

I was born in a small cottage of Blayton Green, Ross
 way between Preston + Chorley, but don't remember living
 there, we moved to Blayton Brook cottage about a mile
 away, when I was still a baby, our new home was quite
 large for a country cottage, it had to be, to house two
 families, you see my Grandfather + Grandmother lived with
 us, the cottage had quite a large garden, my Grandfather
 being a gardener kept us self supporting for flowers +
 Veg. My sister and I attended the local catholic
 school (St Deva) Blayton Green, we had to walk about a
 mile to walk home for dinner, this was for miles
 a day, this we did not mind, our only fear were
 tramps men + women in ragged dirty smelly, these
 tramps always on the move from Lancashire end to
 John of Groat, my Grandmother knew them all as they
 would call every few weeks, she would always
 give them a beer, and something to eat, each carried
 a tin with a wire handle, ^{AND} with a few grains of tea
 in the bottom + would ask for a beer, knowing
 that a very thick butty would be forthcoming,
 these butties I called tram scotchmen they were
 so enormous so ~~many~~ ~~scotchmen~~ if my sister + I
 saw a tramp coming, we would hide behind
 the hedge, I had the impression that if annoyed
 would turn and growl, the main roads were
 very grim, the surface was broken stone about
 the size of coal nuts, when in need of repair, new
 stone was laid on the road + rolled in with a steam
 roller with plenty of water to bed in the stone. the
 traffic mainly horse drawn vehicles with an occasional
 steam waggon. one day a chap with a pony cart
 was having great trouble, his pony refused to climb
 Blayton Brook Bank, having too much weight on the
 cart, so the man pulled a newspaper from his pocket
 + light a fire under the pony, this worked alright,
 but we were horrified and told the man we would
 go to the police. being a country boy I soon became
 the best bird nester in the country, I knew of every

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nest for miles around home and school, but not
to take eggs, this I never did. On the way home from
school I would take to the fields, woods, but what
I did not know was that I was being watched by
three elderly ladies living in a big house on
the road ^{near the} the Miss Garstangs, going home
one day the maid was waiting for me with
the message that Miss Elizabeth would like to
see me, she said she was very concerned at my
bird nesting and asked that if she gave me five
shillings would I not go nesting again. I
said that I never touched the nest, but did it just
for the pleasure of finding them, she insisted and
gave me the two bob, this was a lot of money in
those days so I agreed. When about ten years
old a new priest came to St Redden's the Father
he came from the south ^{Swansea} and had been in charge
of a scout troop that had not been a success,
so decided to organize the first St Redden's
I thought this a grand life, the father had all
the scout equipment sent ^{up} from Swansea
drums, bugles, books, trench coat, in fact everything
needed for scouting. We were lucky to find a
man in White-fu-woods who had been with
scouts before Charlie Williams, he turned
out to be an excellent ^{scout} master and soon had
all the boys organized into patrols, I was in
the Lion patrol with the appropriate ribbons
on my shoulder, I was a very proud lad when
given a bugle with the band, we all looked so very
smart that the scout master decided to take our
photograph, so that with bugles had to stand
with bugles to lips as though playing, & drummers
with sticks raised, now I must have been standing
right facing the camera for on the front it looked
as though I was standing, then with my mouth
wide open. The big day came for our first summer
camp at Beach pool. So a local tradesman offered to take
us, and all our equipment tents, luggage and twenty cooks

our camp very near the sand hills, south of Blackfoot we found was infested with earwigs so we had to sleep with cotton wool in our ears, we would also camp on the local hills on short holidays, I remember once on Denham Hill when a severe storm began in the middle of the night our tents were blown down, what a mess we were in, anyway a nearby farmer Mr. Rawnsley took pity on us, we pitched the night in his barn. I must have been about twelve years old when I began to think about work, my gran/other had given me a plot of land in the garden and I soon found that seeds & plants responded to my touch, that was when my Grandfather introduced me to Guerden Gardens Hall & the beautiful gardens & grounds, during the long summer school holiday I would get up at half past six o'clock ~~have my breakfast~~ and with my ~~dinner~~ packed in a basket would set out to work traveling over the field behind Guerden cottage then round a path ~~by the side of Guerden~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~river~~ ~~to~~ ~~reach~~ ~~the~~ ~~stone~~ ~~bridge~~ ~~over~~ ~~the~~ ~~river~~ ~~to~~ ~~reach~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~side~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~valley~~, then over the estate boundary into the grounds, about one and half miles, work began at seven o'clock ~~until~~ work until eight, then breakfast for half an hour, half eight till twelve, then dinner, one o'clock until ~~five~~ half past five, very long working days, my Grandfather put me weeding & hoeing, fruit picking, when it rained I noticed every man needed inside, this was because the estate had to pay rich pay, so men were not allowed to work in the rain, they were always hot of work in Greenhouse, the more I saw of Guerden the more I loved the place, and thought this is the job for me when I leave school, and so it happened at the age of fourteen ¹⁹²² I went with my Grandfather as a gardener to Guerden Hall, the garden staff consisted of thirteen, I was the foreman, then with the head gardener and his wife as far time, she black leading the hundreds of spades of water pump

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for the greenhouse heating system. Half of the men to me
looked very old, having beards coming down to their
best line, many of the beards very much tobacco stained,
again see it was a very strict rule no smoking at work
this seemed strange to me, men working outside not being
allowed to smoke, so those with the Rabbit, chewed
tobacco, taking off big bites like eating chocolate. Every
morning the head gardener a Welshman Tommy
Burns, would detail the men for work, about half
in the garden, the rest in the grounds. For a day
or two I had to famul. areas, my day with building and
grounds, the first small building at the top end of the
garden was the mess room where everyone had meals, it
inside was a large table, with forms to sit on, and
a fireplace with oven to warm dinners, this was
very uncomfortable, with the wind in the north west,
as the smoke came into the mess room instead of going
up the chimney so bad you could hardly see anyone.
The first building on the way down the central
garden drive was the fruit room, a long room with
wide slatted shelves on which the choice fruit were
kept, on the top of the shelves near the roof a long
narrow rack containing bottles all leaning over
about 45°; these I was told were for the grapes. I
was to learn much more about these later, next
to the fruit room was an open shed, this was where
rotting soil was dried & mixed, a door on the
top side of the shed opened into the plant hot
house, I had never seen so many pots before,
thousands all on shelves reaching to the roof,
all with the eyes painted on the woodwork, pots
from thimbles, these were so called because you
could only get your thumb inside, up to the
very large fabric pots, in the centre of the room
a large water trough, wood, lined with lead
sheeting, fastened on one end a machine, with hand
wheel on this machine fitted various round
brushes, you held the pot on the brush, turned the

wheel to wash the inside of the pot, the outside
 being washed with scrubbing brush, on the
 bottom side of the shed another door into the
 fitting shed on the window side a very long
 & wide shelf on which to put the plants, just
 the right height to work, now under the
 floor of the fitting shed was a very large water
 tank, this my grandfather said was for use in
 time of drought, so I asked how the water was
 got out, he said a rope was lent to a bucket,
 thrown into the tank, pulled up, they embedded
 into a water barrow. This was a tank on wheels
 that held ten gallons, then taken to wherever
 wanted. The next door down the drive
 was the mushroom house, a very interesting
 place, a long narrow walking passage, with
 tunnels on either side, kept with the
 pipes the mushroom compost over the fire,
 so that there was a crop all the year around, the
 next door was the head gardeners office, were
 all the paper work took place, next to the office
 the stock hole, on opening the door one looked down
 onto the large boilers, these heated all green house
 and frame, also the building, quite a tank.
 Just outside the stock hole door, another led into the
 bottom^{end} of the kitchen garden, then another very long
 building the toolshed, in here on the wall at the far
 end were all the tools needed for gardening, some
 I had never seen before, a spade with heart shaped
 blade, this I was told was for lifting turf, a hoe with
 the blade turned down, this was for earthing up
 potatoes, also very large wooden spades for
 removing snow from the Hall roof this was because
 metal would damage the lead in the ridge guttering,
 also in the toolshed were stored all the lights from
 the very many frames. Another building adjoining
 the toolshed this ~~was a small~~ was the Botchy were
 four young men lived, these lads worked in the garden.

