

## Memories of Lamyatt

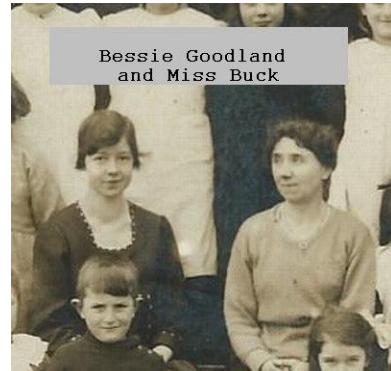


One of my earliest memories is attending the village school. The Governess was Miss Buck. The infant teacher was Miss B Goodland. We had routine lessons but we were taught the essentials and no child left school illiterate.

We had to get water from the old pump outside by pouring down a pint first and woe betide anyone who had used the last drop, as the governess was very strict. She was giving a boy the cane one day, when she caught the crook in her wig and pulled it off. The floor was showered with her hat pins. The boy laughed so much that he got another caning.

One day my sister Edna and the older children went to Shepton Mallet Park to see the Prince of Wales and sing "God Bless the Prince of Wales", which they had been rehearsing.

I went to Sunday School each Sunday morning. Mrs Barnes was the teacher, she was very strict. We had to learn a different collect or part of a psalm to recite to her each Sunday. At Christmas we were given a hymn book or story book. If we were lucky enough to have put in enough attendances that was!



In the summer the Rev and Mrs Barnes gave us a tea party and there were sports on the Rectory lawn. Prizes were one penny or one half-penny, but we didn't mind as we'd had a good tea.

One bank holiday, Mrs H Goodland took her children to Burnham on Sea. They had a lovely day but we had a heavy thunderstorm at Lamyatt, which flooded the road between the Post Office and shop, so they had to be carried over it to get to their home. They were greeted by more water coming under the front door. They need not have gone to Burnham to paddle!

One day Bill Baker at Batch Farm was told to look after the horse and cart in the yard. He went to look for duck eggs, the horse bolted. Bill dropped the eggs and tried to catch the horse but couldn't. He (the horse) galloped right to Wyke, down past the church and up the steep gradient before stopping. It

had lost bits and pieces on the way and there was only one wheel and part of the cart left.

I remember Mrs Garland taking her children, me and some other children from the village, to Creech Hill for a birthday party. Albert Baker pushed the wheelbarrow with all the goodies in it. We collected wood for a fire to boil the kettle, had tea, played games, then came home, tired but happy.

One night my mother asked my brother why he was so late. He said, "Oh, I've been up helping to put out John Williams' chimney fire." He and another lad had climbed onto the roof and poured buckets of water down the chimney which put out the fire. John Williams was a dear old man who used to help my father hay making, but he did like a good fire with plenty of great big logs.

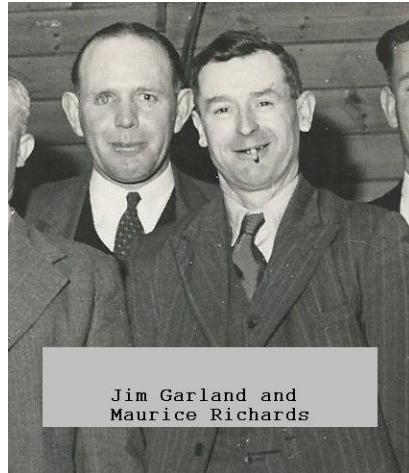
Mrs Jessie Isgrove (nee Richards)



I remember the time when we heard there was a badger in a gout down Field Lane, so we decided one Sunday morning to get it out. By the time we got there, there were nearly 20 of us there. Two or three of us had guns, Clem 'ad his little terrier, Bill Garland his curly sheep dog and there were a couple of whippets. Clem's terrier went to ground and turned the badger out and all the other dogs took after him, the rest of us followed but those with guns couldn't get a shot because of the dogs. They were making for Creech Hill and when we got to the field past the Church, I put my hand on the gate and vaulted over. Bill said he thought he'd do the same but caught 'is foot in the rail and fell. Then he found he'd lost his false teeth, so while we were all searching for them, the badger had got clean away.

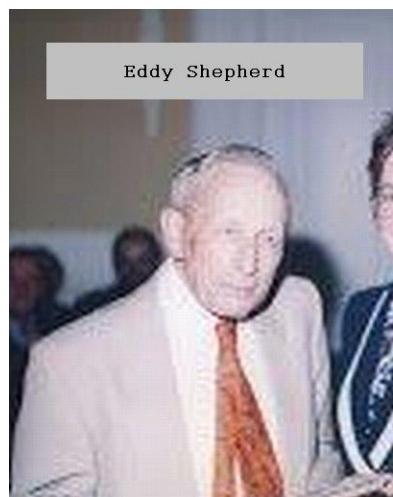
Bill Garland once had a patch of land out East Hill. One Sunday I went with Jim Garland and Clem to feed some dry cattle there. Topper was on Clem's lap, I were holding a stick and cleaning the wheels by dragging the stick along them as we bowled along. Jim gave the old horse a flick with the whip and Topper turned round and bit I in the arm - I've still got the scar above my right elbow.

I can mind the time we had a very sharp frost. One Sunday morning Maurice Richards came over and said 'e wanted to get a couple of rabbits, so we set off down to the Level Crossing. He said we'll soon get them round the pond down there. Maurice put 'is ferret down and it killed and stayed. We tried to dig 'un out wi' a rabbiting spade, but the ground were so hard, it kept bouncing off the top of the ground, so we went down to the Crossing to borrow a pickaxe off Stan Moore. Just as we were using it, Jack Sharp came by on his old bike. When he got home, he said "Missus, I never seen the like of it, two girt blokes catching one rabbit with a pickaxe!"



Mr W Goodland

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Wyke Platoon (comprising units from Lamyatt, Milton Clevedon and Wyke Champflower) of the Local Defence Volunteers, later known as the Home Guard, was being briefed on an exercise to be held a few nights later. Our Commanding Officer wanted to be sure that everyone would hear the signal to turn out in the night from their home.

"Does everyone think he will hear the call as we have arranged it?" he asked.

Thinking of the bombs falling on distant cities, such as Bristol, I replied. "Well sir, bombs don't wake us!" Everyone, our CO included, had to laugh - they saw the funny side of the remark.

I remember one dark night during the early war years, while on sentry duty on Creech Hill. Our Commanding Officer arrived at our post by his usual track. "I am sometimes a bit nervous as I get within firing range", he said to us, "but I know you wouldn't fire without first challenging. Of course if you first challenge on a dark night and get no reply and finish up with a dead

*sheep, you had better get your spade out and cover it up quick before the farmer comes along in the morning."*

The following anecdote concerns three people working on a Lamyatt farm around the war years but for obvious reasons the names have been altered. Herbert had joined the farm staff about two weeks previously and on pay day he was walking home with his pay packet talking to Old Tom, who had worked on the farm for years. Said Tom, "You don't mean to tell me you hand over all your pay packet to your wife each week?" "Oh ah", said Herbert, "I do. As soon as I get home, she's waiting for it." Then lowering his voice, Herbert confided, "I married 'er and now I've got to bide be 'er!"

