

**Memories of my mother Rosie Jeffs (1906 - 1988) recalling coming to Wheatley in the winter of 1909/10 This is a transcript of a recordings made in 1987/8.**

Coming down with a horse and cart, you know a van with a pony all the way from London and going up to a little lane. There was a funny little cottage (Stile Cottage) at the end of the lane, the pony stopped there and my grandmother and the man who was driving got down and moved all of the furniture in. And I was cold, I was put into a little bed that they had - like a drawer - belonging to the furniture - and told to stay there which I did.

And the next morning some men came up and they said "Mrs Parsons we want you to come down to a field with us, because there is a pony there and we are going to catch it if you would like it. Come and see it first" And the pony belonged to Mr Washington.

So that's what my grandmother did; and I toddled on behind - I was only about three - and I toddled on behind the men and we went all the way down to Muddy Lane down as far as Jackies Lane corner and into a big field where there were lots of cows and two ponies and the men had a rope - and I didn't like what they did. They had the rope and they chased the ponies round and round the field - and I was frightened - because they were looking for one pony and they had got the two ponies running. But in the end they caught the pony and they led him all the way back home to our house. And my grandmother took him down the garden and put him in a shed and she said "There, that pony's name is Kitty."

Kitty didn't like it, she kept stamping and wanting to come out and I was frightened. In the morning my grandmother got the pony out with a big rope round her and a halter and she ran her up and down the little lane - Farm Close Lane. She ran her up and down all the time and the pony kicked to reared. She didn't want to go and my grandmother coaxed her and then smacked her with a whip and the next morning she did the same thing again and she kept doing that until the pony trotted along beside her. I remember this quite clearly. And then she had a man come up and she said she was going to buy a cart and some harness - and she bought the cart and harness.

In the cottage it was funny; it had a kitchen range - a funny little kitchen range and a brick floor, a red brick floor and I didn't like it. And upstairs was funny too, three big bedrooms and I had a little tiny cot in a little alcove. It was all very funny. Our neighbours were looking out of the windows to see who had come up to live there. I was going on for four years old because I had gone three when we left London. I had gone three so I must have been getting on four time we got settled and everything.

Then my grandmother went to the market with a man, I think it was butcher White. I went too and she bought some little pigs home - two little pigs and she put them in a sty and half a dozen chickens - she put them in a box and in the morning I had to feed the chickens and feed the little pigs and they squeaked and squealed and do you know they were going to be friends of mine. One was called Betty and I don't know what the other one... they were all Bettys. We had a little boy who lived

opposite to us, he used to come down and see the pigs.

And at the corner of our road was a little shop and in the little shop they sold little tiny eggs for a farthing each - one farthing for little paper eggs. And inside the egg was a little present and the name of this lady's shop was Mrs Holland's\* I wasn't allowed down there really, but I escaped down there once or twice - I was never allowed down the lane at all - but I would go in and get this egg just for the present inside. It was all done in tissue paper - sometimes it was a little ring - worth I suppose about 10p today and that was my present.

And my grandmother thought that was very good - a very good profit on that. She thought she would start a shop herself - up the lane with two houses facing! So she goes to a shop in Oxford, which I remember well, and she bought wholesale some bottles of sweets. I was not allowed to touch them - and she bought some trays of wafers, thin wafers, oh I did like these if I could get one, and some nougat and she put them in the window. And low and behold the family opposite had three boys, so she did very well for small shop with no houses round. And also she sold Ginger beer.

But later on when the pigs got big, ha ha that was very sorry, she had to send for the butcher and so she also sold pig meat and it was all salted in a lead tray in the shop, you see, that was under a table and covered in. And I remember her doing it and she got the saltpetre and putting all over this stuff and put the pig meat in and I hated it; I didn't like it. Besides I knew it was my pig in there, my little pet pig you see.

*At this point she was asked about another incident when a pig was being killed.*

No that was a little while later, I didn't know about pig killing then much. This was the early days you see. But as I grow older and grandmother kept the pigs until they were quite big - bacon size - big pigs, I was really friendly with them. They would really follow me about everywhere and when the butcher came up to kill them I knew what he had come for. And he was grinning all over his face with the rope thrown over his shoulder - I knew that he was really a cruel man you see and he was laughing and set up a stall and grandma ...