learning all their was to know about plants
 grown at Buerden, working for two years, then
 away to another bothy on another estate, this was
 gaining experience in all aspects of gardening
 On the opposite side of the main drive from the
 building described, was a long range of green houses
 with Panes in front. the bottom three houses
 were big and wide were carnation houses
 (perpetual) many hundreds of these plants were
 grown at Buerden all in pots, ~~these~~ used for
 decoration in the hall, if there was a surplus,
 then a local florist would take them, next came
 a range of long narrow greenhouses for
 Cucumbers & Tomatoes, just before entering the
 kitchen ^{garden} by the ~~ref~~ ^{ref} door, facing the mess room, was
 a large bell on the wall, having a chain attached
 the head gardener rang this to start work, and
 finish, now the kitchen garden, just about dead
 square, about one acre, with twelve foot walls
 round three sides, the fourth side being the
 long range of fruit greenhouses. three Vineries
 three Peach & Nectarines houses, the first house
 at the top of the range a peach house, two on the
 back wall tied to wires like a large jar, ^{run to}
 two on front tied to special sloped wires all
 named ^{patented} Royal George, Sterling Castle, Darling, Fox
 Early Rivers, Grosse Mignonne, Nectarines,
 Downton, Lord Napier, Bruce, Spencer, the next
 house a vinery of white grapes, Muscat of
 alexandria, with the next house also a Vinery
 Muscates, this time black. then another
 peach house, then Vinery the last house in the
 range another peach house. The bottom wall
 of the kitchen garden facing east, grew apples
 again far trained, the far wall facing north
 a cherry wall all (Morello). ~~The~~ top wall along
 the top wall plums of many varieties, Cozar,
 monarch, Pershore, Victoria & many others

all trained on wires, in the very centre of the kitchen garden a very large feartree (Beurre Boss) Vegetables of just about all varieties grew in this ^{large} garden some I could see were already sown, other hand labelled and ready for planting, on sowing, in the centre of the cherry wall I could see new bricks, so asked my grandfather what had been there, he said that was where the boiler house had been, the walls around the garden having a cavity, this worked on the same principal as a chimney flue, so heating the wall the fuel being coke, in those days coke was a waste by product of the gas works and that the estate used to lay on waggons to bring it to the gardens. A door at top & bottom of cherry wall led into another garden, known as the back garden, this another as edge garden, mainly on ions being open to the south and so warmer, on the ~~south~~ side of the wall feartrees, again trained to wires fan shaped & borders all looking neat & tidy. I had only one more garden to see, this behind the mess room, the orchard with apples of a great many varieties, Beauty of Bath, Blenheim Orange, Cox's Orange, James Grieve, Worcester Pearmain, Bramling Seedling, Bellini, Grenadier, Early Victoria, Lane's Golden Albert, Newton Wonder, Peasegood's Nonsuch, Stairling Castle, Warners King, all grown as bush trees, also in this orchard were the Currants, Black, White, red, all fruited and neat! Next the grounds, again left the walled gardens through a door at the top of the main drive this the gardeners referred to as the top door, through this door ^{on the left} was a narrow footpath cut through the Rhododendrons, so it was more like a tunnel, this path led to the hall yard, when through the yard you were on the front of the Hall, standing facing the building, on the right were the riding school and stables, on top of the stables the Hall clock tower, the clock struck every hour, and could

be heard for miles around, again entered the stable
 yard through a big archway, under the clock tower,
 inside on the right the riding school, on the left
 a table for a good many horses, most now in use,
 as the Buerden hunting had come to an end, all the
 stag & deer had been shot & appear as a
 nuisance to local farmers. On the outside wall of
 the stable yard and near the clock tower, was a large
 statue of a stag with arrow through back, this
 was half of the Buerden emblem, the other half being
 the eagle, these two could be seen very prominently
 on top of the Stag & Eagle badge in Bamber Bridges.
 Opposite the stable block the servants quarter, this
 block with servants bedrooms, parlors, coldrooms for
 venison, stillroom, kitchen, butlers pantry, crockery
 store, and servants hall ~~was~~ was about one third
 of the whole building, next to the servants quarters
 the main part of the building, the hall, this part
 of the building had been built much wider than
 the rest, and formed a large square, in the
 centre the impressive main entrance a large
 arch, with stone steps leading to front door,
 on ~~top~~ of the roof a large square tower, this
 contained a water tank, as part of the Buerden
 water supply, another tank on top of the stable
 block, with another in the wood opposite the
 hall, these tanks were fed from a spring near
 the Buerden lake, half a mile away, the water
 pumped through pipes by means of ram pumps
 (water driven) these tanks gave the hall, cottages
 and local farms all the water needed. Opposite
 the main hall entrance a very long Peribaceous
 border, I did not realise then, that this border
 was to be a big part of my working life in the
 years to come. Near the front and entering the
 grounds, near the park gates, on the right
 the ~~hall~~ ^{walled} terrace, eighteen feet high on the east end,
 on the west side, ~~the~~ being sloping ground, the terrace
 gradually reduced in height to one foot, all the wall

covered with climbing and rambling roses, and various shrubs, in the centre of the east terrace very wide ^{stone} ~~impresive~~ ^{steps}, connecting the top and bottom terrace. On the left hand side long rose beds ~~at~~ the back of which ^{is} the boundary wall, at the end of the rose beds are the other half of the Guerdon emblem, the eagles, one on either side of drive, standing on stone pedestals as though on guard and looking very fierce. On this side of house a large lawn about 1/2 acre, from the bottom of bason an open and panoramic view of the country side, Guerdon lake in the foreground, in the distance on the right the hills of Rivington, the Nale at Chorley, coming round to Whittle Hills and Denham, ~~coming round to~~ to the left Houghton Tower, ~~extending left~~ the hills of Longridge a wonderful view. This bottom lawn drive leads round the far side of big lawn with another big lawn on the left, the flagging field, now the drive leads towards trees, magnificent trees some of which I did not recognise, these trees were to play a big part in my life in the years to come the drive now leads through woodland on the left a very large hole in the ground, the cockpit, on the edge, a big round stone table with stone seats, my grandfather said that was the gambling table, further on, the drive led to an open space which seemed a surprise, ~~is~~ unexpected, the rose garden, beautifully laid out, with low hedges around every, rare bed looking very much like a maze, the foths, birch, herringbone fother, under the south wall a wonderful pagoda covered with magnificent creepers, under the east and west wall two very long herbaceous borders, to the north a large lily pond, a really exciting garden, a door in the bottom wall leads back into the gardens. I feel very

