

The Pettifers of Creampot Lane

By Agnes, Gertrude and Dorothy Marjorie Pettifer. Edited by Pamela Keegan.



Mrs. Pettifer, Dolly and Gertrude.

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The Cottage in Creampot Lane.

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INTRODUCTION

"I was born down the Lane. I'm a native of Cropredy." Agnes Gertrude Pettifer was the middle child of five, who lived in a stone and thatched cottage in North Oxfordshire. Her parents, William and Edith Pettifer had returned, after a short spell in Birmingham, to settle down in their own village. Here Gertrude was born on the 10th of May 1896 in their cottage down Creampot Lane.

The Brasenose College, Oxford, had long owned the old farm house, which a former tenant had turned into two or three cottages at the beginning of the century. The Bursar's contact in Cropredy was Mr William Anker who had recommended the family as "Very respectable and tidy," in 1895 [see p.ix]. The Pettifer's cottage was larger than most for a further bay of building next to theirs, was used as an outhouse or scullery. Gertie's mother Edith asked for a small galvanised washing furnace to be installed. This would enable her to earn a contribution to the household budget by taking in washing. Another convenience was the College water supply which reached Creampot Lane in 1894 and supplied two outside taps for the use of their tenants. Fifty years before, in 1847, each cottage was provided with a drain outside their door [2]. One annoyance, which was never cured, was the overflow from the old farm pond. This passed through the scullery, which may be the reason this one room single storey cottage became just an outhouse.

These were two very pleasant cottages, but the structural repairs often took a while to be seen to. The College repaired the plaster, whitened the ceiling and repapered the walls for tenants [3]. Yet no amount of decorating could prevent the south facing windows from shrinking and letting in draughts. Although the sun warmed the cottage by day, the screen by the door and shutters at the windows, barely kept the fresh air out after dark. In those days all the heating had to come from the living room fire.

When most farm houses were converted into cottages, each new dwelling consisted of one bay of about sixteen feet deep, by eleven feet across. Out of this was taken the stairs and pantry at the rear. The Pettifer's was lit by a small window. A door closed off the winding stairs up to the landing bedroom, which was without a window until 1897 [4]. The upper floor was divided by a partition along the spine beam, and lit at the front by a three light window. The King's cottage next door had the old farm inglenook fireplace on the west gable wall.

Gertrude's Father, William Pettifer, found work on the Lawn Farm, where his father John and Grandfather Edward had worked before him. Edward Pettifer came from Charlton and married a Cropredy girl, Mary Gardner in 1837. At that time the Chamberlin's still farmed Cropredy Lawn, which was the largest farm in the parish. He employed a shepherd, Thomas Beecham, who left in 1840 and later succeeded in opening a factory in St Helens, Lancashire, where he manufactured Beecham's Pills. An earlier shepherd was William Cherry who was sacked for entertaining a Methodist minister. Although reinstated the injustice lingered on [see appendix two p.125 & 126]. Edward Pettifer's son John, and William Cherry's

grandson William, were to play their parts on the first Parish Council in 1894, for which they had the highest number of votes [5]. Mr William Anker, a staunch Church man, must have thought very highly of their capabilities for he spoke for them, even though he was not in favour of liberal thinking or Methodism.

In 1872 Thomas Beecham wrote to Thomas Giles, who had once worked alongside him on the Lawn farm. Giles left to find work as a maltster in Banbury and put by enough to emigrate to Australia, where he prospered. "I was happy to hear you was doing well and that you turned your talent to a better account than being satisfied in a most miserable condition such as all are placed in who work their lives out on a farm for a paltry few shillings a week"[6]. In Australia Giles built a stone mission hall, a doctor's residence and a row of cottages still called "Joel's Row."

Edward Pettifer remained and so did his four children who married and brought up their families in Cropredy [p.121]. His eldest son John had nine children, one of which was William, Gertie's Father. They were brought up to attend Chapel and William was an active member all his life. He left politics to his Father and a Brother George, but did become a committee member of the Cropredy Club and Reading room, which almost all the young men of the village attended, and although the Vicar had the last say in the running of the club, many progressive thinkers were members. The employers still owned the cottages, controlled the education, charities, and took part in the administration of the Banbury Union. Employees must keep their place or lose their work and cottage. The Vicar, though respected, still had his way over a political issue at the club for the Liberal County Councillor Major Slack had lent papers and underlined certain points to be brought to the members attention. This was approved of by a majority of the members, but stopped by the Vicar who referred back to the club rules. [7].

Cottagers must be tough to endure the poverty brought about by low wages. Fortunately their honesty, patience and courage, brought forth the best in most of them, though Gertrude's parents could not afford to be soft hearted. Women and men had no one but themselves to fall back on. Mrs Edith Pettifer must rely on her own resources to keep the family going. Besides washing she used her talents to deliver babies, to sit with those who were ill, and lay out the departed.

Dr Jasper Bartlett came to rely upon Mrs Pettifer, or Mrs French, to take charge, knowing he would be called in if necessary. At that time untrained midwives were often blamed for the high death rate in babies, yet Edith lost none of the hundred she delivered, not even the Tasker twins. Her patients found her friendly, reasonable and less likely to embarrass them with their lack of equipment, as a stranger would have done. In 1902 an Act allowed communities to collect for a trained nurse. Edith carried on. Having more time, or just one patient on her hands, she always hesitated to hurry the baby along, unless things were going wrong She would be there patiently waiting, which was something the busy professionals could not always afford to do. By 1930 people throughout the British Isles were astonished to learn that the death rate was rising in spite of the increasing number of trained nurses. Before the first World War, everyone co-operated at child-birth, illness, death and even unemployment. There was an expected code of behaviour in a population living in an uncomfortable state of poverty.

From Edith's extra earnings, her five children took precious weekly pence to the Band of Hope Clothing club, as she had done as a child. There amongst the yearly totals are Lizzie, Emily, Gertrude, Samuel and Kathie, and later her grand-daughter Dolly. This club helped towards keeping them as warmly clad as possible. Apparently the money was spent at the Banbury Cash Drapery Store [8]. Other savings were made by buying at the village Co-op the few items that had to be purchased. Mrs Pettifer took upon herself the repairs of the weekday boots, but Sunday boots went to George Pargeter's.

Gertie recalled having dry boots because of her Mother's skill, but also because Cropredy had good pavements, higher than the muddy lanes, almost down to the school. Other children who had to trudge across wet fields and down muddy roads, sat all day with wet feet and clothes. Village children suffered from damp related illnesses far more than their town cousins, as some research has shown. Both William and his wife Edith also believed in home cures and preventative medicines. Mrs Pettifer was very aware of the care needed when someone was ill. She had been rescued as a young servant through the timely intervention of her employer insisting on good nursing. Whether she was encouraged, while in the Horton Hospital to one day try to help the sick, or later from necessity, she certainly saved her daughter Gertrude from pneumonia by very careful nursing.

William had all the skills and understanding of farm work, but none of the capital to start up on his own. In his father's and grandfather's time milk was replacing corn. Butter was sent weekly to Banbury market by basket, but this was costly in labour and soon more profit was made by sending milk on the new railway to London. Then by the time William returned to Cropredy profits from milk and calves had been falling for some time. Mr G.J.Griffin, who had three College farms in Cropredy, said cows were not the answer. "The very low price we have now to take for milk in London, and fat cattle and sheep paying but a trifle for grazing, compels me to ask for a reduction in rent...after paying Railway charges milk realises a little under 5d a gallon and a fraction over 8d in winter"[9]. This meant further staff were laid off who had little choice, but to leave the village. It was at this time that the Pettifers were starting to bring up a family with no chance of an increase in wages.

The experts were beginning to point out that wages were too low and keeping the family below "mere physical efficiency" [10]. The only way the Pettifers could make this up was to spend even more energy growing food for themselves. Fortunately Cropredy had allotments and some even grew enough corn, which supplemented by leazing, could be taken to the mill to be ground up for pudding flour. Bread however must still be brought. It was a real disaster when the mill at Lower Cropredy burnt down. The headmaster recorded in his log book on January the 12th 1905: "Mr Hadland's flour mill is burnt to the ground during the night. Although there is great excitement and the mill is very near the school, the children were in their places punctually! The mill is still burning and the Banbury fire Brigade here all day"[11]. After this flour had to be purchased.

The years of the Boer war sent up food prices and the depression deepened during Gertie's time at school. The poverty line was just over a pound. William's wages never reached much above 15s [75p]. Out of this had to come the rent of his cottage. The struggle for better wages continued until during the war they rose to £2, but were still 13s below the new poverty line, due to a sharp increase in prices.

Soon after the 1914-1918 war the nation once again began to forget the food producers. Mr McDougall who was able to let Prescote Manor and economise in a smaller house (Andrew's Farm or Little Prescote as he called it), wrote to the Bursar in October 1922 "I feel that I would not economise in pleasanter surroundings. Farmers are undoubtedly facing a difficult situation just now, and to my thinking no possible legislation will relieve the immediate danger. Only two things are of any use. Economise living and High farming" [12]. Those farmers who could economise survived, but many were not able to. Farm workers had to take cut backs in wages and work longer hours. They had no guarantee of work on wet days and over the winter could lose several weeks pay. The threat of the workhouse had hung over the village since the 1830's and continued to do so. Pensions had been introduced, but when Edith's father Samuel applied for a pension in 1916, he was told his yearly means exceeded £31- 10s and so was not eligible [13].

The 1920's with few employment prospects grew worse in the 1930's, so that some had to very reluctantly apply for help. Gertie fumed over the injustice of the Parish Means Test Officer. In 1931 a Means Test was introduced by a struggling parliament. No-one seemed to consider what this cost in terms of human dignity. In exchange for a small amount of dole, they had first to give up a proportion of their furniture and even clothes. An official could decide they had too many chairs, shirts, shoes and even saucepans. Anyone who stood by and watched a relative so humiliated would never forget it Gertie exploded with wrath, just to think about it. The Means Test produced an even meaner spirit in the authorities, which spread out to destroy good neighbourliness and family co-operation. Once receiving help any gifts became a liability, as informers made the recipients life miserable by tale telling.

As the 1930's depression grew worse, many men sat at home totally unable to cope with it. The wives had to do all the allotment work to provide them with food, as well as continuing to work if some could be found. Like so many women they had to see first to their children's needs before their own. Many became exhausted and "their health suffered through undernourishment, worry and shame, caused by circumstances beyond their control." Influenza combined with poor health, brought some to a tragically early death.

William and Edith moved eventually into an Addison House on Chapel Green. When these new parlour houses were first put up they unfortunately had higher rents than the falling wages of the farm worker could reasonably afford. This meant that other higher wage earners moved in causing great resentment amongst those they had originally been intended for. The old two bedroom thatched cottages, inadequate for decades before the war, were much discussed amongst those in better circumstances. Lord Addison who tried to improve the housing stock in England was instrumental in insisting on acceptable standards after the war. In Cropredy these were the parlour-type house with three bedrooms built on Chapel Green. Large gardens were thought essential, as apparently in England only one in six cottages had more than an eighth of an acre available to grow food. By 1939 though, Addison sadly found that it was doubtful if the provision of good cottages for farm workers, since the war, had "kept pace with the increase in dilapidation of those which although occupied, are in fact unfit for habitation" [14]. Since the last war these cottages have in many cases been saved, which given capital earlier, could have been achieved sooner. Cropredy was fortunate in having a good stock of stone dwellings. Their only fault was the need for

constant attention to keep them weather proof though they were all much more spartan than most could endure today. Incoming capital, aided by grants, has rescued cottages, some two or three being made into roomy dwellings for small nuclear families.

The original housing stock had been built by tenant farmers and cottagers at the end of the sixteenth century. Each cottage had rights of commonage giving them an independent status that enabled them to work along side the farmers, rather than as employees with few rights. After the enclosure of the fields few cottages retained any rights of grazing, or fuel collecting. Without a cow, or land to plant corn, or furze to heat their oven, they soon had to seek employment for the essentials previously provided by themselves. Their skills remained and were still wanted, as indeed were their descendants, but the advantage was now the employers. If one farmer could recognize the Pettifers value, even in a patronizing way, his ancestors ad worked alongside similar men as equals.

When families can be traced back, their ancestors frequently had rights of commonage. Some like the shepherd William Cherry who was dismissed for his religious views, came from a local farming family. In the sixteenth century another shepherd could rent a small holding like Monkeytree House, and leave a will to be proved in the Court of Canterbury. Some shepherds left more goods than farmers. Other local people with ancient cottage rights attached to their copyhold dwelling, grew barley, kept a pig, a cow and a few sheep. They made butter to pay the rent, kept hens in the cottage close and grew vegetables. Extras came from helping with the harvests, or from cottage industries. Like the farmer, younger sons could attend the Williamscothe Grammar school and advance up the ladder. A hundred years after enclosure and the loss of their rights of commonage, the village had become a two tier society, the employers and the employees.

Gertrude attended school with more enthusiasm than most. Only a few obtained a silver watch as she did for five years constant attendance. She also leant to think and not to say what she really thought at the time. These harboured thoughts, some quite bitter, constantly errupted in her conversations when talking about her former employment. Only to her mother did she once risk retaliating. Mrs Pettifer asked her, "Where have you been?" although Gertie was over twenty years of age. She refused to say. The glee in retelling this traumatic event came from beating her mother at her own game, for before that Edith had taught her daughter to 'Bite your tongue and keep it to yourself." So she did.

Mrs Pettifer taught her too that cleanliness was next to godliness, but on other important matters Gertrude remained in ignorance, for any sex education was totally taboo.

It was decided to divide this book into two parts. Part 1 was told to me by Agnes Gertrude Pettifer who was born in 1896. She spoke about her parents and her early life in Cropredy. This section we have called **Down the Lane from 1896**. Part 11 is made up from conversations with Gertrude's niece Dorothy Marjorie Pettifer, born on the 12th of August 1912. Dolly brought forward further information about her Granny and Grampy from 1912 onwards. This begins **Down the Lane from 1912**.

As in Book One and Two the Appendices include the family tree, this time of the Pettifer family, and a Whos Who of people mentioned in the text. In addition there are two pages of William Pettifer's poems. He wrote many, of which three are included in this book. Gertrude had a great store of poems in her mind, but also some written down to refresh her memory. Just a few have been printed out in Appendix Four. In Five further information is given about the photographs. For the Poems and photographs we have to thank Mrs Dolly Monk for giving permission to use them. Also to members of the Historical Society for the use of the Society tapes and photographs. Finally an Index has again been included to help any further studies being undertaken. It is hoped the three plans will clarify the text for those not so familiar with Cropredy. Any misinformation is entirely the fault of the editor. Every effort has been made to remove material unsuitable for publication. I trust none has been left.

Mrs Gertrude Mold spoke her part over numerous visits mostly as set pieces. She told of her life up to her second marriage, and a little about their time in North Aston. Later they moved to Middleton Cheney. As a widow Mrs Mold returned to Cropredy to live in one of the Vicarage Garden Flats. Unfortunately only a little was tape recorded, for talking to an audience brought out the best of her talents. Gertie was a natural entertainer and excelled at reciting poems, songs and stories. Some of these she kept written down, but most she had retained for well over sixty years, as fresh as when she first learnt them.

Wishing to know more about Cropredy before the First World War, I began to search for lists, references and photographs all of which seemed to please her enormously. They also stimulated her memory. A little controversy extended her recall, as I read aloud Mrs Mabel Durrant's letters. Providing the visits were not too long, never once did Mrs Mold complain. Usually she had something ready to tell me, and if it had been said before, it enabled me to recall it more accurately. It was always a pleasure to visit her. After we left Cropredy in 1985 her poor eyesight ruled out letters and I missed our meetings very much. Agnes Gertrude died on the 27th of December 1986 and I would like to dedicate Part 1 to her memory.

Part two was more difficult, for Mrs Dolly Monk's concern has always been with Cropredy's present and future welfare. No special tape was made, though the Cropredy Historical Society meetings which were recorded, provide some additional material, for Dolly's part was intertwined with the rest. This did provide the opportunity to include other member's contributions. I would like to thank them all for the enjoyable and illuminating discussions quoted here. The rest of Mrs Monk's came from various conversations and are just the gist of what was told to me, for it is not always possible to recall everyone's opinions word perfect, without the use of a tape recorder. It is not easy to say yes to someone printing your tales about Cropredy, when you did not intend to ever write them down yourself. Mrs Monk has been very patient with me, and I am quite sure would much rather they had not been made into a book. However having kindly given permission and help in correcting the proofs, it must be understood that any mistakes or unintentional offence must be laid entirely at the editor's door and not hers. The book based on Creampot Lane brings out so many different facets of Cropredy, not brought out in Book one or two, that I hope you will agree with me, Mrs Monk's and Mrs Mold's contributions make very enjoyable reading, besides adding to our knowledge of life in an Oxfordshire village.

PK.1992

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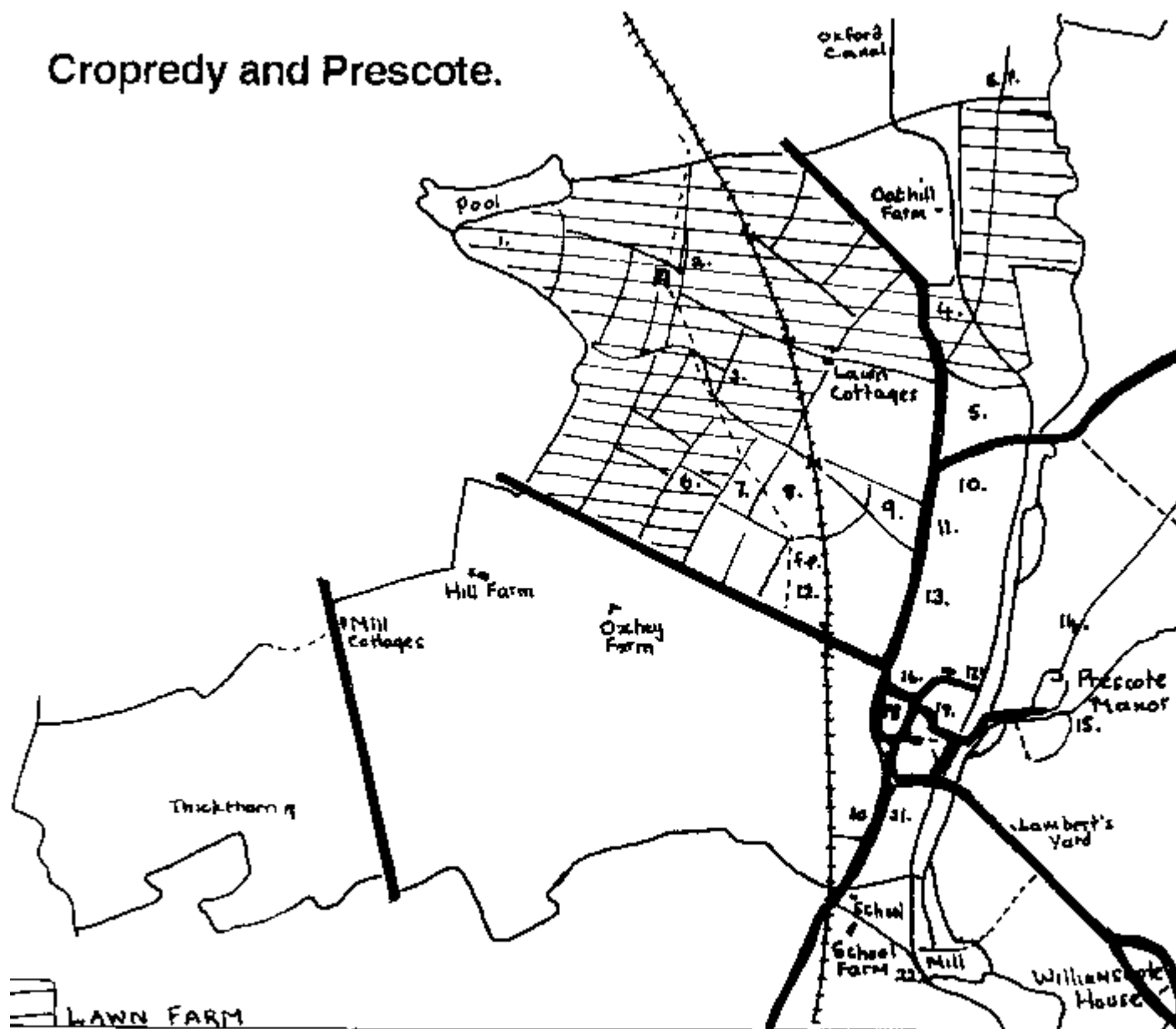
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Gertrude Pettifer

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Cropredy and Prescote.



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Percy Emily Gordon Lizzie Willam Edith

Kitty

Dolly

Dad worked at Birmingham. He was on the railway there. Uncle was already working on the railway. Then they had some cuts and sacked some when they cut out the extension. My two elder sisters were born at Birmingham, Rachel Elizabeth in 1893 and Emily in 1894. They came back to Cropredy and I was born down the Lane on May the 10th 1898. The other two were Samuel William born 1898 and Kathleen Mary in 1903. Mother had a dreadful time at the birth of all her children. With the youngest, my youngest sister, she was five days in labour. So she never let anyone go without help.

Thomas Cherry's wife Mary and my Grandad Samuel were brother and sister, yes and Grandpa John! I remember my Grampy John telling me, when I used to sit with him before he died, and he was on about local Preachers and one thing and another, and he said, "You know Thomas Cherry had to go to Wardington, or somewhere, to preach and the floods were over the Wilscoote Road and some shepherd was coming along and he said 'Wait a minute Thomas, I'll ride you on my back so that you don't have wet feet all day', because he was stopping all day. He ride him on his back through the floods." I remember my Grampy telling me that. Roland [Cherry] is his Gramp Thomas Cherry's double you know. Gifted at talking was his Gramp. Now Aunt Mary she was more quiet, a very quiet person.

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3. Cope's Cottages 1908

Granny Jane lived in Cope's cottages. John's wife. She used to go out at night and put up the shutters. It bolted at the top. There was always shutters there when I was a child. That was my Granny's garden, where they built the house next to the

Brasenose. It was a big garden and went right back up. Well the toilets was way up the garden. I didn't go there often, it was a long way to go.

She had her son Tom with her. Uncle Tom and he looked after himself after they died. Dad had a bill of £50, because he hadn't left it very clean. Uncle Tom was a stout, a big man. My Granny waited on him hand and foot and made a fool of him really. I didn't like him, he wasn't very clean. Untidy, rough and ready, Uncle Tom he were.

Granny Jane broke her leg crossing the railway and it never set right. Broke her leg coming back from Banbury, crossing over the line. I don't know if it were soon after she were married and come there to live or not. Then it never set right. She was always sort of crippled She could sit about, but not properly. She couldn't do any kneeling. We had to go and clean the floor for her. My other Grandma Rachel could do hers herself. Not my Dad's Mother couldn't. She wore a bonnet and was 88 when she died. I remember her funeral in 1928.

We begged her to let us have the bath chair and let us take her out. "No fear." she said. She wouldn't go out to be made the laughing stock in a bath chair. She wouldn't go. I offered to take her to see her brother in Buckingham. They got a Boot shop at Buckingham. Barnes. It had been in the family for over 100 years. She'd said she would go. A car was hired and we was, Mother and I, were going to take Granny. She wouldn't go. Would **not go**! They came and we had to go without her.

When I was eight or nine I ran errands for Mrs Shirley, Colin's mother. I used to do errands for her. Then we each had to go and clean Aunt Betsy's and Grannys. My eldest sister, then Emily went it in turns. Each had to take it in turns to do. When I was small I had to go every Saturday to clean Aunt Betsy's house, where the Botts live now. All the scrubbing although I was only ten upwards. Every Saturday up to I left home at twelve or thirteen. Be down at Aunts at 9 o'clock and it took me up to nearly eleven. Clean the grate and clean, wash and wipe her floor and do the dusting.

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Aunt Betsy she was a poor thing! Ha. Oh dear. Her husband was Will. He kept that garden lovely. He had worked up on the Lawn I think. I can't remember him so well as my Grandfather. Well I used to go on Saturday so he wasn't always in the house. He'd be in the garden, or anywhere out and about. He wasn't stopping in while I got on with the cleaning, so I never saw him. Betsy had up the garden that Bedlam cowslip. One mass of them always at her house, they were those Bedlam cowslips. Their garden was a little narrow bit at the side of the house. Then across from 11 o'clock to about half past 12, to do my Granny Jane Pettifers. Across to the cottage with the pavement. I had to go there as well. There was Father's Mother at the Brasenose end, and an Uncle at the other. Clean her grate and do her floor. We had to go and clean her bedroom sometimes as well.

I can remember my Great Grandma Quinney. Yes I can remember her she lived next door to her daughter, my Grandma Rachel. Side by side [7 & 8 High Street]. Opposite the Chapel. I have seen her coming out the door and going into Granny's. Not very big no. Granny's lot used to go and sleep in the attic. Two bedrooms and an attic. In Aunt Betsy's house there were two bedrooms and some had to go in there. I didn't know, but Aunt Nora told her daughter Ruth, that she had gone into her Granny's to sleep. She lived in the end house. Grandma Rachel had sixteen of them.

Nora married a Hancock of Tysoe. She would come through the fields to visit her parents, sometimes stay the night before walking back. Once she came right over for her brother's funeral.

We used to borrow Jim Bonham's trap to go to Tysoe. To visit Mother's sister, Aunt Nora. That was our day out, our holiday. Mother took us and made us get out and walk down Sunrising Hill, but she sat in. Our Dolly often laughs, because she said, if it will run away our Mother would have to run off! Mother drove, didn't just trot along. Walk up Sunrising Hill, up and down. When we were there we used to go up to Compton Wynyates and we had to pass the windmill. Then go on to see the place, the **big** house at Compton Wynyates. My Uncle worked there. He was in charge of the gardens. The Church had box pews and I remember getting in one day and sitting down. No-one could have seen, the vicar, who was there. It was because you got in and shut the door. You were shut in and I thought " Well they don't know, you could go to sleep or anything they wouldn't know what you were doing like that then!"

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Then we came back. It wasn't a trap it was a little tub. Two wheels. It had seats each side and Mother sat at the front. I expect there was three of us. My brother and me and our Kathleen. There might be Emily, four of us, till she left school. As you got older, I mean, you had to go out to work. They had to go to work, they went away. There might have been Kathleen, she was five years younger than me. That was quite a good house full when we got there. We didn't go if it rained, we could go on another day.

In that row near to Grandad Samuel was Austin Pettifer, my uncle [3 High St.]. He worked for Mr Taylor as a waggoner on Manor Farm. He had two shire horses which he looked after for a long time. He was very fond of them. They were taken away for the 1914 war. They had to go. He apparently wept when they went. His second wife was Kate Goodman.

Uncle Austin kept ferrets for rabbiting and Aunt had to clean them. I said "I wouldn't dare to touch them, they might bite your hand." Uncle did. He used to go rabbiting. I think a few did, as you'd see them from the windows at night, when we were at Prescote. In the moonlight. If you happen to be at the window and you could see them coming out. Banbury People.

Dad's eldest sister Emily was born in 1860. Where ever she went she wore an ankle length black skirt and black top, and she carried with her a big black umbrella. She had kept a boarding house in Leamington Spa for much of her life, retiring to the

Plantation Row. Her brother Tom was in Copes cottages and Harry another brother at the other end of that row. Edward returned from Birmingham to the old shop of the Allitt's, next to Tom. Some say he made up medicines.

Visitors? Some of us put them up. If you couldn't another could. If one hadn't a room another had, we managed like that. When Hilda my cousin came to a wedding they slept at the Brasenose, so she has to go and see Mrs Cotterill now if she comes! Hilda lives in Birmingham, Mother's brother Frank's daughter.