I didn't want to get up at all, I hid under the bedclothes. I heard all scuffling and a bundle of straw coming up. I felt so sad. I then heard them get the pig and it screamed and screamed and they put it on a stool and I knew what they were doing because I've seen them do it to little ones. And I used to hope that it died quickly and I wasn't going to get out of bed at all. I was going to stay there and I died with the pig. I used to say my prayers as little girl and I did pray that it would die quickly because its crying was getting weaker and weaker and I was so unhappy. And also the little boy opposite was unhappy too because he used to feed this pig Betty and he was unhappy.

And sometime later when I had got over it bit and getting near lunchtime you could hear this little boy crying to his mum because he didn't want pigs bum for his dinner do you see, and she said "Our Curly you've got to have pigs bum for your dinner" "I don't want no pig's bum". He didn't want any slices of pig and neither did I.

The neighbours used to come up and buy the bacon and buy the entrails and all the fat and the blood from the pig to make hog pudding - makes me sick to think of it and I just detested that part about it. My grandmother was in her element selling all this offal from the pig but she never got the money from half the people and they owe her to this day. She used to keep calling but they couldn't pay her, they got it all for nothing, but she was happy if she felt she was making a profit, you know, on the little bit she did collect.

We'd a pony down there you see and she had to be fed and we hadn't got a field to graze in, so my grandmother used to take a big knife and she would go across all up the roads to Milton and all along the side path she cut the grass - pick all the grass which had the best clover in. I thought that I'd give her a hand you see, she had only a sickle and I used to think it was great to see her cutting with this. So I thought I'd have a go. Then I saw my grandmother, she was sharpening it, you see, this hook and as she sharpened it I thought that was good, I thought I'd sharpen mine. I forgot to turn the corner of the sickle, I sharpened it as if it was straight, I cut my finger, I cut it to the bone, how about that?

We put the hay in the cart and as I was so heavy - I always thought that I was the heaviest person in Wheatley, my grandmother used to get me to trample it down tight and as it grew up bigger I didn't like climbing up on it. Especially as the roads were all full of bumps and everything, because they weren't made up in those days. And she would say "Go on, get on top, trample it down." When I got up the Milton Road, getting towards Wheatley Bridge, she used to turn it all round to come home you see. I'd be on top, the hay was all bouncy and when she went down a rut I'd bounce off, fall off you see. "Go on" she would say "get on up again, that won't hurt you." and I used to have to get up again. Really I wanted tying on I suppose. Anyway we manage to come up by the river and get home.

And then my grandmother, she'd take all the hay from the cart and put it up Farm Close Lane - right in the lane. So next morning - it was in the Summer of course - she used to dry it all off; go out in the morning and turn it all over. She would go every day and get some and dry it like that out in the lane and then she would make a haystack as big as any young farmer would make and she'd get up and toss the hay on top and get me to smooth it over.

We didn't have any help because my grandfather wasn't there you see.

*This next paragraph involves two stiles - the first one at the end of the path to the station and the second one was opposite on the other side of the railway lines.*

I was about nearly five. I used to have to go to the farm and collect one pint of milk for three halfpence from Dennis's farm and I had to do that before I went to school. I mustn't be late for school so I used to hurry. And often, when I got as far as the station, there were two rows of trucks in front of the stile. Get over the stile and facing you on the yard are two rows of trucks. And I used to go under the trucks, I used to listen, couldn't hear a thing coming and I would go under the trucks and come out the other side and then run up the little alleyway up to the farm. Well one day when I got

through the trucks, I could hear everybody shouting - and shouting at me and I didn't know what for. Apparently there was a train shuffling along nice and quietly up towards me just by the signal box. And I just managed to get across the line as the wheels were almost on my heels. And that's true. I was absolutely petrified when I looked round and saw what had happened Everybody called me everything - I was only a little girl - everybody said that my grandmother shouldn't allow me up there. The stationmaster went down to see my grandmother and said I shouldn't go across there anymore. In future I had to go up over the bridge up to the farm. You see, that really did frighten me.