Leaving the gardens about ten minutes to four, I set
off to deliver the desert, inside the hall yard I ~~met~~ ^{met} (11)
saw an elderly man standing at the top of the stone
steps, he tried to speak to me but could not get enough
breath to do so, he coughed and spat until he was
blue in the face, I stopped, feeling very sorry for him,
after a while he managed to tell me he was the old
job man, which included attending the hall boilers,
and that he had asthma very bad, his name Harry
Beadsworth from Bamber Bridge, I was to see Harry
every morning, his asthma varied a lot depending
on the weather and the fumes in the boiler house,
I had no trouble finding the boiler house, at the
door a loud voice cried Palmer Palmer, looking round
could see no one, only a large parrot in a large
cage, ~~this was the hall parrot~~ Mr Palmer the Butler
very tall and smart, greeted me and wish me luck
with my job, as time went by, he and I became very
good friends, he had two lads about my age, he shut
his eyes to a lot he was to see, as I was to bend every
rule in the book with those girls. It was just about
this time that Curden almost had it first and only
case of industrial action, I had heard the other gardeners
complaining to one another, I heard such words as
B-cold and B-uncomfortable, I knew of something
that was just that, but did not connect the two, so
asked my grandfather what it was all about, he
laughed and said "what do you think about
our toilet seat" I said "I thought it was pretty
awful and time we had a new one, you see the

gardeners toilet was in a very old footstool just outside the gardens in the wood, our toilet seat a large flat stone with the hole cut out with a chisel, maybe the other gardeners had in mind my young and tender backside, anyway a very strong protest was made to the head gardener, he would then have to see the estate agent Mr Robinson, and to the head gardeners surprise the estate agent agreed the men deserved to complain and he gave orders to the estate joiner Fred Leother to put in a new wooden seat, so their was great rejoicing in the gardens, I did not know then, what happened to our old seat, but was to find out in another thirty five years when it turned up again, this time as a very wonderful piece of antique stone, no one realising first what it had been. Two old men on the garden staff interested me very much both not very tall, both with beards and side whiskers, and walking with backs very bent, with signs of hard work, these two always together, worked as a team in the grounds, and cooking for all the world like two garden gnomes called Beardsworth and Bill Bamber always known as "Bamber and Ned" living in Leyland so had to travel to work on ~~the~~ bicycles, another old character the head game keeper, again the bent back and short beard with large side whiskers he would come into the gardens almost every day, just for a matter, now when he stopped to talk he always stood

on one leg, the other one stretched out in front with
the Reel resting on the ground, and using his ⁽¹³⁾
garnet stick for balance, he used to tell me
he did not like young lads, always in the woods
disturbing his pheasants, he never got any other
name but old ~~the~~ Slecker. His home on the
edge of the estate woods in Bam Lane near
Clayton Green, another oddity about Old Flatter
was one hand, his fingers bent over to fit his stick
so when he wanted to take his stick out, he had to
feel it with the other hand, he told me the story one
day, a fox was giving him great trouble taking
his birds, one day he knew he had it trapped in
a hole, so got his sons to help him dig it out
after a lot of digging he began to think he had been
mistaken, so put his hand down the hole, the
fox was there alright, it made a vicious
grab getting his hand crised in the middle full in,
out the sinews, leaving him with a crippled hand
for life, one of his sons shot the fox as it bolted.
Pay day came every two weeks, on the pay Friday
the head gardener would go to the estate office,
this was about quarter of a mile away in Shady
Lane at Guerdin Lodge the home of the agent
he then had to go all round the garden and
grounds to give each man his pay, the men used
to say we were paid every two weeks, because it
was not worth giving weekly, my first pay
was less shillings, my mother giving me back
half a crown spending money. I remember seeing

my grandfather was at the table of Korno and
saying "what a lot of money grandad (your friends
he replied "yes but don't tell the others I get a lot
more than them" for being the head kitchen gardener.
The head gardener was keeping his eye on me during
the next few weeks, sowing all the vegetable
seeds, some in prepared beds, other in the open ground,
in the prepared beds seeds for autumn ~~cutting~~
and spring cutting. Broccoli many kinds for
succession, Cabbage, Kale, of many varieties,
Lettuce and Radish every few weeks for succession.
In the open ground Peas and Beans of many
varieties, this being in the month of April a very busy
month for gardeners, he then said he would soon
have me on the greenhouse propagation, one work
under glass up to now had been mainly in the
wineries, let me now try to describe our winery,
each greenhouse had eight ~~or~~ nine rods, the
rods of which were fastened outside, with the
rods through the wall and so into the house,
the rods then stright up to the ridge, each rod
having many spurs on either side, from each spur
grew the young shoots one to each spur. These
shoots had to be trained down to wires on
either side of rod. This was done with raffia,
 tying one end to shoot then down to wire, this
was my job, I found it were, tricky indeed.
I had to go into the winery every morning, to put
a bit more tension onto the raffia until the shoot
was close enough to lie to wire, you see if one

shoot Rod to break, then the spur was a dead
 loss until the year after, it took about two weeks
 to get the shoot down to winter, within a few weeks
 the arms flowered, the scent of a vine early
 morning, after being closed all night is something
 never forgotten, soon the berries were set ^{and} grew very
 quickly, when as big as peas I helped the head
 gardener with the thinning of bunches, first all
 shoots with two bunches reduced to one, then
 the smallest bunches taken off leaving eleven each
 side of rod, this was easy to remember, a football
 team, eleven a side, all the ~~best~~ bunches
 taken off being used in the hall kitchen for
 stewing or tarts, these were very nice, but needed
 a lot of sugar, next thinning the berries, all
 inside berries and those touching being cut out with
 special scissors, very like ~~those~~, those used
 for cutting hair, this got needing great care,
 for if I brushed a bunch with my hair, the
 natural oil took the bloom from the berries,
 and so leaving brown streaks. ~~the~~
 Great care had to be taken with ventilation when the vine
 flowered, and when the berries were small, the house
 was kept reasonably dry to stop mould and damping,
 but once the berries were thinned and began to swell
 then all was safe, the hardest job during the summer
 was keeping the temperature down below 80°, over this
 burning and scorching could ruin the fruit, if the
 temperature reached 80° with full ventilation on,
 then water was splashed all over the vines from
 a watering can, this being done many times a day
 in hot weather. The fruit orange was a awful lot
 of work, reach & nectar was had to be sprayed twice a
 day to reduce the risk of a very persistent pest
 red spider. I Rod kitchen for some time that the
 garden staff were worried about their jobs, when any
 old gardener retired or the Bathy lady moved on,
 no one was replaced, so staff was getting low, so
 the Tottenham gave orders for some of the wonderful

features of Buerden Road to go, this was very sad
 my gran/other said it could not be helped as it
 had to do with Higher Legislation of the rich, the last
 feature to go was rose beds along the top of the
 big lawn, bushes were taken out the beds leveled
 with soil, then sown with grass seed. it was a sad
 day when it was known that the rose garden had to
 go, Pear & apple bushes and a few hedges were taken out
 brick paths cleared all leveled and sown with grass
 seed making one big lawn, now under the brick paths
 we found solid concrete, as there was no compressors
 in those days, we had to leave the filling road ^{having high} ~~at~~
 hoping it would settle to the level of the lawn, but
 it did not, today you can still see ^{where} the paths
 had been, the pergolas taken down, the two
 Renaissance borders cleared, all the plants being
 planted in the kitchen garden, this job took many
 weeks, and what a change; but it would certainly
 ease the work. The head gardener, or Tommy Burns
 and his wife had now moved on, Miss Burns, I
 would miss very much, she was good to me.
 The new head gardener already worked in the
 pleasure grounds, he was asked to take over head,
 or Westmoreland, man, Bob Clements, and
 now, I had to work more ^{under glass} ~~in the~~, he was to learn
 me a great deal about the art of gardening.