Oh there were more Pettifers than anybody. Now there's only two and no relation [page 121]. We had Granny in one, Uncle in another, George in Station Cottages. We were born down the Lane. Uncle at Bott's and three in the cottages at different times and Emily at Plantations. I think there are two Pettifers left. No sons hardly. All those boys and most had only girls.

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Grandfather John worked up at Cropredy Lawn as cowman. Sir Thomas Beecham's Grandfather worked up at the Lawn with my Great Grandfather. I can remember Grandfather saying to me one night, he said "I wish I knew how old Tom made his herbs, he gets and makes his pills," he said "I might be a rich man some day." Grampy used to go up at 6 o'clock in the morning and he didn't get home until 6 o'clock at night. In later years my Father used to go Sunday morning for him, so he didn't have to get up every morning to go to work.

Mr Chesterman would be there at the gates at 6 o'clock in the morning to see if the cowmen were there on time. Grampy and Joey Williams were the cowmen and they used to come at the bottom of the field, Townhill, then Ten Tree field and that way. I've been up there hundreds of times. Mr Chesterman was sharp, but kind and his farm was very neat. He always carried a stick around which had an end to dig up weeds if he saw one. He was a gentleman farmer. His hedges and ditches were always neat. Grampy was cowman. Fifty head of cattle at least, I'm sure. Mother worked up the Lawn. She made 30 to 40 lbs of butter in the dairy there each week. She was a dairymaid [See map one].

We used to walk up to the Lawn. There were ten ash trees in the second field. Then the Stone Stile field, then into the Lawn Farm. Their first field was Job's Oxhey and was always corn, because I remember going round the edge of the field picking blackberries and down the bottom we got cress. Watercress (Over the Oxhey road we gathered mushrooms).

We would go up through the Lawn orchard and through the ricks to the Pool. Dad, he was thatcher for these ricks, won a lot of prizes he did thatching. Through the ricks, up on staddle stones, to the field. Between Clattercote Pool and the railway were a lot of trees, there and all down that bank were primroses everywhere. A lot of snakes too along there. It was a pasture field.

In the winter when there was, when they got swedes in the field, Mother sent us up with a bag to get swede tops. We'd get a boiling of them. You could pick the tops when the sheep were on them see. They were beautiful with some boiled bacon. They

were next to the osier bed. In that osier bed Dad collected his osiers for thatching. There used to be a pool near the gateway as you went up to the farm house. We would get bullrushes from round it.

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I should think when Mr Chesterman was up there he employed a dozen workmen. The shepherd and the waggoners and one and the other, I should think about a dozen. Well I know he must have done, because there was my Grandfather and Joey Williams, my Dad and my other Grandfather Samuel, then two or three men from Claydon, then there was Gregory and the Dunns and then there was the stable one, somebody. He, Chesterman was headman. Dad was an ordinary workman. When he went up Sundays to let his Dad have a rest we used to drink some of the milk. Ah! ha!

Dad used to go, leave home six for seven, then he didn't get home until nearly six at night Saturday and all. They went all day until the Insurance came in and my Dad, well the Co-op had bought the farm then, and he said, "Well the others are taking the half-day, I'm going to do the same," he said what's good for one's good for the other." The others wouldn't, if my Dad hadn't put his foot down, the others wouldn't. He said, "That were it and he weren't going."

He understood all the jobs and all that. And look at the prizes he had for thatching, oh yes, he and Mother had about twenty, because you know for showing things at the Flower Show. Thatching was a skill and he had a prize every year for that. He'd thatch houses and all. Ricks. Yes, because Mr Chesterman's they were on staddles, what they called staddles, and they had to be thatched. You see they had one field of corn which was always cut by hand so that the haulm, as they called it, you had that for thatching because it wasn't crushed. Then spars from the osier beds.

When Mr Chesterman died, his nephew Mr Pinniger took over. He weren't so particular, or such a good manager as his uncle. I never knew a man so particular as Chesterman. No. He was not married. No. A single man, short, well built. His nephew was also a bachelor.

On the way to Claydon they got, Mr Pinniger had, by the canal bank a field [2], where there are wild crab trees. We used to go there for crabs. The hedge along there was high then and a wonderful lot of apples we got there. It was part of the Lawn.

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I remember having to take tea there very often, in that field when we came home from school. 4 o'clock, take tea there, oh my word. Cutting hay, cutting it, yes.

The Co-op bought the Lawn and a farm in Mollington in 1919. They put a manager in. He moved to the Mollington farm and the waggoner moved across from Lawn cottages to Cropredy Lawn house.

My Dad was offered that job, but he wouldn't take it on. He said "It is a big responsibility." The Co-op bought it and they wanted a manager who understood about it. Harry Dunn the Lawn waggoner took it on. When my Dad was there he got hundreds of sheep. A big sheep farm. Gregory was shepherd. His son Bill Gregory went to Adderbury and kept a poultry farm there. He died last year [1983].

The shepherd and the carter lived in the two cottages that are along the side. Lawn cottages from the Claydon Road [Lambert's Farm]. They were nice cottages. Three bedrooms and a nice living room and kitchen. They had open fires with ovens at the side. Nice decent ones. The copper was in the kitchen. The pump as far as I remember stood just as you were coming away. Quite nice houses they were and of course they had to cross that field, you had to go across that field. Oh my golly I remember that field, all up and down. It was kept clean and up at the Lawn, all kept lovely and clean.

I went up to Gregory's when she had the last child. Mother was her midwife. I often went up there to help Mother. I used to go up and give a hand like, then after she had the child, give a hand with it. I went up lots of times. And we had them down to tea at that farm house we were looking after for Mrs C..., at Andrews farm [Creampot Lane]. I used to have them down for tea sometimes in the farm house, find our own food and all like that, there were more room.

Once Dad had to sort out a bees nest in one of the bedrooms at the Lawn farm.

I was born down the Lane. Down Creampot Lane, I was born down there. I'm a native of Cropredy. We lived down Creampot Lane. The door went into the street, as there was no back door at all. You had to go out the house, come along the pavement, and along to the kitchen door. Now they've pulled a way through.

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Behind the cottage was very wet. The kitchen and washroom got all the water from the pond near the water tank, which supplied the two fields at the back. It came right down and made the place very wet.

The way up to the toilet was along the pavement and up that path. It was a brick one with a slate roof. Dad had to empty it from the back. It had two seats. A big one and a smaller one. Dad had to make his pit fairly deep, so that he only had to empty it twice or three times a year. It wasn't very nice. Later they started with buckets.

We had an open fire in the living room with an oven. We didn't use the oven to bake. Dad kept his seed potatoes in it. At the back of the house was the pantry under the stairs. The floor was stone in our house. Stone, big flags. We had a big rag rug by the fire. We used to make rag rugs. The kitchen also had flagstones.

The stairs, we scrubbed the stairs. Washed them down and scrubbed them. Rag rugs upstairs too. They were wooden floors and we used to clean them, wash and scrub them. Put down rag rugs. You couldn't get into the roof. No attics. We never had no heating upstairs.

Four girls in one room together. Well there wasn't always the five of us there. Mother could put two beds in our back bedroom, and then there was a cot at the side of their bed in the front room. A three quarter bed, and a small double in the backroom.

Mother had this leather sofa, an older one, then she had a better one. We got this leather one, cos I remember it being up along the side as you walked in the house, to go round, as it was not a very big place. I remember this leather sofa being there and she took care of it too. Used to clean it and keep it covered, oh yes.

Father had his high back armchair. Wooden one. There were wooden chairs with spokes at the back. Heavy ones. We all had chairs, there were four round the table, and Dad had his armchair and Mother she got an armchair as well. Mother tied cushions on. Sometimes she had one at the back and shawls to keep off the draught.

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We had a "clorth," a fancy clorth, hanging round the mantle piece. I think it was a red one hanging. Mother kept, it was high up the mantleshelf you couldn't reach it, because she kept the matches up there. Now that was a thing we were never allowed to touch, matches. Dad never smoked.

There was a fixed screen by the door, because it was draughty. Then a piano was behind the screen. The piano came in 1919. There wasn't much room. She put it between the screen and the window.

The yard, well grass yard, alongside the pavement to the pigsties. We kept hens in the yard. Sometimes we opened the door and let them go across the road to the ash tree in the hedge opposite. They liked to get in the shade [3]. We used to go and sit there too. Well there was no traffic, only the butcher's trap. Mr Griffin from Wardington and later Mr Jarvis from Middleton. Then the baker's trap come down. Nothing much else.

Lambert's field opposite us [4]. He kept cows in there. There was a hovel in the corner. Cows in those two fields. We used to go out in summer and have tea under that big ash tree. It was this side of the hedge. Our fowls used to sit there.

Dad kept pigs, usually two pigs in the same sty. There was always a pig in the other one. Kings had that. Richard King he died in terrible agony. He married someone from Leamington and they lived next door. In 1915, when he was only 35, he died from cancer. Mother went in to help. I was home when he died. No treatment then.

We had hen and pig manure which helped to grow good vegetables. I never had to clean out the pig for Dad kept them very clean. He was very particular about it. They were seldom poorly, for he kept them well. I don't remember him losing a pig. He belonged to the pig club.

We had sometimes to put the pig food over to them. I often did that. They had all the vegetable and potato peelings boiled up in the copper. Then they had all the small potatoes, those were kept separate for the pigs.

We always had two pigs a year, Dad did. Two a year and killed one in November, one in spring. So we always had some meat for the week, and a joint at the weekend. Pigs were our main item to eat from. We only had a joint of meat Sundays. It was pig in the week. We had ham and bacon, and boiled bacon, and things like that, and everything to make up.



4. Grandma Rachael Pettipher

Dad always fed them properly, no acorns or anything like that. The Co-op supplied the pig meal. We had to go for bran and barley meal and toppings. Toppings and bran and barley meal to fatten them up. When we killed the pig we had pork pies. Pastry pies. She used to cook them, big pies, then we put them under the bed. Covered them up and put them under the bed, up there under the...! Well you got no where to put them. You didn't know where to put nothing. The big yellow pans of lard, the dishes of lard, tipped upside down on greaseproof paper under the bed as well. If it was in a draught it crinkled on top. I've known one or two pies under the bed, when she made two to keep one, you wouldn't know where to put them. You see

the pig was being salted in the lead, and when you hadn't got the use of the lead in the pantry, because the pig was being salted in it. Ha! In winter there were apples too. They were in her room not in ours. Ha!

We had a bacon rack for when it was dry. Sometimes the hams would be hung I mean we'd always got a lovely piece of ham to cook and everything.

We had lard from the pig and you put it on your bread and sprinkled a little salt on it. It was leaf lard, the first of the lard. Second was lumpier and last was scratchings.

Grandmother Rachel made scratching **cake** as there were 16 of them! You had to fill up with something. We had a lot of suet puddings. Dad had fat bacon, pieces of fat bacon. They didn't say it was wrong for you then.

We used to put the yorkshire pudding in a rectangular dish and take it to Grandad Samuel. We had mutton on the top of it on a trivet, so we got no lard off it. I took it up before Chapel. Grandad had used one or two faggots to heat the oven and then he put the meat in and went off to Chapel. When we got out I took it home carefully so I didn't spill anything. We didn't use the oven at home.

Dolly: He charged 2d a joint. These cooked nicely while they were in Chapel. His daughter Alice looked after them. She took them out with a long rake. It was covered with a white cloth and carried down the Lane smelling delicious.

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Gertie: Dad grew six types of potato and they grew well with the pig muck and that. So did his vegetables. He won a lot at the produce show. He grew peas, beans, carrots, onions, but seldom swedes. The peas you had to hold the pod up carefully by the end, hold it up and see if it had nine or ten peas in the pod. Ten was a winner. He won spades and forks with his produce.

We had an apple tree by the water tap and I used to climb this. Dad said, "I'll have to have that down before you break a leg." So he did. We had no other apple trees. Dad would say, "You can't have fruit trees and vegetables together." He did grow gooseberries and currants round the edges, and rhubarb. He had some good rhubarb. It was red, sweeter than most. We got good teeth cos it makes a difference with your feed and all that. Rub your teeth with salt if your taste was nasty. We never had toothpaste. We ate raw carrots and rhubarb. Though we all of us had sugar in our tea.

Dad had allotments, and he grew corn that he had ground at the mill. We had that for puddings. It wasn't for the pigs. Mother never made bread. She had the flour for her puddings and pastry. You hadn't got enough for bread. The Co-op brought the bread round.

I remember Dad calling out one morning, he said, "There's a fire somewhere." We didn't know where it was. Of course we went rushing into his room to have a look. We could see the fire. We used to get enough flour for the winter. Dad had two allotments as one was for corn. He cut that for going for flour. Oh yes, we were done then, after the mill burnt down.



5. Cropredy Mill 1905

I well remember the mill being burnt down, well we were at school [5]. Dad woke us up one morning and it was between three and four o'clock and he said, we heard him telling Mother there was a big fire somewhere and we didn't know where it was. We found out it was Cropredy mill. You could see the blaze going up in the air. The mill was burnt down. We used to, when we been harvesting, get the corn and we used to go leazing and then it was ground at the mill...Mr Hadland it was at the mill then.

We went leazing, yes every year for our summer holiday. Mother went cutting corn. We had to lay bands for Dad when he had to fag, what they call fagging. If it was knocked down. Mother cut she did. We had to lay bands and then when we had laid enough bands we had to go leazing.

Oh. Our Mother would carry the bundle on her head, what we leazed. Oh yes.

She'd get up in the morning and cook a saucepan of potatoes to take for our lunch, then she got a hot meal when we came home. Oh dear! Oh we all **had** to go. Yes. We all went, oh my word yes. Up through Ten Tree field, on right up to near the Pool. Right near the Pool. Field End. What they had a field near Clattercote Pool, not far from there.

We used to go on a Sunday for a walk to the mill and back. We used to go and watch it working. It was ever so high. Five floors. Five or six workmen there and three cottages at the side were people lived.

Hadland was a good man. You know Hadlands owned it? He was fairly well off. They lived in that big house, Bourton House. They went to Banbury afterwards, when they finished up they went to Banbury. Had a sale of some things, and I brought some at it. Harry Williams, Joey's son was the gardener there.

It was busy then, carts going down, it was a busy road. You couldn't go for a walk along the canal, because there were too many horses, horses and donkeys and that, to drive the boats. Sometimes you couldn't get by. It was a job to get by them. We dare not risk going along the canal. Come back the way we went, along the road.

If the canal froze we used to go to school along it. Get out the house, and go down the bottom and along it, get out at the lock and get on again and cross over to the school. Many a time we did that The boats didn't go through for two or three weeks.

Pam: On August the 10th 1909 Mr Bonner mentions the Cropredy, Bourton and Wardington Horticultural Society Annual Show at Bourton, for he was the secretary. He wrote that "several of our children showed wild flowers and grasses and obtained prizes" [6]. Do you recall that?

Gertie: Ah. When we went to school there used to be prizes for wild flowers at the August Show. Yes. We used to go along the river. Beautiful flowers like orchids and things like that. I had a prize for a bunch of wild flowers. For table decorations, sweet peas nearly always took it. Carnations was generally second to sweet peas, which practically always won.

That was every year at August Bank holiday. My Dad used to show no end of stuff. Thats when he had the spade and fork prizes.

Show in the field, it's all houses now. Do you know where the letter box is? Well there was a gate opposite into the field. There's houses now. Well that was it. They had it in there. The tent was in there, just along inside the hedge. A fete in June in Mr Eriksen's field, and then this flower show in August bank holiday.

We always had a village Fete in June. Always had roundabouts. We used to have tea in the barn. We looked forward to that and the entertainment. Something to look forward to and the games. The village Fete was in Eriksen's field. It used then to be Mr Lambert's. We had half a day for the fete. The children used to have thread and needle, egg and spoon races and all sorts of things. Tug of war, sack and three leg race. It was very amusing.



6. Cropredy Fete, 1910

Mr Eriksen came to Prescote as Manager at the farm, at McDougall's. He was a Dane. He was a nice man. After he married Hilda Lambert they went to live down there, at School Farm. **We** had the Fete there in that field with the tea in the barn, in June. I kept a paper of all the races we used to have. There was distances, then running long distances, wheelbarrow race and tug of war. Women against the men. We beat them! You'd get me on the end. I said, "I'm not **Letting Go!**"

We used to have a class, a Fellowship with Mrs Taylor. They lived in that Manor house by the canal, by the moat, there was a farm house. She was May Cherry and then married this Tom Taylor. Mrs Taylor had this Bible class. We learnt to sing all the songs. Not Sanky. In the Alexander's, I know them all, nearly, and I've still got the book. A little thin book. Oh we had a lovely time there. We used to have parties there and all, cos they've got a real huge big kitchen at this end. We had lovely times there. Chapel people. Her Father was Thomas Cherry. The members were from Church or Chapel, made no difference which they were. Each week they had a speaker. They were all my age, the members, still at school or just after. Annie Sumner, Mabel Cooknell, Lois Waddups went. I can't remember any boys. It was very popular. We played cricket and done a lot of things. We had a cricket team before I left home. The girls usually had a good cricket team. We played up where Cherry's got their yard now. Thats where we went to play cricket up there. All the girls enjoyed that I went away in 1911. Mrs Taylor played the organ. Then they went away. I think it was 1977 when she died in Wiggington.

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I remember people going to the circus, but Mother disapproved of things like that We did have though a marvellous Brass Band in the village, when we were children, because I heard my Father...I don't know who learnt my Father to play, but he could play wonderful. He played the euphonium, and sometimes we used to blow to try and get a sound out of it, you know, and we couldn't do it.

They used to meet at the Sunday school treat once a year in Mr Bonham's field, the one with the Cup and Saucer. The band used to come and play. They would have a waggon and sit on the waggon and play. They had a signature, well they had a signature tune that they always played: "Shal1 we gather at the river, where bright angels feet to trod?" They always started with it or finished with it. It was wonderful.

Roland Cherry: Will, your Father, old George Neal, Norman's [Cherry's] Gramp and all those, they played in this band. When George Neal got married and went off for his honeymoon up to Oathill Farm, all the band went up there late at night and played outside the house! [7].

Gertie: It was the Wesleyan Brass band. Dad, Will Neal, Jim Bonham and Bernhard Pargeter. I can't remember them all. Dad played the euphonium, because he hung it in a bag on the wall up the stairs. Sometimes they put a waggon on the Green. They set up this waggon and had a good play. Give a concert.

Dolly: Grampy went to Birmingham and while he was there he played in a band. He taught himself to play.

Gertie: It's surprising, because my Dad didn't know a note of music. Mother could play the melodian. I tried to play, couldn't get on. My husband could play the mouth organ beautifully. Nobody taught Mother, she taught herself. Same as my Dad. Well, I mean, he followed the band, well he had to, but he never learnt music and they had no money to pay.

I can't remember who it was had the drum. It was a biggish man. Whether Will Neal was drum major, he was a biggish man? Pa Pargeter had a cornet or something else. It was a lovely band. I don't know what happened to all the imp..li..ments, when at the finish.

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Mr Bonham was also a tenor in the Chapel, a singer in the choir. He was a big man in the Co-op at Banbury. Mr Cook was the Manager then and Mr Bonham got him to come and sing at a concert behind the Brasenose in the club room there. It was one of the old songs he sang.

Mother used to play the melodion on a Sunday night, hymns and that. She didn't know music. Dad had to follow, but I think it was done simple, so that they could follow. Some are gifted for it.

The Chapel organ always a Cherry. Never allowed nobody to touch it. Will Cherry mostly. We had to learn services to song, and do you know I can still remember some of the bits in the service. I can often think of bits of it, the songs. "Here, here Jerusalem, What ..God's messenger...go rejoice, let the trumpets sound...then the trumpets blow!" Ooh! I can remember that.

I used to go and see the King family play the handbells. They were four or five playing round the table. They could play hymns or anything. Oh it was good. One son Joseph he was up Mrs Eriksen's cottage and Richard was next to us. It was a big family.

I remember them building the Exservice Men's Hut. It was built while I was at Prescote as cook. I was there for four years. They had a concert for funds and I remember reciting there. Sergisson Brook was in the audience and he laughed when I recited "Tommy goes to war." I think that was in 1922. We had a lot of concerts and things. At the Hall Fete I was always in charge of the bran tub. Mrs Walker gave a table and chairs and I gave six chairs as well.

Mother was one of sixteen you know and when she was ten or eleven she had to go to work. She was dairy maid at the Lawn. She had a medal for working for them for so many years at the Agricultural Show. I have it there. As a child she was only small, and even aged eleven, had to stand on a box to reach the sink to wash blankets.

Dolly: They told her when she could wear her frilly peticoats or red flannel, the later being more serviceable, she was seldom allowed the frillys.

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Gertie: She fell ill and had to go to the Horton. Mr Chesterman went to visit her and he was shocked at the way she was treated. Because she was a nobody. Her Mother thought she would have died only Mr Chesterman raised a stink at the way she was being treated. He was somebody in the area, so he got his way. She always said he saved her.

Mother was a large woman. She was always busy. She had a dreadful time at the birth of her children as I have told you. So she never let anyone go without help. She delivered over a hundred babies in her time and never lost one. I don't think her Mother taught her, I don't know who did.

If the Doctor knew she was going in he often didn't bother. First she went to the Vicarage and collected the bag. The Vicarage had a bag everybody borrowed at a confinement. You could go and borrow nighties and nappies and all like that. They were in a bag. What they called a "**Bag**," and you were allowed to keep it a month. Then you had to return it, anything lost you had to replace it. It was a good thing for a great many people. You were allowed it for a month. The clothes for the baby had to be laundered and sent back at the end of the month. There were also a bath chair there to take anybody out. Mother collected the bag and then she went to help.

Once a family had child after child and they never paid the Doctor's bills, so he would have nothing to do with them. One night, at about four in the morning the husband came running to Mother. Dad said "You are not to go. They never pay." Mother said "I can't let her go it on her own." and off she went.

She laid people out too. She sat up with them and this night was at Johnny Smith's [3 Chapel Row]. Ai because you know there was a Judge had the house down the Lane. Well there was a housekeeper, er she went, well he got a wife and family. We found out who he was and he was a big Judge. Well my sister found out, because she worked for him after. We used to look after the house and they got a houseboat out in the canal, at the side. We looked after them. Well I must have been out of a job, or waiting for something, and I was helping up in the kitchen for this Mrs C... We looked after the house for them and this night the man who used to come from McDougall's come to get water out of the kitchen.

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I remember it were a foggy night and you know I had been cooking in the kitchen and I'd gone into the scullery to wash up and he came in and left the door open to fetch the water back and to. I got cold and I went home and Dad was there and I said to Dad, I said, "I feel, I don't feel very well, I'm going to bed."

What I ought to have done was had a bottle, because I was cold. I couldn't, but I didn't feel well enough to get the bottle. Of course my Dad was no good, couldn't ask him to get one. Then in the morning... I was bad all night. Mother was sitting up all night with Mr Smith at the Post Office. She would sit up. Then she come home in the morning and she said, "What's the matter with you?" she said "aren't you, haven't you gone to work?" I said "No!" I couldn't think hardly. She sent for the

Doctor. I don't know whether my Dad had to go for him, but somebody had to go up and he came and I got pneumonia. He said "One lung gone and the other was nearly gone." But it must have come back to life! I was put to bed. I went to heaven and came back again. Yes. He said the bell tolled for me. The Doctor come to me for ten days. My Mother [put] poultices on my back, and my back was raw.

Well it was about 1920 I had this double pneumonia. My Mother sat up all night. I didn't want to get better in the finish and she kept on, "You'll get better. You'll have to get better."

Do you know not one from, not one of the Chapel people come to see me, not a solid one in the village. My Mother had to sit up with me every night. My Dad sat up one night and I was going out the window. I didn't know and I say I got light headed and I was on the danger list and the Doctor come three times a day, Dr Bartlett. And Dad was sitting up one night to let Mother have a rest and good job, she said, she come in, I was going out the window. And the stairs, you got to cross over the top of the stairs to get to the window. She said how I didn't fall she'll never know. I was going out the window. She didn't let him sit up no more, she didn't. Oh dear!

I remember my Mother poulticing. They poulticed you then. Bread poultices, hot bread and slapped in a flannel, wrapped in a flannel and slapped on your back. They skinned me. Ooh! It was like lying on stones.

The Vicar come, I mean I was Chapel, but not a person come, but the Vicar come and brought me a few grapes and I reckon those grapes saved me. I had nothing else. I had some medicine but I couldn't swallow. Mother took out the stones and I had that. The medicine was foul and the only way I could get it down was to take a grape afterwards. The Vicar grew them in his greenhouse and brought me some [8].

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She come down that night. If she had been there I could have said to her I was cold and perhaps she would have said "You get warm." But I didn't and that were it. Then I used to keep taking the 'flus everywhere at Little Prescote Farm. He said "Get away from this damp house." Bartlett said. "It will be your ruin." It was the fog more you see down by the canal and river.

If you weren't well you'd have a Selditz powder. I tell you Quinine my Father used to keep in the cupboard un a1l. Because when they had 'flu at Prescote, Maccy wanted me to be innoculated, you know. I wouldn't be done. He said "You got to." I said "Look here Sir, you're not making me be done." I said "Before you do that I'm clearing out, leaving you in the lurch." I said "You won't catch me. I won't be done." I've not been vaccinated and innoculated and you know I was the only **one** that weren't took bad. I had the whole household, they were all vaccinated, done, and I had the whole lot in bed All six of them. The maid un all. Him and Her and the baby and the nurse and somebody else. All in bed together. Yes. I was the only one. And my Dad said when I was home, he said, "You have a dose." Oh it was horrible stuff. Horrible the taste. It stopped me

having it. "You have a dose of this, you won't have it.." Yes he did Zambuck ointment [is] better than any ointment you'll get to-day.

I cut my leg down the Lane. It's nearly gone the gash. One Sunday before I left school, I washed up and I dropped the basin. It was slippery and I cut my leg. I didn't know I cut my leg on the corner of the pavement I had gone out to empty some water down the drain [9]. My Mother said "Look what a mess your making all round the house." she said "There's something all the while." Well I didn't know. I spilled it. It was my leg bleeding. My Dad had to go to the Doctor's to Wardington instead of going to Chapel. He had to go to Wardington to fetch the Doctor and he sewed it up. He didn't give me anything. I fainted away I expect. He said "Look away." And I had six or eight stitches in my leg. My knee.

Bonesetter's. You had to go to Banbury, because I fell off a step in the house and broke my arm, and Mother had to take me to Banbury nearly opposite the Catholic Church. We went in with Mr Bonham in his trap. Had to go there for him to set it. On the right of the Green at Banbury.

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Mother had to walk to the Horton [hospital], or somewhere, to get a birth certificate. My Dad has walked there at night after he's come home from work. Shotswell or some where there, he had to walk to get a death certificate. He had to walk miles years ago.

Mother did washing.

The Cumming's had the Brasenose Inn. They were rather refined in life. Mrs Cummings, her husband and her two girls. Elsie was a teacher, Infants teacher at the school. Lily was the other one. Mother did the washing for them and we had to fetch it from Cummings. Yes. She did some of it and she did some for the Vicar.

The Revd Maltby, Mrs Maltby and they had daughters. The Revd Maltby was not so well off as Revd Greenham and took in paying guests, so there was a lot of washing. My brother and I fetched hampers of sheets. We no sooner got one lot of sheets back from Revd Maltby when there was another hamper ready from these guests. He took in paying guests so there was a lot of washing, Mother used to do it all. We many a time had to fetch laundry for six people in a hamper. Sometimes two and take it back to Creampot. Mother did all this washing.