We used to take our cakes to the bakery and have them baked for a penny. You would take them to Mr Hughes's bakery shop. In order to do that I used to have to go across the field - Farm Close Field you see - passed the little tiny school - where we used to go to school and down the village to Hughes's bakery. Well my grandmother used to mix this cake up and put it in a tin, put a piece of paper over the top as say "Go on, mind how you go, don't be long". And so of course I was hurrying - I wasn't being long - and I fell over - out came all the mixture, which I hastily got together and put it back in the tin and ran to the bakery. My grandmother could never understand why I wouldn't have a piece of cake. But I didn't; I wouldn't have a piece of cake. I didn't dare tell her what had happened, but I got it baked alright for one penny - grit as well!

### **Travel by pony and trap.**

*Who was the village carrier?*

In those days, as far as I remember, Mr Washington... Jack Washington. I don't know, there was a Mr Huxter but I think Jack Washington was first. I can't remember anyone else at the moment. My grandmother used to do a lot of fetching and carrying for people with the pony and trap. And she'd take people to Oxford for five shillings in those days. It was five shillings; they would go to Oxford and they would go down to Butlers and collect all their groceries there. That was Butlers where Westgate is now. My grandmother used to get bread, bananas, oranges, cakes, chicken meal, pig meal all tucked in the cart with one passenger apart from ourselves. The poor pony used to struggle up Headington Hill, often she would say "You must get out and walk up the hill." It's too much.

One day, when we were down in the High Street, we'd got a lady with us, she was very genteel you know, and ladylike. To emphasise the fact that we were loaded up with oranges, bananas, bread and everything else, when the trap floor gave way and everything fell out and rolled down the High Street. It was terrible because I was really a bit older by then and I felt very embarrassed to think all the students came and picked up bread and bananas, oranges and apples. Also we used to have a lot of in those days - you could buy broken biscuits - you had lovely bags of broken biscuits about sixpence or something like that. That was the cream of the biscuits in those broken biscuits - and they all went on the floor, so what my grandmother did - she got the old lady - our feet by the way - the pony went to move on when the floor fell out

so we had to walk a few steps because we were on the floor. Everybody was laughing. The students those in days wore mortar board hats and they looked very aristocratic you know; you would never think that they would come and help with their mortar boards and their capes flying behind - but they did. And so then we put the board back on the slot, told the old lady to keep her feet just right and we just walked steadily as far as Eglestons where Mr Egleston came out and hammered the floor in for us to get home with. It was very funny, oh dear!  
I remember all those days well.

*What did the carrier get for Wheatley people in Oxford?*

The carrier? Anything you asked for. He would go and buy it and bring it with the bill and charge so much - a few pence for delivery.

We didn't buy anything off him, we had our own pony you see.

We went to Abingdon every Monday, Tuesday we went to Thame, on Wednesday we went to Oxford, sometimes on Thursday we went to High Wycombe. Friday was Oxford again.

*How long did it take to get to High Wycombe?*

Oh ages, but it didn't matter, Granny took it in stages. She did find that it was a long way for the pony but we used to go. Give the pony a nice rest and a feed when we got there.

*About three or four hours?*

No it didn't, it didn't take all that long.

What about Abingdon? that's a fair way. Abingdon used to make the pony tired I can tell you.

*What were the roads like?*

Pot holes and bumps. And there were very few motorbikes about - one or two. Hardly any cars, I don't think we saw any cars - when we did it was quite a novelty. And the pony didn't like a motorbike - she'd shy and rear and run backwards and tip us in the ditch.

*Did you see motorbikes when you first came to Wheatley?*

No I didn't.

The pony would go mad in a thunderstorm.

## **First World War**

*You don't remember much about the 1st world war do you?*

No, except hearing how dreadful it was, that's all - being frightened about it. I don't remember much about it. All the songs - "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "It's a

Long Way to Tipperary" everybody singing that.

*Didn't you knit things?*

Yes, knitted things - socks at school for the soldiers. I used to knit socks at school for the soldiers - and I got a prize for knitting. I must have made good socks. And they were all khaki - I got fed up with khaki - khaki socks.

## **Shops in the village**

When I was little there was Mr Halls - he had the bakery, Mr Hughes with the grocery on the corner of Holloway, I think there was a Mr Ted Shepherd at Oxford House - he had a nice little grocery store. Of course there was Earnest Sheldon, he had a cycle shop in Church Road. I think it was Sally Gomm who ran the Chequers shop in those days and there was Mrs Holland at the corner shop - Farm Close Road. Mrs Holland's shop had ... Papa and Mama and the daughter - oh and they had the granny - granny was doing bobbin work - making lace with bobbins. And that was lovely. And they sold penny nougats, farthing Easter eggs - they were only a farthing and I used to have one every morning before school. Inside the eggs were little presents all done up in paper ... penny for a great big slab of nougat.