*John had just come into Lamyatt parish when his brother vacated a farm.*

Now John had spent six months in Denmark, learning the Danish way of farming, in particular pig farming. He soon mastered the language, although in the early days he could not always remember the right words to use. One such day was the day he was sent on the land with the horses. He was shown the work to be done and instructed the right words to say to the horses. However, when he wanted them to stop, he had forgotten the correct words to use. He tried all the different forms of "whoa" he could think of, tugging with all his might on the reins but "whoa" was so unlike "brr" with a good roll of the "rr" so the horses wouldn't stop.

John was soon pig farming and he had a keen lad to help him. Henry helped to look after the sows. There was one occasion when a sow was expected to farrow - she looked very promising - but one day after another passed and nothing happened. Then the great day finally came and the proud mother brought forth a miserable litter of three, after all the loving care that had been lavished upon her in the previous weeks. Said Henry the next day, "I cussed and Boss cussed but as Boss cussed in Danish, no-one knew what he said."

I remember the time when, in the early 20s the song "Felix keeps on walking" was all the go. At the time Bessie Lush was helping to look after us - we were not very old. I remember she used to play "Felix" on the piano to us and I think she probably struck on the idea of dressing me up as Felix at the Lamyatt Fete. I am not sure if I won a prize, but I do remember, after the judging, sitting down to a wonderful tea which to us children was one of the highlights of the afternoon. Next to me on my left was our Rector, Mr Barnes. I was about to start on my tea when I realised that my black Felix costume was sewn completely over my



hands so that I couldn't use my fingers. Mr Barnes took one look at my hands, said something like "Good Gracious", picked up a knife and cut all the offending stitches. I was soon making up for lost time!

A few days later, I remember at home, I was once more putting on my Felix costume. Standing at the top of the stairs I saw our own black cat. Instinctively I raised my black paws and let out a loud miaow. The poor cat was terror stricken and fled into the next room and under the grandfather clock, from where she was eventually rescued.

I remember the occasion when Mrs Ogden (the Rector's wife) had arranged a musical evening in the Schoolroom, so that everyone in Lamyatt should have the opportunity of meeting Miss Imogen Holst, the composer and daughter of the famous composer, Gustav Holst. Mrs Ogden had said that although in other places, such as Street, they would have people flocking in at the opportunity of meeting Miss Holst even if they charged 2/6 each, she would only ask 6d for the entrance.

I was asked to take the money at the door on this evening. People were pushing in holding their sixpences. One young lady wasn't holding out any money. "Sixpence please", I said, to which she politely but firmly said, "I am the one who is going to do it." That was my first introduction to Miss Imogen Holst.

Of some relevance to the recent weather we have been having, I can remember many years ago the very dry time we had one autumn. Many of the smaller ponds in the fields (then most fields had a pond) dried up and were still dry at Christmas. Several frosts coupled with the low level of water in the local rivers meant that in some cases they froze completely over. The river Alham was frozen from bank to bank in early December. Each day as the water level dropped further, so the ice shelled down at various angles and refroze by day and night.

My brother walked about on the rough ice but I didn't like the look of it - anyway I was probably a few pounds heavier than he was and I didn't want a ducking. This was I believe when I was going to Sexey's school in Bruton. I remember noticing that the River Brue at Legge Bridge was frozen half way across. It might have been the autumn of 1927. Although we had a much more severe winter '62/63, the water levels of the rivers were much higher and consequently little freezing over the rivers resulted, if my memory is correct.

I can recall the Annual Fete Days held in Lamyatt. If I remember rightly, they were always held in June. Cole's Fun Fair was always a great attraction. There were sports events for the young and not so young. This included the

egg and spoon race. I think Hilda often used to win this - she probably had longer legs than anyone else. If I remember rightly there was also a race in which competitors carried pails of milk on their heads. The milk of course was water. The race which caused most fun was the obstacle race. I cannot remember all the obstacles, but I think there was an open-ended barrel suspended a few feet above the ground from a strong limb of an oak tree. Competitors had to clamber through this, no matter how it tilted. The main fun came when the competitors had to climb under a tarpaulin stretched over the ground with very little slack. The tarpaulin was roped to pegs driven very firmly into the ground and to watch the rumps trying to squeeze their way through was probably the best laugh of all. The more there were in under at one time, the funnier the sight - on one occasion the tarpaulin split.

Mr E Shepherd

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I remember that as a child, I used to take the milk round the village. I always used to get sweets or apples from Mr Whiting at the Almshouse. One day when I went to the Rectory, Mrs Barnes came to the door instead of the housekeeper. "Good morning, little girl", she said. "Good morning, mam" I replied. "Don't you ever call me mam, you must always call me madam." I said, "I'm not going to and I'm not going to bring your milk tomorrow either." Dad had a job to get me to go the next day.

I remember that when Gran made the cheese she always made a small truckle just for me. One day Mr Leversedge called to collect the cheese and he said in fun "I'll give you ten shillings for that." I said, "I don't want ten shillings, I only want one penny."

I remember that after school I often had to go and help bring back cattle to Taddywoody after a market. Dad used to go home to do the milking and I had to walk in front of the cows with the drover behind. Sometimes it was getting dusk and I used to hurry along the country lanes anxious to get home.

Mrs O Look, 1 Greenleaze

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Bill Look

I remember that Old Clem Squires used to get some of his fox terriers from the Hunt kennels. They, in order to keep the breed for themselves, used to emasculate the dog puppies. One time Clem had a little beauty and Perce Gillard wanted a mate for the little bitch he had in season.

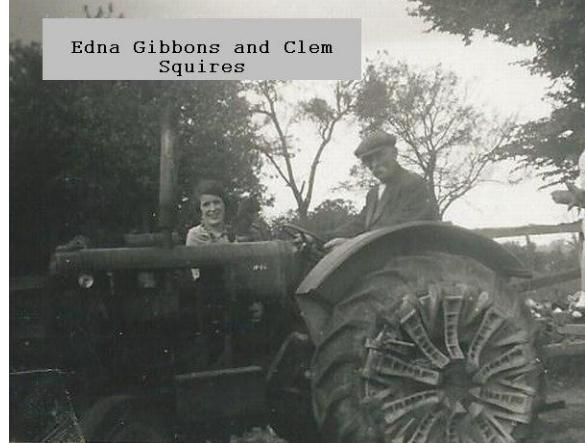
One night he took his little bitch to Arthur's Bridge pub and left her outside in the van. The Lamyatt gang took Clem and got him well-oiled in the bar and then took his little dog outside to meet the bitch. Result - nothing - to their amazement the doggie took no notice of the bitch. Clem had the last laugh after all.

