

LOST SOUNDS

BY BRIAN SAUNDERS

AS I LOOK BACK OVER SIXTY YEARS AND MORE TO THE TIME I WAS A SCHOOLBOY LIVING IN THE BLACKSMITHS YARD I RECALL THE EVERYDAY SOUNDS WHICH ARE NO MORE.

ANIMALS:

HEAVY CART HORSES AS THEY PULLED THE CARTS AND WAGONS UP AND DOWN THE LANE. PONY AND TRAP USUALLY MR. TOM PINNEY OR THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

PIGS GRUNTING, THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE HAD A PIG-STY IN THEIR GARDEN. FLOCKS OF SHEEP BEING DRIVEN IN THE LANE BY MEN AND DOGS.

CATTLE CONGREGATING IN THE GATEWAY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LANE WAITING TO BE MILKED.



THE RING OF THE BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER ON THE ANVIL. MR. GEORGE RANDS' STEAM ENGINE TOWING THE THRASHING TACKLE. STEAM TRAINS SOUNDING THEIR WHISTLE AT BILLING STATION (AN INDICATOR OF THE WIND DIRECTION). THE DOOR BELL THAT RANG WHEN ENTERING MR. GREENHAM'S SWEET SHOP. EARLS BARTON SILVER BAND PARADING ROUND THE VILLAGE BEFORE GOING TO THE CHURCH TO PLAY IN THE GALLERY FOR ECTON FEAST. STRUDWICK'S FAIR IN THE FIELD NEXT TO THE WORLDS END PLAYING HIT TUNES OF THE DAY. IT WAS HERE I SAW THE FIRST AUTOMATIC RECORD PLAYER FOR 78 RECORDS.

ALSO A FEW SMELLS:

THE BLACKSMITH BURING THE HOT SHOE ON TO THE HORSES' HOOF. THE HOT TAR WHEN THE ROAD WAS GRITTED. EVEN NICER THE SMELL OF NEW BREAD WHEN YOU FETCHED A LOAF FROM MR. CAMPION'S BAKERY.



THE SOUNDS OF TODAY:

POLICE SIRENS, MICROLITE AIRCRAFT AND MOBILE PHONES.



photo courtesy from the artist