

I left school at 14 in 1941 and went to work for Uncle Arthur for 10/- a week. The second week there he gave me 12/6 - he must have thought I was worth a bit more.

We opened the shop at 8.30 until 6, six days a week with half day on Thursday. It was hard graft those days, but something we enjoyed. Raisins, sultanas, currants, flour even tea all had to be weighed up. It all came in from Copelands in Norwich, sometimes twice a week. The bacon came by train to Whitwell station, it was wrapped in sacking. Even Palethorpe's pork pies came by rail. We had to cut up the sides of bacon, back, streaky, shoulder whatever - the gammons and hams were cut up and cooked at the back of the shop.

I worked there for 30 years, staying to help Mr. and Mrs. Booth for a time when they bought the shop from Uncle Arthur. Then I went into Norwich to work for Copelands, which became Bookers until I retired.

Arthur Hardiment
Moorhouse Close