In spite of always keeping a dog, Clem was always plagued by rats and mice. Sometime he'd have loaves there and the insides would be gnawed out until the loaves were hollow. One day he set a trap in the warm ashes of the grate and caught a beauty!

I remember Mr Dowling from the Lodge. He used to play cricket for Evercreech. We called him Ginger Dowling - he fancied himself as a fast bowler.

Old Johnny Williams used to tell me that when he worked on a farm, he would never do the milking. One day the farmer went to market and came back with a bucket and pail. "See what I've bought you", said the farmer. "Can't think why", said Johnny. "Don't suppose I'll ever have any cows of my own and I don't intend milking anyone else's!"

Mr W Look, 1 Greenleaze



I mind my old mother talking to Old Bill Tanner who was cussing and swearing. "You're a wicked old man" 'er sed, "where do you think you'll go



when you die?" "I dunno, missus", 'e sed, "but I reckons summun will take a four prong pick and chuck I up on some dung heap or other."

I was only at Lamyatt School for a short while and was in the infant class and taught by Bessie Goodland. One of the other pupils was William Goodland's daughter, Winnie. One day Winnie said, "I'm not going to do what you tell me, Auntie Bessie." Miss Buck poked her head round the curtain and said, "That's quite enough of that, Winifred!"

I remember carol singing with Mr and Mrs Ogden. We

borrowed Mr Sealey's horse and cart and made a nativity scene on the back of the cart and had lots of lanterns. We went back to Church Farm, Milton Clevedon for refreshments afterwards.

I mind Leonard Bennett catching a snake and bringing it to school. Both 'e and Miss Buck thought 'twere dead and she thought it would be a wonderful thing to show the children, but snake weren't dead and she weren't pleased when it started to wriggle about.

Mr Jack Isgrove



I remember when we lived at Bruton Road Level Crossing, we had no running water or electricity. At first we got water from a well but later we had water delivered from Evercreech by the trains. One morning my father asked the driver on the Class 3F if he would fill up our tin bath because he wanted a bath. He placed the bath under the outlet at the bottom of the cab step. The driver turned on the water but only steam came out and blew the bath down the line.

I remember I was dared to dress as a man and escort Miss Sybil Hole from Evercreech Junction to her home at Lamyatt. I took her home and asked for the pleasure of a further meeting which caused much amusement.

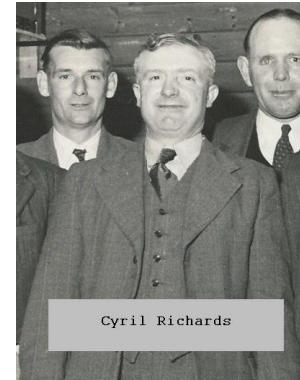
One year all the girls dressed as men and played a football match against the men who were dressed as women. We played the game at the rear of

Bruton Road Crossing. We got some very good snaps of the girls but the men refused to be taken.

I remember one rather frightening occasion when my father asked me to close the gates to allow the 9.25 passenger train to come from Wincanton to Evercreech Junction. I went out in the darkness and heard rattlings and groanings coming from down the line. I just belted back into the cottage, terrified. Dad went out to investigate and found a poor fox with his foot caught in a snare. The noise I had heard was the snare being dragged along the line.

There were many happy times and happy memories of life spent at the crossing and of old friends - Olive Garland, Maurice and Cyril Richards and Mr and Mrs Tom Clothier.

Mrs Grace Harris (nee Lintern)  
24 Town Street, Shepton Mallet



I can remember when we first came to Lamyatt and the Post Office hours were 9am to 1pm and 3.30 pm to 6pm when the last collection was made. We did a lot more work then because of the printing works which were then at the Old Rectory. The Post Boy used to bring down several hundred letters each afternoon for the mail. The Deanes were very good to the children of the village and gave them many presents.

One of my favourite customers was Old Johnny Williams, who lived in the cottage up Portway, now renovated and owned by Mr and Mrs Arnold. At that time it only had one door and one harsh winter you could not get out for snow drifts. He climbed out through the window and came down to the village for the pension. He always collected it in a cocoa tin. The last night of his life Bill Garland and I sat up all night with him.

At the top of the hill lived Mr Newport who had the house built. Every Saturday he used to walk to Bruton carrying a red handkerchief, inside was the repayment money for the house.

I can remember the Post Office was visited by a bogus clergyman and it was later found that he intended to rob the premises.

Mrs M Stone  
Bryn Melyn, Lamyatt

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I can remember Lamyatt fetes. One year the pig that was a prize for the skittles got out. Ted Bargery said, "I'll soon catch 'ee!" He chased him all over the field but the pig doubled back between Ted's legs and he fell "ass over 'ead"!

I can remember Clem Squire's going up Portway with a ferret in his shirt and his own whippet dog following behind. "Where be off to then, Clem?" I'd say. To get me dinner", says Clem.

Clem was a rare one for dogs. He had a terrier once. Clem would put a ladder up the side of his house, climb halfway up and call to the dog, "There's a burglar on the roof!" The dog would go up the ladder over Clem's shoulder and onto the roof barking his head off.

I've heard that Christopher Welch would come off the London train with his green umbrella and topper. He had leg of mutton whiskers and hair longer than the young 'uns today.

They say that when the Ovens sold up here, they wanted all the workmen spruced up for the sale. Frank Clothier said to Old Philip Tanner "see thee gets theeself cleaned up for tomorrow." This scared old Phil who weren't keen on washing and changing so he didn't turn up. "Have you sid 'un?" Said Frank. "No, I ain't sid 'un" said everyone. In the end it were found that he'd stopped off at Miss Norman's farm.

Mr Bert Stone, Bryn Melyn, Lamyatt

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When I was a small boy, I worked as a Butcher's boy for Butcher Harding of Bruton. I can remember delivering meat to the Lodge at Lamyatt where Major Hall lived at the time. He was rather an eccentric man and kept a monkey. One day the old Irish cook came to the door carrying the monkey and before I could hand her the joint of meat, the monkey seized my hat from off my head. I soon got it back however.

When I was not a great deal older, Butcher Harding sent me out to Lamyatt to collect a cow from Mr Norman's farm at Speeds. Farmer Harding said it was quite quiet and would lead alright, but directly he said that, the cow went straight through the hedge, dragging me after it. When I eventually reached Bruton, I had no backside to my trousers through falling down on the road so many times and no skin on my hands!