My home Clayton Brook cottage situated on the main
 Chorley to Preston ^{road} about one mile on the Chorley side of
 Danber Bridge, of course this was really the home of
 my gran/other and her mother being a tied cottage
 tied to Buerden Estate as a workmans cottage,
 quite a large ~~building~~ house, built of stone and
 cement washed, and like all old country cottages
 flaged floored, having no damp course, was very damp,
 so to be healthy, the walls were distempered, paper just
 would not adhere, the flage on the floor various sizes
 and very uneven, so any floor covering was out, so my
 mother would mop the flage, then sprinkle ^{with} ~~the~~ coarse sand
 this had the effect of keeping the floor clean, and even.

all door sills and door jambs and any other stone especially near doors, then when washed and still wet were rebed with a special stone known as donkey stones, either white or yellow, an old character from Blayton Green Dol Barton would come round all country districts with his pony and cart selling floor sand, donkey stones, and large blocks of salt, this salt in oblong blocks about two feet long eight ins square, my mother would slice some off one end onto a paper, then roll with with baking roller, and so into containers until wanted, the remainder wrapped in paper, and kept near the chimney wall to keep dry. Monday was always a very Ruffy day being, ~~Baking~~ Baking day, my grandmother baked all the bread, enough for a week, mixing the doe so carefully, then placing into a very large earthenware dish in front of fire, this looked like magic as the dish would be only half full to begin with, but after about one hour the dish would be full, then the doe cut up, and rolled into the right size to fit baking tins, again these tins in a long line in front of fire to rise again, then into oven, the smell of the house on Baking day was so nice, and gave all a real appetite. I worked quite a lot in the cottage garden and had seen a lad about my own age taking his dog a walk, so it was inevitable we should meet, and so began a long and close friendship, his name Gae Coram and his dog Bess. His home in Bamber Bridge, his father was the village tailor, Gae was the youngest of nine, three boys and three girls, I was soon accepted into his home, and almost became a member of the family, Gae and I faded together until about the age of sixteen, this was the beginning of our dancing years, it was at a local dance that we met two more lads John and Bernard we teamed together and became a very well known pair, some John and Bernard worked for the Bamber Bridge Co. Op. John a driver, Bernard a shop assistant

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About this time a extra special fancy dress Ball was to be held at Brown Ridge Hall, we looked forward to this event very much, my dress was to be a white sailor suit, known as a duck suit, the ball on a Friday night so we could dance until the early hours of Saturday morning. The day came and off we went to the Ball, on going in at the entrance of Brown Ridge Hall the boys turn to the right, girls to the left, with cloakrooms on either side, inside the dance hall all the lads congregated on the right, girls on the left, we had not been inside very long, when a band cheer went round the hall as their coming in was a very tall Felix the cat, this cat was the cartoon character of the age, also a song in the Top twenty "Felix left on walking" the dance began and soon the Paul Jones all the lads forming a ring, the girls another ring, the rings going around until the band changed tempo, then the boys took the nearest girl for her partner. I found myself right in front of Felix, so put my arm round her and danced, I remember telling her just how snugly she was, and could see two bright eyes shining through the cat's head then she spoke, her voice so wonderful, like a cat purring, she was a marvellous dancer, a few dances later the "ladies excuse me" and their coming towards me was Felix, she had taken off the cat's head, the boy was she gorgeous,raven black hair, as black as the cat's coat such a lovely smile, I saw her lips move and used to dance, I walked towards her in a trance, this was really something, I remember saying "I have not seen you before were are you from" she replied "Parlour Hall" I immediately said "that is on my way home" then she said "are you asking to take me home" I did not reply but nodded very eagerly, we danced to the top of the hall, she then left me saying "don't go away" she soon

returned saying "yes you can take me home, like my
 friend will take my cat home for me" I returned
 to the pads telling them I had a date, and would
 probably not see them Saturday night, I was
 greeted with such remarks as, she will keep you
 quiet for a few weeks and if you can't be good be
 ear full, I waited outside the hall wondering
 if I would know her without the cat time.
 When she came, very tall, very slim, very pretty,
 we walked towards Ladbroke Hall soon coming
 to the last street light, then darkness, I put my
 arm round her, and walked very slow, I
 wanted this to last as long as possible, her
 name Jessie, the walk ended all too soon, she
 would not let me go further than Ladbroke Lane
 end, saying she did not want any of her sisters
 to see her, as she was only sixteen, and her
 mother would rain the roof if she knew. I asked if
 I could see her again tonight she said "alright"
 but I will have to be home by nine o'clock. I
 said "we could manage the first house of the
 cinema in Paston, out at eight, with one hour to
 get you home" I just had to go on dating Jessie,
 the recognised dating of a girl in my day was
 Saturday, Sunday, night, then midweek Wednesday
 night, the wonderful weeks went by, it was
 inevitable that we should meet Jessie's sister,
 I was excited soon everything was O.K. strange
 but I never met her mother. Going with a girl in
 my young days was far different than today
 you did not go to one another homes until it was
 absolutely sure you both were serious, I
 suppose it was though we were both too young,
 Jessie and I became well known in the local
 dance halls, a year went by then slowly things
 began to go wrong, the pads would hint that I
 was being two-timed, it was a long time before I
 took this seriously, I would think they were

taking the micky, because I did not want to bring other in, then the relationship between Jessie and myself became very strained we parted, that was the end of my first love it hurt for a while, but I got over it, I guess Jessie did too, I suppose that is life, and is all part of growing up. Meanwhile at Guerden changes took place in the hall staff, and more cuts in the gardens, but before I deal with that a very sad event was to take place, we had all heard of the illness of the boss Mr R. A. Tutton although I had been ^{a few years} ~~at~~ I did not know him very well, but my granfather worked for him for a long time, the sad news came, I was working in the grounds with my granfather, when a nurse came across to us with news that Mr R. A. Tutton was dead, I remember looking at my granfather and seeing the tears on his cheeks, this was 6 August 1926, after the funeral all employees were asked if they would like to contribute to a memorial to Mr Tutton, this was to be a brass plaque to be placed on the wall in St Saviour's church, this was the estate church with strong connections with Guerden, in fact a special drive connected the Hall to the church, through the park, over the river then up the hill to the side door of the church, the plaque would just inside the side door on the right along with other Guerden memorials

To the glory of God and in
 loving memory of Mr R. A. Tutton J.P. R.A.
 of Guerden Hall born 13 March
 1857 to 6 August 1926 This
 memorial from his family,
 Employer and staff.

Gwerden garden staff was now reduced to Ralf, the
 Dobby had closed, of the elder men only my grandfather
 remained, so now I worked more under glass,
 This pleased me very much as I knew just about
 everything of the culture of vegetables and the soft
 fruits. In the winery as the grapes turned colour,
 we had got another very ferocious pest, wasps,
 as their nests were found liquid cyanide soaked on
 cotton wool on the end of a long bamboo cane,
 then pushed into the entrance to nest, being done
 when the wasps were in full flight, there were
 times when drastic measures had to be taken,
 the head gardener called me into the winery one
 day, the wasps had found the grapes, inside the
 winery the humming sounded like aircraft, there
 were hundreds, when this happened it was all
 hands to the job, one man on the roof of greenhouse
 near the top ventilator, this was where the
 wasps came and out, and as the wasps fly
 always in a straight line to nest, the man on
 roof would show the direction of flight to another
~~on wall~~ man some distance away this way
 we always found the nest, if this were not done
 then all the grapes would be ruined, you know
 I think if there were no garden pest or diseases
 there would not be many gardeners, I found
 pest a challenge with the gardener usually winning
 It was not all easy going, in the carnation greenhouses
 we had to fight to keep down red spider, this pest lived
 on the under side of leaves sucking out all the sap,
 there were many sprays and fumigants by which we
 kept them down to a minimum, another carnation pest
 was a mouse, the vole, a small brown animal
 with a stumpy tail, the vole is a vegetarian and
 would come into the greenhouse in the autumn
 when the weather turned cold, he would mill off
 a shoot then pull it down onto slugs and eat
 it, a few of these pest could play havoc, traps were
 useless, as you could not find a bait they would

take, so I used a brick, raised one end with a short stick with a tread tied to bottom end, bait under brick with a few carnotia shoots, when the mouse went under, pull the tread, so killing the mouse, we manage to get rid of the pest with this method.

