

find it by the cotton flowers, the cotton grass growing there. The pit-turf we'd spine off, going straight down vertically about three foot into the bog, and at the bottom it would be really black. They would be about nine inches wide and about two inches thick, and the length would all depend on the depth of the bog. Of course you'd have a different sort of turfing spade from the one for the skin-turf, and each one you cut you'd place straight on a barrow until you had about ten to a load. Then you'd wheel them away till you were on dry land. You'd spread them around and you'd have to go back to turn them. When they were dry, the bottoms, which were jet black, would be just like a lump of coal, and it would last a long time. It was dirty, dirty fire-stuff, but it did the job.



*“Happy memories of the harvest, 1932” was written on the back of this photograph from a holidaymaker. Tom on the load, Bill on the horse and Father standing.*

When all the turfs were dry we'd bring them down on the horse and cart and build them into a giant rick near the back door of the house, ready for winter. The middle of the rick was hollow to let the air through and the dog would always go there automatically because he could see the door to the house from there. He used the turf-rick as his kennel.

As we grew up, my eldest brother, Tom, was working with Dad on the farm and my sisters were helping Mum with the holidaymakers,