

Continued  
of Peter  
Rodger Quinn

## PETER RODDIN.

Peter Roddin - another worthy that  
traveled the Bowdland - but quite  
unlike Rodger Quinn, he really was  
a dirty and tramp man. He had  
his "places" where he knew he could  
stay over night and be given a  
"piece" and a jug o' tea, and maybe  
an aged coat. He was not too  
anxious to do a wee job. My old  
home <sup>in Lathrow</sup> was one of his 'resting' places  
and much to our amusement  
and horror - his favourite place of  
rest, was the huge dung midden  
behind the byre - Peter would get a  
grape (fork) out of the byre and go  
up on to the high dung midden -

(In those days dung middens were  
kept - built up neat, as in time they  
were carted out and put into "hots"  
in the fields - then spread over.  
Not like the slurry to day)  
Peter - would dig himself a

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huge grave like hole in the Dung -  
and then get in to it and settle down  
for the night - all clothes on of course,  
and in the morning - all to be seen  
was the bonnet on his head, sticking  
up out of the steam of the midden  
in the cold of early morning. Then  
Peter would wriggle out - wipe himself  
down - fish out his Baccy and pipe  
and with fingers sticking out from  
his half mits, he would light up -  
then up to the back door of the house -  
for his breakfast, where usually he  
would be given (outside I might add)  
a piece consisting of two great  
door steps of bread, with some nice  
fat fried ham in between, and a  
jug of tea. One such time my  
Grandfather, gave him an old jacket  
he had no more use for, and Peter  
put it on, and being rather a wee  
man - (my grandfather was over 6 ft.)  
so the jacket - reached Peter's feet →

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3/ But Peter just beamed all over, and put it on - and just rolled up the sleeves. It was difficult to know just how many coats Peter had on because he never discarded any but just put one garment on top of the other, as he was given them. One old such ~~Barber~~<sup>Burbury</sup> rain coat he had - was so glossy with "shuezzing" into dung middens he looked like a brown glassie - he really was a filthy old tramp and never washed or cut his hair or beard, which was long, and in straggly matts, hanging down over his chest, over his greasier coat front. We believe he was admitted later on to the 'workhouse as time went by - but needless to say, it would hardly be to work from choice - but to whom ever had to clean him up - deserved a medal. But for all his dirt,

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4 habits and Peter, was aye taken care of by the country folks — he never harmed any one. He was just a Smellie old tramp, that walked the roads, and folks took pity on him and showed him kindness — with food and clothes. To day the modern 'tramp' gets food and clothing from the "Social" —

I wonder, if to day Peter would have enjoyed that — doubtful — as he would have had to take a bath, and there would be no nice warm "medders" for him to wallow in, and Smellie, as he was, I could not see him in the 'Shermitank' of to day!

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Sabelle Pittman

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