Mrs Holland's shop was a living room and a work room for needlework. She was a very tiny little lady who sat in the corner doing needlework. She was a very busy woman when she would get up and serve you a bar of nougat for a penny. Her daughter Nancy was a chief singer in the church - chapel. Mr Holland worked on the railway. Inside was a dining table - all the bits and bobs of a living room in the old fashioned style - and the lace pillow in the window - just in before the sweets was a lace pillow - being worked at - and granny used to work that like lightning - got all the pins and bobs. And I used to go in there every morning. My grandmother - she had a shop too. I liked the Holland's sweets better than my grandmother's - although they all came from the same depot, they all came from Cooper or somewhere in Oxford.

Mr Harris's shop I remember and he would pull your tooth out for a shilling. He pulled mine out and I kicked him because it was painful - we didn't have any anaesthetic in those days. And he sold drugs. He was ever so sweet - he was a really old fashioned old chap.

*What tooth was it?*

I know it was a back one - because I had to open very wide so it must have been a back one. There wasn't a proper dentist's chair - it was an ordinary chair. The other side of the shop they had a Miss White serving behind the counter - she was always afraid she hadn't got something. She was selling lingerie - cottons, fancy goods. When you went in she nearly always said "Well I'm sorry I haven't got this or I haven't got any in" she was noted for that. It was a very immaculate shop anyway.

Where else was there now? Mr Dungey, I think he was here then - right the top of Wheatley - the middle - I didn't go in there. Also we had a butchers on the corner - what was his name - I can't remember his name at the moment. Yes Mr Stanley - they called him left head because his head was on one side to the left - his head hung to the left all the time. I think his head was sideways because he was born like that.

*Was there ever a butchers where Wendy and Malcolm live now ?*

Yes Mr White - they lived in the house opposite the Merry Bells. Called The Slaughterhouse now isn't it? He used to come and kill our pigs for us - that butcher did - and do any killing. Also he used to go to market with my grandmother and tell her what to buy in the way of little pigs and so on.

There was a post office at the top of the village - Station Road - well in the middle of the village leading up to Station Road - what do you call it? in the crossroads there.

## **At school**

My very first memories was running away to our house because I thought playtime was going home time. If I was a bit late I didn't want to go - because I could hear them singing as I went across Farm Close Lane. You could hear them singing *All Things Bright and Beautiful* I remember - coming through the hedgerow - and I thought oh I'm late - and I used to have to run across there. They had lovely little classrooms - very cosy with a nice warm bogey lamp in the centre - little chairs - bucket chairs they were. Even in those days they had nice little basins and places to hang your coat as you go in. Miss Christian ran the school - that was the tiny school in Bell Lane. She had a bell bigger than herself. She was only a tiny little woman; she had a deformity which I didn't know about and she had a bell which was a huge size and she used to clang it people to line up.

*Was she kind?*

I didn't find she was kind, I didn't care about her, contrary to what everybody said. I was frightened of her, she wasn't unkind. She always had a stick - she used to swish it about - she was never without her stick - it was a swish stick too. There was Miss Chapman, her father was a builder in Wheatley. Miss Chapman was a very beautiful woman - kind person, I liked her very much. She used to take us for reading and sewing - we used to make mats with coloured paper. Thread your coloured paper through and make designs. Singing was the best - I liked the singing, we learnt the singing with do ray me far so style - tonic sol-fa. That was lovely, I really liked that.

*What songs did you sing?*

Ah, my songs. Darky Doll was one. Do you want me to sing it?

*I had a doll as black as ink,  
He is an Indian I think.*

*His hair is black his teeth are white  
This song I sing to him at night.  
Sleep my little darky boy  
You are mother's dearest joy  
Moon will shine and stars will peep  
Over darky doll will sleep*

Wasn't that pretty? I used to love it. The other one was the butterfly, we used to sit under the tree and sing all about the butterfly. Do you want to hear that one? Well it goes like this. We all sat under the tree - there was a big long seat and I think there were conkers around at that time too and they all used to fall off. The teacher would come out and say "We will sing the Lilac Bow" and there was a tree with lilac on too. I don't know if it was just about then but there always was a tree. Yes it goes ...