There was a big kitchen, coal, wood and that. The kitchen was as big as the house. There was a copper in there to do the washing. We filled it on Saturday for baths. From the Brasenose tap up the street. The rinsing water from the rainwater tub. It all had to be fetched into the kitchen. After washing it went through this wooden mangle and we had to help with that.

Dad fitted up long lines in the garden. He had a good garden. We could get six sheets at a time along that line, blowing.

The drain was outside. We hadn't got a drain inside. Oh no, no. It was under the window at the side of the flower garden. Between two flower gardens the drain was. Not in the road. No it was our drain, because the soft water come down there, into there. It went off down the Lane somewhere. You had to empty all the water you used. No sinks then.

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There was also a drain by the kitchen as well as the living room, where we lived like.

The Doctor told my Mother if she carried on washing it would make her arms bad, having her hands in water all the while. We used soda, we always had soft water, you didn't have no Persil or Daz with that.

The baths were on the tables, on the kitchen table out there. Water from the copper to the bath. Our table was big enough for two baths, yes standing sideways. One bigger and one smaller. The bigger one for the washing in, the smaller one for rinsing. Oh we had to mangle, because Mother said it saved the ironing, for the towels and the pillowcases and things. She mangled all the things, because it saved ironing.

Mother also went out to do washing. Mr Madge at Poplar Farm he'd go creeping in to see, to speak to Mother when she came washing Mondays. He go in and he always, he'd say to me, "You're Mother's a fine woman." That was it and he'd go sneaking in to speak to her, if he could. And if he had anything nice in the garden he'd take it to her. Bit of fruit or anything like that. Anything in the garden he thought would take her fancy, he'd take it to her. It was all the way up the passage, tradesmens entrance to the back door. It was a good way up there. Then of course Mother did the washing over the yard in the wash-house in the corner. There were six beds they had on the go, and she did it there and hung it out. There was plenty of room and someone else did the ironing. She may have got more than a shilling perhaps one shilling and thrupence.

At Andrew's Farm, Little Prescote as McDougall's called it, there was a pump in the kitchen and they got a big copper. Mother used to come washing there. They come there a year or so, while they let Prescote for a time. Mother used to come washing. Yes. Ah yes I had a stack up with him once, with old Maccy. He reckoned she wouldn't have the washing hung in the garden. You couldn't see it unless you come round the house. The front was on the [south] side and the washing was round the side [north-west]. He said he'd put some posts up in the field.

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I said "What about the cows`?" I said "I'm not coming up there, I'm not coming up there with the washing!" Anyway she had it done. He said to my Mother, "Your daughter can't half stand up for herself!" Well you know where those cottages are? [10]

Well run up there. Behind them. He put posts up there, cause our Mother, she had to get the basket filled and go up there. I said, "What about...?" He said "I'll keep the cows back that day, that morning." Four lines there were. Four posts with four lines. Well there was a lot of washing, because I mean there were two of us, housemaid and me. Then Him and Her and the baby, you see, and also the Nanny. Then there was generally somebody there. Oh a tidy bit of washing all the time. When they were at Prescote Manor there was a laundry. Mother came up there and did the washing.

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2. Shopping



7. Mrs Pettifer - Summer 1909



8. Mrs Pettifer - Winter 1920

We had to walk to Banbury, we couldn't afford the train. I've walked to Banbury many a time. We could do it, just taking it gently, in just over an hour. We didn't have a lot to get. I tell you what we did love, when Mother used to go in on a Thursday, she'd take a milk can and bring some hot faggots back for supper. They were good. Ho! Ho!

I remember once a young man came to see me. I went to F..'s the chemist in Banbury, to work. Going back from home I fell and hit my head on the milestone. I had to go home the next day. I had got friendly with a young man and he came to see us, to see how I was. I remember Mother saying she hadn't any **Butter**, we always used lard, and she had to pop out to the shop, pop down the village, over the stile to the Co-op (11 Red Lion St.). Mother **Never** went shopping, we always had to go for it!

The Co-op was the main shop then. There was Cave's the sweet shop in Red Lion Street (No. 6) and Stevens, somebody in Station Road, the cottages set back. Sold sweets 1d a stick of liquorice.

I remember the Co-op, oh Lord yes. It was the place at the side where all the sacks of meal and all that, on the left there. And then the sides were all shelves. All the inside. I used to go to do our shopping I don't know if they weighed the sugar into bags. We couldn't afford a lot We did all our shopping there.

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Mother paid to the Andee club 1/- a week, or what she could afford, and then she could go to Banbury Co-op to get the clothes, towels and things, order them different things like that. The Co-op was the best shop for clothes. My husband had a suit there, it had 30 years and he got it there. I got a coat and dress and several things there. Ha! that white hat I bought that 20 years ago at the Co-op.

It was Mr Taylor at the [Cropredy] Co-op. He got a son Eric and Muriel and another. The elder daughter wasn't quite as old as me. When she was at work, there was a relief schoolmaster and she picked up with him, married him and went to live in Fritwell.

The Taylor's lived at the Co-op. House at the side of the shop. They lived there, because there were nowhere else for them to live.

The Co-op was a good thing I mean you could get interest in it. There was a dividend, because they used to get it, but Banbury gone all squash. All the lot nearly used the Co-op, as Caves was only a little shop, a bit of grocery, tobacco, cigarettes and that. The Co-op practically sold everything, They had bread, the lot. Not the milk, we had the milk from Lambert's. Down at the Wharf until they came up to Home Farm.

We used to keep some Sunlight soap. Buy soap at the Co-op. I tell you what they did then. You used to buy bars of soap and cut it up and dry it. Keep some on hand and let it dry. Get the washing soda there. In my house I got up in the store room, a store of soap to dry. I know Mother always used to keep some hand soap, because it dried, it was better for drying. We didn't use much soap.

When we washed our hair we only had ordinary soap and water. Mother never had soap powders. Just a little soda in the copper. You didn't need it with plenty of soft water.

Recketts were a little blue bag, Paris blue. That was good for wasp stings. You dabbed the blue bag on if you had a wasp sting. We always put a bag of blue in the water. We rinsed out and put the blue bag in. Kept it in a jar beside the sink.

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We had Simonsons salve and Zambuck for cuts and grazes, from the Co-op.

My Dad's brother used to run a coal club. Thrift club. We got a ton of coal for 18/-. We used to take my uncle Harry 1/- a week. He lived at the far end of Cope's cottages.

Boots? Mother mended them. Oh yes, she mended our boots if they weren't too bad. But it used to be George, George Pargeter. Take them to him, our better boots, not our week day ones. There was our Sunday boots and our weekday boots. Our Sunday shoes, well boots, Mother didn't mend. George Pargeter did them, but the rest she did, yes.

I remember George Pargeter in Chapel Row. I used to sit watching him. We used to take our shoes there, sit there and watch him mending them. As you went up the passage [12] there was a little shop on the right. On the other side he lived, with Grace the daughter. I used to go a lot there. Well he mended our shoes for us. Little short man. He was Superintendent of the Sunday school. Will Neal, builder and Chapel man lived in the cottage up from Pargeter's (next to Monkeytree House). I think Andrew Taylor the blacksmith lodged there. His son Arthur Neal was a builder. He didn't go to the war. I can remember him getting married.

George Pargeter used to deliver the letters, collect them from the station, walk all round Cropredy, up the Lawn, the farms, back round Oathill and Prescote and he used to collect shoes, mend them and take them back the next day. Nicknamed "Six foot." He was short and round A very much liked man. Sunday school on Sundays.



9. Chapel Row circa 1908

His shop was like a small conservatory. Glass place. You sat down there and chatter to him while he mended. It didn't take long. A little man and short Grace his daughter wasn't very big. She married this Smith from the Post Office. Arthur Smith and they had a son Arthur. The son Arthur was an Insurance man. He picked up a germ somewhere, he was 40 something, picked a germ up. He used to come round. I never had Insurance, Walt said they were a band of robbers. At the Post Office in Chapel Row, along from Pargeter's and Neal's lived Johnny Smith. I can't remember Mrs Smith there. He had two other sons Abner and Willy [13]. I remember he wasn't very big. He had a window. Put the lid up and that was the Post Office.

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Pam: Arthur Pettifer said the Post Office had a thatched roof and as the customers did not go inside, they had a wooden gutter put up to stop the drips descending onto them.

Gertie: Well you didn't go inside. I remember you tapped the window and he slipped it up and down. It was next to the letter box. He didn't do telegrams. I think you had to go to the signal box to send one.

The room for the Post Office was on the right. Little room on the right. There was a spot, you tapped it and he opened it and put your things through, slipped it through. He served you. Stamps and savings. He did that at the Post Office, yes. Oh he did all the village like. There were no pensions there, I mean nobody had pensions did they? Because, if you needed, the Parish come out, you had to apply. He was the Relieving Officer.

On a Saturday, Mr Godson, the baker in Church Lane, always killed a sheep every week. We used to fetch a joint of lamb and some suet 1/- or 1/6. A joint of lamb and some suet. You used to fetch it. Put it with yorkshire pudding baked in a baker's oven. Grandad Samuel had one. Grampy used to have this fire until he couldn't get faggots. They'd be off the farm, they'd be cutting hedges.

At Christmas the farmer's used to give them a joint of meat, as a Christmas present. Now the **Grocers** always gave us a tin of tea, always at Christmas, a tin of tea. I have there, oh yes at Christmas a tin of tea, one out there now. It's got the date on it. They used to give **us** not expect us to give them!

I remember Mr Allitt he had a butcher's shop between the Chapel and Home Farm. John Allitt. His house was the thatched one that Lambert's altered. Clifford's Gramp had it done up.

I remember this Mrs Marie Godson when she and her sister come to stop with Connie's Granny and Gramp Sumner at the Woodyard for a holiday. When I went to school they sat two seats in front of us in the Chapel. I can remember seeing her and she so sobersides, this girl. You never saw her smile then, never. Later she did. She married Gardner Godson.

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The Godson's didn't make fancy pastries, things like that. He made dough cakes and hot-cross buns, but not pastries. Mrs Godson senior never made fancy pastries, not Gardner's Mother didn't. Beautiful dough cakes, but of cause Gardner married Marie and she started making pastry, all these things then. Fancy cakes and all that. I don't know if Mrs Godson made sponge cakes at the Chapel, the baker always made the cakes for them for the tea. The seed cake, and the dough cake, and all those, and I think the baker made them and they were good too.

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3. Sundays, Sayings, Poems and Amusing Ourselves.

They reckon on Sundays, was always recognised, they was very smart on Sundays, if they wasn't on other days.

Mother, she wore long dresses down to the ground with long boots. She would wear a brooch and a necklace. She got a string of beads. Yes. She'd wear some beads and a brooch. I often remember seeing her wear the beads on a long string. I've got a blue pendant that was our Emily's. My sister Emily loved jewellery. Oh rings, brooches and necklaces. Oh dear she loved it. I never did.

Always had a special Sunday dress for Sunday. Mother made most of them. She was a good dressmaker. The only trouble was I had to have the cast offs, because I had two older sisters and as they grew out of them, I had to be landed with them. My brother came next to me, so Kathleen... of course she, been as how he came in between, she was five years between her and me, and they weren't handed on to her. Worn out after I had had them. Two older and two younger.

Mother made all our clothes, made my brother's clothes and all. She was good at it. Mended her boots and shoes. Yes. Oh yes. She was busy all the time, taking in washing and that.

We used to have our hair done up in curls Saturday night Mother used to pull tight, something in rags, curls. We used to look quite smart on the Sunday.

We always had hats. I never forgot once. We always had a new hat for the anniversary. Ooh yes. I remember these hats, I fancied myself then! They called them a mushroom hat and they had a wreath of daisies round. Oh I've never forgot that hat!

She made our christening robe. Lovely. The cloak? No Mother did not do the cloaks, a friend did them. The christening robe was all frills from top to bottom. Long gowns. You had to take your baby out in the Long gown and everywhere. Carry it out in the gowns and that to let people see how smart it was. Oh dear. You carried them you see, because you got these long gowns and cloaks. You wouldn't have seen them in a pram. No. Dolly has all our day gowns, christening robes and cloaks, two cloaks, cream one and red. A dozen gowns and two shawls. My Mother used to keep them. They were hand done, the fancy work on them. They don't have things like that now.

Sunday hat? The men had hats and the women had bonnets or hats. Men had boater hats. Now my Mother's Mother **never** wore a bonnet. No. She lived opposite the Chapel and I don't remember her ever having a bonnet. Now my Father's Mother always had her bonnet on. Thats hers that I've got. Mother's Mother died at sixty. She had sixteen children and she had a bad time with each one. She never wore a bonnet She wore a hat, but not a bonnet.

Oh yes black hats and all. We wore black when my brother died. We had to wear black for a year. Ooh yes. Oh dear we would have heard the law laid down if I hadn't, if I had defaulted that I had to buy a new dress for that use.

There was Chapel morning and evening, and in the afternoon we always went for a walk. Up the Mollington Lane to the Oxford Road, and look across to the Daventry Tower. That was on fine days. As Mabel mentionwe knew that Mr Miller the station master had the pigeons to let off, but we never went to the station on a Sunday. Not allowed.

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Dad took the Sunday school for 50 years. Will Neal took the older ones. Sometimes the Pettifers and Cherrys who took the Sunday school might disagree. Quarrel at each other and then make up! It was said, "They are very strong with their words."

Once Hilda said to my Mother, "You wouldn't have married Will, if you'd known he had a temper! She replied, "He never had a temper when I went out with him!" They said "He thinks quietly." Well that were like my Dad, he didn't say much, but you know it were there. Sometimes he never said nothing.

Dad was a bit particular at meals and that. He used to say, "Speak when you're spoken to." And anything like that, I mean. You dare not use a swear word. My word my Mother would have murdered us nearly if we had. Now my Dad never touched us. My Mother used to wallop us sometimes. Dad didn't never. He wouldn't. Our Dolly would get a smack sometimes, if she was irritating him.

If people say things it's best to say nothing and shut up. Yes my Mother said, "A still tongue makes a wise head." Well do you know I had my Mother like that then, because you know, she wanted to know where you was, up to when I was 20, wanted to know where I'd been every night and this, that and the other. "Well" I said "If I tell you, you'll say it ain't right, so I'm saying nothing!" That done it! If people say nothing they can't get anything out of you.

Cropredy Chapel:

How it was built and paid for.

A few years back, you all do know,
A few good folk to work did go,
To build a House was their delight,
Where Christian people could unite.

They worked with willing hand and heart,
And soon the House it made a start;
Some people looked on with surprise,
But still the walls rose to the skies.

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They done their work, made it complete,
And now inside they have a seat;
And inside you may find them still,
Trying to do their Master's will.

And their united voices sing
All glory to th' Eternal King.
To teach the young the way to heaven
Is their delight one day in seven.

Now friends, this great and noble House
Was fitted up for heavenly use;
A great expence you all must know;
And these good people felt it so.

To be in debt they did not dare,
For how could they such burden bear;
And yet it was so large, no doubt
They were not able to rub it out.

A good old saint among them dwell;
And he this burden greatly felt;
So he resolved, without any fear,
To free this house in the Jubilee year.

His praises I will freely sound,
For he wanted eight and forty pound;
But he went to work with a willing heart,
Sometimes by daylight and sometimes by dark.

He went through village, lane, and town,
Till he had received the last half-crown;
And he did all this without any beer,
And paid the debt in the Jubilee year.

Composed by a labourer, one who has not been to
college, but who has been to Jesus.

Cropredy. William Pettipher [14].

Dad liked to write poems [see p.130].

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The Sunday school treat, we used to have a wagon, borrow a wagon from a farmer. I remember once when a wheel come off on the side. We had to wait for another wagon to take us home!

The Band of Hope tea. Mr Bonham ran it and it was held in the Cup and Saucer. Always. I recited my poem. "I took my doll. I got my doll still." We never never took dolls, we didn't never have toys in bed. She sent us to bed at 7 o'clock in the winter. Go to bed for warmth. We didn't have bottles or nothing.

Mother made jams and things like that, anything but not drink, well...she never had any drink, because we belonged to the Temperance. Some meetings nearly every night at the Chapel. Band of Hope on Fridays. In the school room, yes, because we used to recite there. I learnt a recitation about my doll.

"I've brought my Dolly to show you,
Don't you think she's a pet?
Pretty a dolly I feel sure you never seen as yet.
And I've had to give her a name you know
Oh dear, it was a nuisance quite,
Plenty of names to be had of course
But none of them seem to be quite right
But I've had a bright idea now
I thought of it yesterday,
I shall call my Dolly Temperance
Because you see they say
The Band of Hope, that if Fathers drink
Too much of beer or wine
Their children can't have pretty clothes
Or Dollys dear like mine.
And I'm a Band of Hope girl now
And I'll call my Dolly Temperance
And I shalln't forget you see."

Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! We all had a doll. I've still got one now. Mother gave me a doll when I was three or four years old. Our Emily, mine was only parchment dress, but our Emily's Mother dressed it. It had knickers and I give it to young Handley in Chapel Row. Our Emily's it had a greeny dress.

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Cradles you had to rock the cradle. Ha! I remember our Dolly, she was in the cradle, Mother had got me looking after her. An aeroplane went over and of course it were out of the ordinary, you never see one, I mean, and I fell in the cradle, and our Mother said, "You'll kill that child, look what you've done falling in there!"

Yes and I was sixteen when she was born, that was in 1912. My Dad could talk and make her behave. Yes. Now he never laid hands on her, but he'd go for her to make her. She seemed as if she had a will of her own. More than I dare do. Because we were kept, well Mother would hit us, but not my Dad. We'd go and meet him if we thought we were going to get a hiding for anything and he'd say, "Now what have you been up to?" Mum would come up with a stick behind her!

We would go off to play games near the Chapel, not on Sunday though. Rounders, skipping and that. We had wooden hoops and the boys metal ones. Cos they rnade a noise. They had iron, but we had wooden ones. Skipping ropes, and we played rounders and one thing and another.

When we came home from school we used to love the blacksmiths, especially if it were cold, getting in there where the fire was. We watched the saddler opposite, Mr Bernhard Pargeter. He worked for Mr Jim Bonham, saddler. They did a lot of mending of harness and that. Mr Pargeter was a jolly man, and a nice person. Denis and May's father, they lived near the Co-op.

Old Pooh-up, old Will Shirley lived down the Lane. He was one on his own. He was a shoemaker with Thomas Cooknell on the Green. And he, when someone was at the farm down the Lane, he went and milked the cows, and the cows kicked him over, the bucket and all! Oh he went down there to help with the milking, somebody asked him to go and the cow kicked him over. Kicked him and the bucket over. He was an old man and lived just below. He used to throw water at us if we teased him. We called him Pooh-up. Pooh-up, because every time he'd pass our house he'd go "Pooh-up" to Mother, who would answer back. Dolly said he chased her with a wet mop many a time.

Then there was a Jimmy Pargeter next to him, who fought in the Crimea war. When he got back he had no where to go. He wasn't too good. He went to his sister Hannah's each day and at night he took himself off to the hovel in [Job's Oxhey] that corn field and slept up in the loft. His sister Hannah had two girls, Emily and Betsy, well Betsy was a bit slow. Emily she had this man. I hated him. I was glad when he left. They lived down below us in Creampot.

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Mother used to tap screws into a thread reel. What you had. Mother used to put tin tacks or something and we had a hairpin to do it with. We knit Dad some garters which he tied up his socks. Socks up to his knee, Mother knit them, then he had this wool to keep them up. He wore long trousers.

Mother taught us to knit. She learnt us. Tell you what that reel was called. French knitting. We made garters, but Mrs Waddups at Bourton she has got a most beautiful counterpane of this French knitting. It looked lovely. Her Mother was Mrs Neville, they lived in the house she lives in now, on the Green at Bourton.

I got a babies bonnet. I got a prize for it. I made it, crocheted and lined it. I did that in the first World War. I kept it. Ever since I was a child I've knitted and sewed.

Mother she'd have a book sometimes. Oh yes. Sundays we read a bit, because we didn't have any extra work Sundays. Sunday was a day to do reading. In the evening after tea. Well you see we had our cooked meal at 5 or 6 o'clock, then you

got the evening free, once you'd washed up. I mean sit down and look at a book and sewing, or knitting, or do anything like that. We used to go to bed at 7 o'clock, as I said, in the winter. She said, "May as well go to bed in the warm, as stop downstairs."

Dad he didn't tell stories. He'd always got something else, plenty to do.

Mr Francis the colporteur. He come round with religious books, round monthly and he had a stall in the market every Thursday, religious books. I do remember him. Yes cos it was like, "Little Faith." Nice little...Mother used to buy us some, some times.

"Little Faith," and "The Child and the Toystall," and " Betty..." something. Only a penny. Penny books, but they were nice little stories. Before 1900 yes. One was 1880 something I believe. Oh "Robins Goldern Deeds." I had "Florence Nightingale". I liked novels, when I could read. I used to read "The Way of the Eagle," and all those, "The Knave of Diamonds."

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Three or four a week. There was a Sunday school library up the stairs. Mary Smith's.

My husband, Walt, if he knew I had got a book with a mark in it, he'd put it further over and he said, "I've helped you read that book!" He'd say "It will make your head bad reading them books."

Papers, there was a daily paper [15], because we had them. It wasn't the Post Office, because that was Johnny Smith. The shop? Well there was only the Co-op. We had the daily paper. Dad had one. I think it was delivered. Father he was a reader. Yes. Now my husband wouldn't read, only the paper, he'd read that, and the Railway magazine. Nothing else. Father always had the Banbury Guardian. He used to be telling poems. Reciting them. His cousin Maggie did too. It runs in the family. Oh yes my Dad was a big reader. Yes. But I used to read, when I got tired of sewing or knitting. I was never without sewing, knitting or doing something.

I won a certificate for writing. My Mother was a good writer. She was a good writer our Mum was, but she had to leave school at 10 [16]. Had to go to work. Rough time of it.

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4. School and Brother Sam.



10. Mr J.J. Bonner in front of
The Schoolhouse circa 1908

They rung the bell for school. I think we were pretty well to time. I started at three and I went on until I was thirteen. We had to pass all our exams before we could leave. At three I remember playing with bricks and boxes and having games and different things in the little class room. We had to learn the A B C, and learn to count, and learn to read, and spell a bit.

We moved into the big school when we were five. We started then at class one. To start with on Monday morning the Vicar of Cropredy came for half an hour scripture lesson, and on Wednesday the Vicar from Bourton, the Reverend Standage. Twice a week we had these scripture lessons. Arthur Neal, Frank, Elsie and Annie Sumner never came to school until later, because we had the Vicars. The morning the Vicar come to give us Church lessons, they didn't come until he'd gone. Only them. Arthur

Neal and the three Sumners. They had to come at a quarter to 10, because the Vicar came for half an hour. The Vicar read the bible, prayers and hymns, because we learnt "There is a Green Hill far away," and all these lent hymns and that. They were Chapel, well I was Chapel, but my Mother said "You are to **go**." They come after the scripture lesson was ended. They never have agreed these different religions, but I said we all serve one Master.

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The rest of the day we made up with all lessons, what half an hour each. Geography, history, spelling, writing, arithmetic and all various ones. We had ten minutes playtime, then one hour and a half for lunch, and then we went out of school at a quarter to four. There was one thing we didn't learn at school, they didn't have cooking. I would have loved to learn a bit of cooking. They started it soon after I left school. We had sewing. Mrs Bonner learnt us sewing. I remember her telling us one was the "woof" way, and one was the smooth way, and I never knew what the woof way was. I was very fond of going to school.

Mr Bonner he was a very good school master and very clever I think and really better than a good many. Mr Bonner took the top three classes and Mrs Bonner 3 and 4. A single girl took the first class. We had to be very careful how we went on, because he was a very strict schoolmaster. A boy was to have the cane and this boy was Fred Tasker. He was to have the cane and the blackboard was near where the schoolmaster called him out and as he hit with the cane, Fred grabbed the pointer off the blackboard and started hitting the schoolmaster! We all started roaring with laughing. round and he said, "If you don't stop laughing and behave, I will come and cane the whole school." I thought "Oh my word he'll have a job on!" But meanwhile Fred escaped and he went off home, and he didn't come back that day.

We had to write lines sometimes. He kept order with the cane, and they said,

"Mr Bonner's a very good man
He tries to teach us all he can,
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic,
But he never forgets to give us the stick!"

Mayday we used to have a May Garland and the older children. used to go to Williamsote with the May Garland The Lovedays lived there, and they always gave us milk and cake, and we were very pleased with that. Then the money we got we could come back and have a tea. That was the bigger ones. The May Garland was on three sticks, carried on a pole in two, sort of done with three slicks to a point, and there was always then red flowers to crown it. Crown of Pearls on the top. We always went to Wilsote and the houses.

When my husband was at Somerton station, the Somerton children always used to come to the trains, to sing to them and they used to do it well. Let them onto the platform. OOh! Ho!

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One of the teachers went, used to go with us. Not Mr Bonner, nor Mrs. She used to teach as well as he did. One came to see as we were alright along the road. We had to keep in two and two, to go up.

Good Friday and Ascension day we always marched to Church, all the school had to march to Church, then we had a half day holiday. On Good Friday afternoon we used to go up to Clattercote Pool. There was a field near where you could find primroses.

We had a months holiday in August. We used to like to get to the bridge to see the trains come out of the station. See them come along. Especially if there was anyone special going to be on. Once or twice I remember that we went along to the bridge near the school, where the road goes under the railway. We could wave to the train as it went along over the bridge. Oh no, he wouldn't allow you up at the station. They wouldn't let you up there. No we went along and waved to them, going **over** the bridge.

When it flooded just there we some times had to have forms put up to walk round in to school. We had a big stove to keep the school warm. In winter we used to get round it to get warmed up. It was such a big room, but they had a small stove at the other end.

I had to pass all my exams before I could finish. You couldn't leave at thirteen unless you passed all your exams. They gave us medals for Never Absent Never Late. Some had a bar on as well. After five years you had a silver watch, but not until you were thirteen or had left school.

[Mr Bonner wrote in his log book on the 11th of Dec.1908 "Elsie Sumner received a watch suitably engraved for 5 years perfect attendance and good conduct. Gertie Pettipher and Ernest Pettipher (cousins) are entitled to one also, but the Education Comm. will not give a watch until the child has left school." The following year in deep snow they gathered once again for the prize distribution. 'The vicar gave a very nice address full of good advice to children and Mrs Maltby presented the prizes to the children. Ernest Pettipher and Gertrude received engraved silver watches...Jessie Prue and Sam Pettipher have earned theirs but cannot have them until they have left school." Sam was then eleven years old].

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Inside the watch is inscribed:

Oxfordshire / Educational Committee /
Croprey School / 1909/ Presented to/
Gertrude Pettipher / for good conduct & /
perfect attendance / for 5 years.

I had that watch in 1909 and its been my standby ever since. Only once has it had to be mended, and that was at Miss Durham's at Banbury. It was made by Hills and Roundly at Oxford. I don't know about the good conduct!

We learnt lots of little poetry at school, songs and different things. There was a bit about the clock in the schoolroom:

"A neat little clock in the schoolroom it stands
Points ont the time with its pretty hands
One shows the minutes the other the hour
As oft you may see in the churchs high tower.
Theres a pendulum inside which the hammer does knock,
And when you get that you can tell whats o'clock.
It's 8,9,10 and from tis the rule,
Our teachers to greet and to march into school.
Hark, Hark out it strikes 1,2,3,4
5,6,7,8. Will it strike anymore?
Yes, yes if you lis, you will hear when it strikes,
9,10,11,12, and the next will be one."

