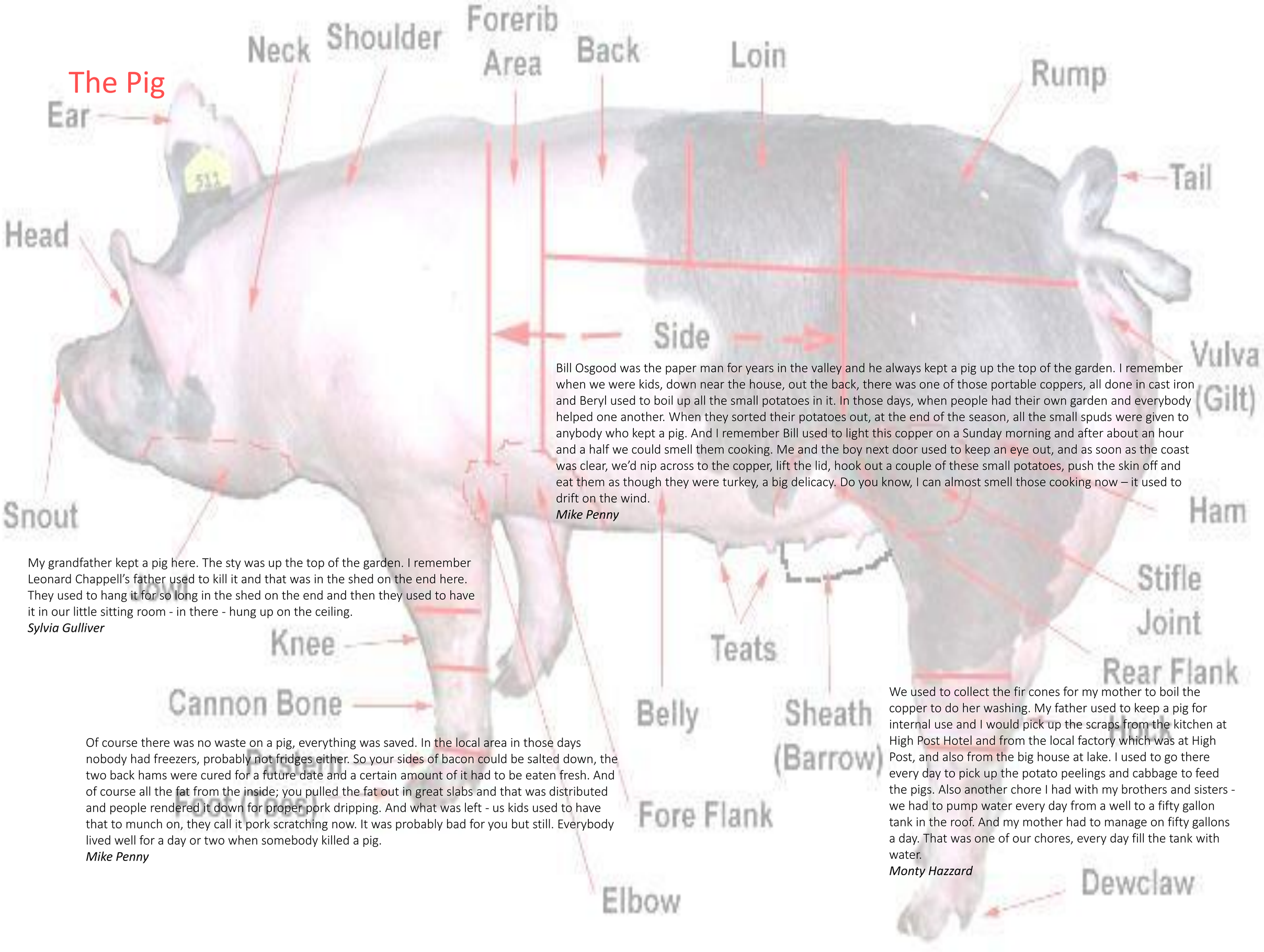
The Pig



Bill Osgood was the paper man for years in the valley and he always kept a pig up the top of the garden. I remember when we were kids, down near the house, out the back, there was one of those portable coppers, all done in cast iron and Beryl used to boil up all the small potatoes in it. In those days, when people had their own garden and everybody helped one another. When they sorted their potatoes out, at the end of the season, all the small spuds were given to anybody who kept a pig. And I remember Bill used to light this copper on a Sunday morning and after about an hour and a half we could smell them cooking. Me and the boy next door used to keep an eye out, and as soon as the coast was clear, we'd nip across to the copper, lift the lid, hook out a couple of these small potatoes, push the skin off and eat them as though they were turkey, a big delicacy. Do you know, I can almost smell those cooking now – it used to drift on the wind.

Mike Penny

My grandfather kept a pig here. The sty was up the top of the garden. I remember Leonard Chappell's father used to kill it and that was in the shed on the end here. They used to hang it for so long in the shed on the end and then they used to have it in our little sitting room - in there - hung up on the ceiling.

Sylvia Gulliver

Of course there was no waste on a pig, everything was saved. In the local area in those days nobody had freezers, probably not fridges either. So your sides of bacon could be salted down, the two back hams were cured for a future date and a certain amount of it had to be eaten fresh. And of course all the fat from the inside; you pulled the fat out in great slabs and that was distributed and people rendered it down for proper pork dripping. And what was left - us kids used to have that to munch on, they call it pork scratching now. It was probably bad for you but still. Everybody lived well for a day or two when somebody killed a pig.

Mike Penny

We used to collect the fir cones for my mother to boil the copper to do her washing. My father used to keep a pig for internal use and I would pick up the scraps from the kitchen at High Post Hotel and from the local factory which was at High Post, and also from the big house at lake. I used to go there every day to pick up the potato peelings and cabbage to feed the pigs. Also another chore I had with my brothers and sisters - we had to pump water every day from a well to a fifty gallon tank in the roof. And my mother had to manage on fifty gallons a day. That was one of our chores, every day fill the tank with water.

Monty Hazzard