*The lilac bough is the butterfly's home  
The roof is the sky so blue  
The mossy carpet gayly spread  
With leaves of a spangled hue  
There's no need to worry  
No need to fret  
Nothing at all to do  
But flit flit flutter and fly fly fly  
All of the long day through*

That was our song, when the sun was shining beautiful outside. Of course we did the spider's thing didn't we.

*Will you walk into my parlour said the spider to the fly'  
It was the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy*

You be the fly; you used to have to shake your head.

*Will you. will you walk in Mrs Fly?  
Will you will you walk in Mrs Fly?*

And she shook her head and said no. And that went on until she finally did go in and the old spider got her. We did that under the trees.

*The big school*

Our school - how can I say - was very strict. These schools today are so different.

*How did you get on with Mr Leyshon?*

I got on alright with Mr Leyshon, but I didn't get on with Mrs Leyshon. At least I would but she didn't get on with me. I was frightened of her because she used to box your ear for the least thing and she boxed mine once or twice. And I thought she boxed them for nothing because I don't remember what I did. That's a fact.

*Were there rough lads there?*

Yes, quite a lot of rough lads. I didn't mix with them much - they were rough - pushed about. The girls were spiteful too - some of them. Some from this village - always hitting you - when you came home from school - come out and hit you and you didn't know what for. Didn't dare complain or you would get two on to you instead of one.

*What about Mr Leyshon and the evacuees?*

Mr Leyshon - I don't think that he liked Jewish children - he used to get a bit upset with them. But he was alright with me because I likes music and he liked to show off with it.

*What did he do with that Jewish boy?*

Gave him a good whacking for being late - really lost his head on it - thrashed him thoroughly.

*What did he say?*

I know what he did say - something Jew, because he was late. Which upset me a lot - that was towards the end of the war - and the boy - Maurice - begged me not to tell them at home what had happened. Of course I didn't - he wasn't telling his parents either - so the parents didn't know anything about it.

*And was he late?*

He didn't come in until after prayers because he wasn't the same religion you see. He'd done it a lot - no-one took any notice. But this one particular time old Mr L seemed as though he'd lost his head and set about him with a stick - gave him a thorough thrashing in front of all the class. And do you know old Bertie Barrett - only just died - but he remembered it. I met him at the old folk's free house - MerryBells - and talked about school days. I asked him if he remembered about this affair and he said yes he did. And he did not care about his headmaster.

*The only reason he hit him was because he was Jewish?*

Yes that's right. No one can say any different because I am sure other people remembered it.

## **Trouble at Crown Cottage**

There was PC Cherry, he came down at my mother's husband's funeral, I remember and didn't do anything. He was supposed to guard us - I was about twelve - everything happened - all the people came out to turn my mother out and turn the pig out. Because she hadn't been married long you see and her husband got pneumonia - in Avery's work shed - cleaning out the engines I think - boilers - and within a fortnight he'd died. So that didn't please the family naturally - they thought my mother had done him in I think. So they all came up in the middle...

*How long were they married?*

About a fortnight - three weeks - something like that. Bad luck wasn't it? He died in terrible pain because I was there. All the doctor could prescribe was brandy - "Brandy - give him brandy." They sat up with him every night, my mother and my granny. It was very bad.

*And his family stormed your house?*

They did, they came to turn her out - twenty one people which he foretold - twenty one. Before he died he said there would be twenty one. My mother wondered what he was talking about He told her "Be careful, there's twenty one of them." And they all trooped down straight from Wheatley Church to the house. We'd been warned the night before about it, there was going to be this upset. So we told the policeman about it and asked him to come and stand by, which he did. It made no difference, they came down and went straight to the pig sty to turn out the pig and of course they swore like a trooper when there was no pig there. Because the night before the butcher had taken it up to his butchery - at 12 o'clock at night.