After the war I joined my father in the building trade and have worked on many houses in the village. I can remember working at Waddon Farm, taking up the passage way and laying tiles. My father used to tell me that he was a foreman builder when the Almshouses were built. He said that they put 8 tons of freestone in the chimneys and that all the beams and staircases were of oak and the houses themselves were built with cement and sand and sheephouse stone.

I helped in the building of the two cottages up Portway Hill now occupied by Mrs Mourant and Mr and Mrs Fern. They were built at about the same time as Batch and Arthur's Bridge Farms. The stone used was Doulting stone which all had to be cut.

I have spent many hours working on Lamyatt church. I renewed the lead flashing at the top of the church tower. One day the Rev Barnes asked if he could come up and have a look at the work that was being done. I waited for him at the top and after several minutes looked over the edge, to see where he had got to. He was half way up with his hands over his eyes, afraid to go any further. I had to climb down, over his back, to give him the confidence to get down to the bottom!

One day when I was working on the inside of the church, Old Josh Garland, who used to live in Myrtle Cottage came into the church. "Would you

like me to give you a sermon?" he said. He went into the pulpit and preached for about half an hour and seemed to know every part of his Bible.

Mr Jack Stone  
Bryn Melyn, Lamyatt

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I remember the old names - "Ten Acre Lane", "Chitty Garden Lane", "Darkie Lane" and "George Hole's Corner".

As a child looking down the chimney hole in the hill to see if the old shepherd was asleep in the Stone House.

All the old wells in the village before the mains. One in our orchard, one at Clem's, one where James and Old Johnnie used to live.

I can just remember the big flu epidemic which put whole families in bed and one or two died. No phones in those days, the postman and tradespeople carried messages to help those who were too ill to get a doctor.

The Peace Celebrations after the First World War which were later held annually in the summer and known as Lamyatt Fete.

The Harvest Festivals at both Church and Chapel, which were always packed with people standing in the porch for the services. Later church offerings were sent to Shepton Mallet Hospital and the chapel held an auction on the Monday evening.

I remember the big Christmas party for the children at Lamyatt Lodge with the decorated tree and an orange and sweets to go home with. Games in the skittle alley afterwards and a row of chamber pots round the outside stable where we went to spend a penny.

The old butcher coming round with the horse and trap, sitting up high on the part where the meat was stored.

Bread being baked in our kitchen.

The coming of the evacuees.

The working parties for the forces at the Lodge.

Party celebrations at the Church Farm, Waggon House.

Mugs for the children.

Mrs Jennings was the First Lady in the village to drive a motor car and I think Cyril one of the first to own a motorbike. Mr Payne at Bakewell was the first to own a Crystal Wireless set with headphones.

I remember Miss Fish coming once a fortnight for grocery orders in her horse and trap until she drove into a ditch and the poor horse had to be shot.

I remember the Rev Guyon lying in state in the Church with four men sitting up at night until he was buried. Dad and Mr Garland sat up one night.

I remember going to cookery classes at Ditcheat from Lamyatt School. We went for three years from the age of 11. Edna went for one year, Emmie and Winnie Goodland were 2 more, also Alice Paynter. We used to thoroughly enjoy the sessions which were from 9.15 until 3.30 pm. Mr Phil Mintern, who drove us there was a jolly good sort, and always said, "Well, what's been cooking today?" He sampled everything from rock cakes, and some were just that, to Irish stew with dumplings, also homemade wine which he enjoyed most of all. When the stew was not a success, we got him to drive close to the ditch so that we could empty our basins.

Once a year was a big event - we laid on a tea at Ditcheat. I can't quite remember where this was - it was not far into the village, past the cottages and the Hall or School room was on the right hand side. We baked all the buns and cakes and jam.

I remember Mrs Ogden and the puppet shows we laid on. We made all the puppets and I can remember two dancers for her.

I can remember Old Mr Whatley, the shepherd, who looked after all the sheep at Church Farm on Creech Hill. He was a grand old chap and we loved to go and see all the new lambs which he never tired of showing to us.

I can remember one big flood when Shop Farm wall was laid flat by the force of the water which came from the overflow of the pond at the end of the garden. Hen houses etc were all floating down the road.

Mrs H Mullett (nee Dora Richards)  
Highcliffe, Dorset

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Memories of Lamyatt - joyful, amusing, interesting, painful - all part of life.

Nov 1952. Move from the Folly, Ditchheat to Lamyatt. Guy drove Ernest Dyke's truck. Rained all day - house a shambles.

March 8th 1953. Yeovil Maternity Hospital - see Nancy and David together for the first time.

Taddywoody taking shape - Rayburn installed, sewage complete - Goodbye Elsan.

Digging hole for septic tank in the middle of summer. Trousers and hob nails only, throwing out yellow clay 8ft down. Mr Walker, surveyor looks over top "What a damn great hole - big enough for a hotel".

Dark red japonica in full bloom outside Clem Squire's house.

Two swans on flood water in 6 acres.

First job as self employed, strip E Dyke's cider house, press mill barrels the lot, and concrete floor for a loose covered yard.

Jean Box and Chris Shepherd off down the road with David in his pram, Bill the big yellow greyhound walking by the side, the same height as the pram.

Summer '54 same day as Ditchheat show, cloud burst in Bruton area. Pattersons to Snells - water 1 ft deep. Taking springer pup Rex for a walk, came on behind until water reached his chin, then sat down and howled - had wet pup to carry home.

Hot summer's day - two buzzards high over Creech Hill, calling nearly out of sight.

Before electricity, ran out of Esso Blue, used TVO to fill Tilley lamp. Pumped up as usual, pressure too great, blew bottom off lamp, sprayed whole shed with TVO, including best suit.

David about 4 years old. First little bike with stabilisers. Frightened to death but grimly determined to ride on his own before Michael Goodland.

Home late. Nancy with candle, crying. Batteries flat and can't start engine on dynamo. Poor darling.

First two sows - Beauty and Jewell, saddlebacks. In their lifetime both reared more than 100 piglets each.

Down Ditcheat Hill with a load of concrete blocks on trailer behind Ferguson T20 for Snagg Farm. Load too heavy and tractor runs away, blocks start sliding forward. Baby David perched on sack in front of load, can't stop, can't jump, can't reach him, must go up the bank and pray. Crash. Stop, safe. Carry David back to farm and get John to ease me down with landrover.

Barn owl nested in elm tree 3 years running at George's pond.

Down to the bottom of six acres with sack, pick up 1/4 cwt of coal flung at rabbits by engine drivers and stokers. Well done S and D.

Two spaniels killed in turn by trains. Damn railway.

First boar - pedigree landrace from Ditcheat Hill, called him Gustav. Very tame, loved being groomed with stiff brush and a bath in the summer.

Gwyneth and Megan, two Welsh sows - beauties. Pigs second only to dogs in intelligence.