There was about a hundred and twenty children when I was there. We came home for lunch, except if it were very bad in the winter, Mother would bring our lunch to school. We walked it. It was quite enough down the Lane to school, well I went at three and left at thirteen. I did ten years and I don't think I missed a day. It didn't matter what illnesses we had at school it never come down the Lane. I said our Mother dosed us too much with Brimstone and treacle, and one thing and another. I reckon we were healthier, well we had more healthy food. Every Saturday we had a dose of some sort.

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There was Lucy Wyatt from Little Bourton Lock, then the boy who used to live at the pub, he was in my class at school, as well as Winnie Allitt There was the same age as me, Mabel Cooknell, Annie Sumner, Loie Waddups, Mary Gardner, Elsie Gardner, well Elsie Watts she was before... My sister Emily was in the next class and my oldest sister was in the first, in the other class at school. She was four years older and in class seven. The boys, there was Marlow Gardner and George Pettipher my cousin, Erney Pettifer and Fred Tasker, who got the cane from the schoolmaster, Smith, one or two Smiths, and Charlie Worrall.

Mr Bonner was the Headmaster and I will say this of Mr Bonner, I have never heard of another one, he used to have the boys in the evenings, once or twice, for evening classes. He was very good. My brother went, thats how I know. I said to him one day, I said: "What do you learn?" "Oh" he said "He learns us quite a bit more than we learn at school. We learn to do quite a bit." And it helped them quite a lot. He was quite pleased that they could go like that, to school to do these things.



11 and 12

Samuel William Pettifer



The brother I lost I was closest to. We went about a lot together and I missed him more than the other three I think. He was born on the 28th of July 1898, and he was drowned on the 23rd of December 1917, aged only nineteen.

He came next to me, so we were out together in the evenings. Out playing Saturday. Take the truck and pick up wood together. My brother and I used to go getting wood on a Saturday. I never forgot one day we did get into trouble. We were up the Claydon Road going to get this wood. A lot of grooms came along, out with their horses. There was some at Edgecote and somewhere else, but I think these were six grooms. We got over in the field my brother and I, and we got the truck, because we'd been picking a bit of wood up, and every time we went to get back they would come at us with these horses and tell them to bite us. Oh we were terrified. We couldn't get across the road, if we could have got into a field and got home, but we couldn't cross the road. Oh these men! Fast as we got out, in they come back with their horses. Five or six times and told them to bite us. I was always afraid of horses after that. I never liked horses, because we had such a go with them.

When I was young I often walked up Loveday's path beside the Wilscombe Road. It was a place to avoid the grooms. Once one lot chased me and I hid in there. Another time at Overthorpe, when a groom chased me, I pushed him in a ditch.

We used to go mushrooming in that field up Claydon hill, they tell me that's all ploughed up. There were cattle in that field, quite a herd of cattle. I have the feeling they were Wadland's of Wilscombe. The field past the Appletree turn. Limekiln Ground.

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Sam and I had to do the jobs. We had to fill the copper, do the vegetables and clean the knives on the board. Ooh we hated it. I hated it. Before school we had to wash up, clear the table, and wash up. Each one as we got old enough. Two sisters older than me, and as each one got old enough, we had to wash up and help do things. After school we had to get wood and coal in and do things, before we could get out.

There was a Major Slack lived on the Green and one firework, when it was bonfire night, the boys put a firework, a cracknel by his door. He came out with a stick and he threatened to thrash you if he caught anyone. I remember this man living there, because I remember him come running us with a stick. He was a county councillor. He was a great big man. A sister or some relative looked after him.

We had a man come with a barrel organ and a monkey, long before Tuzio the icecream man come. Then there was a man come with a bear, a dancing bear, but we were scared of that.

Ankers had Beech House. A private house. They went to Banbury. Sold Cropredy. Two or three Miss Ankers, I can't remember them yet they must have been there [17]. We used to go pinching apples in that orchard. Up Newscutt Lane. It was all orchard there, apple trees everywhere. There were two near the wall, one a cooker and one was an eating one. Hanwells

souring they called one and there was a Blenheim, an eating one about seven or eight yards from the wall. Twenty or thirty apple trees, they called it the orchard.

There was a big barn at the back. When there was a coronation, or something once, we had a dinner there. That was when I was fourteen, so that was 1910. I was up at Madges at that farm, Poplars, and they did the salads. They had this dinner and Madges did the refreshments, all the salads and the trifles. The trifles, they were dab hands at that and they used to be good to look at.

It was a lovely big barn, there was quite a bit of room, because there was a hundred there. Trestle tables. They had tables put up for it, oh yes they had it all in style.

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There was an apple tree up there behind Tom Hawkes. He lived in the middle house of Old Yard. I can't remember Mrs Hawkes. I can see him, he was a big stiffish built man, this Tom Hawkes. I think he was in the building trade. There was this apple tree up there, up the garden of Old Yard, and I used to go up the field at the back of us, and they fell in the field I used to have one what fall. Ah if they dropped off. They were too high to get!

When Sam was young and I was home from work he used to say to me "Make plenty of pancakes," or "Tell Mother to make plenty of pancakes," because he loved them. He had a good appetite.

Sam was at Davonport, he was in the navy. I was with B...s, quite near. I got the gardener's wife, they kept the hotel, I got her to make him some Cornish pasties once.

We had a cat. Yes. Now that cat, my brother, when he come home an leave, when he come home at 2 o'clock in the morning, it was his cat, sandy one, it met him. He came home twice in the night and that cat met him up the Lane. Yes it did. Got that instinct.

My brother didn't want to go into the navy, he wanted to go into the service corps, because he'd been 'prenticed to a carpenter. Our Sam would never go in the navy, because he'd been apprenticed to a carpenter. But you had to go. And I'll tell you another thing, all those young boys, that only soon gone to the war, they all had the hardest jobs.

Richard Watts was a platelayer who had a son Thomas, who was drowned with Sam. They both wanted to be in the army, but were put in the navy. They went down in a destroyer, a group of three, and only one man survived.

First he went on the battle ship *Tiger* to the battle of Jutland, because he brought my Mother a bit of shrapnel back. He was alright on the *Tiger*. Well then they put him on a destroyer and he were bad. If he'd only come back from that. He had to go out with convoys, destroyers had to go out with convoys of food, and you know with people. And he was drowned off Holland. Coast of Holland somewhere. Three destroyers, one after the other. One rescued the other, then they all drowned. If he had come back from that one we'd got somebody, some Judge at a house below, he lived there, Andrews Farm House, cause we'd found out he were a Judge in London, afterwards. Living with somebody. And he was getting this discharge. A Judge with authority. Mother looked after the house for them. And he didn't **come back**. They were all put on the hardest jobs, because on the *Tiger* he was alright.

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There he is in that picture. I had that done at Blinkhorns in an oak frame for Mother. He was only nineteen. No-one knew much why it happened. Only one man escaped on a raft with the dog. He was rescued.

When Mother went down to Weymouth for a holiday, she was talking to the cook whose relatives was coming over and guess what? These relatives' son was the lad saved from these destroyers. Mother then heard all about it and was much happier afterwards. She was glad she'd taken this holiday.

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5. Out to Work at Thirteen.



13. Red Lion Street circa 1920



14. Prescote Manor circa 1908

I used to go daily to Mrs Smith at 12 Red Lion Street. I didn't know at the time she was expecting a child, and I used to go. I'd left school. I was only thirteen really. I went in the mornings up there and I did 9 to 12, at this house. Old Mr Smith was in this house up the steps next door. Then there was a Smith in Round Bottom.

It was a very nice big kitchen and larder. Two sitting rooms at the front. Three or four bedrooms. It was a big house and a nice big garden too. Their daughter was Stella.

I went to Williamscoote baby sitting, well you know Nursemaid. I used to take a little boy out. Hewitson the name was. He was an engineer from Egypt. He was out in Egypt. He belonged to the Hewitsons of Edgecote. I went for six months to take this little boy out for a walk. Old Squire Loveday, I used to pass him every afternoon when I was out with the little boy. He would be out with David (now a bishop), he would be with his Father walking, Old Squire Loveday he'd always come and speak to

me. Mrs Hewitson used to go to Prescote to tea, Mrs Hewitson did. They wanted me to go out to Egypt with them, but I didn't, well I was only fourteen. I used to read. I can tell you all about poems for children. I remember them from when I was at Hewitsons of Wilscoate.

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When I was fourteen, in 1910, I was up at Madges, at that farm house. Townsends had Poplar Farm at one time. They took in paying guests. Mrs George Townsend did. She used to get Chapel people from London you know. Come down for the summer to stop with them and that. It was the Madges living there in 1910. They were Devon people, came from Devon. Mrs Wadland, that was a sister, used to bring over clotted cream and that. One daughter married a Wadland at Fenny "Cumpton." I know, because my aunt she worked for them for a long time. She used to make great pans of clotted cream as they were farmers. Mrs Wadland was a Madge. Their son went to Wilscoate at the farm set back. Wadlands.

They were always coming there to Madges. You see they had a horse and trap, and they wanted to stable them, to put the horse and trap in that stable there. They were real gentry. More people then were gentry. They seemed a different class somehow to what... well of course the **poorer** were kept in their place.

Walter said at Overthorpe, the B..'s owned all at one time. He said he was going along the village and met Mr B.. on his horse and Walt touched his hat, but he said: "Touch your hat to me boy and call me **Sir!**" Oh yes he did. The old man he... well servants were treated as scum of the earth you know. We were kept under, downtrodden.

I was working for Madges. He was nearly ninety, but he kept that garden going very well. It was lovely. He was in that garden. He kept something of everything and he kept that garden beautiful.

They did the cooking, because I was too young for that I peeled the potatoes and did the scrubbing and such like. I kept an eye on the vegetables.

There were four daughters and the old man. Two of them were not so nice as the others. They put me up in the attic to sleep. One didn't, one was an invalid more, there was two did the cooking. The two older ones never did any cooking. The two younger ones did. One did it one week, one the other. Helen and I think Ann, I'm not sure. They did the cooking and they used to make buns, hot. Well they wasn't what we call hot cross buns. They used to have to take turns to cook them. Made scones, what they called Devonshire splits, or something like that. Used to make beautiful buns. Mrs Wadland brought the clotted cream. Buns with cream in them. Ooh!

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Madges kitchen had a great big range and an old stone floor. I had to clean that floor every week. They had the kitchen range and coal for it. And the man had to come every day to pump up water to the bathrooms. Pumped up every day, to fill the tanks. I had to sleep up there. I could hear the water running into the tank on the other side of the partition. I was scared up there. I was up the top in the attic. I could hear it when they went to the toilet, you could hear it filling up the tank and it used to terrify me in the dark. I think I went home for a "bath."

There was a big room, they called it, not the parlour, but...I forget. There was the breakfast room, the dining room, the larder and the Drawing Room. Yes it was the Drawing Room. That one looked out onto the garden, the window there.

There were four daughters and the father. Two shared a bedroom, two had separate rooms and the father had one. There were four rooms, if not five and I was up at the top.

I earned ten shilling [50p] a month when I started to work. I had half a crown a week, and when every month I got my ten shillings I went to the Post Office. A Mr John Smith kept the Post Office and Mother said I got to go and put five shillings in the Post Office then, and keep back five shillings and put five shillings in. John Smith kept it then.

The Madges went to the house at the top of the Green at Great Bourton. I went with them for a year. Nice big house and the kitchen looks out onto the Green. It's the second window from this end, the kitchen was. I used to see Doris, Mrs Neville's daughter, they lived on the Green. I could see what was going on, on the Green! I got to know a lot of Bourton people while I was up there. I forget where I slept, but it was upstairs. This was about 1911. I went from there to Overthorpe.

At Madges I had practically the same food as them Every morning they had...we had to cook enough potatoes to fry up. You had to fry them and get them in a heap. Heap the middle so that the heat was over them and let them brown. Then they had bacon with it. Either cold bacon with it, or fried bacon or something of that sort for breakfast. The old man was nearly ninety.

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Oh dear, I had the same as them, but when I went to F.'s at Banbury, they had cooked breakfast, I only had porridge. Then practically every day milk pudding for dinner. They had custards and other puddings, but no, I had to have milk puddings. Oh she was a...terror. On a Sunday Mrs F.. she wanted me to go up and change into a black frock, but I said I couldn't be bother to change. I said I had enough of black all week. I'll have another colour. I had to change my frock, when I went into supper. She was a shocker. I mean she was nobody in particular. He was a Quaker, she was a Baptist. They used to have people in for tea on a Sunday. I used to go sometimes to the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Banbury, then once or twice to the Parish Church and I went to Marlborough Road, but I liked the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Church Lane best. McKilroys there then. This was a lot later.

I asked the Madges for more than two and sixpence a week and they said No. I applied for a job at Overthorpe. When Lady B... came to ask me to work for her son, Mother said to me, "Now don't get into trouble or you'll go in the workhouse." That was at the beginning of the war, well I was over twenty before I knew what trouble was! I had no idea. When we had a period Mother said, "We all have that." That was all. We never discussed it or my sisters. So I knew nothing. Our Mother would have smacked us if she heard us talking about it. Our Mother she wanted to know where we were going. She'd set us something to do. I mean we didn't have much time to go out and that. When I was sixteen I went away to work and when I was fourteen I went into service. I mean we had to work. We hadn't time to go out with boys and that. We used to be real friendly with them, lark about, nothing else.

Mrs B.. the General's Mother, she was a real country, you know, a real gentry woman. She studied everything and she didn't put it on like. She treated you like ordinary human beings. She was a real homely person. When I applied for this job, it was to go to her daughter Sue, Mrs O.. at Salisbury. Well Mrs B... she came down the Lane in a car. The first we saw I think. That was 1912. I was sixteen.

"No" she said "I want you to go to look after my first granddaughter, for my son. You are too superior a person to go to Salisbury, with all the soldiers there!" The war started in the August of 1914, and the General came in the September and I was with them to the end of the war[18]. Every three months we had ten days at Overthorpe with the parents, otherwise we were down south.

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You had to find your uniform. Oh yes. Mother made them, the frocks. She made them. I had a tin box. Oh ah! I remember taking my tin box to Broadstone, that's near Bournemouth. I thought that were old fashioned, but we couldn't afford, we hadn't got cases then.

At the time I applied to work at Overthorpe they had ten or twelve on the staff. B's... are buried at Overthorpe. They had the churchyard built. You have to go up some fields to the Church. He got tired of it and sold it. Went to Adderbury, then to Leamington and London. I expect he was regretting selling Overthorpe. It had about thirty rooms. Ha! Do you know when I used to be there the General used to come home. He got his father, the General there, to take up the carpet and get the butler's tray and have a toboggan down the stairs! Oh the antics they used to do. It was a marvellous big place. I got lost once or twice 'cause I had to go up to the top to sleep.

When I went down to Overthorpe, to that big house, I had to go to the servant's hall. I think Betty had her meals sent up to the nursery. I was up in the nursery, but I was sent to the servant's hall. Mrs B... said one day, "Why are you so late?" So I said, "They keep me to last to serve me, and I don't get much, the vegetables are all gone when they get to me." "They should serve a visitor first." She told them, and they had to send my dinner up to the nursery. The old Lady wouldn't have it.

Oh no. She had fair play. They didn't want me. I tell you what there were staff wheels within wheels. They were afraid I'd find something out and say something, because I mean you could see what was going on with one or two of them. They had a housekeeper, three house maids, scullery maid and cook. A butler and perhaps others.

I remember I was with the little girl for her Mother. So I had my room with her towards the finish, there wasn't the room at one point She had to sleep with her Father and Mother, cos she couldn't come up with me. Then they found a room for us.

One daughter married a man who went to Dasset. First Farnham and then to Dasset. We used to go and see my Aunt and we'd see her sometimes. She was a nurse in the first War. There were four boys and two girls. One was killed in the war. Bonny he was on a submarine. I looked after the little girl, Betty. She called her Uncle, Bo. He thought the world of her. Betty was the only grand child and they all thought the world of her. I had applied to go to her daughter, but she wanted me to look after Betty. I was with this little girl for four years. I have still got my bonnet. My Uncle used to laugh if I came by Banbury to Mothers. I had to wear my uniform, cos I didn't bring my clothes with me. Uncle used to laugh.

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When we went to Overthorpe once, they got out the three wheel pram. I tipped it over, straight over. I wouldn't have it again, they had to get me another one. I couldn't get on with that.

I'm terrified of horses, but when I was there the pony come up. I had to give him a lump of sugar, and he come to the door. He'd come walking up to the door. They had a job getting him back and one day he nearly come into the kitchen for his sugar. I got into trouble for that.

I was with them to the end of the war. They are both dead now. The General died under an operation. Betty kept in touch with her Aunt. I think she too may have died.

I remember when they went to Buckingham Palace for V.E. day. He got his servant but he said, "I want you to do my trimmings, you can do it better than he." Yes, I cleaned his uniform for him.

He used to get ten days every three months and we used to go about everywhere. I went all over England, Cornwall and Devon. Newquay we went there for a year once. I loved it down there. We had a private entrance to the beach. Yes! He came down two or three times to have holidays. They were looked after, because I said to him once, "Did he ever get in the firing line?" He said "No, that is for the lieutenants." They had to go, not him.

First class travel. Oh yes. When we went to Cornwall he didn't take everybody, we had a cook down there. He didn't have no man while he was on holiday. He bought him, but he'd have to have done, before he come home. It must have been 1916.

I was at the top of the house and I could push my bed out and see the boats all going to America. We had an entrance from the garden, and when the tide came in we could go through the door, down the steps and go out. We had boots on and we had a lovely time there.

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He brought her no end of pheasants. He liked a leg devilled for breakfast, put in mustard and that, and fry them in butter. We had the same food as them. Yes.

I had a Mrs Beaton recipe book in 1914, and I've got my little book of recipes. My sister was in Devon and her cook there give me one or two recipes. The General, I had to make him a cake every week or fortnight and send it to France. Now I've the recipe for that. It was lard you put in and raisins. Half a pound of fruit. You had to seed the raisins and it was like a pudding cake. "War time cake" they called it. It was nice.

We went to Broadstone first I hadn't been there long, I think it was November. Anyway the war had been on two or three months and my Mother's brother, Uncle Dick, he came to a camp a few miles from where I was. He wrote and said would I come and see him. I could get a train to go and see him at this camp. Yes, I said and asked for the half day off. He said come after dinner, because sometimes they had to do something in the mornings. We fixed up to meet one Saturday.

I shall never forget that Saturday as long as I live. I got to the station and there was **no** Uncle. And I thought, well what will I do? P'raps he will meet me. Perhaps I'll meet him along the road. So I walked slowly along the road to the camp and I got to the camp gate, and I'd say it was about a mile from the station, or near enough that.

There was a sentry on guard and just as I got there a Sergeant turned up, said something to the sentry and he turned to me and said, "Can I help you?" I said "Yes I think you could, I've come to find an Uncle, he promised to meet me this afternoon and he hasn't turned up." He said "You know...?" I said "I know his number its 20 / 600, but I couldn't remember the number of his billet." "Come with me" he said "we'll find him, if hes to be found." He went through all the units on there. No Uncle. Then he said, "You've got to come and have a cup of tea with us." "I'm not!" "You are, I'm not letting you go back there without having a cup of tea!" "Well I'd rather..." But I **had** to go and have a cup of tea with the Sergeant. I thought after, I've often wondered..! Well anyway, he came back to the station, and he said he knew a **short cut!** I said "I'm taking **no** short cut! I'll keep to the main road. I might get me done for, and Uncle will have something to say if theres anything wrong."

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Anyway we never met Uncle and this was on Saturday. On the Monday I had a letter to say he'd been called to a funeral at the last minute and he couldn't let me know, because I had already left home, and he couldn't phone me. I said "I'm not

coming again unless you're there to meet me." Anyway I went I did go in a fortnight and he was there. "I shalln't leave the station this time!" "No. I'll meet you at the station." He was there. Thousands were stationed there, well I mean, I kept going one after another. I thought if Wilfred Pickles had asked me my most embarrassing moment I should have told him.

I had a shock once, again this was the General's wife, her Mother was an actress. We went to Broadstone first, then to Newquay, then to Maidenhead, and while we were at Maidenhead her Mother came to stop with us. One night the front door bell rang, and she said, would I go and answer it and see who it was. Someone went to grab me and I fainted, and it was her Mother dressed up like a ghost. She went to grab me and I collapsed. She said I frightened her more than her me.

A nephew came as well to stop. I can hear him screaming now! Her Mother, they got a peggy thing what they used to make clothes on, fit the clothes on. They dressed it up in a dress and things and put it in his bed. Oh you should have heard him scream when he went to get into bed and see this thing. He thought it was some one in his bed. Oh ooh dear! Her Mother was an actress from Canada. We had a lovely time up there with them.

When my Mother was ill I came back to help, and took a job temporary at the Vicarage here. There was a Vicar there only for a short time. He needed liver frequently, a pound of demerara sugar a week and boiled beetroot every day. His blood was thin. I was the cook. I came to the Vicarage for three months. They set it to someone and he wasn't good [well]. I had to cook beetroot every day and liver cooked very lightly, not hard. It was a big rambling place, a great big kitchen, scullery and a big hall. Drawing room, sitting room, study and breakfast room.

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Talking about that recipe book and seed cakes. Aunt Kate, thats Uncle Austin's wife, Dolly used to do errands for her, and she always had a piece of seed cake and she said she always used to throw it away to the birds for she hated it. Hated the sight of it. How I come to like it was this. Our Emily worked at Golden Villa, the farm in Neithrop. She milked cows in the summer during the war, our Emily did, helped milk the cows. I used to go up and have a cup of tea sometimes, because I worked at F..'s in town. I used to go for an hour. Oh they got a housekeeper, Mrs Walker, his wife was crippled with arthritis, and they got a housekeeper and could she make some different cakes. I can always see these big fruit cakes and these things. They got their own butter, because they got cows and milk and cream, everything. Oh my word, to go up there and get a piece of this seed cake. I did enjoy that.



15. William Hollis and Emily, 1919

Emily was two years older than me. She came to live, I got her a cottage at North Aston by the school. She was bad in London. The doctor said she wouldn't live if she stopped in London. Mother had her and she didn't get better, and I said the cottage was going. Walt, my second husband, said "You'll make a mistake." She was there several years. She was diabetic same as Rachel (Lizzie). Rachel had the 'flu, went into a coma and died of it. The doctor did not know then that Emily had diabetes. She married William Hollis. They didn't have any children. Rachel's diabetes, she washed a woman who had it. Did

her washing and she put it down to that. She did the washing for a woman who was diabetic, but I don't know, it's a liver compliant isn't it? Something of that. There's a lot of it. Do you know my Husband's Father had it, his sister, two of her children, a son and a daughter had it, in their family. Isn't it funny how it catch... gets you like that?

While I was at home I took on work at Little Prescote. That was Andrews farm down Creampot Lane. I remember the Hughes had that farm and let the house. They lived at Prescote Manor. I knew them all. He got an arm, something wrong with his arm. He went on a cruise as he had T.B., and he died on the boat. He was buried at sea. Mrs Hughes came to live at the house opposite the Chapel. Later they went to Dasset or Fenny Compton. She was a very nice person. McDougalls came in 1919.

Down the Lane at Andrews Farm I remember first the Pargeters farming and living there. Lucy Pargeter and Wilfred her brother went to school with me. We used to go and play with them at the farm house. There was another girl. They went somewhere else and Eagles came down from Bourton.

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The house was let after Eagles to the C...s. Mr had that house for years, because he kept a boat in the moat. Mother and I had to help as well, if I was at home, but my Mother did if I wasn't. My sister worked for her, went as her maid, as housekeeper for his woman. Yes. They rented it for years. 'The houseboat in the canal on the side. They had to bail that out, the water got into it. It never got in when she was there, she never realised it, we spent hours pumping that water out of that boat, and she didn't want to pay you for nothing. My Mother said, "You'll have to go down , you'll have to get at that pump and pump." You got to do it by hand. She got two caravans at Kidlington, and another houseboat on land at Kidlington, and this houseboat there. They got Pekinese dogs, and they were little beggars for anyone. Postman wouldn't come, but once they got to know them, you know, you could do anything with them. I was frightened to death with them, until I got to know them. I used to put one or two dog biscuits in my pocket and throw them a bit They were called Connie, Minnie and Chop Chop.

A Mr C. rented it and his housekeeper who couldn't marry him, as his first wife would not divorce him. He was a Justice so he couldn't give his real name. Mrs C's parents were big landowners so they cut her off. John their son used to ask what all the mail was about. He didn't know who his Father was. He eventually went to college. I was near there once and met someone in their employ. They came to Cropredy in summer and week-ends. Mrs C.. didn't pay you for looking after the boat if she could help it. She was never there in wet weather. They left when the McDougalls wanted to move round from Prescote Manor. They called it then Little Prescote.

I moved down there with the McDougalls, and moved back to Prescote with them. Mrs McDougall had a bathroom put in the granary. This was up the outer stairs. Had it made into a bathroom and pulled a way into the house. They called it the granary stairs before. You got in after from the house, they pulled the wall down.

Well there was a big kitchen, big dairy, what they called the dairy, larder and then a back kitchen. A big sized dining room, then the drawing room, or whatever she called it. Four, two front bedrooms and two back bedrooms and two attics. We had to sleep up in the attic, me and another girl. We had another girl, a house maid. Ruth wasn't with me at Little Prescote, there was a girl called Lizzie somebody, she used to be friends with Albert B... Then I had one of the Botts, a niece of his. She was with me up there, the main of the time. Ruth come up, some of it about a year, I should think. After I had been there some bit, I forget when, then my sister Kathy come and helped me up there. Then we both went from Prescote to Lady Bloomfields in London.

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Lizzie came from Farthinghoe, she was the housemaid, because I only did the cooking and keep, cleaned, the kitchen and that. She had to do the bedrooms, housemaid you see. Lay the table, take the meals in and all that.

Mrs McDougall didn't do anything she was teaching. Thats what made me wild. If we went out for a day, now and again something special, went to, had a day off to go anywhere, when we come back, there would be the dinner things to wash up, tea things, then all the **lot!**

Then when we went to London I said to our Kathleen...Lady Bloom field had said we could go out together on Wednesday, because it wasn't safe to wonder, to go out alone, she'd rather we had, both had the day out together, but not on a Sunday. Oh no take it in turns on a Sunday...So I said to our Kathy, I said "Here I'm going in early to-night 9 o'clock." We could be out to 10 o' clock. We got the key to go in then. "I'm going in" I said, "there would be all that washing up to do." We didn't go till after lunch. We done the lunch. There would be the tea and the supper.

And do you know when we went in, she met us on the stairs. "You've only to have your supper and to go to bed." I went into the kitchen. She'd even washed the **saucepans!** I had to leave everything. They always had a chicken cold, chicken soup and potato salad and things like that, everything. She hotted up the soup. She had to hot up the soup. Everything was washed up. Her daughter she sent in the larder, in the pantry to do the silver and all that and she went into the kitchen herself and everything was washed up. I couldn't believe it!

At Little Prescote, I had the attic at the end, the one with the window. Lizzie had the first one. At Prescote Manor I slept over the kitchen. Great big room with two double beds in it. Over the kitchen. We had that room and Ha! We had a man come once a month to stop the night, over "the milk." He had to do something about the milk and we used to pull his leg and put a piece of holly in the bed, and by golly we heard him yell out." You little Bitch!" He dare not come out. Ha! Ha! We had this room, it was next to where he was put, outside on the landing farther on. Of course McDougalls were away on the other landing, farther on. He dare not come out afterwards, because Maccy would have been after him. Oh deary me!

