

Milk Delivery in Wheatley

At one time there were seven milk rounds in Wheatley:

- Burton's from Headington
- The Co-op
- Freddie Allen's
- White and Welford's
- Trinder's
- Rose Washington's
- Eddy Harris

Eddy's father, Caleb Harris (1873-1936), had one of several milk rounds in Wheatley, collecting supplies from Old Park Farm in Holton, and from Charlie Shepherd at Ambrose Farm. When Caleb became ill in the 1920's, Eddy gave up his job at Morris' and took over the milk round himself. He delivered milk every day, including Sundays, for over thirty years – without ever having a day off. Later, apparently, Eddy and his wife bought their milk from the Home Farm on Shotover Estate. Eddie would collect the milk twice a day, sometimes going the short way from Old Road, but as there was no road across the field, more often he went through the village and around Westfield delivering on the way. The milk was brought back to their premises in Littleworth Road (opposite the school) where there was a small dairy, cart shed and stabling.

Each of the milkmen had their own labelled bottles so that they could be collected, washed, sterilised and refilled every day. They also served milk from churns to those who came out with a jug. They carried measures (pint and half-pint) for that purpose.

Christine Jackson (nee Tombs) remembers Doris (Mrs Harris) delivering milk by horse and cart to their house in London Road each day.

“The milk came in huge churns and Eddie used to visit most houses in the road. He carried one of those large buckets of milk with different sized measuring jugs attached to a metal band along the inside edge of the milk bucket. We used to meet him with our different sized milk jugs. Eddie Harris was a useful person for the children in London Road to know; most of the children used to go back home for lunch and Eddie used to finish his milk delivery about 12.30. If we timed it correctly (and we did!) he would give us a ride back to the Church Road School at about 12.45. His collection point was at The Avenue, where about six or so of us would

clamber aboard the milk cart and sit on the milk churns until he reached the upper part of the King and Queen yard — where we would clamber back off the churns and cross over to the school. Needless to say, we got it down to a fine art! ”