Myxomatosis - horrible disease, we all miss the rabbits. White rabbits. David had one for a prize at the Church Fete and kept it for a year on its own. One Sunday we were out for a walk along Wyke Lane, saw white rabbits in the hedge, they were tame, being dumped by someone. Knew tame rabbits won't go to ground and the fox would kill them all the first night. Got a bag and caught the 5 and took them home. In no time every shed was full of rabbits - the most we had at one time was 260. Sparkford egg packing station used to take them at 2/6 a pound live weight. However, pellets were dear and the two

assistants hated to rear them for that sort of disposal so changed our stock to two pedigree Guernsey heifers from S Dyke.

Boxing Day morning '64. Off to Bridghampton early to see Mr Burnett, gunsmith and dog breeder. Got back at 9.30 am with pure black Labrador pup, Dusky. Joy everywhere. Nancy refuses to go to a 21st birthday party at night - she has to stay to nurse the pup. David and I go - 74 miles and it snowed all the way.

Hard winter's frost. Snow. Pigeons on kale, duck on river, pheasants in copses, love it all, so does Dusky.

Winter '63. Snow drifts up to 8 ft deep, shifting in near gale force winds towards Bruton, snow level with hedgerows. Dug way to George's pond one afternoon, full with snow again next am. Chains on back wheels of pickup, 5 cwt concrete blocks over back axle. Take Nancy to the Junction to catch train to Shepton Mallet in the mornings, fetch her at 9pm. Good neighbours abound in the village.

Five Lanes Batcombe, Nancy learning to ride moped. Me on old pushbike, going well on straight, past higher Greenscombe Farm, past the council tip, hits the curb and straight over the top into a great bunch of stinging nettles, didn't know she knew all those words. "Never get on it again, I'll ride push bike home". Since then has clocked up over 50000 miles on 3 mopeds.

Jeannie Look and a bundle of squirming puppies, Dusky and 4 pups, Ben Look's 4 calves, Mrs Longman's donkey foal, kittens in the hay, why do they have to change and grow up?

Births, weddings, funerals, losing old valued friends, meeting new people. Making new friends, people coming, people going, young ones growing, moving away.

Finish work 1973. Lucky, so much to do. Not time to remember everything gone by. Must remember what I have to do today, tomorrow and the next day and the next.

Mr Ivor Grafton  
Taddywoody

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Nancy Grafton

I remember a Shrove Tuesday several years ago. The Mother's Union were invited back to the Old Rectory for refreshments after a Communion Service at the Church. Walking up the drive in the sunshine when the crocus were in full bloom and catching the delicious aroma of freshly made coffee wafting through the open door.

I remember the first of many Nativity Plays I attended at the school. A serious little Joseph and Mary walking up to the crib. A fat little red haired Angel. The three kings - the tinsel

on their headdresses becoming a little unstuck in the heat of the old stove. The gentle way the shepherd held the toy lamb. The enthusiastic but reverent rendering of "Away in a Manger". The muffled prompting to an embarrassed wiseman who had forgotten his words.

I remember standing at the bottom of Mr Gibbons' six acre field on a hot August morning watching the Pines Express go down to Bournemouth. The corridors and carriages packed with people - anonymous faces peering out at the countryside.

I remember the great freeze of '62/3. The glare of the sun on the dazzling snow, the comradeship of people facing the difficulties of transport etc. Mr Perrot striding over the icy roads in his woolly cap, carrying paper and bread for the villagers.

Back stage at the concerts. People mumbling their words in corners. The night the scenery collapsed during a play. John Look and David Stone changing into ball gowns on a frosty night in the middle of the playground (we were the initiators of "drag artists").



*Mrs Kirkham and her troupe of boys in Widicombe Fair. The night Ron Moxham got his beard caught in his accordion.*

Nancy Grafton  
Taddywoody



*I remember when Mr Longman rented the two fields behind Taddywoody. One day he was working in one of them and he got stuck in a corner and the wheels went down into an old gully. He spent a long time trying to right the tractor and in the end came to our place for help. I got out my old Allis Chalmers tractor and towed the new tractor out into the field. Mr Longman said that he wished he had a camera to record the scene.*

*I remember bonfire nights when I was a small boy. We would be collecting firewood for the bonfire for weeks before. The bonfire party was usually held at Mr Lockwood's Crossing Cottage and they used to give us a very good time with sausages to eat afterwards. We would pool all our fireworks and Mr Lockwood would let them all off. The fire would burn for ages and the next day we would go around all the surrounding fields and pick up all the empty cases.*

*In the summer we would have a lot of cricket matches at Lamyatt Level Crossing. Both Mr and Mrs Lockwood would join in.*

*I remember the wooden hut in Mr Brunt's field where we used to meet and use as sort of club house. Sometimes we would cook our own food with varying results.*

*I remember driving around in Snow's timber carriage when they were felling all the trees at Batch Farm. They called the carriage "Lucy the Logger".*

*David Grafton  
Cheer hill, Calne*

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*I remember as a child being taken with the other children by Mrs Guyon to pick primroses for the Easter decorations. This we did on Good Friday and afterwards we went back to the Rectory for tea and buns and tied our primroses into bunches with wool.*

*I remember walking down through the village on a Sunday afternoon and hearing the distant tinkle of sheep bells from Creech Hill.*

*I remember Mr Corry walking down through the village with his mail - he would have walked from Evercreech in the early morning and walked back at 11am. He would walk back again at 3pm and go to Mr Williams' opposite the shop for his tea. He would blow his whistle at the Lodge and Church Farm and they would come out with their mail. He would leave again on foot at 6.30pm with the mail after the last collection.*



*I can remember when there was no playground at Lamyatt School and in the break we had our games around the old pump. We were allowed to go down the road as far as the door in the Rectory wall but no further.*

*Mrs Padfield (Bessie Goodland), Evercreech*

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*I remember Jessie and other girls from Lamyatt School being taken by my father in a Studebaker, to cookery classes in Ditchet.*



Cycling to Lamyatt to deliver booze to the gardener and his wife (I think she was probably the cook) at the Rectory. I was always rather scared of the approach to the kitchen entrance, which was always dark and overgrown with trees and laurel bushes.

The calf auctions at Evercreech Junction Market Yard. The ponies and carts would be lined up way past Arthur's Bridge Pub. The farmers would return to the pub and spend their calf money and arrive home for milking in the various fields around Lamyatt, (poor but happy).

Collecting cheese from Lower Batch Farm to be sold at Arthur's Bridge Pub at four pence a portion of bread and cheese. It really was cheese in those days

- I ate as much as was cut for the customers each time.

The hard winter of '46/7 when the plane crashed at Bruton Road Crossing. The boys from Filton who were guarding the wreck and had a meal at Arthur's Bridge. The morning cups of char which I was unable to have on my way to Bruton because it would freeze in the cups as it was poured out.