When the McDougall's came to Prescote after the Hughes left, they lived in the Manor House. Then with the new Mart and everything, they set Prescote House to a Mrs Sladen, who ran a school there, but of course Prescote was much bigger than Little Prescote. Some of the staff did not like the small house to work in, saying they were on top of you all the while. Prescote was a lovely roomy house and much more of a home. Downstairs there was an inner kitchen with the morning room next to it. The pantry and the dining room, then the entrance into a panelled hall, and the long room which was used as the school room, and the drawing room. We went up the back stone stairs from the kitchen to our bedroom. Along the passage and up steps past their bedroom and dressing room to the bathroom and toilet. Anne's room was next to ours and visitors had one of two other rooms across the passage. Their front stairs led down and another went up to the attics. Some were used for store rooms.

As well as the kitchen there was a middle kitchen and down stairs to the cellar one way, and the bottom kitchen another. Do you know I couldn't think where the toilet was or where we hung the washing, until I asked you! Then I remembered it was across the yard towards the garden gate. Next to the garden wall. Opposite was the coal place. If you'd gone round there at 9 o'clock at night...! Our toilet was outside. You went down to the kitchen garden or the cowshed past it. It was a game that outside toilet. We used to go upstairs if the road was clear, while they were having their diners. We used to have some fun up there. It was a good thing that toilet was separate from the bathroom. We said they'd be having a bath and somebody would come. No, we had to take water up to our room.

Mother used to come up and do the washing, in the wash place down in the bottom kitchen. They had a big mangle. Ah its gone now, because I went to have a look and see. This box mangle with rollers, but I don't remember how it worked. Mother came and did the washing but I don't think she used that big tub by the back door or the mangle. Oh in one house where I was, you did the washing with a Dolly tub. Fifty times you were supposed to swish it round. No not all round, swish round and back like that. Fifty times. Supposed to do it for the sheets. All by hand.

While we were at Little Prescote Anne McDougall learnt to walk. One Thursday afternoon her nanny was looking after her in the front garden. She walked from the front door along the path. Her nanny was thrilled when they returned from Banbury in the pony and tub she told them Anne had walked. They took her out there to make her do it again, but no fear she was back on her hands and knees! No one believed her until the next day when she walked again.

Anne McDougall had a nice pram, cos I use to take her home to tea every Sunday in the pram, and had to take her back in time for me to go to Chapel. They were Church. When she was a year old, I had charge of her every Sunday and she would come with me to my Mothers. She got to know that day very quickly. Every other day she had someone else to take her out,

but on Sundays she come to tea and she loved that. Mother had to order her special cake from Tripe's the baker in Bourton. Anne sat in a small chair we had. She didn't come any other time, just Sundays. Mrs McDougall didn't like it really, she said we were spoiling her.

I was up at Prescote you know for four years. I was cook there. I first went when Anne was a little baby.

Prescote farm, spotless it all was. Kept clean, brushed every day. They used to brush it down and keep it all clean and tidy. He had fifty Fresians which give the most milk, but Ayshires have the best quality and Jerseys. We got about a dozen Ayrshire cows then so perhaps only about forty Fresians. Then the bull was a Fresian.

I did the cooking, maybe his wife did the bookwork, because in the war she did, over the sugar rationing. Mrs McDougall's father was a Vicar in Ireland. I remember three sisters coming. One was a school teacher and she had a friend who used to come, a Miss P.

It was about 1920 when I went to Prescote. About 1921 or '22 they unveiled the cenotaph, in the churchyard. She come and fetched me to cut the bread and butter. It wasn't my job to cut them, it was the housemaids, but she said I did it better than her, so I got the tea ready, and I hadn't finished. She left me to do it. I was washing up, preparing the tea and laying out the supper, when Mrs McDougall come in. "Hurry up or you'll miss the service. You'll be late getting to the Church. You'd better come back and finish it." I thought "Well it wasn't my job."

I had the service for that day in my Sanky hymn book until recently. They had a boy sitting on top of the Church porch playing the last post.

Mother never showed us any cooking, but we used to watch her making the puddings and that on a Sunday. Mother used to make a cake and bake it in the oven sometimes. Yorkshire pudding and some pastry and makean apple tart or rhubarb tart. Plenty of rhubarb. We had to do the washing up and clear up and all that.

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At McDougall's they had hundreds of eggs put down. We had to make marmalade, enough for two pounds a week, made about a hundred pounds of marmalade. Yes it was a big larder, a big place to store in. Maccy would come and help cut up the oranges, come out in the kitchen and cut them up. Yes.

I tell you what I have never had it since, it was, they sent it down from Scotland. Venison. You made a plain water paste and wrapped it in that and baked it in the oven in that. My word when you took the cover off! The pigs had all the waste, because you couldn't use the crust, it was a water crust. All the juice and gravy ran out of the water crust. He were Scots and it was all

lean meat you see. With the venison all the tackle went to the pigs, it weren't wasted. You serve it with red currant jelly. He did it the way his people had done it, he told me himself and ordered it. Then they had jugged hares. My word all the baking there.

He were a Scots and she were Irish and they were a good couple together, but I could get on better with him. He said to my Mother once, "I admire your daughter she can stand up to herself."

We prepared the food in the scullery, out of that kitchen. Cos we got no sink or nothing in the kitchen then. And do you know she come and emptied the blasted kettle, fetching water for some thing, and then I got to cart and fetch it, go in that back kitchen and fetch water. Oh she wouldn't! They got a tap now at the side of the range. It was a nightmare. I mean it wasn't close. She said we were slow, but look at the time it took you, going back and to. Going out there!

When I was at Madges I had to do the floor on my hands and knees, but when I went to Prescote they had a mop there. I wore the mop out pretty often and she didn't half carry on. I mean sooner the mop than me. She grumbled because she said I kept wearing the mop out. I mean there was the kitchen to mop, then there was the laundry place down there, that was big. There was also a cellar. They kept drinks in the cellar, but I don't think they were much for drinks.

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If the road was clear we'd go up stairs, if it was clear! Ours was by the garden wall. It was a lovely garden on that side. They had a gardener from Wardington. I remember that asparagus they used to have, and kale. That white, some of that white skin stuff. He was a good gardener, he was. Plenty of tackle in the garden. Kimnell, Ted Kimnell, he lived at Wardington. There was a Kimnell the local preacher of Wardington and they weren't related. Several Kimnells. He was there every day and he could manage.

Those cowsheds. Aha! I'll tell you about that. I helped the man lift a churn on Sundays until McDougall caught us. He said "You haven't been helping do that?" I said "I have." He said "**never** again, don't you **dare**, you might break your back." I said "Well theres a knack in it. Grip it and jump it up into the cart." And he said "If theres no man here I'll come." "Alright." But I helped several times. Ooh! Did he go on. Oh did he let out at that man, letting me do it. But you see he wasn't to blame, because he got nobody to help him, he couldn't do it himself. Oh no.

The labels you tie them on the lids. Then they took them down to the railway station. They went by train. There was a van on the train to put the milk in. Whoever was on had to put the milk on the train. There was a special place for it. There was at the station.

Well, when Walt was at Somerton station, he said he had to be on every blinking minute. Keep the platform tidy. Keep the gardens tidy, and they had horse and cattle come by rail and then groceries and coal. People had coal come by rail. He sometimes said he hadn't a minute. There were two or three trains an hour. Forty trains a day. Oh yes. Reckon that was the biggest mistake stopping all them local trains. Cause at Cropredy when the busses started the people preferred the bus, because it come up in the village, farther from the station, then of course they lost the train.

I went to London to Lady Bloomfields. My word we went to the Albert Hall, my sister Kathy was parlour maid, and we went twice to the Albert Hall to hear Clara Butts sing. The Bloomfields had tickets. He had a box. They would go the first time, if anything was on and she'd let us go another night.

We used to go to the Wembley Exhibition while we were there. We went one day to see boot polish being made. Then bread being made. We saw the big wheel and the cattle and all different things. It was wonderful there, things like that. We got to know London well. I could find my way anywhere, but I wouldn't now.

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He was architect to the King. The older daughter Rachel used to meet the Prince of Wales as was then, and dance with him at Knightsbridge somewhere. They had At-Home days twice. A hundred and fifty to dance. Well it was like a dance. They had a big room. Well, he said one day, he was going to keep a cow in the drawing room, in the big dance room. "I might as well have something in it!" He was a man for joking, Mr Bloomfield.

I got into trouble there once. Ha! Ha! I had to laugh. I was asked to take tea in the drawing room. All the three girls were out and there was only me left in and I...it was never my job to go into the drawing room. I should have known, gone in and took it in before the people came. But I didn't know. I thought p'raps, and they were already in the room, and I thought I will wait until its time to go. Anyway I waited until 4 o'clock then I... There was a lovely big silver tray with all the cups and saucers on and then a stand. I went in with the tray, on ready, and put the table up and it had got a gate leg. I took the stand in. She always had a big chocolate cake for tea. It came from Barkers in Knightsbridge, High Street, Knightsbridge. I went to take this cake and put it on the table and she must have moved the table while I was gone. The plate shot up, and the cake shot up and landed in a chair, and the plate went the whole length of the room, and I went... He said "Go it Gertrude, catch it!" It made me roar with laughter and I thought, what am I going to do? I daren't touch that cake with my hands. I had to go and get a paper doily to rescue the cake and take a cloth in case I'd marked the plate. Anyway I managed it alright to get it back in position.

Then did I hear the band play the next morning! I said "Don't you ever ask me to ever come in again. I'm not coming, if theres nobody there, you will put in before they go. I won't do it again."

Oh she was particular. I was supposed to do the stairs. I thought well there were thirty stairs, all thirty, because it was a big house, Knightsbridge, and I thought I'll do every other step. I'll do one... She came out of her bedroom. "I haven't heard you brush all those stairs" she said "I've been counting them." Oh my word! Ah! Hoo! "I like them **all** done every day."

But oh dear dear. One of the maids saw her one day, she was on her knees, got her finger under one of the things to see if it was dusted underneath. Oh! dear! She **was** kind, but very particular. She was very kind, because she took us out to tea with her once or twice. But I didn't fancy it, because I didn't feel at home with her. He was a marvellous architect. He got models of all his buildings, every thing he done to show off.

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Everything had to be done special. Spring clean the house every fortnight. She was very nice, but it didn't suit our Kathleen. It was the gas oven in the kitchen. I had three ovens, twelve burners and we had a dinner party every week. Turkeys in.

"You know" I said "I don't know anything about fancy cooking." She said "You're the one we want." One day she asked me, "How is it your cheese balls are so lovely?" she said "What's the secret?" "I don't know, I beat the white of egg up and fold it in at the last minute, then when you pop them in the fat they come up lovely and fluffy, they come up nice." "Our cook" she said, "hers come up like hard bullets." This cook she was a professional cook and when she retired they put her as housekeeper to this architect. She looked after him and had a room in the basement.

Lady Bloomfield asked me how I made my suet puddings, because they had one every Monday. Mrs M.. had thought suet puddings were only for working class folks. She thought it was the lowest of the low to have suet puddings. Anyhow Mrs Bloomfield said "Could they have a suet pudding?" I had to make two. One for the kitchen and one for the dining room. One liked jam and one liked some thing else. They ate the lot. She said "What's the secret of your suet pudding?" I said "Nothing its very ordinary, theres no secret in them." "There is. We can eat yours, but we couldn't eat our cooks and she was a trained cook." I've never learned cooking.

I did all them dinners. Five course dinners and I never let her down with nothing. I managed to do everything. Every night there was three for them. There was always the same...soup, smelt fish, soup and bread, fried bread or crisp, then smelt, brown bread and butter and lemon. Then a turkey and all the trimmings, all the ingredients, four or five things with it. Bread sauce, gravy and cauliflower or something like that. Baked potatoes, something at potatoes and different things. Then a pudding. That was done the day before, and then hot savory. She loved my cheese balls. Have sardines on toast and different things like that. Prunes or something, rasher inside... We used to do, but there was always a lot of work. We always had two waitresses and she said "Do you want any help?" "Not with my cooking, but with the washing up. I want somebody to come and wash up for me." So I used to have a woman come and do all the washing up. I did the cooking. I never learnt, nobody ever learnt me to do anything, but I did very well. I liked it down there.

She said "I shouldn't like you to go." I would have stopped another year , but our Kathy wasn't well and she wasn't going to stop in London, I mean she was miserable. I liked it, but I said "I'm sorry, but she's not well and I mean I can't stop up here with nobody." I mean I didn't know anyone to go out with and that I said "I was sorry, because I liked it."

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6. Marriage and North Aston



16. Gordon & Gertie, 1918.

[In 1918 Gertie married a Canadian, Gordon Clifford MacCulloch. They had met in Winchester and were married on May the 4th 1918. He was on a short leave so they had very little time together before he returned to the army. At the end of the war he returned suffering from shell shock. Gertie seemed afraid of him. When he returned home to Canada, where he and his brothers had a log ranch, Gertie remained in Cropredy].

Gertie: I would have gone to Canada, but my brother had just been killed and the Doctor said my Mother couldn't take me going as well. I don't know, I should have, but I didn't. He died in 1924. Mother didn't want me to go, so I never even attended the funeral. With the money I inherited I was able to help the family a little, and to use it later to build a house in North Aston.

I met my second husband Walter Mold while I was at Overthorpe. Then I was sixteen. I was thirty when I married him. I went to help with the child and that is how I met Walt. I met him there. He used to walk me to Chapel at Middleton at night, in the evenings. Then I never met him again, after I left there, until after the war, when I happened to meet him one day on Banbury station. I remember him. We didn't even hold hands when we were sixteen.

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We were married on the 4th of December 1926. The family [now] lived in Johnny Smith's house in Chapel Row. The cottage had a nice living room with a passage to the back, but the garden was small. In 1926 Walt was sleeping in one of the two big bedrooms. About 4 o'clock a.m. he felt his bed shake. Next day when we met someone from Poplar Farm he mentioned that someone threw him out of bed at 4 o'clock, and we heard it was an earthquake. Walt thought someone was playing a trick on him. At Chapel Row the kitchen was out the back. You went out the house and across the yard and into the kitchen. It had a small fireplace, copper and coal. There was an attic. You had to go up a steep ladder to it. When Walter came weekends, I had to sleep up there. Three bedrooms there. We had a double bedroom in the attic, it was like a bedroom only you had to go the stepladder to it. Mother and Dad had the two bedrooms and he came weekends. I like that house. Only snag was the toilet. There was no garden much. It had a little sitting room, because that was the Post Office years ago, when Johnny Smith had it. Then there was a nice big living room, a larder and the kitchen out the back. I think it was an open fireplace with an oven in the living room. Just boiling out in the kitchen.

I liked that little cottage along Chapel Row, because it was warm. It had the thatch, that makes a lot of difference. Then Charles Cottage, one of the new houses was vacant and they moved there, onto Chapel Green. We used to come and stay once a month for a weekend, when Walt and I were first married. So of course we stopped there a lot.

Charles Cottage had three big bedrooms, the end one over looking the road. You could put two or three beds up in that. Mother had that, it was a big room, but **cold**. Oh yes it was a cold room. Downstairs it wanted a passage put along like,

because there was a door to come in and a door to go on upstairs and to the parlour. These were the new Parlour type, that's what they called them. We got that little parlour room, cos when Mother was ill, we had a single bed in there for her.

In the living room was a range and all the heat went up the chimney. It didn't matter how much coal, you didn't get warm, but it was a lovely cooker, but you didn't get all that warm. It was a big room. There was a big dresser, oh yes a lovely dresser and a larder under the stairs. Beautiful that. Our Kathy used to go under there when it thundered.

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There was a cupboard in a bedroom. Kathy's room was at the top of the stairs. It was a cold house, it was shocking. There was a fire in the kitchen, you could cook, a little hob at the side. They cooked vegetables there, if you didn't want the oven. Mother could do the cooking there.

The pump was across the gardens where the bungalows are now. Beautiful water that was. No bathroom and the toilet by the back door. If you got in there and somebody came to the back door you got to stop, unless you wanted to come out. Show yourself.

We always had coco matting. Mother had coco matting, because that's better. She said to me "Have coco matting" when we went to North Aston to live. It was a wooden floor. But she said "It will do it good, because it is new, it will let the air through." So I did. In the living room, but in the sitting room I had carpet, but I didn't cover it. I mean it didn't completely cover it.

North Aston

Our house at North Aston was white stone, they built it for us. We bought it new for £600. That was, course it took some looking up then that did, sixty years ago nearly. It was six rooms, a lovely big house and nearly half an acre of land. Rates were half a crown a week, paid it to Woodstock. When we moved to Middleton it was only a cottage. Two bedrooms and one sitting room. At North Aston there were two sitting rooms, a kitchen and a place at the back, a wash house and all that great big garden. I papered it upstairs as well and white washed the ceilings. My living room had a picture rail round it.

We had bought a garage and had it put up. A Thornes garage that came in sections. We put concrete on the ground, put it up and had my range in there. I had an open fireplace with an oven at the side, but it would heat the water as well if you wanted it, but we hadn't the water laid on not then. We had to have village water, there was no council, no tap water at North Aston. We got four tanks they held three hundred gallons, so we never got short of soft water.

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We had a lovely big garden there. A flower bed at the front, a piece at the side as wide as the house, a piece down the back. Plenty to last us all year round. My husband he did the garden and I did the house. We had fowl at the bottom, because it was so stoney, he couldn't do the bottom, so he kept fowl down there. We didn't have pigs, because we hadn't got no sty.

About forty or more years ago my sister's husband was out of work, my father gave them a pig and found the feed. It was hard for her and my Mother said "You ought to try the committee and ask for help." Well this man come and we could have knocked him, only we were too shocked. He said to my sister "Well you have a gramophone and records. Sell those before you ask and the pig in the sty." She said "Dad owns it." "Well sell your share and when thats gone you may apply to the parish." Oh she never asked again. She was diabetic you know, and not strong. It really shook us. It made you very angry. We could have kicked the man who come.

At North Aston I had a Post Office for a time. I got to know the people who they were with knocking. They had to knock the knocker before I opened the door, and I got to know who they were by the knockers. Yes. About fifteen months I should think we had it I should have kept it longer, but I had too many telegrams. It was only 2d a telegram and it cost me 6d to get a man to deliver them, because my man was at work. He got he had so many to deliver when he came home, he was tired out. He said it wouldn't pay him to give up his job to help the Post Office. It was nearly thirty bob [£1.50p] a week then, and so we couldn't cope. I was sorry, because I liked the job.

He said I'd have to give it up, we were having the phone going all the while. War was on. We were having A.R.P's calls and everything else. In 1940 yes. I liked it. Then I went about six years after, I went for a week while someone had their holiday, and it were £10 then. Well if I'd known it were to get on so well like that I wouldn't have given it up. I started with about £100 a week, its not a very big village. You see you work on your money. Now at the Station office you had to send it in every night, but the post office, what you spend out you order back. You always keep the same, what pensions you paid out, you order all that back again.

I had 2d a telegram, that was all. I had as many as twenty in a week and I'd got to deliver in a radius of six miles on a Tuesday afternoon. I had to do Deddington and Clifton, that was a six mile radius. Deddington closed Tuesday, so I had to do their telegrams. They didn't do mine. Oh no. Every day I had Somerton and Middle Aston and round like that. I closed Thursday afternoon and mine had to be waiting the next day. I was open Saturday and I had to open Sunday morning when the evacuees came. We had the school in the village and I had to...a lot of people came, I had to pay ten bob a week. Evacuees I had to pay them ten bob.

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I had a Schoolmaster for a year. Lodging him as well. Head man an all. Secondary school for three months. The other one I had him for a year. He had his breakfast. The school children were at the Manor and half were at the Hall. Fed at the Manor,

they fed with the children, they had their meals there. It was a game. Those children belonged to a secondary school, and they didn't know reading or writing. You see, they, their letters were covered with...I didn't know what it said, but I sent it. We used to stamp it and send it We didn't puzzle it out. It had to go. They were shockers, they couldn't read or write.

When they first come, they wanted fish and chips and things like that. My sister were helping cooking at the Manor, and my word they hadn't been there a week and they loved Yorkshire puddings and all the dinners, and all they had. They soon got to like that. The fresh air soon made them get hungry. They had a big room at the Hall for the lessons. They got a racket court at the Manor and they had their meals in there. They got a big kitchen, with a big range to cook on.

We had ten shillings a week to have the Schoolmaster. He was supposed to keep himself. That was all I was allowed. Oh it were shocking. He had the use of my bed, I did his washing, wash the sheets, I didn't do his [other] washing his wife, I don't know if he sent them to her or what, I didn't do...or whether he got them done, somebody else, but I didn't. I had him for over a year. They came from West Ham Secondary School. About forty or fifty children come. A lot slept at the Manor and Hall and what couldn't get there, they billeted out in the village. Two at one house, two at another and eat at the Manor.

I rode a bike for years. I could go from our house in North Aston to the Station, just over a mile in five minutes. It was all down hill. It was a good hill to go up going back. Quite a hill. A Coventry Eagle bike. I could beat my husband on a bike, because mine was better than his, not because I went so fast.

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We taught our Dad to ride a bike. Oh Mother laughed, she never laughed so much in her life, she said. We used to run him along with one at the back, my Brother and I. And he said "You know Kathleen is at Adderbury working," and we went. I said to my Mother when we returned. "I shall never go with our Dad again, he seemed if I let him go in front, he'd wobble and I couldn't get by, and if he were behind, he'd run into me. I ain't a going with my Dad no more. He ain't safe." He did not ride a lot, but we learnt him to ride, Oh yes!

Walt and I learnt old fashioned dancing. You know my husband got to like old fashioned country dancing. We went and learnt it. He liked it at first, then he said, he ain't going to waste his life dancing about. Old country dancing and all like that.

I knit for the Red Cross all the war. Fifty pairs of socks for the hospital, stockings. Fifty pullovers, helmets and things. I belong to the Red Cross and I used to go to meetings. I've got my badge. I was the only one in North Aston Red Cross that would sit up. Mother used to sit up. I went and sat up two or three times with people. Some wouldn't help a soul, but I went. Spent the night I went, I didn't care if they paid or not, as long as I was doing a good turn, I mean. Then I could get on with me job. My husband didn't mind as long as I left everything ready for him. Got his meals and that.

I used to go to First Aid, it belonged to the A.R.P I'd got the phone, and I got to call them out, and I went to the meetings, and I were the only woman. Six men and me. If there were any bother I had to call them out and do anything you know. We went to [practice]...I went to gas chambers, went through them. Lor! At Banbury and Coventry we had to go. A man took us in his car.

Then in the Institute I was secretary, President, all the lot. Walt he was on the Railways. He was on shifts 10 to 2. 2 to 10. He didn't mind me going to meetings and that. He was on the Homeguard. Finish at 2 a.m and have to go on duty.

I did my share. I knit three blankets. Two hundred squares for a blanket. One went out to India. I dressed dolls. I made money for the Red Cross. I've made as many as twenty. I was always knitting for the Red Cross.

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[A newspaper clipping, from before 1937] "North Aston. Party for old age Pensioners. On Friday, by kind invitation of Mrs Mold, the old age pensioners living in the village, sat down to an excellent tea in the schoolroom. Afterwards the evening was spent in games specially chosen by Mrs Mold, so that everyone could join in and which caused a great deal of laughter and excitement. Mrs Mold, during an interval, recited two witty pieces of poetry and afterwards gramophone records of old favorites were played and songs sung by members of the party. "John Peel" was well received, and all joined in the well known chorus. The vicar visited the party during the evening and expressed thanks to Mrs Mold, and also to her sister Mrs Hollis, for their kindness and for a very happy time spent."

References for Part I:-

1. Raymond Pettifer, the Grandfather of Albert, Arthur & Leslie, came from Culworth. Not related to Gertie's Father.
2. Annismore Ground on bridle path to Aston-le-Walls & Boddington.
3. B.N.C: B.3a 51, page 101, March 1905: "Mrs Pettifer & her hens trouble her neighbours."
4. Calves Close once leased or owned by Edward Borton of Monkeytree House (Farrier, farmer & vet). He died 24 February 1900. Close & House purchased by W.J. Lambert.
5. School Log Book 1905 page 111. see Introduction page iv of this book.
6. School Log Book pl73.
7. Brass Band information from Cropredy His. Soc.1983. "Normans Gramp" was Mr Alban Cherry, eldest son of Thomas Cherry.
8. Revd George Barr, vicar 1917-1929. see Book 2 Whos Who.
9. Drain in small narrow flower bed between house and pavement. Put in 1847/48. MS dd Par Cropredy cl8 Highway Accounts.
10. Now Barbic. Built as 2 farm cottages in 1900 for B.N. College.

11. Co-op: Downstairs the house was once to the left of the front door. Shop to the right. Storage to the rear and also in New Place Cottage. The stairs to the bedrooms were removed and replaced by a ladder, when the manager moved out to live in Chapel Row. The house was then opened up into the shop
12. Passage was then between 8 & 9 Chapel Row. There were once 10 cottages. Neals at 10 and Pargeters at 9.
13. There were four sons. See Who's Who.
14. Later changed to Pettifer. see page 79.

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15. The Daily News, a Radical paper.
16. In 1881 Census Edith still at school aged ten. School leaving age up to ten in 1876. Up to eleven in 1893.
17. Only one Cropredy Miss Anker. Kezia a spinster, born 1838 and died 10 Dec.1922. G.454. Several nieces who were Miss Ankers daughters of her brother Samuel: Kezia (1869-1934), Elizabeth (1871-1960), & Martha (1873-1934).
18. Some confusion here. In 1912 Gertie began work with B...'s. War began two years later. As far as I can discover Gertie worked as follows:
1909/10 at Smith's, 12 Red Lion St Living at home.
and Hewitson's in Williamscoote. Living at home.
1910: Madges at Poplar Farm. Living in.
1911: Madges at Bourton Green. Living in.
1912? to 1917: B...'s at Overthorpe and elsewhere. Living in.
1918? (or 1926?) 3 months temporary work at Vicarage. Living at home.
4th May 1918 married Gordon who returned to the army.
1918? F ..'s at Banbury. Living in.
1919 C...'s at Andrew's Farm. Living at home?
1920 to 1924 Prescote Manor and Little Prescote. Living in.
1924 Gordon MacCullough died. Gertie a widow.
1924: Lady Bloomfields in London. Living in.
4th Dec 1926 married Walter Mold. Moved to North Aston.

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PART 11 - Down the Lane from 1912.

Dorothy Marjorie Monk

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1. William and Edith Pettifer



17. William and Edith Pettifer.

Grampy William went as boots boy to the Vicarage. Later he went to Birmingham, but after a few years came back to Cropredy. He worked for most of his life up at the Lawn as a hedger and rick thatcher. The ricks were put up at various points about the farm. Some by Lawn cottages, now Lambert's Barn, some down the fields over the Claydon Road past Annismore. Others just over the Mollington boundary on the far side of the brook from Field End. That brook led on down to the osier bed.

Grampy looked after the bed below Lawn Farm, keeping it for his osiers to thatch with. When ready he collected them in bundles and took them back, stacking them ready for use. He kept the stream clear and the ditches. If he wanted to cross the stream he'd use a sheep hurdle as a bridge. Once when he drained several fields with pipes, he had less than a cowman's wages, for his trouble.

He used to get up as the 6 o'clock Church bell was rung by Louis Lambert, go to lunch at 12 o'clock, sometimes taken by me to wherever he was working, and he would return home via the allotment which was next to the far hedge in Poors Ground. He came home with the curfew bell, collected sticks and coal, and after his meal retired to bed, as he had to be off again by 6.

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My Grandfather he used to do all the ditches, hedges and thatching. He had to keep the hedges good up Cropredy Lawn, good and strong, because of all the cattle. When he cut the hedges he left wood every where to collect later with a horse and cart. Borrowed a horse and cart.