Mrs. R. C. Patten's son and his now took over Buerden estate Mrs. S. C. Patten with his wife and two children, two girls, first aged about three, and baby Ellen. I always thought that Mrs. Patten was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Both came to the gardens often, Mrs. Patten soon became known as the captain, that was his army rank, once a week the Red gardener and I would take all kinds of plants into the Hall, these were carried on a hand barrow, with one man at each end, this way there was no vibration that would shake of the flowers, we grew a lot of Cupressus, Macrocarpa of different ages, these were used for those very large rooms, also Cineria, Dracaena, Calceolarias, Palms, and many more, we also grew many apples in pots for choice fruit, these we used when in blossom to decorate the Hall. Mrs. Patten was very alarmed when she saw the pond in the rose garden, again see it was ~~over~~ the water was covered with the tiny pond weed, my grandmother used to call Genny green teeth, she ~~was~~ ^{thought it} was very unsafe for Miss June, she might walk in it, so the pond was turned into a bog garden, at the overflow end the concrete was cut ~~to let out~~ to lower the water level, it was then planted with the yellow iris from ~~the~~ Buerden Lake, with raised beds in between planted with cabbages, double cuttings, water forget me not, and the very ugly skunk cabbage, and with a foot wide borders round the pond planted with catmint and Primula, this pond was a great feature, when ~~we~~ ^{the gardens} offered ~~the~~ to the public for the Queens Nursing Association

this was to be an annual event, that became known
 as Guerdon Sunday. Word was now being passed
 round Guerdon that Mr Red Sutton had remembered
 all his employees in his will, all would receive
 so much money for every year in his employ, up to
 the sum of £50, the day came when we all had to go to
 Guerdon Estate office to receive the money, my turn came
 I entered the office Mr Robinson gave me a cheque
 for £25, I remember him saying that this will give
 you a good start in life, but again see my mother
 and sister worked in the cotton mill at Whittle Se. Leeds
 brook at that time was very bad, start time working
 at the mill, my father was out of work, he was
 very badly wounded in the ~~first~~ 1914 to 1918
 war. He was inside a dugout with other men
 when a ~~shell~~ german shell exploded inside the
 dugout, my father the only survivor, his legs
 badly damaged by shrapnel, one of his heels
 blown ^{away} off, so he would be a cripple for the rest
 of his life, ^{my} ^{was} considered the doctors did a
 very good job with surgery, and fitting him
 with ^{special} ~~special~~ boots, he then attended a college
 in Liverpool to learn office work for two years
 after which a job was found for him in council
 offices in Preston, but after a few years the job came
 to a end, so he was out of work, my father went to keep
 the wolf from the door. With the coming of the new
 boss and his lady, what was left of the garden staff
 were to become very busy, Mr Sutton decided to rear
 turkeys, so a large brooder house was erected on the
 far lawn, this lawn was just behind the big lawn
 in front of the house, direct only by a drive so that
 the turkey cabin could be seen from the house, so
 Red to be hidden from view, this was something that
 happened after, I remember two houses built about
 a mile away on Kettle Lane end, so the estate
 woodmen planted a row of trees on estate ^{land} the
 other side of the main road, the trees, larch, fir, grew
 quickly, such enough within three years the houses

were hidden, the gardeners had to move in to hide
 the ^{tin} cabin, so on the edge of the big lawn we
 planted by bird and dandelion and agaveas,
 the old bottom had a forest garden in the woods,
 he was very fond of these shrubs, my grandfather
 myself and another of Charlie, lifted the shrubs ~~to~~
~~and~~ ^{were} about three feet high, coded ~~the~~ out to
 wheel barrows taking them to the big lawn, and
 planted, just at the bottom of a laurel crescent shaped
 bed, we planted two dozen agaveas mixed
 colours, then above, two rows of Rhodys in two
 shades of pink, pink pearl, ~~plus~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~and~~,
 then Dr S. Holford, for a dark green background
 large leafed Holly, in the years to come this
 planting was to become one of the highlights of
 Gunderden, in May and early June a really
 magnificent sight, it had been realized for some
 time that the Kitcher garden was to be for the
 number of staff, so Captain Satter with an eye
 for the future, knowing that Gunderden was famous
 for apples, decided to plant most of Kitcher garden
 with apple trees, in the far half of garden five rows
 from top to bottom, this being about one hundred
 trees in variety, including Golden Pippin, Bramley seedling,
 Bismark, Blenheim Orange, Early Victoria, this
 planting was to prove a big source of revenue to help
 the upkeep of the gardens, another unexpected
 outcome was in the wild bird life, Goldfinches
 came to nest in the apple trees, also the comedians of the
 Cuckoo, the redpoll, I had known for some years
 we had a rare bird in the orchard behind the
 mess room, the Hawfinch, never more than two
 pairs, but now two more pairs took over in the
 Kitcher garden. My grandfather had more retired
 and of course I missed him very much, meanwhile
 in the house staff, two new girls had arrived from
 New Port, South Wales, as I entered the Kitcher the
 first morning there at the sink was a little dumfy
 girl, this was Gwen, she was very, very Welsh, I could

Raney, tell a word she said, she must have thought we needed an interpreter so said "I will be a Lillian", she was the parlour maid, C. K. Bong was the gargoyle, I really fell for Lillian, very dark, with her hair in curls, the kind I had seen my sister put in with a long piece of rag, she could speak better English than Green, she soon arranged to take her mourning dress with me in the kitchen, she agreed to a date, but these dates were very short, the girls had very little time off, we had to meet far enough away from Guerdan, and only once a week, even then Palmer the butler began to pull my leg about Lillian, so I realized that he knew, but I need not have worried, coming into work one morning I had arrived at the top of the valley on the Guerdan side and could see two people ~~was~~ hurrying down the park drive towards Bramber Bridge, and carrying what looked like portmanteaus, I knew what they looked like, but could not believe it possible. I was very anxious to go to the Hall with the sledge that morning, only to be told that Lillian and Green had run away. I received a letter a few days later from Lillian, to say sorry we are both homesick and Bong for city life, replacements for Lillian and Green soon came, this time two sisters from Scotland Margaret and Janet, Margaret the cook, replacing Mrs Pool who retired, Janet the kitchen maid, ~~and~~ a bonny lass, but very very shy, if I spoke to her she turned as red as a beetroot. I had seen in the grounds a little black dog, Bomeran or I did not know who it belonged to, it seemed to walk with everyone from the Hall, this poor little dog came to a sad end, hit by a car and killed, so Miss June Sutton began the Guerdan pet cemetery, she was only a little girl but knew just what she wanted, near the coach it was a small dell hidden by the Rhodys. The very place for a cemetery, the rhodys were cut back, a small fence but round with a little gateway, soon a little grave edged with bricks with

small Red. Booby with the words "She was nice to look upon, and sweet to know". I would say, Miss Fern organised the graveyard just in time. The next animal to die was Ming the monkey, Ming was no pet unless you knew her very well, only one man could handle her, Mr Bradley the farm bailiff, the monkey was tethered by a long rope to a beam in the barn, and after would climb her rope and screech, sometimes onto the high garden wall where she would reach down and pinch the large pears, take one bite then throw away the rest and other leaving the ground covered with damaged fruit, while the head gardener stood help less, tearing out his hair, I remember one head gardener Tommy Burns trying to stop Ming, when she jumped onto his shoulders, the terrified man then had to go to find Bradley, it was almost quite a mile to the home farm, Tommy Burns always wore a bloater & brooch. By the time he found the bailiff all the ^{weight} of his pet was the rim and rat band. Buerden was famous for fig breeding, black and white, in fine weather the figs were kept out into the paddock next to our back garden, ^{after the pears} Ming would join the figs ~~she~~ ^{she} climbing on their backs, jumping from one to another, with the figman Walt Deoat from Wamberbury, trying to drive Ming away, saying what he would do to that bloody monkey if he caught it. Capt Gatter had brought two monkeys back from India, they two lovely crested yellow with very long tails, lived in a large cage in the Captain's work room as they came from the hot regions of India, a fire burned day and night, in spite of this both got pneumonia and died, both were buried in the ~~ball~~ cemetery, later a pet bird "John Bull" a bullfinch, in later years whenever Miss Fern came to Buerden she would ~~want~~ ^{want} to see the cemetery.

