



Joyce Smith

“But by the Christmas of that first year, I think we went in June, by that Christmas my uncle Brin who’d been digging up, he hitchhiked to Stafford just to make sure we kids were alright. So he could tell mum first hand what was going on with us and he stayed at the farmhouse with us, sleeping downstairs in the chair, and helping the next day with the farm. And he dug us out of all the snow. We, we couldn’t, we had to go to school over the fields because we couldn’t get up the drive it was six foot high and packed with snow and of course he just dug it out, and all the villagers came to have a look you know they couldn’t believe that he’d done it. When we said to him “Oh Uncle Brin did you really do that?” and he said “Well, I’ve been digging chalk haven’t I? This is just a little bit of snow” and he was laughing at them because he felt I mean they didn’t bother they were just going to wait until it melted they were taking the milk churns up through the fields to same way as my sister and I went to school but he, so they could get the cart up with the horse and the milk churns on the back, he just cleared it all the way up and then he went, went home I think maybe he did it because he wanted to get to the station and went back to let mum know that we were quite safe and happy and you know, we’d had time to settle down by then.”