He hedged the Lime Kiln field and I took his lunch up there. I remember sheltering in the hovel once, in the field past Bottom Annismore, while he was thatching the ricks.

I would leave the cottage down the Lane, go up the garden path, over the stile Grampy had made by the toilet, and cut across the field there, and then across the Cricket field. Over Moorstone Road and up the Waterings. "Mind your not caught!" Taking the dinners to Big Daddy. Theres a spinney just past the railway arch, with a nice stone bridge into those trees. Plenty of wood there, but very boggy. We had watercress from all along the Waterings. Then off up to Field End near the Pool. Coming back across the Dairy Ground to Lawn cottages where the carters, Dunns, and the shepherd's, Gregorys, lived. On then to the Claydon Road [Moorstone Road].

If I ever misbehaved I used to go and meet Grampy and come home with him. "You bitch I knew that's where you'd be." said Granny.

Grampy, he always took some lard up on his bread, or if he was lucky some cheese. He put this in his rush basket, which had a flap over it, and he carried it up to work. The flat rush bag had a piece of leather up the sides and went on making the strap. This was mended by Mr J.W Bonham the saddler. In it was a flask of cold cocoa, as well as his cottage loaf.

Dolly to John Bonham: I'll admit now your Dad was the only man I was afraid of in Cropredy! Your Dad used to mend cases and straps on bicycles and things. Granny sent me down there, and I always used to go down when Bernhard [Pargeter] was there. I'd never go down when his Dad was there!

That Russian tallow and mutton fat that made up the grease for the waggon wheels, I remember my Grampy saying "The men at the Lawn who couldn't afford anything to put on their cottage loaf (they took half a loaf up to work with them made by the baker John Allitt), and these men put their hands or finger in the mutton fat and put it on their cottage loaf."

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The smocks the old men wore when working were called "**Sue-bees**" not smocks. Sack over his shoulders to keep off the rain and sacks round his legs to keep the boots drier. No wellingtons then. He wore a straw hat to keep off the sun and yorks on his trousers.

In summer William made up poems while hoeing the fields. Grampy was always good at remembering poems, it runs in the family. He liked hoeing, as he made up his poetry then. He wrote quite a lot of poems, when he was clod hopping which meant using a heavy tool to bash the clay smaller ready to sow seeds, right up and down the field he had to go. That, and hoeing, took weeks and he could make up his poetry then.

Up at Cropredy Lawn there used to be another cedar tree in the garden like the one still standing. In those days the footpath to the Pool went through the farm yard. No big barns then at the back. We called the spinney beside the Dairy Ground the "Ride" and in the spring it was full of daffodils and other flowers. Once, through the farm in the field behind going towards the Pool, there used to be a bump with trees on it. That was a pasture ground. Now it is arable with no mound.

Sometimes we would follow the brook up from the Claydon Road up to Clattercote Pool. The railway bridge has [now] gone. Sometimes we found snakes and would run off. At the Pool there was a boat house with a slipway at the Field End side. The bank then was much rougher and without the modern gully taking away the overflow. The far shore was quite impassable and the weeds used to be all over the shore above the water line.

The footpath up to the Lawn left the Oxhey road by the railway bridge, not through the gate as now. Little Townhill, the first field once had ridge and furrows, but the rest didn't, they were pasture, but flatter [! See page 119 for references]. The second field, Ash Tree Ground, had cows in.

Most of the farmers allowed their workers a row of potatoes across the field, which when collected up lasted a long time.

When Grampy left the Lawn he went to work for Mr McDougall. He earned more then than he ever earned. Mr McDougall asked him to supervise the Italian prisoners of war. He had to drain the big field behind Prescote Manor house [Madcroft]. He didn't have to dig they did that.

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All he had to do was to tell them how to do it. He was foreman over them. He earned more money for "doing nothing."

Well he came across a spade guinea in the field to the south east of Prescote Manor, and he gave it to me. "Spend that my gal." Which I did on green shoes. It was worth five when I took it to the coin shop. George 111. Farm workers were paid in guineas and they didn't go to banks, no they took the money to the Co-op and got it changed there and left the rest to mount up. Once Grampy dug up a spade guinea in the garden. He put by a sovereign when someone was born and he put one down for me in 1912, when I was born and he gave it to me when I married in 1936.

They all rnade wills. He made his will did Grampy, but when he wanted to alter it he told his brother, instead of paying to have it altered.

Holidays were seldom taken by Cropredy people, but Granny took me. Grampy didn't go.

Grampy William's Mother, Little Granny Jane, lived at the cottage this end of Cope's cottages. When I was born Grandma Jane wanted to have me. She was a small women whom I was very fond of. She died with both feet gangrenous, which was not very pleasant for her, or anyone else. Her son Torn lived with her.



18. Cope's Cottages.

You went into the main room to the right Through a door on the left to the stairs. Behind the stairs was a scullery with no window. Dark nasty hole. Just three front windows, two up, one down to the cottage. Their garden was at the side of the Brasenose, next to the road. The hedge at the back was up a bank. We would climb this and go through the hedge to some allotments at the back. These belonged to the two rows of cottages. Mr L.Allitt was about the last to have one of those. The people in the next cottage along, had the back garden behind Little Granny's and up to the hedge. They each had a toilet and Little Granny had a pigsty next to hers. Their tap was at the other end of the row of cottages, in the garden of the stone row set back. That row had their gardens in the front.

There was a man called Theodore Lamb of the clockmaker's family, from Shutford, who went round the villages. He looked like a monk, as he wore a habit and had sandals. His hair was worn very long.

He would go into Little Granny Jane's cottage and leave his bicycle and sack on the bank. The children all gathered round and encouraged me to go in and see what "He's doing." He would be sitting beside the fire having tea with Little Granny. They said he was well educated and very clever with clocks, but no-one else would have him in, because they said he had fleas.

[From the History group members came the following information]:-

Tom Pettifer continued to live in the cottage after his parents had died. Most acted in a neighbourly fashion towards him, some did not. He was usually being teased by the local wits.

"His feet used to come out, just like that." 5 to 1.

"He used to say, 'let me get my feet out.'"

"They used to congregate at thrashing time. They would go round with it wouldn't they? Tom said once 'Sorry I didn't come yesterday, I weren't well.' And Walter Boote said `Who's your Doctor then, Nurse Boddington?'"

'Tom lived at the north end of that row.'

"Yes that's right. Harry Pettifer at the other end, George down Station Road. Tom never married, Tom didn't. Big awkward chap."

"We used to pinch his pears..."

"He had grease on his wescoat..."

"Ah he knew no better. We were all sorry for him. He always come to cricket with us. Folks always pay his fare. Go anywhere with us on any trip. When he died they brought his furniture into the yard [Cherrys] to sell it, and someone pulled open a drawer and found £20 in it!"

"So many Pettifers, names got, some spelt it "f" and some "ph." No-one seemed to know which was correct. On either side of the family, some spelt it differently."

Dolly: My Grandparents spelt it with an "f" after the first World War as "ph" was the German way of spelling.

No-one could go to the pub. George Pettipher, the mason, they wouldn't have anything to do with, cos he went to the Brasenose. Though uncle Austin went **and** smoked a pipe there! No drinks at weddings either. Granny [Edith] being a Rechabite wouldn't hear of pubs or dancing. When a friend made me a lovely evening dress Granny wanted me to stay at home, so I went dancing from work, though we had to be back in by 11 o'clock.

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Creampot Lane.

There was a lot of stone along the hedge going up behind where we lived down Creampot Lane. There was plenty in the field behind us [2]. The pond at the back still flowed down to the house and straight through the scullery.

The house next to Granny Edith Pettifer was widow King's, who had to go away a lot being a housekeeper in Leamington. Granny Pettie looked after Mrs King's house. There was a nice stone fireplace with a little range that had always been there. At Christmas, if Mrs King wasn't at home, then relatives of ours slept there and we had our meals in that room, next door.

Next to Widow King's there was George Pargeter's brick and slate roofed building, which he had as a shoemaker's shop store. It no longer belonged to King's cottage. Then came the gate to King's path, to her loo, which was round the back by our pantry! Our garden gate, beyond theirs, and the path led up to our loo at the top of the garden next to Grampy's stile. He made that to go across the field to get to Lawn farm quicker. As it was next to the loo I wondered who might climb over in the dark.

It was always late at night when I wanted to go again. It was dark and I had to go up with the lantern. Then a cow would moo over the hedge, just as I got there. I waited when I was in until Granny got in the pantry. She'd shout through the window, "You haven't to be there all night, my dear!" Well I waited till then, because I thought nobody would touch me while she was shouting like that. I was terrified.

It was a brick toilet with a slate roof. Grampy had to empty it from the back two or three times a year. Inside there were two seats. A big one and a small one. Later they started with buckets. With the pit, he had to make a fairly deep pit, so that he need only empty it twice or three times a year. It was not very nice.

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The pump was near the gate and as it was lower than the vegetable garden, it had a brick wall round behind it. You were lucky if you had College water. Lovely water, only not everyone had the use of it. The tap had a very bulbous mouth. You lifted up the bar handle and this operated the tap. There was no need to pump it, as you did with the well pump handles. Our vegetable garden was up the Lane, side of the pump [3]. On top of the stone wall of the garden were lots of nails and things dug up out of the garden. I put my hand on one and it went right through the palm of my hand.

By the scullery, the kitchen, there was a wall in front of the yard which was very tall at that time, you couldn't see over it. It was a grass yard, or dirt as the hens used that up. The gate was just where it is now in the wall along the pavement. There was another wall from the pigsties to the back wall of the house. Then field behind the yard and house. The other vegetable wall went up behind King's to our toilet then along, but further back than Cross's barn [4].

The two pig places were shared between us, but as Mrs King never used hers we kept our pigs hay in it. William Stevens lived in a cottage behind Copes cottages. He worked on a farm, but was also the pig sticker. Did every one's according to how they wanted it. We watched once. It was hung up and every piece was used, down to the bladder for a ball. Even the bones

became bone pie. Each ham was left two years if you could. It was covered in muslin and hung up. Better than a picture, so they say. The rest you uncovered, took down, cut off a slice and put back. It kept dry up on the bacon rack.

Nearly every cottage had a pigsty except for those further down the Lane. They had only a wood and coal hovel, brick built in a row under a slate roof. Mr Stevens spent most of the winter dealing with the pigs. Most sties were brick and slate, though later ones were of corrugated iron.

[History Group again]:- The pig club had some members in Bourton and a few from Claydon. People from the cottages in Station Road, Church Lane, High Street and Poplar cottages. The last had none of their own and used some at Monkeytree House. The Old Yard [Hollies] had three and there were sties down Red Lion Street. Gardner Godson the baker used to keep a pig and we were jealous of their pigs, they had good ones. They supplied all our pig club food. Those down Creampot had to share a pig with relatives during the war.

There was hardly a pig about, then all at once there were a terrible lot of pig people. Everyone had a pig. As you couldn't get rations [during the war] then they had to belong to the pig club. That's why we kept the club on.

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The club started in 1907. There were forty plus pigs until 1916/17 when it dropped to thirty. Up it went 1918 to 1920 a new wave, but slowly dropped in the 1920's, though occasionally the numbers rallied to over thirty. By 1936 there were only perhaps fifteen, but the new regulations saw them hurrying to join and by 1941 there were about forty members in Cropredy. After the war same thing happened, until by 1953, only seven members in the Church Lane area were left. If you kept two pigs during the war the government claimed one [5].

We always used to keep fowl, because you could go leazing in the fields after they got the binder round. Go and ask the farmer and get in and gather it up.

Alcan came in 1932/33. A lot of young people went there then. On the farms, or working on building they came home wet days and that was it. Kill a hen or something. Biddles went to Jersey potato picking. All sorts of things Bill did. Quite a few out of work.

Dolly: Grampy had an allotment in the Glebe field [6], one of four. The rest was corn. There was a path running up the middle parallel to the road. In Poor's allotment he had one along the hedge and he used to complain that the corn got in from the other field. I would go and sit under the hedge up there by his bit.

When it come to Horticultural Show on August bank holiday, I used to be dragged up to Wardington to see the allotments there, to Mollington to see them there, and up to Bourton to see there, with Grampy. To see, to compare them, to guess who was going to win the best allotment. We used to join Les Allitt's Dad on the Bourton lot.

Our back door was also the front door as there was no way out at the back. You had to go out and down the street to the outer kitchen. Here we kept the pig swill which was stirred and cooked. The bins of meal and maize were in there for the hens. The potatoes had also to be kept there in sacks.

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The room had a small grate. There was no ceiling as it went right up into the roof. It needed to, to take the smell of that potato boiling for the hens, and the pig stuff cooking.

We had a kitchen fire in the living room. A grate with a hook over for the kettle and two hobs in front. Beside the fire was the oven and a simmering oven underneath. The ashes were scrapped under to warm it. There was a huge cutwork fender with brass knobs, but it was so tall, because of the ash pan, that your feet never felt the fire. On a Sunday evening, when I was three, I remember I sat by that fireplace, which had the pothooks in the chimney, being taught by my Grampy how to write my first pothooks. He would sit there patiently teaching me. On that fire hung from the pothook would be the drinking kettle. You also had the big soft water kettle on the fire.

The cottages were thatched when I was a child, just two rooms upstairs, one below and a pantry under the stairs. We didn't have to store the coal in there as we had the store place next door. Upstairs most had iron bedsteads with slats crisscrossed underneath. Then came three straw palliases which were in one piece and covered. Over this you had the flock mattress which needed shaking well every morning. Some had feathers. No feather was wasted, they were all collected up and made into pillows or mattresses. Really only the rich had feather ones.

Connie: That's not so! [7]

Dolly: Eventually brass bedsteads became more common and sometime between the wars wooden ones, followed later by divans. Really you had what could be passed down. When someone died their feather bed was a much prized hand down. There were a great many who had no beds at all, just straw palliases. Many made a lot of their furniture, before they were married. Especially those for whom that was their trade.

The floors at Granny Pettie's in Creampot were all blue stone flags and they came up well. Granny had a line along the mantel for the clothes and the fire guard for others, but most were hung in the outside scullery. Ours had a bacon rack above the fire so we couldn't have a clothes rack in the house.

Granny Washing

You had your own tin bath. The bungalow bath. It was a long one about four or five feet long. Well that was called a bungalow bath. When you did your hand washing, you washed by hand, you had different sized baths. One for washing, that one for rinsing and one for blueing. I mean children could all go in those sort, not the bungalow bath. This bungalow one had to do for two grown ups, because it took so much water. We always had blue from the Co-op. Squares of blue. Little squares like oxo, four to a packet.

The college water come across the field from the Jitty. It come from the Vicarage to Round Bottom, up the Jittv, across the field, and up Creampot Lane. One for us and one further down the Lane. Grampy wrapped the tap up in winter against the frost. It all had to be fetched to the kitchen.

The mangle it saved the ironing, if you put it through the mangle. I mean we had to turn the handle. Granny took in washing. Starched and goffered for Mrs Ross Walker and we used to lend a hand. Well Mrs Walker was a great Red Cross lady, so Granny Pettie used to do her lovely big white apron with the Red Cross on as well. All that stuff goffered, like the iron. Mrs Ross Walker went to Banbury on the train with the Red Cross. She was an organiser of it. Thats why she was so friendly with Granny.

Most women took in washing from one house or another. They were up at six every morning and they went to bed, if light, at 10 o'clock. They worked every hour of the day. All day Monday washing. I always remember Monday, day of washing. We used to have oxo with some bread and that for dinner. Then Granny always cooked at night when Grampy came home. All day Monday washing, and you dare not get a mark on it hanging it out. Starching them and all day Tuesday ironing. Cotton sheets to iron for a 1/- [5p] more or less a day. 5/- the lot perhaps, and collected and delivered by the children.

Up the garden she dried it. If wet you had big clothes horses, but out in what we called the wash-house, scullery, there were lines across there as well.

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2. Growing Up

Children often had chairs made for them. I also had a stool. When I was four they made me a stool and it has my name underneath. My chair, which my Grandson now has, also had my name under.

When I was five and playing up by Shirley's gate at Old Yard, I saw a man coming with a telegram. Of course that was a rare sight, and as he came to Granny's, I was very excited, not knowing it was to say our Sam was dead. Well Granny made me sit for hours by her, on a stool at her feet. She needed me she said. She was quite heart broken and never really got over it. Sam being drowned. But you would think no-one else had lost anyone, so heart broken she was. My Mother, Lizzie, had never spoilt him, but the other three girls did, especially Gertie.

When Granny Pettie was cleaning I had to either stay in bed, out the way while downstairs was done, or go outside. There is an expression, when you cleaned out a room, you "Farmed it out."

We played marbles. A spruce is the marble taken from a spruce lemonade bottle. It was white not like the large coloured ones which were worth a lot more. To get one you had to break the bottle. The Co-op and Pubs sold lemonade and the Post Office. I remember seeing old Cyril French throwing away an empty bottle and how pleased I was to get it.

Marbles. You made a circle and everyone put a marble in the middle, you then took turns trying to hit some out the circle. If five played then you had five marbles in the middle and when one was shot you "Nicked" it so that was "Nick and Span."

We had tops too. Wooden carrot tops and fat ones which you coloured with chalk on the top to make them pretty. We started at Cope's Cottages and went down the wide footpath until we came to the station gate. A really good top would hum along. You sharpened the point. Metal ones followed, then humming tops. The boys had metal hoops made at the blacksmiths, and what a noise they made. We had wooden ones with a stick.

[Dolly wrote a letter on 11 Jan 1922] "Auntie E[mily] and Uncle W. gave me a little piano & K[it] a big stick and a cardboard needlework. Auntie G[ertie] gave me some skittles and D. two games and Mammy a book and thank you for yours. The first pig killed weighed 18 score and the other 20 score."

Gertie: Our Kathy played tennis. I never played tennis. Dad made us bats and balls. It was all cricket when I was small.

Dolly: Elm Grove had some tennis courts. Down there at the back of the houses. We used to go over Cup and Saucer field and cross the field there, so we didn't have to go via Elm Grove. That was the Chapel tennis court.

Then another time we had it at the back of Hammond's to the rear of Orchard View, as it is now [8]. Beyond, outside the walled vegetable garden. There was a tennis court there belonging to the Chapel. The Church may have played at Lambert's Brasenose Manor farm [after 1926].

Piano lessons were taught by Miss Gardner as there was a piano in most houses after the war. There were lessons at Selby's next to the Red Lion. Miss Jackson, a Coventry person, who taught at the school and lodged with Mrs Bradley in Red Lion Street [9], she went to teach Connie Sumner the piano at her house.

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Mrs Bradley hated fireworks and we used to put one down on her doorstep and sit on the wall opposite and wait. Mrs Bradley would throw a bucket of water from upstairs. "Missed." we'd shout. When the policeman came we had already dropped the fireworks over Plumb's wall [10]. "Turn out your pockets," said the policeman, but there was nothing there. We also set fire with a squib to Frank Sumner's doormat. I had to confess to Grampy in the end.

Grampy was superintendent of the Chapel Sunday School and he was soft with me really. One night we discovered we could hear Mrs May Thomas and Gwen talking in their house by pressing an ear to the window [11]. Harry Cooknell banged my head and it broke two panes of glass. Mrs May Thomas complained to Grampy and he knew it would be me. "Where were you last night my gal?" "Just playing out." I had to pay for that glass. Frank Bott and Cooknell were older than our mob and they would chase us.

As a child I had plaits and once in Chapel an epileptic man, who I didn't want to sit near, had a fit right in front of us, and going down he somehow grabbed my two plaits and couldn't let go. Grampy said, 'Don't worry, keep still.' But I was terrified.

We used to have Sunday School parties. The Mary Smith Chapel library was locked up during the week, but you took them out at Sunday School. The teacher ran it. There used to be Chapel pictures up on the Sunday School wall. Old Mr Thomas Cherry. Mr William Neal. Grampy George Pargeter. Mr Richard Sumner. All that lot who ran the Sunday School.

Coming down Creampot Lane it was very dark. If you could you took lights with you everywhere. There was nothing past Old Yard on our side, and we ran down that bit and hoped to avoid George King.

Down Creampot by the boat-house was a very deep part of the moat which had an iron rail round it. "Don't go and fall in that or you won't get out." Granny warned. Well I did fall in and I managed to get out. It was very deep. The rail was in Bully Lambert's field and came up to the gate.

The fields out the back we could reach by the stile Grampy made. You went into one field, then into another smaller field, and on into the lambing field. Later Mr Cross from Andrew's farm kept his lambs in there before letting them down by the canal side. It was a sheltered field [12]. Before Mr Cross had it a Mr Bott, he kept a horse in there.

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Andrews farm also had Cross's barns next to Old Yard. We went up into their shed, the newer one which was open ended in the loft and we could look down on what they were doing, Then we would escape into the field and back over the stile. You could walk in the fields in those days.

That farm milked their cows in a brick building next to the canal. That was their milking place with the windows onto the canal. They also had the cows milked up at Cross's Barn depending where they were grazing.

You could go through Andrews farm to the swing bridge which connected that farm with Prescote Manor farm. You went over a field which often flooded, then over a small bridge and through a spinney, and watch out as it was mostly their sewage bed. On through there to a large field, where the road once used to go up through the Prescote parish to the upper farmyard. The cows always came across that Prescote field. Along the river in Prescote was once a lasher where they bathed, but it has gone now.

When I was young I remember Anne McDougall coming to Sunday tea at Granny Petties. All my family thought the world of Anne.

When the Lambert's wanted to get the cattle in the field opposite where I lived, they had to bring them down the Lane to a gate near us. These were the cattle for fattening, then the dairy herd was elsewhere. Their cows were milked down Wilscoate Lane and the milk brought up in a churn to Home Farm. Their dairy was in the back nearest the village Hall. They made butter and sold skimmed milk.

When I was a child we had this milk from Home Farm. Mrs Lambert was very nice, a hard working person. She was at the farmhouse, not at the farmyard on the Wilscoate Road. She would make butter and dealt with that side of the business. When I went round for the milk, and on occasions for butter, Mrs Lambert would sometimes keep the cherry curds after a calving for me to taste, as she knew I loved it. The curds make a good cherry curd pudding. The skimmed milk left from the butter making went to feed their pigs, in the sties near the house.

There was a gate at the back of the farm into the field. I'd go through there to the gate opposite our house, though you were supposed to go out by the double gates and back via the Lane. They also had the field below next to the canal. That always used to flood in winter. It was a wonder they built houses on it. They had to have huge foundations.

The footpath went through that field [13] from the Jitty to Creampot Lane coming out at a stone stile. It used to get very wet on that path. You had to come up the hedge sometimes and climb out higher up. Then in 1947 the Rural District took over the field opposite us for Creampot Crescent. That was a good home close for the farm and there was a hovel in the corner. The bottom field had a watering. Ruined the farm to lose that big field.

It was in that field near us that I camped out for the first time. A sheet over a pole. I never stayed out for more than half the night, before I went back to Granny.

Miss Minnie West who rented Monkeytree House had a sister in London who sent her Clark and Roses actors and some came from Coventry. I remember going in there and seeing them doing a turn or two. Edward Stratford lodged there before he was married. He was much older than his wife. He worked at Cropredy station as ticket collector. Mr Hammond put men up there from time to time, who worked on Poultry Farm.

Miss West had orphan children from Birmingham staying with her one year and a pair of twins about my age came. I used to take them down to the canal. One of the twins had fits. "Don't worry" said Miss West "her twin knows how to cope, you do just as she tells you." The twin was in a willow tree playing when she had a fit and fell down in a cowpat. She had all the field and yet she chose to fall down in a cowpat. Of course her sister knew what to do. We mopped her up with canal water. It didn't last long.

I was always fishing down the canal field at the bottom of Creampot. The field went along and there were willows all along the canal edge. If I was lucky Granny Pettie would pack me a lunch. There were plenty of fish in the canal, but the barges that took coal were a nuisance, always swore at you and we swore back.

From the bank I could look back and see Granny's house. There was a hedge along the field and a five bar gate at the end into the Lane. One day Granny gave me a packed lunch and said, "Go and enjoy yourself." So off I went with my fishing line. Then looking back I saw a car call at Granny's house. I was ten at the time and cars were scarce and something to be noted. I had to pick up all my fishing things, couldn't leave them for the cows to tramp on, then in climbing the five bar gate the fish hook

caught in my finger. By the time I got home the car had gone taking Mum and Grampy. Granny was still there. She said "You shall go up to the Chapel presently and have a ride back."

Well being ten I couldn't see why I hadn't had a ride there and back with my Mum. She was marrying George Hollis. I thought something was a foot all day, but was pleased to have a packed lunch to go fishing with.

That week I also got my hand on an old rusty nail and had two septic spots in one week. Not my week, and Mum and George away for a few days.

When the Pettifers moved to 3 Chapel Row, George and Lizzie moved down to the cottage in the Lane.

As a child I spent hours at the Eye specialists and hated getting new glasses, they took so long. Coming back from school there was a ditch on the east side of Station Road which was very deep. It was always kept clean by Mr Bateman, the Council roadman, who lived in Wardington. On the way back from school I kept my spectacles in a bag on my shoulder and often when leaping over the ditch, I dropped them. One day Mr Bateman found them down there. Sometimes he went down to sleep off his dinner. He was well sheltered!

Along that same ditch nearer the Tasker end, at the Plantations, the hedge was very high. We sneaked into Mrs Tasker's to get into the field. The ditch turned down behind Tasker's to the bottom and led then into the sewage bed. All piped in now. When the Taskers lived in Church Lane, they had had twins who were so small they had to wrap bottles all round them. Granny delivered them [14]. Their Father kept the carrier cart next to the house. Aunt Betsy, Grampy's sister-in-law, lived in the next house. Opposite Dr Bartlett had his surgery at Ernest Cherry's house in Plantation cottages. He used to have one in Cope's cottages, but Ted Pettipher who rented that didn't want it there.

Right opposite the school was the osier bed. We dare not go in. We knew with it being so wet there would be snakes in there, but we played on the bridge.

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When we came out of school we'd cross the road by the station gate and come up the wide pavement, where we ran our hoops along side Station farm. Sometimes, when we were playing in the pond in his garden, Mr Watkin's would tell us to "Clear off." He was a big man and we thought they were very stand-offish, because they kept themselves to themselves [15].

Miss Williams and her sister had a brother Harry who was gardener at Bourton House. They were dressmakers and lived in Station Row. Kit, who was ten years older than me, we both had our best dresses made by the Miss Williams to match.

Granny also had my dress for Gertie's and Kit's weddings made by the Miss Williams. They made hers too, for Granny liked a nice dress, quite elaborate. Granny wanted Emily to learn dressmaking, but she refused.



19. Samuel Pettipher.

Mr Buller who worked at the Lawn lived on one side of them and George Pettipher, the mason, on the other. Mr Marlow Gardner was at the south end of the Station Row [16]

We would come home, up past the High Street cottages where Great Grandad Samuel lived. Later in his cottage came the Turfords. Next door lived Daisy Townsend who was looking after her Father. Then he died and she looked after Mr Turford. Father and son, both of whom were called Ben. At about sixtyfive Daisy married Ben the Father, the widower. Daisy was a simple soul and Ben had to move into her house as she would not move out. She was really pleased to be married and would walk upright, strutting slightly waving along the road. She seemed to be saying "I am married." She was good to Ben. They were married at the Chapel. She is buried up at the cemetery. Ben's son Ben retired in 1978, after serving many years on the railway.

Another one from that row to marry late was Alice Pettipher, Sam's daughter. She had looked after him. A Mr Tom Spikes from Fenny Compton, who had a coal business there, married Alice. For many years she had been the caretaker for the Chapel. I used to shout "Daisy Daisy give me your answer do," and dash into Aunt Alice's and so miss the bucket of water that shot from next door. After Ben Turford moved to Daisy's, then Samuel Biddle had his house. Out the back everyone had to share the wash house and woe betide anyone who ran over their time. They also shared the big oven.

