Everything was cooked by a fire and a little Dutch oven which was a small oven about a foot long which had a lid on, which you put in front of the fire, and you’d lift the back up. If you had sausage, you used to hang them on hooks. If you wanted – at Christmas time, when we wanted a meal, a good meal cooked, we used to take it to the bakehouse, along the road, and my father always used to buy what they call a sucking pig. That was a small pig for Christmas. And he’d get up early on Christmas morning, and mother as well, and he’d prepare the dinner, take it to the bakehouse who would cook it for fourpence and then your potatoes would be tuppence. But there was one stipulation – that that had to be collected by one o clock. If not, you had to leave it for three or four days after Christmas. That meant that everybody used to sit down to Christmas dinner. When you’re coming home from school, always used to look at mother and if she was only wearing one stocking, then we’d know we’d got spotted dick for pudding – they used to boil the spotted dick in mother’s stocking [laughs] to keep it together.