Sitting on a stool, hand milking in all winds and weather and watching the trains slowly trudging along. I got many a wave from the driver, fireman and passengers. The train could often be seen to stop and someone leap out if there was a sheep on its back and tip it over. Then, alas, I can remember riding on the last train from Highbridge to Evercreech Junction.

The very sad occasion when Cyril Richards had foot and mouth disease amongst his cattle. We were on a standstill order due to a suspect cow. Watching Cyril's fat cattle (nearly fit for human consumption) on a glorious autumn day, galloping down to his call, as was usual everyday, to be loaded in a lorry and taken to Evercreech to be destroyed.

Mr Look and John Richards taking bread etc to Milton Clevedon during the hard winter of '62/3, walking on the hedgerows and Mr Look falling into a badger's hole.

Cider making at the shop, it was delicious to taste new cider and most interesting to watch it being brewed.

Coming to whist drives at Dairy House and once winning a Prize. Having difficulties with the old carbide cycle lamps.

My father driving to Lamyatt on our wedding day and gleaning roses from everyone's garden. Mrs Perrott stripping her own garden to decorate the Church. "Roses all the way on that day". Lots of obstacles on the return from Church to Arthur's Bridge. Mrs Clothier stopping the car at Speeds and showering us with hundreds and thousands instead of confetti.

Tonie Richards  
Montgomery, Lamyatt

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I remember when I was a small boy and attended Lamyatt School, I used to go down to the Post Office at Lamyatt at dinner time to have my meal. One day my uncles had just finished painting a new wagon and it stood outside in the yard, looking very smart. I thought I would lend a hand and, while no one was looking, I painted the shafts with tar. I got into a lot of trouble when they came outside and realised what I had done.

Mr Tom Clothier  
Wyke Champflower

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I remember one hot summer day, Ern Richards, Old Clem, Bill Garland and a few more were all arguing about which was the quickest way to get to Wyke. Tempers got main high and Ern Richards said to young Billy Goodland, (I'll give 'ee half a crown if you beat old Clem". So off they went, one along Chitty Garden Lane, t'other through Farmer Hall's yard. Poor Old Clem were trying to keep up but lost his hat on an apple tree on the way. Shell's gang were all hay making and watched with their mouths open as the two flew by. 'Course young Bill beat Old Clem. Can't remember rightly but I think some of them followed in Bill Garland's pony and trap. No doubt they had a good drink of cider when they got to Herbie Halls.

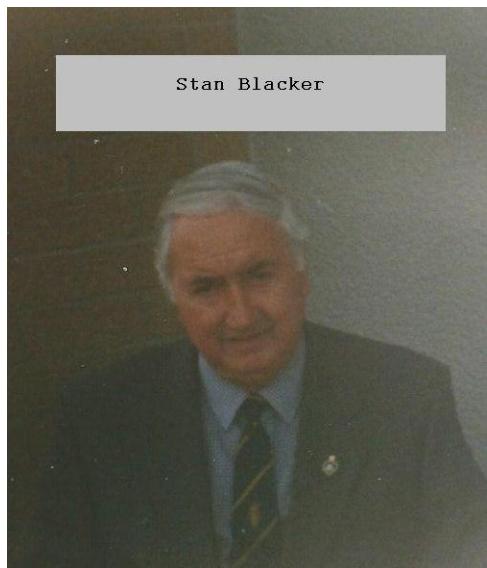
*I remember ploughing up part of the old Lamyatt Golf Course about thirty years ago and finding dozens of golf balls. Some of them are on show in the exhibition.*

Mr Harry Gibbons  
Lower Batch



*I remember my mother telling me about the days of long ago when my grandfather moved with his young bride to Lamyatt. They had formerly lived at Sandford Orcas and apparently his herd of cows were driven along the roads by drovers to their new home. I should imagine it must have taken a long time in those days, but it seems almost unbelievable when one thinks of the fast moving traffic of today. On show at this exhibition is the Bible given to my grandparents by Rev and Mrs Esdale on the occasion of their wedding in 1894.*

Mrs Walters  
Dairy house



*On leaving school I joined the GPO at Shepton Mallet as a postman and shortly afterwards found myself on the afternoon delivery to Lamyatt.*

*This involved leaving Shepton Mallet by van with the delivery and collection of mail at the following places. First stop Evercreech post office to see if there was any more mail for delivery for the round, then on to deliver and collect at Alhampton, Sutton, Whaddon Batch, Lamyatt, Milton Clevedon back to Evercreech post office to collect all mail, then return to Shepton Mallet post office in time to*

*catch the 5:50 PM train from Charlton Road, the old Somerset and Dorset station now closed.*

The day in question I arrived at Lamyatt Sub office to collect the afternoon mail. Mrs Stone, the Postmistress, who knew I had previous firm experience, was waiting for me. In the paddock behind her house Mrs Stone had three quite large heifers. These had not been well of late and she had called the vet who informed her that they needed drenching and he had left the drench needed with orders for a pint for each heifer. Mrs Stone asked if I would be kind enough to drench the heifers.

Previous to this day, the last few days had been ones of heavy rainfall so the paddock was like a quagmire and there was I, in polished boots and pressed uniform. After discussion I agreed and it was decided that I would wear a pair of Mr Stone's old boots, roll my trousers up to the knee and wear one of Mrs Stone's pinafores. So off we went with a can of drench and a bottle!!

We soon had the three heifers in an outhouse in the paddock, the opening over the half doors of this outbuilding being in full view of the rear door of Mrs Stone's house.

After I had filled the bottle with drench, Mrs Stone would grab a heifer around the throat and I would insert my fingers in its nostrils to pull its mouth open, then slip the mouth of the bottle under its tongue and it had to swallow the drench. Just as we started to drench the last heifer with Mrs Stone hung onto its neck, with me trying to insert the bottle, a voice rang out. "Ah, there you be, we've been looking everywhere for you two."

At the back door of Mrs Stone's house stood Mrs Sharpe, who had come from her house up by the school and Mr Jack Laurence, the Head Postmaster of Shepton Mallet, who from time to time made visits along the postmen's route to check that the postmen were in the right place at the right time. What a sight Mrs Stone and myself must've looked to those two. And at once I thought that it must be the end of my job or at least I should get a good ticking off. However, Mrs Sharpe posted her mail, Mr Laurence went on his way and I tidied myself up and collected the mail. From that day to this I never did hear anything of the incident, although for a long time afterwards all of us in turn had a good laugh over it.

I first became acquainted with the village of Lamyatt through my wife (nee Kathleen Russ), who was born at Elder cottage (now Mole End). My mother-in-law (nee Annie Ellen Goodland) was born at Lilac Cottage.