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Mercy Bayliss in that row would stand at the gate twirling a piece of string round and round. When her Grandma died poor Mercy had to go in a home [17].

At Lyndhurst on the corner of Newscutt Lane lived Charles James Thompson and his daughter. The daughter was a well built woman who never married. She was buried at Cropredy in 1936. She is on a photograph in 1930 with the W I. when they all went to Oxford to be in a play. The Thompsons were not Cropredy people.

At Chapel Row, when Frank Sumner lived at number 3, he shared the back with Mrs Golby next door at 2. They each had their chemical toilet at the back. In between the loos was a glass fronted shed where Frank did the gravestones. When Richard Sumner moved from the Woodyard to his new stone house, Frank moved down to his old home. When we moved into number 3, Mrs Golby was next door. The garden was only small and shared between the two cottages. We each had our own toilet still, but emptying it in that tiny garden caused Grampy quite a headache. There was a path up the middle, and I was repeatedly warned, "Don't you dare go on that path." Beyond Mrs Golby's was Mrs Thomas's garden, and you dare not cross that! Hers went farther back than our garden. We shared the pump with Mrs Golby. Behind our place the backs of the other cottages were all higgledy, and then there was a row of toilets back of there for the cottages next to us. Their gardens were never divided up by fences.

Connie: When my Grandmother Smith, who married Grandpa Richard Sumner, was alive, she had those three houses next to the Chapel. She had the back kitchen built on at number one, when her daughter Elsie married William Dunn. Their pump was then included in the kitchen. Before that there was only one room with the stairs off.

Dolly: Sumner's let number 3 to Grampy after Johnny Smith died. Mrs Golby was often away working as a ladies maid. She sublet hers to someone else for a while, who planted some lovely fushias. I popped them and was told off by this small lady (?Mrs Tysoe). When Mrs Golby was on leave (she was Gramps age group), she had one sister she visited at Old Yard, Mrs Shirley, and another sister May who later came to live with her. Mr Golby had been the Relieving officer. While his widow was away, Mr Sumner kept her grass clear at the front. These three cottages and Smiths field were eventually sold off together [18].

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Another widow, Mrs King who lived next to us down the Lane, had to go away to work in Leamington. When I was married Mrs King sent Mum some money to buy me a pair of sheets, which was very good of her.

Thomas Timms lived next to William and Ellen Neal at the far end of Chapel Row. Thomas married Elizabeth Cooknell the sister of Ellen Neal. Elizabeth Timms died from Sugar Diabetes and Mother, Lizzie Pettifer was nursing her and changing her sheets [in 1933]. She always said that this was where she caught her diabetes. Dr Bartlett said she must have. He sent her to hospital and changed her diet.

Down the Lane lived an expoliceman. He had one son who had already left home, a daughter who had died, and then this tall thin lad, nicknamed "Fox" and a smaller brother. Their Mother was a small tiny woman and she too died. They used to send for me to take him to the toilet. I lost my dignity before I was so high. I had to take him to school and keep the other teasing boys from him. "Foxy Foxy" they would call. I broke my glasses once fighting for them.

George King's daughter Isabel married Stuart Lidster and came to live near to her Father. They had three children. Richard, Vera and Alice. Vera was my age. Their mother died when they were young and Vera took over some of the jobs. They had a relative in Canada who came over to take them back. Vera was looking after the others and she was badly burnt while lighting the fire. Her nightie caught fire one Saturday morning and she ran up the Lane to Granny Pettie. Granny was doing out downstairs, so I had to stay in bed out the way. All the mats were out the side. Vera was rolled in one of those mats, but the sinews at the back of her leg were badly burnt and it affected her walking. They sent her to the hospital wrapped up in blankets with Mrs Pettifer. Vera married someone who worked on Cross's farm. In 1921 her brother and sister went off to Canada.

Ella used to say about those toilets for the row below us "We had to go up the pavement past four cottages, round George King's and round the back of the cottages, then up the garden at an angle, up to the loos at the top. They refused to allow us a way straight up the side of our cottage. Mother used to leave the baby I and muttering at me, 'Oh you nuisance,' rush me round and back." [19].

I used to take Ella and others for long walks and then carry them back when they got tired.

When I was fourteen we moved from 3 Chapel Row to Charles Cottage on Chapel Green. There was a long walk from the cottage with buckets getting water from the pump. It was half gone before we got back, sloping over. It was a good deep well in the corner at the top of Red Lion Street. There was another well by Lambert's cottage with a lid on which we dare not step on, as the edge was crumbling and it was in danger of collapsing. There was a large gate at High Street end and you could go across to a small gate, by the well we used, into Red Lion Street. There was a track across.

The Council houses were built for farm workers, that's how the Pettifers got into the end one next to High Street. Yet Railway people came into them. My Gramp had already been asking. It caused an uproar at the time. When I was twelve Mr Green was in the first opposite Home Farm. Mrs Townsend next door, and Mr Barratt the Co-op manager in number three. He was followed by Mr Drinkwater the next Co-op manager. Then at number four Mr and Mrs Timms and when they moved to Chapel Row the Busby's had theirs. They were Arthur Pettifer's Aunt and Uncle. Number five was Jo Townsend followed by Tom and Emily Bradley. Then us at six. We followed Robert's who went up to the Mollington Mill cottages, belonging to Hill Farm, where his brother farmed. When Granny Pettie lived at Charles Cottage she was very friendly with widow Townsend and another, and they always took charge of the teas at the Chapel. Set the tea urn round there.

In the house they had a copper in the room by the back door and Grandpa took his bungalow bath in there. Not a fixed bath while he was there. Each cottage had a big garden.

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3. Shops in Cropredy Between the Wars

Chapel had a clothing club, you took your money to Sunday school and Grampy Pettifer collected it. Then you had spending day and took the money to Brummitts, Bernard Smith or the Co-op. That's how you got your winter coat. Most people saved at the Co-op and left their divies in, otherwise they used the post office.

[History Group and Dolly talking about Cropredy in the 1920's and 1930's]:- The Co-op, one and only big grocery shop. Harold Gossage had it. He came back from the war, and worked for Cherry's. After he left the Co-op he didn't get on too well. He became time keeper at Byfield. He was a good speaker. He was a good chap. He used to run the Exservice man's club. Could get up and speak and it sort of come fluently. Good chap in the village. A sort of gentle type of man. Yes, he looked as though he was in the wrong kind of job. He had a son, Reg.

Mr Taylor, who had it earlier, had coal and used to do pig food. Every thing in a sack truck, or barra. Keep it round in that little cottage behind the Red Lion. New Place cottage. Take it round in a barra.

Dolly: The Co-op did supply paraffin, but Mr Crisp brought it round the village and that was cheaper. All the tradesmen came to the door. Co-op, butcher, baker, fish twice a week, they also brought vegetables. A Mr Field with clothes, darning and other things. They all called. Coalman too.

History Group: Mr Crisp was a big military man with a waxed moustache. He brought soap and hardware and came from Grimsbury way. The fish man was Mr Brown. We'd follow him round saying "Hold my own, penny a bone!" Penny a bone! We'd run behind his cart thing back up home [Bourton lads], because we had to go back up for dinner and perhaps, that's if there were three or four hanging on, he kept going like this. He'd get the whip and throw it like this at the back.

Cave's [20] that was a genuine shop. Kids robbed right and left. Old Cave was blind. Of course she was in the back. He used to stand in there and call her when anybody came in. Often in the meantime some kids would...on the side. Frederick Issac Cave was a painter and decorator, then a shopkeeper with his wife Mary Ann. His Father John was born at Windsor. He had kept the shop before Fred. The shop kept going up to 1937 or 1938. Their second son Archie married his first cousin, Daisy Hawkins, and they moved up to live at Bourton in the first house on the right. Archie used to go round with a horse and cart. As a boy he had driven his father who sold cakes and various biscuits. He is remembered for his alphabet biscuits. Then his son carried on delivering bits of groceries. When the war started he went for a medical, caught a chill and died of pneumonia.

Soon after his son Archibald Roland was born. He was brought up by his grandparents, as his young widowed mother married a Mr Bissmire.

Mrs Bert. Cherry went into Cave's once for she had fallen over in the churchyard and hurt her face. **Ella** said, "We went into the shop. I was frightened of him because he was blind. I was only little. He was alright, but I sort of kept away from him. You thought, because he was blind, there was something else the matter with him."

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Dolly: Daisy Bissmire always dressed up fine and kept Una, who was a beautiful child, looking like Shirley Temple. I used to help push the pram up and down. The step brother Roland he was a cripple then in his teens, but he used to paint pictures on mugs very cleverly. He also made baskets. Grandma Cave had the sweetshop and she always gave you eight sweets for half a penny. Sometimes we had tea out the back with her. They didn't have any help then for invalids in the house. He was pushed out by Roland Plumb and Arthur Pettifer. When Lucy and Arthur were courting all those years, they both pushed him out. Well Lucy had her Mother to care for, so she couldn't marry while looking after her.

Down Creampot a Mrs George Pollard had a shop for a time. Her father was George Adkins the carpenter. Rhoda was about sixty in 1930. She had a little shop. We used to go into her little back room and we used to think she was an old witch, because she had a long black skirt. She would sell us some sweets, half-penny worth.

There were straw bonnet makers in the Stone cottages in Station Road. Mrs Sarah Cowley nee Cherry and Mrs Constable two old ladies they were and lived at number 2. Bill Stevens the pig killer had number 1.

[History Group] : Arthur Bryden moved into Cope's cottages. He had an electrical shop. They came round with batteries for your radio. Accumulators. Carry them round. Heavy jars at that time. Ron Adkins came round here for Trinders in a three wheeled thing. He brought an accumulator. About in the 1930's. There weren't many then. When the electric light came to Cropredy then they had a mains set, but there were one or two that hung on to the old accumulators.

First one I heard was Jones, when he had one at Poplar Farm. Harry Jones had a cats whisker set. "I know when Mother had one a lot of people thought she was listening to what they were saying."

Dolly: The saddler, Bernhard Pargeter lived up the Jitty and they had a wireless which was a whisker set. The aerial was above it, which you had to fiddle with to get the programme. We were all sitting in there one day when it went out a bit, the aerial, in the middle of an exciting football match, they lost it!

[**History Group**] : Well I remember that one because the old valve glowed. Big horn speaker, an amplion speaker. It was such a marvel, marvellous thing it was. Sat there listening as children with earphones. Tuned it in by moving two coils. It was a treat for us.

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At the Jubilee the Vicar had his big radio set outside the window for everyone. I mean we got one, but the children, some of the children hadn't got one, and wanted to listen to the service.

We had a revolution almost to get the streetlights in the 1930's. Up to then there was a light put up for the Church, at the top of Church Lane to light both paths for people to go to evensong. Another at the Chapel. The station had a light and another by the gate which were doused when the last train had gone, for the station master.

The new houses in Station Road had ordinary lamps for seven or eight years before they had the electric. The bigger houses used to make their own. Big storage batteries. Great big glass cells. Big old petrol engines five or six feet in diameter. Trouble was getting them started. Use blow lamps. Need some storage on benches.

I know when our electric first went in you put a shilling in the meter, ten penny worth, and two penny worth were paying for installment. Everyone was the same. One shilling in. You didn't get into debt, because if you didn't put anything in you didn't get any light! We had a light downstairs in the kitchen and front room, but in only one bedroom.

Mrs Harris had a shop. It was a Post Office and later also the telephone exchange. She used to sell a few bits and bobs. Telephone was a kiosk in a small room on the side. If you wanted you had to knock on that door, if you wanted to phone at night. During the last war it was still... I can remember we stopped over there at night if she wanted to slip out in the village. Only a manual thing, you'd get four or five calls perhaps in an evening. Nothing was private. Nothing private about it. You had to stick by, you see, if anyone was ringing.

Harris's had the Post Office at first in the house. The pillar box was by the front door. The annex was built by Gramp Cherry long before the telephone exchange came. It had a counter and everything.

Thomas Cooknell, shoemaker, was next door. In the summer time it was very hot and you'd hear him in the morning, about four or five o'clock, rattling about there. He'd pack up in the middle of the day. It was a hot place, like a baker's oven. Then he would do some in the evening. He walked to Bourton every evening for a drink.

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Marvellous how he'd go on working for a couple of months and then he'd go on the booze. He'd come home, never a sound, never made a fuss or bother and he'd go to work again for a week or two then.

John Coy: Thomas Cooknell used to walk up to Bourton most nights, and if there was people wanting shoes mended they'd take them to the pub and once our Mum said to me "Your shoes mending?" I was at work and I hadn't a lot of money and what I **did** have I wanted to spend my way. She said "You got holes in your shoes." So she said "I'll get your Dad to take them to Tom Cooknell." So I got a habit, I have now, when I take my shoes off I put my socks in my shoes. I put them in like that [rolled up and stuffed into the toe]. So I come back one time and she said, "I give your Dad them shoes to take to Mr Cooknell." I didn't think anything about it and he brought them back in a bit of paper, and there was a note inside. He'd mended the shoes, but he couldn't do anything about the socks! There was holes in the socks. Cause I never thought she was going...He repaired the shoes, but couldn't do much about the socks!

Same with George King. He was a marvellous blacksmith. He'd make things, marvellous ironwork, but he'd have a week or two on the booze. 'Then he would come and sign the pledge, go to Thomas Cherry and sign the pledge, Band of Hope. He'd go steady then for a time until he got tired again, and then drink a bit.

Dolly: Mr King made the original handbells. They all played them and George played the fiddle. When George come drunk down the Lane I tried not to be in the kitchen. I would be waiting to get out the bath and into the house quickly, in case he come down the Lane!

[**History Group**] : Ted Robinson was the blacksmith on the Green. He did shoeing. Old Ted used to get that aireated when he had two or three horses. "Take them back. **Take** them back!" We used to bring the horses down from Bourton. George Adkin's and one of Townsend's or Boddington's. Ride them down, take them to Teddy, leave them, go to school and call for them. We got quite expert riding without a saddle. He had his own smithy, but came to help Sumner and Neal, they'd no blacksmith then.

It was very interesting shop to go into. I remember the horses used to be shod in the first "room", but if you went into the shop behind there, all these different sizes of horses shoes, hanging on nails on the beams. Then there was this big bellows on the other side. Get into a little place at the back. Get in there when it was cold and blow the bellows for him. Get in there and get warm. Old boys with nothing to do, nothing else to do.

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The window from the smithy looked out into the Station master's garden [21]. The building was an extra addition to the big stone barn. It was more a corrugated roofed lean-to. The old barn was Ankers and let to Sumner's and Neal's for their building materials. Later it was sold to Mr Bonham.

Behind the barn was Cooknell's coal place and hauliers business. There was once a rubbish dump, to the north of the village, on the verge at the top of the Claydon Road. Then Mr Steven Cooknell collected rubbish privately with his horse and cart. Not so much rubbish then. Everything was weighed up. Cut up and all you got left was the wrapping. They burnt that.

Ashes were a big problem. Ashes from the fire. It **was** ashes, because they used to sift it and use the cinders. Nearly all your garden paths were done with ashes. Then, bit of frost, you went in, you got an inch on the bottom of your shoes. Terrible things they were. They used to line the hole in the garden for the loo. Soon as you had filled the hole, it was covered with ashes.

The Vicarage didn't have that arrangement, they had a septic tank, with a vent pipe up into a tree. We used to throw things and rattle it, and the Parson used to come out. It was bent from the stones thrown at it .

Sumner's new house, Stoneleigh had water pumped up from the well. There was a bathroom and a good cesspit. Most had a pit behind the toilets which had to be "Spooned out" and put in the garden.

Only a few houses had cellars. The Green, Bridge House, Bourton House, Oathill Farm and 11 Red Lion Street to name five. Oathill's was made from the hole dug for the bricks made to build it. The Green cellar was brick lined and has a brick arched roof. The drain from it runs seven or eight feet down, across the garden. Marvellous for storing apples, vegetables and potatoes. 11 Red Lion Street has a very old cellar, as it was once the Manor Farm on the largest manor. The steps are stone and lead down to a spring in the corner.

Hay, corn and coal came via the canal. Mr Bonham mended their tack and lent them some while he mended theirs. Good payers all of them.

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They stabled horses at the Red Lion and then had a drink. Others used the Brasenose.

The drovers came down the Boddington Greenway to Banbury via Cropredy, they used to say. Stopping at the present Beech House farm, in the eighteenth century. The carriers also went to Boddington, but via Chipping Warden. Mr Tasker, the Cropredy carrier, kept his cart in the building next to Plantation cottage. They say the horse could bring him straight home.

Dolly: Mr McDougall rented Little Prescote. He founded Midland Marts, and he set off for work each morning up Creampot Lane in his trap. He was regular every morning. High stepping horse. This was before I went to school. He went past regularly at 8. 20 a.m. and he would raise his hat and say "Good Morning" to Granny Pettie.

Roland Cherry: Could go to Banbury in twenty minutes. When McDougall come, everyone had to get out of the way.

John Bonham: Well they reckon he and my Dad used to have races back from Banbury.

Dolly: He never stopped for nobody. If anyone was stood way up the lane.

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4. Ross Walker's School



20.

Cropredy and Bourton
School, 1922.

When we went to school we used to fight with the boys. We didn't have parents to take us. Older children took care of the smaller ones. Alice Worrall took me to school. Later she worked in the house at Hammond's, when I was working outside there. Their Mother always seemed to carry everything in bags. She had another daughter Minnie.

The Church bell rang at 6 am, then the C...s at Andrew's farm, who made the boat house, used to blow a bugle when he left in his barge at 6.30! The Church bell, then **that bugle!**

On pancake day the bell rang at 11.45 and you ran home for the 12 o'clock bell.

John Bonham: Once when the bell for pancakes was rung at 11.45 a Mr Gardner came home to lunch early, he usually came on the 12 o'clock noon bell and Kezia Gardner told him, "You'm get back to work you old ... " He worked at Prescote farm.

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Dolly: When I lived down the Lane, Mrs King and Mrs Shirley used to say "Oh here comes her ladyship!" My great friend was Esther Gardner. There were three children. They moved to New Place from Poplar Cottages, as he changed his work from Poplar farm to work for McDougall's. They lived there a long time. Mrs Gardner used to make rag rugs and sell them in the market.

In the morning the school bell was rung by one of the boys. There was a list and they knew whose turn it was. The bell must be rung first at 5 to 9, and then 1 minute to 9. You queued up to get in. Always a rush to get warm at the stoves.

The morning prayers were more of a Church service, everyday. Lots of C. of E. hymns. The day you left you could choose a hymn and I chose "Lift up your heads ... " because it was a good rouser. Everyone liked the Revd Standage who came down from Bourton on a Wednesday. He could take a few months to read a chapter. Made a sermon of it. Not for the infants, but for the rest of the school. They rolled back the curtains and Mrs Walker's partition to listen.

On May day, if I called on McDougall's, then at Little Prescote farm, at a certain time, I would get a shilling [5p], a great deal of money at that time. It had to be between his bath and his shaving! [Bourton children still took their May Garland round and collected for a tea, organised by Mrs Prestidge].

The Inspector used to ask questions, but he didn't give us exams. For the Bible prize it always went to Church pupils, never to Chapel ones [22].

We didn't go bathing in the canal, but in the river, by the bend before the lasher. The school went to the pool below, next to Mr Lambert's barns. That was by the bridle path from the mill up to the Wilscoote Road. We all went together and had water wings to prevent anyone drowning.

Cleanliness still mattered and fingernails were inspected especially before needlework. Some children were sent out to wash. There was a cold water tap by the 1920's, where the paint brushes were also washed. This led directly to a drain.

[History Group]: The child scrubbed his hands or knees, or the offending portion. One member remembered returning with two red patches on his knees, where he had managed to remove some of the dirt!

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When epidemics arrived, like scarlet fever, there was sometimes no room at the hospital. Bert Cherry and a Bott were at Adderbury together. In the winter the parents had a hard journey to visit them. One year all the Biddles, Amy Smith and the Wells in Station Road were sent to Hospital. If there was no room, then it was a case of nursing your own, with a sheet over the door.

Dolly: Dr Bartlett when he moved into Poplar Farm, had his surgery there. You went through the wall and up to the front door. From the upstairs window at Chapel Row, I could watch them go to the surgery.

Ella Thompson: When ever they were short of staff the Doctor would beg Mother [Mrs Bert Cherry] to come. Mrs Bartlett had been an actress. He was a military type. They had a daughter and a son. They were inclined to argue and Mother said, "I shall not come if you argue." So they stopped while she was there. When Bartlett's went away on holiday, the whole of our family had to go and stop in the house. It was like a castle after our two up, one down house, down the Lane. Dr Bartlett, when he lived at Wardington, had a bicycle to start with, and then a motor bike [23].

Dolly: The school nurse was regularly there. She checked on nits, bringing her comb with her. One family was always in trouble with her. The dentist van began in the late 1920's. It arrived and in there they pulled or filled your teeth. You then poured blood all over the place and down the drain under the pump.

Dr Penrose was a very kindly gentleman who did the eye testing of each child across the room. I knew the letters off by heart and by the time every child had read them out I could "read" them quite easily, although I had had glasses since I was three.

They were the reason I couldn't go up when I passed the exam to the Banbury school, and so had to stay back in Cropredy. For two years Mrs Walker taught me Domestic work and then, in case my eyesight failed, she taught me basketwork.

I used to work in the garden at school and Mrs Ross Walker let me look after the Infants, when I had my drops in, before going to Oxford to the hospital. You had to wait there for hours. Mrs Walker used to put the drops in for me for a week and then someone would fetch me home. An aunt took me up to Oxford. It was very expensive.

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I passed the exam with Dorothy Tripe, Kate Smith, Ken Smith and Roland Plumb, but I couldn't go on as they thought I was loosing my eyesight .They said the strain would be too much on them. Mrs Godson and her daughter Gertie were always very nice to me. Mrs Godson was a widow from Bourton, but she was down in Creampot looking after her brother-in-law Mr John Shirley. She was always very ladylike, pleasant and thoughtful of others. Her daughter Gertie was the same. She became a teacher, as did the other girls who passed. Gertie Godson married Norman Smith the builder. The others girls were inclined, I think, to behave as though they thought themselves better than me, because I was a labourer's daughter. Mr Tripe was the baker, confectioner who lived near the Swan at Great Bourton and made my wedding cake. Roland Plumb was a little bit older than me.

Roland Plumb: Yes Dolly was always top of the class, except once when I managed to beat her to it!

Dolly: At fourteen most girls went into Domestic work. I learned Domestic Science with Mrs Ross Walker and went for a few hours in the afternoon to Hammond's Poultry farm. I liked outdoor work, and at school had done the School house garden and kept the stream clear in front of the house.

Mr Ross Walker was very involved in the village. He could be called upon at any time for help and advice. He was a Church man and helped to run the football and the cricket. He was also involved with the horticulture show. He hadn't to use the cane as much as some. They had no children of their own.

While the school was out in the playground learning to swim by practicing the breaststroke, standing on one leg, I would be watching from the upstairs square window. While they were drilling I was secretly copying them. Mr Walker would look up, catch me there and detail someone to tell me to get on with the work. I would run downstairs and tell whoever was sent over to go away I was getting on with the work.

Mr Walker always walked straight past me when I was working in the kitchen of his house. He was usually going to the cupboard under the stairs where I was forbidden to go. When he had gone back into school I would look and see how much drink he had had!

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Mrs Walker was always kind to me and Mr Walker never once caned me when I was at school. I would have retaliated anyway. However everyone respected them, though they did have their favourites.

Ella Thompson: One of Walker's favourites sat next to me and Mrs Walker would dent my back with a punch to "Attend!" Once when Mr Walker had had too much to drink someone asked him what page they were to read from. "Decimal oo-oo-oo-oo." slurred out. He put people in for the exam, Cambridge exam, and once I heard Mr a d Mrs WaIker talking at the desk about who should sit the second exam. I had already passed the first part. They were saying that it was no use putting Ella in for the second. I was so choked up about it. Only those that were thought "fit" could be coached for the second part. Some parents were not above taking down things for the Walkers. Some who didn't pass were later paid for by their parents.

Dolly: Mrs Walker was a large chesty person who was often ill with bronchitis. She too was fond of a drink.

The house was a very damp place. The water at times lapped at the girls porch entrance in Mill Lane. The boys would put a lot of rubbish at the ditch grating where the brook went under the road and it helped to create floods.

Mrs Walker taught them to sing Somerset songs and scarf dances to raise money at the fetes. She taught each girl to make a recipe book which also contained hints on how to clean a stove. Then there was a cookery class in the Exservicemen's hut with an outside instructor. For the boys there was woodwork and gardening.

[History Group]: Mr Walker was keen on football and took the older boys. They used the men's pitch. In summer there was a wicket on the school wall. The boys had the small school playground and went out after the Infants had had their playtime. The girls only had Mill Lane. Their wicket was a tree stump and the surface of the Lane was very rough.

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The football field for men was at Hawkshill, just under the railway bridge on the Bourton side. The footpath from the Cup and Saucer field to Bourton ran through it. A very wet place. Cricket was played there as well at one time. The visiting team used to change at the Brasenose Inn, and then run across the fields to the pitch. Quick there! No shelter of any sort at all. "We used to get ever so wet with the old heavy leather footballs that took some moving." "What kept the grass down?" "Running about on it!"

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5. Out to Work

Mrs Ross Walker's.

For two years I worked at Mrs Walkers from 8 to 2 at their house. Mrs Walker left instructions on how and what my duties were for the day. On the day the range in the kitchen was to be cleaned it was fish day as that was quicker.

You came in the front door of the School house and the dining room was on the left with the kitchen off it. That room had a window so that the master could see the yard. To the right was the living room. Behind the stairs was a cupboard. That was the place that Ross Walker kept disappearing into at lunch and breaks. The back door was round in a small yard which had the loos on one side. The house was joined to the school on the same side.

Alice Worrall was at Ross Walker's for six years before I went. Then she went to Hammonds so I followed her, but I worked on the farm not indoors.

Hammond's Poultry Farm:

After starting part time at Hammond's Poultry Farm I went full time having done two years with Mrs Walker's Domestic Science course. The Hammond's had built up the poultry farm using large sheds. The incubating shed and the office were next to the house.

The office was once part of the old house. The hen houses were in the field opposite the back entrance, off Backside, next to the railway. Three small houses nearer the road and one long one near the railway. There were five small houses in the top field next to the railway.

Across Backside in the orchard were two very large sheds where the hens went free and came out of the side of the sheds through hen doors.

In the other sheds where Mrs Eriksen's house was built [24], the hens there were regulated. They were let out, but cheeked. Every hen had a number on the leg and a record kept, so that they knew the layers. How many they laid during their first, second and third years.

Miss Bell came with the Hammond's and was the manager in name. She also attended the Poultry conferences. She had looked after the hens for Hammond's at their last place. Miss Bell and Mr Hammond ran the business and she lived in. Students were often lodged with Miss West, who by then had moved to Church Lane. Those girls that came to Hammond's as part of their training, lived in.

Miss Farquason, an auburn haired Scots woman, a lovely girl worked there. Another girl, Mary, came on a motor bike. She was very attractive. Lawrence Gardner, grandson of Samuel worked there and I remember once Mr Hammond had whistled us from the field over the road. I had just broken an egg over Lawrence and then he whistled us just like a dog. I didn't go. I stayed to do the hen house. We had to clean off all the perches and clean it all out. The muck went into a hovel back of Hammond's, behind Bonham's house. It was collected from there by a lorry, and it took several trips to take it to the Station, where it was loaded into a railway truck. When Mr Hammond asked me why I didn't come, I told him I wasn't going to be whistled at.