When myself and the lads had no girl dates, we would ~~join~~ join the local parade, every town and village had its own parade, were teenagers took over, only on Sunday night. In Bamber Bridge it was known as Wellbridge, this is the road bridge over the river Lactock near the Fish Inn, for half a mile over the bridge, the illegal road was crowded with hundreds of teenagers, ~~the boys~~ in Leyland the parade was known as Baskells this was a dark road between Farrington and Lactock Hall. Preston had two parades, for those who did not like the darkness. Liskegate, and who did not mind, Ladies Walk. This again reached by a short walk through Avenham Park over the Ribble Old Iron Bridge and soon to Ladies Walk, the boys usually gave a whistle to the girls, and if they stopped you joined them, sometimes leaving the road onto one of the many field footpaths. All the lads would have a silk handkerchief in the top job pocket, this was their for the girl, she would take it, and give you one of her own from her hand bag. These silks were really very lovely, and became big business selling to teenagers, if you dated a girl more than once the next exchange was photographs, these again were big business, a few photographers in Preston specialised in teenagers' photographs, the best I know of one Phil ~~Wane~~ Wane, he did the small photo the Preston Panels, these were very good and convenient you could get one dozen for a few bob with a free enlargement. It was on these ~~that~~ ~~the~~ parades that I am afraid I lost some respect for the police, they must have really hated their gatherings, you see if you stopped to talk you were not told to move on, you were punched on. These police boots really hurt, I get I never once saw any teenagers behaving badly.

I had been on the frugal side of gardening
 now for some time, our methods were the hard way,
 as the gardens were without electricity we could not
 use any warming cables of any kind, seed, vegetables,
 and flowers were the earliest, they were raised
 in the winter, a double row of heating pipes ran
 along the front of these greenhouses about one foot
 from ground, on the pipe two fixed troughs for the
 purpose of holding water to steam the benches under
 which, seed sown in boxes or pans placed on
 the troughs received just the right heat for germination
 I ever well remember my first spring sowings,
 B: Sprouts, Cabbages, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Parsley,
 Antirrhinum and other half hardy annuals, we
 used old potting soil for this purpose, and in
 the soil, adding leafmold and sand, then mixing
 together, the compost put into boxes or pans the seed
 sown and covered by sowing just enough soil to
 cover seed put on the troughs in winter, watered,
 covered with sheets of glass, then paper to keep dark
 until germination takes place, I would enter the
 room each morning to feel if seed was through
 sure enough within a few days the seed
 germinated all but one box, after a week, nothing,
 another week, nothing, again another week and
 nothing, what should I do, it did not make sense
 to sow again if the seed was useless, the local
 gardener came one morning and asked "how
 are the seeds doing" nervously I replied "one
 box has failed" so he asked "which one" I said
 "parsley" he then replied "it will come", parsley
 goes seven times to the devil and back before
 coming through, sure enough three weeks and
 two days, another method for early seeds was

By Rotbed, the Rome farm house we needed all the
 horse manure about this time every year, so this
 was put aside for the gardens, when there was
 enough, it was delivered and tipped ~~put~~ on some
 spare land just inside garden door, we then
 had to wheel leaves, gathered in the autumn
 to equal in volume to the manure, this was then
 made into a long stack, a layer of manure then
 a layer of leaves, until, all was together, two
 long canes pushed in, either end to get the
 temperature, then left a few days, on pulling the
 canes and feeling the end, if warming up, the
 stack was then turned, and at the same time
 mixing together the manure and leaves, the canes
 put in again, now we had to feel the canes every
 morning, the heat reached its peak, then we could
 feel ~~the~~ a slight cooling, this was the time to
 wheel into frames, we had deep frame we called
 carriage fits, so with canoes and flanks the
 pits were filled a yard deep, then with the feet
 firm well, again old rotted leaf mold and sand
 mixed, put on the Rotbed to the dept of six in s
 feet on the light, ~~at~~ a few days was ready to
 sow, this way we raised very early carrots, radishes
 and lettuce, all this done in February, the heat in
 a Rotbed kept out all frost, you will notice
 we use a lot of sand, a few years ago we lost
 a very fine Oranaric (Monkey figyle) in a
 severe gale, this tree came down with a very
 large area of roots, under which we found a thick
 seam of silver sand, this more than compensated
 for the loss of the tree, it was a nice winter job
 opening up a hole and wheeling the sand to the
 Rotbed, then. Bryson themum, we raised about

three thousand cuttings, early, midseason, and
 late, the cuttings taken in January, February were
 rooted in a large frame four foot square, ten ins
 deep, with glass lights to fit, the frame placed onto
 staging in carnations house, root to the dept of six
 to eight ins. the cuttings stuck in a few ins apart
 very soon rooted without any bottom heat, from
 the frame all were planted outside in April. The
 carnations were more complicated, again see these
 are termed Perpetual Carnations, but are only
 perpetual because the grower makes them so,
 the Red gardener never let anyone take the cuttings,
 he did this himself, the carnation was his pet subject
 he really loved them, after he rooted them, again in
 frames on side staging to get as much heat from the
~~the~~ fire, as possible and covered with glass, he
 lost very few, all were rooted in two and half ins
 pots, when rooted I took over, putting from the small
 pots into four ins, ~~was the first move~~, the cuttings
 grew very quickly, when six ins high the centre
 was taken out, this was the first stopping, again topped
 and pruned them for a good break, four shoots from
 a stopping was ideal, when the break shoots were
 firmly established another and final stopping, this
 time into six ins, the cuttings taken in January, were
 ready to go outside in frames in April. putting
 the glass lights on at night in case of a late frost,
 let me now try to explain just how the perpetual
 comes in a plant ~~after~~ the first stopping makes four
 shoots, when these shoots are eight ins long a second
 stopping is made but only on two of the shoots, the
 remaining shoots going on to make two flowers
 the ones that were stopped finally making two breaks

grow on Ireland the two to flower, the two flowers
 are cut, with the break short next to flower.
 when the two flowers are cut with long stems there
 again make break and so it goes on with the plant
 never out of flower. The soil for the first potting
 a rich ~~loam~~ turf loam with sand and leafmold.
 to every barrow full of compost a peck in fact of
 Bone meal, this is long lasting and keeps the plants
 in good heart for a long time, among in the carnations
 Rouses were mice and red spider, the mice I could
 catch with the brick method, the red spider not so easy
 we found spraying with water every day helped to keep them
 down, our carnations were very popular with the florist
 in Preston, no were else could they buy them as mixed
 as ours. of Guerdon, Rar are some of the varieties
 we grew, (Pinks) May Day, Baroness de Brien,
 Lady Northcliff, Loddie (White Pearl, White Enchantress)
 (Red) Flora, (yellow) saffron, (Salmon) P. Mary Allwood
 (Crimson) - Topsy, (Picotees) Butterfly, Flora, Every
 year we took three hundred carnations cutting keeping
 the plants ~~the~~ two years, cutting being taken from two
 year old plants, so that there were periods when we
 had six hundred plants and very very crowded.
 In the days of Mr. Tutton at Christmas as well as
 a found and feeding a party was held for staff
 employees and tenants farmers, the party usually
 a ~~well~~ dressed held in the reading room, this
 was a long room adjoining the garden buildings,
 in later years this room became the garden
 second fruit room - but with the coming of the
 young Mr. Tutton and his wife the Christmas
 party was held in the big rooms at the Hall
~~on~~ one of the rooms was easily converted into
 a ballroom, so the party became a dance and