My mother-in-law's father, my wife's grandfather, Caleb Goodland worked for farmer Henry Jennings and his son, farmer Douglas Jennings, at Church Farm, Lamyatt for the long length of time of 50 years. This farm at the time belonged to Squire Napier of East Pennard.



Caleb and Annie Goodland

Caleb Goodland, who was born at Smallways, Galhampton, and his wife Annie (nee Lintern) now lie at rest in Lamyatt churchyard, as do six of the Goodland family. Four out of five of Caleb Goodland's

five sons served throughout the First World War, three in the Somerset light infantry, one in the King's Shropshire light infantry and all four returned safely to the village.

Stan Blacker



Kath Blacker

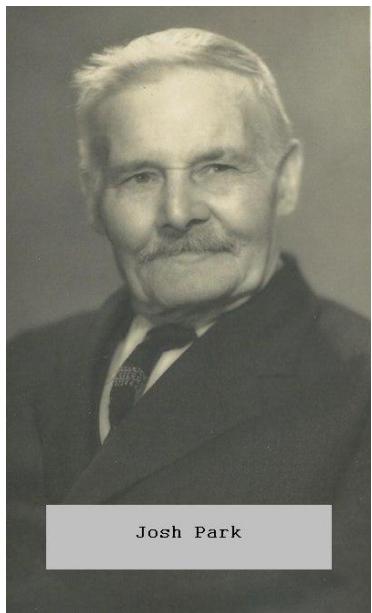
Although I left Lamyatt at the age of 10 years, owing to my father being a railway worker, so many things stand out of my years in the village.

I used to go to the village school with my cousins Betty and Jessie Goodland and from my home at Elder Cottage, we used to walk down the lane at the side of Myrtle Cottage. Most of the time we had to run scared out of our wits as Josh Park (who lived at Myrtle Cottage) used to shout at us as he thought he had the right to

stop people using the lane. We went on down to the gully across the shaky wooden bridge. I was scared walking over it so I shut my eyes and let the others lead me. We then went across the fields, watched from my home garden by my mother until I reach the school.



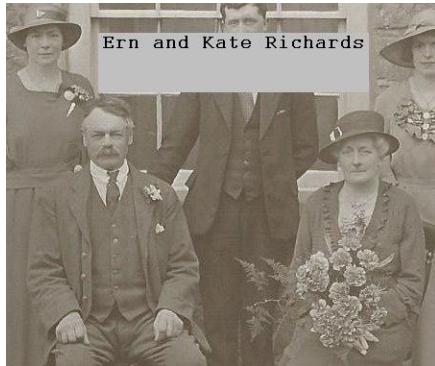
Kath, her brother and sister with cousins Betty and Jessie Goodland



Josh Park

Most Saturdays we would go around the lanes to Bruton to do shopping for our parents, one day Betty and I were coming home the lower road through Wyke. We had to pass a small farm and as we passed, two geese used to chase us all up the road. We ran crying and laughing and looking back all the time.

I enjoyed my childhood at Lamyatt. Little things like sitting on Mrs Richards' shop steps with our few sweets or playing in the hayfields, walking to Milton pub to get my father a bottle of cider



Ern and Kate Richards

for his supper. In our school holiday, we would go up Creech Hill for picnics. I don't think I can ever forgive the people who are responsible for what is done to the hill - it was one of my favourite places. Another favourite spot was the green opposite the post office - what happened to that - there was a lovely may tree there. One Sunday just before we left we saw the Hindenburg go over - it was later to crash.

Kathleen Blacker (nee Russ)

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I remember Lamyatt as a quiet happy little village. We had much fun in the hayfields on long sunny days. On spring and summer evenings I wandered along the Lamyatt lanes, picking wild flowers to press. I often spend winter evenings with Old Mrs Leah Shepherd. She lived opposite the shop - she was always busy knitting and had a fine singing voice. She would often sing a song or a hymn.

I remember on Saturdays walking over the hill to Bruton. I often used the footpath from the school to Poplar Farm where my relatives lived. I spent a very happy 2 1/2 years in Lamyatt.

Miss Millie Carpenter.  
Infant teacher Lamyatt, 1914 to 1916.

I can remember, with the help of young bellringers of Castle Cary, pushing the Rev Guyon to church in a wheelchair. I can still hear him saying "Not so fast boys!" as we gathered speed.

I can remember walking with Miss Carpenter to catch the train at Castle Cary.



Audrey Brunt

I remember the 1st June 1959 when we moved with four children and 10 cows into Poplar Farm. It was raining, of course, but that summer was hot and dry. The cows' feet raised a cloud of dust as they ambled past the garden on their way to be milked. Grandad Brunt helped us with our first haymaking - all pitched up loose by Lewis to me on the load. Little Liz rocked herself gently to sleep in her big high pram under the lilac bush while we worked. The boys went to school - Steve to King Arthur's, then newly opened, and Pat and Mike to Lamyatt. They met the people of the village long before we did, though David Grafton soon became one of the

family.

I remember one of the familiar sights. Mr Perrott's bald head (or his bobble hat in winter) showing over the hedge as he walked briskly into Bruton. He walked back from Bath and to and fro from Shepton as well, brown as a berry and in shorts in the summer, wind and weather did not bother him or the snow either.



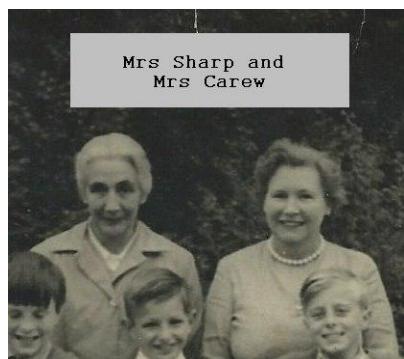
Steve Brunt



I remember being gently introduced into village life by Mrs Jackson. Soon I became a member of Lamyatt Mothers Union and enjoyed our meetings in the school room and the teas at the Rectory. The elderly were brought together with the younger members, and maiden aunts were all included, so it was good for them all to meet and exchange ideas. (Old Moos Meetings as my irreverent family called them).

The focal point in those days was the school. The children were part of the village and the people involved with school activities like Harvest Festivals and Nativity Plays to which they were all invited.

Mrs Carew taught the children a great deal about the farms, fields and lanes, trees and flowers of their own village and encouraged them to treat their neighbours with courtesy and respect.



Mrs Sharpe, they knew well, with her spoon banged on the table for silence at dinner times. Miss Shepherd and several other ladies in the village had apparently bottomless sweet tins, which were a delight when they had to walk home to Poplar Farm.

I remember the first time I went to Lamyatt church and the peace I felt there, though it was full of mothers and children for the family service

which John Hayward took regularly. Mrs Lockwood's four boys and one girl looked so clean and neat and tidy. I wondered why my own four never looked anything but unkempt. It was here that little Della Owen came on the scene as a friend of Janet Lockwood - both so pretty with their curly hair and spotless dresses. I never guessed that one day she would be our daughter-in-law.

