, that's Roy's grandfather, he was different, he was a real drunk. He is supposed to have been walking by the Fluttering Duck when a parrot squawked, "Good Morning. Good Morning." He said, "Shut your bloody row up there. I haven't been home yet." Of course they never had any money [left], that's why Roy's father went the other way. They went completely one the opposite [*in generations, you either became a drunk or you looked after the family*]. It was like the Fair, the Church took it away, they said it was all beer and gingerbread and they were correct. They still do but they can afford it, they can get away with it now. People can drink like mad now, but whether they can afford to or not is another matter. People got carried away at the Fair, like New Year's Eve or something like that. It was 1871 or 2 when Baring was called to the Vestry, it is in Mother's book; there is a big thing, a memorial stone, to his mother and father over the door. They're