wettest drive, with super refreshments, I found
 it great fun watching the farmers, Jim Sanderson,
 little Tom Smith, Big Bill Wainwright, the two
 Hebblethwaite Brothers, Bill and John, all having
 big trawls with their starched dicky fronts
 which would keep rolling up out of their waistcoats
 I would say this was the only day Sunday suits
 were worn, it seemed very strange after seeing these
 farmers in the farmyard then seeing them dressed
 up like a days dinner, Big Bill Wainwright a
 man about twenty stone, his waistcoat adorned
 with a very large chain, with enormous alert
 swinging, Mrs Satten^{Ray} asked me to bring a friend,
 so I took my sister along and she loved dancing.
 Ralf was through the dance the refreshments, now
 this had to be in style, your lady partner had to
 take a good arm, soon pairs we all filed into the
 large dining room. In the second half of the
 dance the waltzing competition, my partner a very
 lovely girl Miss Peggy, the estate agent's cook,
 my sister's partner the local postman a character from
 Danby Ridge, Bill Bletcher, Bill became a very
 popular man in Ewerden since Capt Tottons ~~left~~
 dog "Whisker" a very large red setter, took the seat
 from his front so twice a day whisker had to be shut
 in the house until Bill delivered the mail, two
 couples were selected for a dance off, Peggy and
 myself, my sister and Bill, I won by a whisker
 Mrs Satten said later I ~~realized~~ realized more on my toes.
 Peggy's fringe a hand loom made of feathers, my
 fringe a beautiful silk handkerchief with tie to match.
 It was about this time that Joe the Tailors son called
 a meeting of the lads, his elder brother^{ALF} was buying
 another motor cycle with sidecar, his old one also with

sidecar he would pass on to us for the sum of £25 so three of us decided ages we would try to own the money, this motor cycle A.S.S. seven nine horse power very big, very heavy, very powerful, within a few weeks Alf had got his new one, the old one passed over to the lads, in those days I would say there were as many motor cycles as cars, after some practice on the side streets we were soon efficient and took to the road. The old cycle was very easy to drive on by two gears, low, high, neutral, the gear lever being on the petrol tank, controls petrol and air levers on the handle bars, Alf would say to us "when you really get going give it all the air it will take it saves petrol" at that time mine fence a gallon. My father thought it would be a great adventure, my mother though I would be killed, our cycle was soon the talk of Hamber Bridge especially after the police warned us for speeding we were pulled up often by the police, on one occasion we were stopped at Clayton Green the policeman saying "is this thing road worthy let me try of our brakes" with that remark he pushed hard but the old machine never budged an inch Joe remarked after "no damn wonder it was in gear" the cycle would carry three quite easily we would take turns riding on the pillion as this was the most uncomfortable seat, soon Alf would take us fishing to Churnside or Ulverston, we soon learned to take string and wire with us for minor repairs. after a few months my mother could see we were all happy with the cycle, so one day I asked if she would like a ride to my surprise she said yes, it was arranged I took her to Uncle Gae's farm at Gartang a nice short ride, we left home at midday a nice sunny day but cold, I tucked her well in the sidecar

she looked O.K., the old bike performed very well on this occasion, so mother enjoyed her ride, Uncle Joe and Aunt Marg were surprised and pleased to see us, in the afternoon the sky changed quickly to a dull gray so I said to mother we had better get an early start home, we were just leaving when very big snow flakes began to fall, soon the ground was covered, chumby fixed mother with old coats to keep her warm and dry, all went well on the return journey until we reached the top of Bear Tree brow just coming into Bamber Bridge then the engine began to miss and spit, it was still snowing, I soon realized that water had got into the carburettor, the engine had stopped and would not start again, what's more we were in, I said to mother "you get on the first bus that comes, and I will push the bike to Joe", she replied "I will not get on a bus with these old clothes on I will give you a push, then walk home, so off we went right through Bamber Bridge, just over one mile, mother hurting herself very badly she said "never again", our longest journey was at holiday time, Bernard said his Uncle and Aunt would like us to go for a few days to Egmont in Cumberland, so we decided this would try out the old bike, especially going over shop, now the lock of the sidecar was a very large boot in rear we carried tools, food, and one very important item a funnel for the petrol, no pumps in those days you bought your petrol in a two gallon can, and poured it into the tank using your own funnel, ~~and~~ even in those days you thought about traffic, so we got an early start before 10 o'clock A.M. our first market was leaving Kendal at a fork road, our way to the left, but

the sidecar parted company at the front and went on the other road to the lake, making such a clatter with one sitting in, this sidecar was very heavy a few hundred weight; we swung out to left, a pretty young lady nearly saw our flight and came to give us a lift ~~she~~ held the sidecar up so we could couple together again, we could not have done this without her help our next mishap was with the petrol our funnel from the boat was used, then swung back into the boat containing our food, so when we stopped to eat all was contaminated, being saucy and hungry we just eat it, so when we arrived dumbly mixed us all a strong dose of working medicine, our troubles were not over on the way back our magnetic fell off of Gaistang, and as the nuts and bolts were missing and leads broken we harked to nearest garage leaving the cycle, finishing our trip by bus, in spite of all it was great fun.

Meanwhile in the garden the grapes ready and bunches out when wanted, ~~when~~ but in October with the heavy dews falling, soon all would have to be cut, this was done by cutting wood on either side of bunch, leaving the soft side longer to put into the bottles in further on, the bottles filled with water with a piece of charcoal ^{in each} to keep the water sweet this way the grapes kept until Christmas. The peach houses with leaves falling had to be cleaned regular all the leaves burned on account of red spider, after leaf fall pruning began this was a long and slow job, all new stock grew out from wall or wire frames, old wood cut out new wood left in, when finished trees look like large fans, this job finished, all green houses were washed down with hot water, soft soap added, also a drop of

Paraffin, after washing, these Rouses smelled very sweet and clean, after the turn of year buds soon began to swell, by end of march peach blossoms now began a very tedious job, the Pollinating of the flowers, & later the same keeper kept the gardens well supplied with rabbits tails, these were used on the long canes, and so at midday if the sun was shining every flower had to be touched with the tail so passing the pollen to each flower on both peaches and nectarines, within a week the little fruits were set, when as big as walnuts skinning began all twos and threes reduced to one, the little fruits grow very fast until as big as tennis balls, then come to a standstill for a month, this is the stoning season, the fruits forming the stone inside, this over, the fruits begin to colour and ripen, filling each house with a wonderful aroma, at this stage I had to gather together all the fruit nets we had, it took a lot of netting to catch the fruit, those on wire frames were easy, making large pockets the full length of peach house, the fruit dropping into nets and so undamaged, on the back wall not so easy small pockets had to be made for each fruit.