I remember the cold winter of 63 and John Hayward pulling a sledge across the fields with loaves of bread and newspapers for Lamyatt, and falling into a snowdrift.

I remember preparing for a concert and trying to keep order with the Lockwoods, Richards,



Goodlands, Brunts and Grafton all fighting each other and not listening to what I said. In the end a rush journey by ambulance to Bath on a foggy Boxing Day put a stop to my only effort as a playwright/producer, and the adventure story of boys playing on Creech Hill and rescuing a stranger from a hut was never produced. And sadly I miscarried.

Lamyatt goes on changing as the years go by, but basically it is still the same as it was 100 years ago. The minutes of the parish meeting prove it. There are still complaints on the state of the road, flooded ditches, drains etc and no one has really any complaint so strong that it makes them want to drastically change the village and the people in it.

Mrs Audrey Brunt  
Poplar farm

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Mrs Sheldrick, nee Bennett, who lived with her family at Poplar Farm from 1912-1916, came to see us recently, and she told us of the memories she had of her childhood in this house.

Her father kept cows and milked them by hand in the yard and cowshed beside the house. The milk went to Ryalls for cheese making. There was no access to the farm except up a deeply rutted track, and Mrs Sheldrick remembered her father fetching coal from Evercreech Junction with horse and cart.

They had found the well when her brother dug up the garden to plant cabbages (it was wartime and vegetables were planted on every available plot of land). During the night the dirt slipped down into a great gaping hole, and they realised that her brother could easily have fallen down the well whilst digging. There was a lead pipe from the well into the back shed, where there was a pump. They had to pump water into buckets and carry them across to fill the copper which stood in the corner.

Our kitchen had been a cheese room, although it was not used in the Bennett's time. It still had a sloping stone floor to drain the water into one corner. The cheese store room was above, and Mrs Sheldrick remembered that it was only reached by a ladder through a trap door. The children were often shut up there and the ladder taken away.

Their kitchen was in the middle of the house, with an open fire in front of which the children were bathed. They sat on a settle to dry their long hair afterwards. Mrs Sheldrick's granny used the other downstairs room and she had died there. The children slept in the attic rooms. She remembered that

sometimes they crept downstairs to sit at the bottom of the stairs to listen to the records played on the wind-up gramophone. Also the girls would go into the other attic room where her mother kept sewing materials and make themselves dolls clothes after they had been sent to bed.

Young people in those days were very happy in each other's company and a group of them used to walk to Evercreech via Milton Clevedon and back along the main road on Sundays.

The saddest memory of Poplar Farm was of the tragic death of her father. He was knocked down in the orchard in front of the house by a bull and injured. They carried him in and laid him on the sofa. The doctor was sent for, but didn't come as it was late in the evening and later her father died of his injuries. As there was no decent track in the farm, they carried the coffin down across the field to the gate into Tenacre Lane.

Her mother moved into Lamyatt (house opposite Old Shop, now two new houses) afterwards, but Mrs Sheldrick's memories of her childhood at Poplar Farm were a mixture of happiness and sorrow.

Mrs Sheldrick

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We lived in one of the four thatched cottages at Milton Clevedon. One evening in April 1942, I had bathed and put David and Janet to bed and had a wash myself when an urgent knock came at the door. It was Mr Newton, a near neighbour, who said, "Mrs, do you know your roof is on fire?" I said, "My God, my children are in bed" and ran to get them, one under each arm. I put Janet in her pram - she was 18 months old and got David dressed and took them out into the garden, then went next door to help the evacuee with her six children. Someone living further along the road had a chimney fire and a spark had caught the thatch alight. There was a terrific wind at the time and the cottages were gutted out. There were seven fire brigades and they had to pump water from the river half a mile away. What made matters worse was the fact that enemy planes were overhead on their way to bomb Bath and Bristol. They were also, I think, trying to find our busy railway line to bomb.

The children and I spent three nights at the Vicarage. My husband was too upset to sleep anywhere and wondered about the village. I had no shoes to wear; Janet was only in her nightdress and David just what he was wearing. George was lucky as he had my brother's clothes - they were in the army.

Mr Sealey bought us a cottage at the village of Lamyatt. Both villages were similar - both had churches in farmyards. People were very kind and friendly.

We stayed in Lamyatt for two years and David went to school there. The children liked to go on errands to the little shop there, owned by Mrs Richards; it was quite a useful shop and saved me walking to Evercreech for groceries.

When my husband was very ill with pneumonia, Mrs Walters from the Dairy House came and sat with him and kept an eye on Janet while I got a couple of hours rest. When I wasn't at all well myself, another two friends were very good to me. When it was time to go back to Milton Clevedon, I was loath to go, although the cottage was a lot more modern - we had a proper pantry and water indoors and a water toilet. Before the fire we had a bucket toilet down the garden. It was awful on a cold wet night and we fetched our water from a village tap across the road and if it ran dry, we had to go down the hill or depend on the farmer let us have a churn of water.

M Prince  
Evercreech

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Can you remember?

Pete Gillard delivering milk with motorbike and sidecar. The milk was in the sidecar.

Harry Gibbons delivering milk with pushbike and side box. Can't mind when I tipped the bugger over?

The pheasant shoots on Creech Hill. E G Richards and Walt Matthews (beaters). Walter Reakes from Bruton used to be a stopper.

Miss Guest from Templecombe riding side saddle with the Blackmore Vale Hunt. When they met at Arthur's Bridge, she had the use of a bedroom there and spent the whole day at Lamyatt and Milton. She was a familiar sight in her top hat and veil.

The Red Cross at Mrs Ogdens during the Second World War. A firewood business was carried on at Prospect Cottage and the donkey was taken through the house at night to the shed in the garden. Another such business was carried on up Portway Hill (in the cottage owned by Mr Arnold). Albert Willmott was the owner and carried on his business with a mule and small timber carriage.

Bruton Band visiting Lamyatt once a year at Christmas to play at several houses. Memories of them on the back lawn at Montgomery, having refreshments and cider.

The shepherd's hut on the hill during lambing.

The Xmas parties and the school plays. The play produced by Bessie Goodland, where Francis Goodland had the doll with a broken leg and Maurice Richards was the doctor.

The whist drives in the attic at Dairy House run by Mrs Walters senior.

Cheesemaking at Lower Batch, Taddywoody, Higher Batch, Arthur's Bridge and Whaddon. Cider making at shop and Lower Batch and Pitney.

Jimmy Gillem returning home on timber carriage late at night fast asleep. Clem Squires taking the fodder round to the horses when they were tree felling.

The whist drives in the skittle alley of the Lodge. The private school At Mole End - pupils paying few pence a week.