*The recording stops here but here is how the story ends as written by my mother.*

*My sister and I were told not to let anyone in whilst mother and gran were at the funeral, I/we saw the people coming and got ready to let mother and gran in. As the crowd approached the garden gate someone shouted "Fetch the bloody pig out first" and they made a rush for the pigsty. Mother and gran pushed in indoors and bolted the door. It was disgraceful. When it was discovered the pig had gone, the crowd went mad. "Chuck the furniture out" they shouted.*

*Mother tried to tell them that only the son and daughter were entitled to come and talk over any business and take anything that was theirs that they were entitled to, and they should come in and do it the right way.*

*"Break the door in", they shouted.*

*the policeman might as well have stayed at home. The door was shoved partly in by three or four people. I got someone's hair and pulled through the crack in the door. The chair was still holding. In the meantime, the ringleader had bolted off home and one or two dispersed. At last from an upstairs window, mother got some kind of attention.*

*"Go home you disgraceful people" she cried "I will only admit James's children when you have gone. "*

*At last it quietened down and I knew it was the end of terrible ordeal.*

*The son and daughter took the baby brother and one or two objects they considered they should have and that was that. It was the end of another chapter for my mother. Afterwards the house was let and mother went to a big town as a companion to a lady where very, soon she met again with a tragedy. On getting off the bus whilst in motion, she slipped and was run over by motorist and so my sister was left for a time*

*in the care of an aunt. I stayed with my grand as before.*

## **The Merry Bells - during and just after the First World War**

*Her grandmother calling to collect her from the Merry Bells.*

... if I wasn't at the Merry Bells when she called down there, there would be a big row. In other words I could have been upstairs in one of the dressing rooms and "I should have been in the Merry Bells Hall" - her words.

*Earliest memories of the Merry Bells.*

My very earliest was doing country dancing. Joining a group country dancing - up the arches, under the arches - foursomes. I wasn't very old - about thirteen I think. I wasn't old according to my granny - she didn't let me out until I was about sixteen.

*Piano playing.*

I think that was one of the chief reasons that I was invited was because if someone fell out playing the piano or didn't turn up I could play it by ear. They didn't have to wait for anyone - if I was there I would play. All the old ones - the lancers, military two steps - all the old fashioned ones.

*This was for dances?*

Yes.

*Who was in your band?*

Nobody was in a band at that moment - about the time that I am talking - it wasn't a band yet but when I started to play the piano Arthur Basset would get up and come in and beat time - so that got to be a habit. A girl from Waterperry - she played the violin so we used to play nice little waltzes - soft time - one two three beats, very sweet with a violin. Violin and piano. Archy Basset used to have a drum but we didn't have a drum band or anything like that - we just used to have this thing because we wanted to have a band.

*There were just three of you?*

To start with - violinist, pianist and... As far as I remember there were three of us. Violinist - that was Rose somebody from Waterperry - Morgan. Archy had great ambitions to be a bandsman - he used to give occasional exhibitions with the band - with the drums.

*Did you ever play for dances on your own?*

Yes I did quite often.

*How old were you then?*

Roughly speaking about fourteen ... fifteen. I played by ear. I could just read simple band tunes out of the book the rest I knew by ear. 19.04

*Cassie Cripps used to play as well?*

Cassie was the organist, she was paid to play - she was employed to play the piano. But I wouldn't like to say it but she didn't play as well as I did. She had the book, she played by the book or not at all. You know what it's like if you play by the book - you play the right notes - you've got to keep on until you get the right notes. That didn't matter to me because I made it sound right whatever it was. That was the difference - in playing by ear. Because if you play by ear you play as you've heard it and that coordinates. If you play how you know it is in the book, you've got to find those special fingers and that doesn't go you see - that's the difference.

*How many years did you do that?*

Well whenever they wanted me. After I was about fourteen or fifteen I used to go down whenever there was something, as long as / was in early and granny didn't have to fetch me I was alright. She didn't like me being out past eleven, no way, I was not allowed out past eleven. And she used to be very angry with me - give you a dog's life.

*When did the first films come to the Merry Bells?*

Oh - beginning of the war, First World War, they used to come two nights a week - two nights in about a month.

*You mean two nights a week?*

Yes, they would do a whole film in two nights. Then they would move on. Do Waterperry or somewhere else.

*Did you play the piano for that?*

They wanted me to go to Waterperry but Granny wouldn't let me go. *Wouldn't let me go out with them. I played here - here at the Merry Bells.*

*How did you know what to play?*

They said what was coming on - a fight or whatnot - I just played bits of music I thought for a fight - that's all. With silent films you could see what was on. For a love scene you could draw it down, play something soft. And they would give me five bob for that, which was a lot then. I thought it was great!