The Reed gardener had his own rules of work, if he put you on a job first thing in the morning you stayed put, whatever, only by raining did you go inside. I well remember one November day I was sent to trim the climbing and rambling roses on the terrace wall, this was a job I really liked it was artistic and a pleasure to look at when finished it was early November with just a nip in the air, but as the day went on it got colder and colder. I would blow into my hands to warm, soon I found myself saying aloud "its bloody cold its bloody cold" then a voice from the top terrace said "I'll bet its bloody cold had, he back in a minute" it was Palmer the butler, he soon appeared carrying a large cup of coffee well laced with rum saying "Dear this will keep you warm till knocking off time" the terrace was a show piece of buerden. The roses and shrubs coming into bloom June until the first frost, with such variety American Pillar, Excelsior, Dr Van Fleet, Dorothy Perkins, Gardenia this was my favourite a very early golden bud of Hybrid Tea type, Lady Gay, Brimston Rambler, Dance de Lero, Jefferine Drankin this is the famous thornless rose, with wonderful perfume, also on the terrace a very large Begonias (Fire Horn) trained to the wall, again like a large fan, Roldin, its fruit through the winter. Buddleia alternifolia were also planted occasionally, this shrub is most unsuitable for wall planting but were put here to attract the butterfly, hence the name Butterfly Bush. The stone steps connecting the top and bottom terrace covered with Ampelopsis Veitchii (Virginia creeper) very beautiful in the autumn. Just behind me are the long raised beds

with boundary behind, running parallel with the bottom of the lawn a straight line of iron railing for one hundred yards, the forming a very neat half moon about thirty ft across. This half moon ^{is near} ~~is~~ to show off a gigantic oak tree with tremendous ground cover, standing in the centre of the half circle a very wonderful view of the surrounding woods with fountains named. on the extreme right the Ice House wood a mixed planting of Birch and Pine, at the bottom of the wood not far from the West lock the Ice House, very clever architecture, under ground, built of brick, egg shaped, thirty feet from top to bottom entered by a short passage which entered the House three quarters way up, again got to the bottom by iron steps in brickwork, in the bottom a drain to the river to take away all water, just over the river a very long wood the Dog Kennel wood, although the whole wood is named Dog Kennel wood, it is so long that sections have other names the far end near to Clayton Bottoms is the Rookwood because of the rookery there, a section in the middle, the Gravel wood, the estate getting all the path gravel from a pit at the top of the wood, in the centre of wood the remains of the dog kennels, built of brick, each dog ~~had~~ ^{had} a small pen with iron gate, all looking as though the dogs would be very comfortable, this wood ends at the edge of the lake. As I stand in the large half moon the Boundary Lake is just below, quarter of a mile away, a picturesque lake, man made, to drive the crum pumps for the Greenen water supply, about four acres with island in the middle, most of the lake surrounded by

small plantations of again larch and pine
 very good fishing, roach, perch, Rudd, away in
 the distance on the right and again, the dog
 kennel wood a very ugly piece of bog land, on
 shooting day all hunters warned to keep clear
 if you put your foot near all would stake like
 a jelly, growing in the bog large tufts of grass
 standing four feet high, a very sinister spot, this
 area known as the snigley pits, behind the pits
 and on the horizon another large plantation
 the green wood again larch and pine, on the
 top side of this wood a public footpath leading
 to a very old cottage Cam Cottage, the first people
 I knew to live here were the Dillen family I went
 to school with the children. years later this
 cottage was the home of the head gardeners
 daughter Edie Clements with husband Tom and
 family, the footpath Cam Lane continues past
 the cottage coming out on the main road at
 Clayton Brook. behind the lake in the distance
 Houghton Tower, this view of the tower from Buerden
 always fascinated me, you see when the sun shines
 you can ^{see} see in detail, part of the main drive, the large
 entrance, steps of building, battlements, then when
 the sun goes behind a cloud, nothing at all, it just
 disappears, from the left hand side of lake another long
 wood Walton Banks or after called Bram wood,
 the ram jump being in this wood between the Walton
 Banks and the hall another plantation the cock
 cabin wood in this wood ~~along~~ the remains of a
 large cabin where the fighting cocks were kept,
 coming nearer to the hall another small lake again
 with island, this was the fish pond used quite a
 lot by the wounded soldiers during the 19th war

Major R A Sutton made use of all the big rooms
 in the Hall as a Hospital for those wounded who
 could just manage to get around, now this pond
 is empty a few years ago the water must have
 found a way through the high bank and into the
 drains of the field below; we are now near the main
 drive to the Wigan road, a little way down, the
 drive ~~a tunnel~~ goes over a tunnel under which
 is a public footpath, beginning in Shady Lane
 coming out opposite Mangerions farm, not far from
 Bamber Bridge, before the days of motor transport
 this path was a near way to the village and would
 be used quite a lot by local people, the path named
 tunnel passage or Parkers tunnel, after Sounley
 Barker who was the owner before the Suttons.
 My grandfather would tell me stories of this squire,
 he would ride the county in a strange horse drawn
 vehicle, must have been something like a chariot.
 He stood in the back and galloped along the
 county roads, the people of Bamber Bridge did
 not like this squire so began to throw stones at
 as he past, so to avoid the village, he had a
 road made continuing from the bottom of main
 drive, and in a straight line to Lestock Hall
 railway station, the name Stony Lane.
 Sounley Barker had two footmen to see to his
 transport needs, having been on a long train
 journey one of these footmen had orders to meet him
 at Lestock station, the footman arrived at the
 station early, so packed his cab, and into the nearest
 pub and meeting a friend had quite a few whiskeys,
 going back to his cab found the train had not yet
 arrived, got into the cab, when the train finally arrived
 Sounley found his footman in a drunken sleep

so taking off the man's coat and hat putting them on himself, pushed the man into the bottom of the cab, got on top and drove himself home. His second footman waiting at the entrance to the Hall looked into the cab, could see no one, so said to the driver "where is the old bugger?" needless to say both got the sack.

One most beautiful feature of Buerden is the herbaceous border, well positioned, opposite the main entrance to the Hall, 40 feet long by 12 feet wide, this border was made in a long recess in the boundary wall, with Caen path all round, one yard wide, it is a raised border the soil being held in position by large crockery stones (limestone), cascading over the stones *Chubretia*, *Sedum splendens*, *Alyssum*, *Siberis*, *Doxifragas*, with *Primula wanda*, planted between the stones. The border with three long rows of diamond shape beds, diamond shaped so each variety is not directly behind the bed in front, and so gives better flowering cover, again see, a good many of the herbaceous family ~~are~~ ~~not~~ have a very short flowering period, so as one bed goes out of flower, another, either on the side, or behind, takes over, the border begins to flower end of February with the *Coroniums* (yellow) ~~then~~ followed by *Trollius* again yellow and orange, then comes the *Beonias* and so on, right into autumn with the *Asters* (*Michaelmas daisy*) these *Asters* really take over from September onward and come in most colours and heights. I had been given a free hand with our border, and thought that *Dahlias* might keep more colour ^{through} the summer, sure enough it did, with three beds in the back, three more through the middle, with dwarf *Boltonia* ^{red} *Geranium* the front beds, everyone looking over

our Herbaceous Border would say what a lot of
 work, but it is not really the plants themselves help
 to keep down weeds, going through the plants with
 a narrow hoe does not take long, that only remains
 the staking of the tall plants, we would do this with
 sticks like the pea sticks used in the R. L. Eber garden
 there was always a good supply of larch sticks
 when the estate woodmen thinned the trees, the
 larch was ideal for this purpose as the nature of
 the ground is flat, in the late autumn all growth
 is cut down almost to ground level, all weeds
 cleared, so in the spring a light forking between,
 and the border was away again, the only hard
 work being every fourth year when all plants
 had to be lifted and ~~split~~ divided, this had to be
 done to stop what we would call middle rot, plants
 rotting from the centre, the surplus could sometimes
 be an embarrassment, the lady of the house would
 take some for friends, the head gardener would
 make it known to local people to come and help
 themselves, I remember one year we advertised
 herbaceous plants for sale in the local paper,
 but no one came, ^{as yet} plants in shops or markets
 seemed expensive. One real pest especially in the
 spring ~~was rabbits~~ were again rabbits so were
 netting was put round the border for a few weeks,
 we found as the rabbits grew bigger they kept to the
 fields. In the year to come we were to be rid of
 the rabbits in a horrible way with the introduction
 of myxomatosis, it was my job to go round the
 grounds picking up the dead, killing the dog, you
 would see a rabbit eating, walk up to it as it was
 completely blind, these were quickly killed, and all
 buried deep, yet a few survive, and so in the spring

~~young~~ the young rabbits were back, only to
become victims of the disease again, within a few
years the rabbits began to live on the surface,
as it was in the burrows that the disease spread from
rabbit to rabbit through the fleas.