Every day two people had to be at the house, to use a hand pump outside, to pump water up to the roof tank for the inside toilets. That was a good excuse for doing nothing else, if you were detailed to that job. Just pump, pump, pump in the garden, at the side of the house.

Mrs Hammond was a sweet person who helped with the Chapel Sunday school. I used to help. She had terrible arthritis of the ankles and hands which were very deformed, but she played the piano beautifully.

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When Mother took ill Mrs Hammond was down in London having treatment. She was very upset when Lizzie died. They had got on well together. Lizzie had gone there to work in the afternoons, to wash the eggs.

There were certain aspects about the Poultry farm which I had had enough of and so I applied to go to Loveday's school. It was while Granny was away. The Hammond's sat in front of us at Chapel and Miss Bell in the double seater in front of them. At Chapel Mr Hammond told Granny I had walked out. After Chapel he came to the house and begged me to return. Granny asked me why I would not reconsider. "Ask him" I said, and with that he just turned and went. So I went off to work at Ascot, as I had already obtained the post. Granny begged me not to go.

Loveday's School:

I had a room of my own in the teacher's and senior girl's house. I should have shared like all the rest, but I said the other girl snored. Anyway I managed to get a room of my own. I also wore grey instead of black. I don't like black. Everyone wanted to know why I wasn't wearing black. I told them, "Cos this will do!" They did not press me to wear black.

I wore coffee coloured cream cuffs and seldom wore my cap. That made the other girls jealous, but I could not abide that hat. Biddy the housekeeper asked me where my hat was. "Oh under the bed." Still I never wore it. The house keeper was a lovely person.

I slept in the room next to Mrs McDougall, who came up Wednesday to Friday to teach History. That and music were extras. I dare not be too hasty to Mrs McDougall, as it would get back to Cropredy and Granny.

It was while at the Loveday's school that I first met my husband. He worked there in the garden for a short time. When I went out with him I was supposed to be in by ten o'clock, but as I went to his parent's home, and was not wondering the streets, they let me come in later.

For five years I stayed there. Ethel saw I had enough to eat and Granny sent me parcels. Every Friday or Saturday I had a parcel of cakes and ham, or something. All the girls said "Oh a feast to-night." We had a pound a month wages and six weeks at home during the summer, one month at Christmas and Easter when they kept us on a retainer. I went home then and helped Granny. The Aunts and Granny kept me in clothes, because the salary didn't. Granny would have liked me to have stayed at home.

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Granny having taught her eldest, Lizzie, my Mother, to lay-out, she wanted to train me. At Chapel Row when old Mrs French, and Mrs Busby, died I had to sit up all night with them, with only a candle. When I was home from working at Loveday's School, during the holidays, then Granny taught me to lay-out. Once we went to sit by Mrs Loius Lambert's bed for two nights, but after two sleepless nights I stayed at home, and on that night she died. Granny had wanted to teach me, she had already taught Ruth, her sister's daughter. She was ten years older than me and now it was my turn to accompany her while home over the school holidays.

We were poor, Grampy was on an agricultural wage and families on a farm labourer's wages couldn't have been much poorer, but they were proudly independent. Some were poor managers. Granny still took in washing from the Vicarage and Walkers at the school, not that they paid her much, and there was all that ironing and starching. It was a big task, yet because of all her work, we never wanted for anything at home.

Ascot:

From Loveday's school I moved on to a private house in Ascot. There were only three inside staff and an old nanny. He was a Christian Scientist. The other two staff followed me from the school so we were all young with responsible jobs. I was parlour maid, but mainly his valet as he couldn't dress himself, following being in hospital. He was very good to me. There were three

Dorothys at Ascot. Dorothy the eldest, Dora the middle one, and I was Marjorie. That's why everyone including my husband calls me Marjorie.

At the first dinner being given after I arrived, they asked me to talk, then the guests were to decide what my name was. They decided I must come from Devon. They liked my surname so much that from then on I was called Pettifer. They were very kind to me. He told me that no matter what I must understand his orders. If I couldn't, then I must ask forty times if necessary what he meant, but I must understand. He was always kind and did not get angry. One day he asked me what I would vote for and I replied I was a Socialist. He was a Conservative, but he did not get angry.

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I stayed in that valet job until I was married. We each had our own quarters. Lovely bedrooms and a staff dining room. During Ascot week the Duke of Marlborough brought his butler, ladies maid and staff, and they left us to look after the house for a fortnight. Left in charge to see everything was alright "You must correct anyone who goes wrong no matter who it is." said Mrs Craig" when she left them.

The butler asked her to help with the drinks. "No" said Pettifer, for that is what I was called there, "hire someone, if you need them."

Once there was a chap there who went to the pub. I was asked by "Sir" to go and collect him out. "Oh no Sir, I cannot go in one. I never have and I never shall." "Very well" he said, and went himself!

I also hated guns. When they had shooting parties my employer asked me to carry his. I said I couldn't. They were standing there outside and he wasn't cross. Just asked me why, so I told him. "Oh no Sir. I am afraid of guns." "Well spoken out," he said "the chauffeur will see to the guns." He then told all the guests of the arrangements. "Whenever we are to go shooting Gardner shall accompany me." He was marvellous and never asked me to go against my beliefs.

When I left they all said they were sorry. He added that he had never had **anyone** like me to work for him before. It was a good situation and we were all very happy there. I was leaving to get married, and Madam had a huge cake made with the events of each year I had lived there, iced onto the cake. When I was leaving I was in the kitchen saying goodbye to them and he came right through the service door. Came to say goodbye to me, as I climbed into the cab. The cook said when he came back through the kitchen he was crying.

They had been just as kind to all their staff. Mary one of the girl's husband had died in a car crash and two months later their baby was born. Mrs Craig went and fetched her back to work plus the baby. Later, when she wanted to marry again, they had the wedding from the house.

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6. The Pettifer Family



21. Edith, Kit and Dolly.



22. Lizzie or Emily.

When Kit was courting I went as chaperone. One time they went up the Appletree Road and I went off and left them. Then I waited and waited, but eventually became afraid I would miss tea and Chapel, so went back home. Grampy said "You go to Chapel with Granny and I'll go and find Kit" Kathleen Mary was the last to get married.

Gertrude the middle daughter married first. She married Gordon Clifford MacCulloch in 1918. That was her first marriage. He died in 1924.

Emily Louisa came after Elizabeth Rachel, my Mother, but she married next. She had been in service in London before she married William Hollis on the 30th of October 1919. The Hollis's came to Cropredy from Somerton, Bicester way, because they married Cropredy girls. William's brother George married Elizabeth Rachel (Lizzie) in 1921. Henry, the third brother, lived with George and Lizzie. He never married. Emily was always a little more superior. William was a big noise in the Legion. They moved to live opposite Gertie in North Aston. Later they lived in Castle Street in Banbury. Emily would have liked to live in Church Lane, Cropredy, but Will wasn't coming to Cropredy. They had no children.

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My Mother, Lizzie, had once worked at Edgecote for Courages. On her day off it was walk home and walk back. Grampy would accompany her on the return journey.

I would have liked to get "near" to my Mother. I always wanted to get close. Then after I was married she would write to me. At last I felt close to her, then just as we were getting to know each other, she died. Elizabeth Rachel had married George Hollis in June 1921. They moved to Broughton where their son was born in 1923. When they came back to Cropredy they lived down the Lane and Grampy moved us up to Chapel Row.

When my Mother lived down the Lane she had the kitchen range taken out and a more modern grate put in with less fretwork on the fender. They all had to be blacked. Then when she could she put a range in the outer kitchen and here she could cook all her pies and things, after the pig was killed. Before that it all had to be done over the living room fire.

Uncle Harry Hollis lived with them. He had been ploughing when the plough hit his thigh and it made the bone rotten and disease set in (TB). They took that out and it left him disabled. He kept the pig, as when Grampy moved to Chapel Row they couldn't take the pig, so Uncle Henry looked after it down the lane. He couldn't get any pension or anything so he had to do what he could. He loved to cook and he made good meals. He also kept the range black leaded. Finally when my Mother died he kept on cooking the meals and helping out. Eventually when he became too ill he had to go into the Neithrop. He and his nephew Sam were very fond of each other.

Mother belonged to the W I. I was only 16 when I first went. Then I went off to work. I used to be home for Christmas. It was Mother's birthday on the first of January and we always had the Christmas Institute party on New Years Eve. We kept on up to midnight to sing Happy Birthday.

Agnes Gertrude was married for the second time, before Kathleen. She married Walter Mold in December 1926 from Chapel Row cottage.



23. Kathleen's Wedding, 1927.

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Kathleen Mary married Edgar Theobald on January the 1st 1927. Eddie's Dad was English and his Mother was Maltese. Once during the war I was listening to the wireless through the door, while I was washing my hair. They were all in there listening Kit too, when I heard them announce that some ships carrying soldiers had gone down, and I knew one was Kit's husbands

ship. I rushed in and said "Oh dear Kit." "What are you on about?" she said "Didn't you hear what he said?" I asked her, "ships gone down." Then she realised, "Oh dear thats Eddie's ship," and it hit her.

Mrs Newton, who was born a Cherry, kept the Post Office at Bourton. She brought a telegram down next day on the way to Chapel, saying he was safe and in Liverpool, and was coming down to Banbury by train. By the time we reached the Chapel they all knew and were relieved for her. They met him at Banbury and came back home to Cropredy. They say Mrs Harris kissed him on the cheek, so glad was everyone he had escaped, after being feared drowned.

When Kit's husband went away Granny wouldn't allow her to join him in Malta. So they never really had a home. They did have three years in Scotland and sometime in Riverside cottages, Cropredy. They lived in the one by the river. That was not often rented out. He came back from the war and worked part of the time at Prescote farm, but disagreed and had to go. They made the big mistake, and went back to live with Granny.

Granny was very upright and straight, rather like Queen Mary. She really ruled the roost, but if anyone else did the same she went on about it.

I had waited seven years to marry John. He earned twenty nine shillings as a gardener, but his Mother took twenty seven. That left him with only two shillings to buy his clothes with. I bought his suit. Eventually we married on his wage and sometimes we couldn't afford a penny bar of chocolate. On the 13th of June 1936 I married John Monk at the Methodist Chapel in Cropredy.

My Mother and I were very alike. She was never one to be still, not once. She over did it, before the 'flu with her diabetes. I was closer to her, after I married and she wrote to me regularly. Her Sam always added a bit. She would call him, "the old boy." He had left school at fourteen and was apprenticed to Cherry's. At that time the 'flu was raging. He went down with it and his Father. Lizzie who really had a terrible few years had had to let her diet go. She nursed them both and her diabetes got out of control, so that when she caught the 'flu on the Sunday she went into a coma on the Monday and Doctor Jasper Bartlett could not pull her out of it. She died.

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Jasper said he could deal with the 'flu, or the diabetes, but not both. He was heart broken.

I used to come back at least three times a year to Cropredy. I've never really left in spirit, having been born here, lived here and spent all my holidays here, so it was natural to return here when I could.

During the war John went into the R.A.F. Tony, who was born in Cropredy, spent a lot of time with Granny and Kit. Granny looked forward to the Grandchildren coming. "You just come and bring my Grandchildren here, they're the best thing I've got, never mind the others clacking on."

Mrs Pettifer was a large lady of great determination. She suffered though from bronchitis in the winters. She had gone down with an attack in the March she died. She wanted me and her niece to see to her. This niece Ruth was also brought up down the Lane. Edith was her Aunt, for when her sister married again, she let her daughter come and live in Cropredy. She is ten years older than me and helped to look after me. Tysoe people had their corn ground at Cropredy mill, and a waggon load came and returned the same day. As a tiny child she was brought over by the waggon.

When Granny died Ruth and I laid her out. In the drawer were all the socks and nightgowns all ready. Granny said, 'Tell Frank Sumner to get the plank ready, and then he won't be disturbed at night' Every thing was arranged.

Peter my five year old son asked "Where is she going?!" "First to God's garden and then to heaven." When he went to bed he asked God to please keep her warm.

Granny had asked me, "You do it my child." Always called me her child, although at this time I was thirty seven at least. So the two of us were there to lay her out as she had taught us.

Grampy enjoyed pleasing himself for his last ten years of his life. Before that he did as he was told. Lizzie was perhaps the only one who could get the better of her Mother.

References for Part 11:-

1. The ridge & furrows belonged to arable land in the Downland Quarter of the North Field. The flat fields were part of old Oxhey common pasture.
2. Stones once part of foundations of Reads old farmyard, barn, cowshed and stables.
3. Brasenose College water tap. Arrived 1894 to Creampot Lane.
4. Cross's Barn. From 1900 part of Andrews farm. Mr Cross farmer from 1933 to 1965, but worked on the farm from about 1929.
5. Cropredy Pig Club book (1907-1955) property of the Parish Council.
6. Cropredy Glebe field now second on left over railway bridge to Mollington. A 3 acre allotment parallel to the road, started about 1851. Poors Ground allotment the next field was put aside in 1775 in lieu of copyholders rights of commonage. About 5 acres.
7. Mrs Constance Hollis nee Sumner, daughter of Frank Sumner.
8. Hammond's tennis lawn to west of the walled vegetable garden.
9. Mrs Bradley lived at 10 Red Lion St.
10. Plumb family at No. 1 Red Lion St.
11. Thomas's lived at No. 1 Chapel Row. Frank Bott and Harry Cooknell lived next to each other on the south side of Plantations.
12. Hob's Dowry part of College land once belonging to small holding in Creampot Lane. Later 5 then 4 cottages in a row.
13. Now Creampot Close.
14. Tasker twins see Book one. Also Book two for E. Cherry.
15. Station Farm see Book two for Mr Watkins.
16. Brasenose Station Row, see Book 2 for Williams and G. Pettipher. Marlow Gardner on p127.
17. Mercy (1921) Grand daughter lived at 2 High St. with Mrs Mary Ann (Mercy) Bayliss (1860-1941), wife of Jack, sister of Elias Gardner of no. 5. Bayliss had five children: Madge, George, Blanche, John and Bill born 1876-1882.
18. Coxes Butts once a group of 4 small fields on right of Moorstone (Claydon) Road, beyond bridge. Their hedges encroached the verge. Alloted to 4 copyholders 1775. Sold 1872 to tenants.
19. Ella daughter of Mr & Mrs Bert Cherry lived in the end cottage of 4 next to the College tap. No access was allowed along their east gable to reach the garden. Formerly Will Shirley's cottage.
20. 6 Red Lion St. John & Sarah Dean Cave moved to Culworth where Fred Isaac was born in 1862. Fred married Mary Ann Hawkins in 1884. From a letter dated 9 Feb 1990 from Peggy Heasman, daughter of George Cave.
21. The station masters house, Constone, once a farm. Land sold off and buildings used for basket maker, blacksmith and store. In 1891 George King had been blacksmith at Constone for 13 years. Moved by 1897 to Red Lion St. Later still to Creampot Lane while working by the canal on the south wharf for Mr Smith.

22. Mr Colin Shirley disagreed. See later book for his letters.
23. In 1935/36 it appeared to Cicely Bayliss then working at Dr. Bartlett's "as if his mixtures mostly came from the same large bottle and then diluted with water from a very large jug... it seemed to do the trick,... maybe he had some hidden ingredients somewhere that I knew nothing about." letter 1st March 1980 Cicely Yeatman.
24. South Gable on corner of Green and Backside. Built 1967.

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Appendices

Appendix One Pettifer's Family Tree

G=Cropredy Grave number.

1. **Edward Pettifer** (born 1800 buried 29 Aug. 1879). Farm worker. Born at Charlton the son of Edward Wyatt Pettifer. Married on 12 Oct 1837 to **Mary** Gardner of Cropredy (bap.14 April 1816- bur.17 Feb 1888). Daughter of Joseph G.450, and aunt to Samuel G.452. Lived at north end of Copes Cottages. They had four children:
 - i. **John** (1838 -1913). Cowman. Married on 27 March 1859 **Jane** Barnes (1840 -1928), the only daughter in a family of seven, whose father John was a gunsmith in Brackley, Bucks. John and Jane had 9 children [see below] and lived in Cropredy. They lived first on the south side of Plantations and then at the north end of Cope's Cottages. John was a Parish Councillor from 1894 to 1904. Buried in Cropredy G. 409.
 - ii. **William** (bap. 4 Oct 1840 -1924). Farm worker. Married on the 4 of May 1861 **Elizabeth** (Betsy) Allen from Claydon, whose father was a butcher. They had at least 3 daughters: Sarah(1862), Ellen (1864), and Marianne(1867) and William Alfred who died aged 30 in 1913. They lived in Station Rd Cottages, then on the South side of Plantations when brother John moved to Copes Cottages.
 - iii. **Mary Ann** (1843 -1928) married **Thomas Cherry** (1845 -1935). Stone Mason. 5 children: Alban, Ernest, Herbert, William and May. They lived in the High Street, then at the old Chapel before moving to The Green.
 - iv. **Samuel Pettipher** (bap 7 Feb 1847 -died 2 Aug 1927) Farm worker. Married on the 2 Dec.1867 **Rachel Elizabeth** Rathbone (1850 -1912), whose mother later lived next door to them in Anker's High Street cottages. They had 16 children [see below]. Grave 410.

Edward's three sons were all married in Cropredy Church at the age of 21. Their wives were 20, 19 and 18 years old. All had received some education. Only William and Samuel appear in the Church baptism register.

2. **John Pettifer** (1838-died 13 July 1913 aged 75) eldest son of Edward and Mary. He married Jane Barnes (1840- died 3 Oct 1928 aged 88) and they had nine children:-
- i. **Emily** (1860 -bur 12 April 1951) a spinster. Worked in Leamington Spa Retired to a cottage in Plantation Row. Buried in Cropredy Cemetery grave C 10.

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- ii. **Edward** (bap 10 Nov 1861- died 21 Dec 1943 aged 82). Married Ellen (1864 -died 19 Jan 1942 aged 78). Grave 529. In 1896/7 lived at Lambert's cottage, later Ted had a shop in Birmingham, then retired to Cropredy and lived in Copes Cottages. Edward was in the 60th Royal Rifles.
- iii. **George Pettipher** (bap 28 Aug 1864 -died 14 Feb 1954 aged 85). Stone Mason married in 1888 Elizabeth Alice Paxton (1867 -died 11 July 1939 aged 72) of Claydon. They had six children:- Charles, George, Flossie, Ernest, Harold and Lily. Liberal man who used his cottage in Station Row as headquarters. PC.1896 to 1899. Grave 408.
- iv. **John Henry** (bap 5 Aug 1866 -). Married on 3 June 1886 Elizabeth Wright of Boddington, daughter of Abraham. Called "Gentleman John." He went to Birmingham. Their son went to Buenos Aires.
- v. **William** (born 5 February, bap 13 April 1870, died 21 Dec. buried 24 Dec. 1959 aged 89). Farm worker, thatcher. Married his cousin Edith Louisa Pettipher (1871-died 31 March 1949 aged 79). Five children:- Rachel Elizabeth (Lizzie), Emily Louisa, Agnes Gertrude (Gertie), Samuel William and Kathleen Mary (Kit) [see below]. Lived in Birmingham then returned to a cottage down Creampot Lane, Cropredy. Will read a Radical newspaper. Staunch Chapel man, taking Sunday School. Collected money for Chapel causes. Played in Wesleyan Band. Moved to 3 Chapel Row before finally living at Charles Cottage on Chapel Green. Grave 411.
- vi. **Frederick** (bap 27 April 1873-). Married Rose. Worked on the railway. Two children. Buried in Birmingham.
- vii. **Henry Pettipher** (bap 12 Sept 1875 -died 6 June 1950 aged 74). Married in 1905 Rose Lily Groves (1879 died 21 Feb 1948 aged 69) of Alcester. Worked on the railway. No children. Lived in Copes Cottages. Ran the coal club. Grave 433.
- viii. **Thomas** (bap 12 May 1878 -buried 11 Oct 1950 aged 72.) Vase on G.433. Bachelor. Lived in Copes Cottages at north end. Worked on farms. Known as "Old Tom."
- ix. **Sarah Ann** (bap 27 June 1880 - ?) Alive aged 95 in 1975. Went into service in Birmingham.

3. **Samuel Pettipher** (1847- died 2 Aug 1927 aged 80). He was Edward's youngest son. Married Rachel Elizabeth Rathbone (1850 - died 7 April 1912 aged 62), and they had 16 children:-
 - i. **Susan Annie** (bap 11 Aug 1867 -). In 1881 living in Copes Cottages with widowed Grandma Mary Pettifer. Went to Aynho after marriage to Thomas George Humphris on 20th April 1895. [see p.135, no.7].

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- ii. **Laura Emnelka** (Nora) {bap 31 Jan 1869). Went to Tysoe. Married William Hancock. Daughter Ruth.
- iii. **Edith Louisa** (bap 12 Feb 1871- died 31 March 1949 aged 79). Married her cousin William Pettifer and they had five children [see below]. Worked up at the Lawn before marriage. Acted as local midwife. G.411.
- iv. **Rachel Elizabeth** (bap 14 April 1872 -bur 7 April 1879 aged 7).
- v. **Agnes Salina** (bap 25 Aug 1873 - ?). Married Mr Elliman and lived at Andover. Four children.
- vi. **Samuel Austin** (bap 13 Dec 1874 -1948). Married i) Hetty and ii) on 23 Nov 1916 Kate Goodman who was born in Chipping Norton. She arrived in 1880 to live at Kinman's the Saddlers on the Green. Kate's father a Master saddler, a widower. Kate then aged 6 with two sisters and a brother George. Kate and Austin lived in the High Street row at no.3.
- vii. **Francis William** (bap 9 April 1876 -?). Signalman. Married on 4 April 1899 to Rose Selina Ward, daughter of James, signalman. They had two children and lived at Claydon near the signal box.
- viii. **Margaret Jane** (Maggie) (bap 16 Dec 1877 - ?) went into service. Married and lived in Leamington. ?Two daughters.
- ix. **Albert Richard** (bap 23 Mar 1879 - buried aged 11 in very bad winter weather on the 24th of December 1890).
- x. **Amy May** (bap 12 Dec 1880- ?). Married a widower, a Cropredy man whose Father was lock keeper. William Pratt was a Police Sergeant who already had five children. They kept an off licence in Banbury. William Pratt was 16 in the 1881 census.
- xi. **Mark Leonard** (bap 13 Aug 1882 - ?) in army, then a postman in Warwick. Married a widow with two children.
- xii. **Grace Ethel** (bap 17 Aug 1884 -?).
- xiii. **Rose Winifred** (bap 21 Feb 1886 `?). Married Frederick John Hobbs of Leamington Spa. Two boys.

- xiv. **Florence Alice** (bap 16 Oct 1887 - ?) looked after her father Samuel, then married late in life to Tom Spikes. They lived in Avon Dasset. No children.
- xv. **Percy Charles** (bap 28 April 1889 -?). Married Daisy. Worked in Banbury signal box. No children.
- xvi. **Richard Oliver** (Dick) (bap 9 Oct 1892 - ?). Married Gladys. Worked at Alcan. No children.

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- 4. **William Pettifer** (1870 -1959) the fifth child of John, married Edith Louisa Pettipher (1871-1949) the third child of Samuel. They had five children:-
 - i. **Rachel Elizabeth** (Lizzie) born January 1st 1893. Died 21 January 1937 aged 44). G.420. Married in June 1921 George Hollis (died 1 Sept 1974 aged 82). Their son Samuel born 1923. Lizzie's daughter Dorothy Marjorie born 12th of August 1912. The Hollis's followed Pettifers into Cottage down the Lane.
 - ii. **Emily Louisa** (1894 -1971). Married 30th Oct 1919 to William Hollis (1887 -1973). They lived later in North Aston and afterwards in Banbury. They had no children.
 - iii. **Agnes Gertrude** (Gertie) born 10 May 1896 at Cropredy. Died 27 December 1986 aged 90). Married a Canadian soldier Gordon Clifford MacCulloch on 4th May 1918. He died in 1924. Gertrude married again on December 4th 1926 to Walter Mold. They had no children. Lived in North Aston, then Middleton Cheney. As a widow Gertrude returned to Cropredy and lived in a flat in Vicarage Gardens.
 - iv. **Samuel William** (born 28th July 1898. Drowned the 23rd of December 1917 aged 19). A carpenter apprentice before going into the navy.
 - v. **Kathleen Mary** (Kit) (born 17 January 1903. Died 27 November 1962 aged 59). Married Edgar (Eddie) Theobald on January 1st 1927. Their two children died as infants. G 418. Apart for a few years they lived in Cropredy.

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Appendix Two Who's Who

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P C. = Parish Councillor. G. = Cropredy grave stone. C. = cemetery grave.

Thomas Beecham born 3 Dec 1830 at Curbridge, near Witney. Two years of schooling. At 12 hired himself out at Banbury. Lived in shepherd's cottage at the Lawn Farm yard. A perfectionist. Reputation for curing sheep. Also people. Carved love tokens to sell. A dependable and responsible man. Suffered from poor health, but long hours outside had hardened him. "He was inventive, a thinker, self reliant, but also very arrogant and opinionated" cf A Quinea a Box by Anne Francis.

Sergisson Brook and the Ex servicemen's: President of Ex service men's Hall Committee formed in 1925. Mr A.P.McDougall and Revd G.Barr were Vice Presidents. H.Gossage secretary and committee members: H.Busby. L.Hawkins. B. Pargeter and T Pratt for the Ex servicemen. H.W Cherry. S.R. Cherry treasurer. F Field. W.R.Hammond and H.W.Jones for the Village Hall Club committee. Mrs **S.Brook** see W.I.

Mr C... leased Andrews Farm House from the tenant farmer Mr Hughes, who also farmed Prescote Manor. Mr C... was a Judge and used the house for week ends and summer holidays. While he was living there he cleaned out and emptied the moat to a depth of 8 or 10 feet, alongside the garden, at the same time slicing off a corner of Mr Lambert's field by widening the moat. He then had built an enormous boat house big enough to take his canal barge. The work cost £200. They tried to buy the house telling the Bursar of Brasenose College "We have two houseboats, barges, in which we spend many weeks in summer exploring the English canals." The College however were not selling. B.N.C. 211 and B.3.52 p195.

Richard Austin Chesterman (born 30th March 1837 at Banbury. Died 26 March 1908 aged 71). G.471. Bachelor. Farmed 416 acres at Cropredy Lawn employing 11 men and 3 boys in 1871. 13 men and 4 boys in 1881. First Chairman of 1894 Parish Council. Member of Church. Subscribed £42 to Cropredy Church restoration fund. Bell Fund Trustee. His nephew Wilkinson Pinner born in Newberry, helped him farm from at least 1891 when he was 26. Chesterman and Pinner both honorary members of the Cropredy Club and Reading Room from time to time. School Manager. In School Log Book p150. "Mr R.A. Chesterman, one of our managers was found dead in his bed this morning."

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William Cherry I (1786 - died 8 Feb 1869 aged 63) a shepherd on Cropredy lawn Farm. He was born at Wolston near Coventry the son of Thomas and Ann. Married **Elizabeth** (1792 - died 18 Jan 1843 aged 51). G.321. They came to Cropredy around 1818. Their eldest son **William** was born in Banbury. They had 4 sons and 5 daughters. Their youngest Sarah (1836)

married John Cowley, whom Gertie recalled as a widow living in the row of stone cottages in Station Road. A straw bonnet maker. William and Elizabeth's names appear as members of the Methodist Society of Cropredy in 1820. He was dismissed once for entertaining the ministers.

William Cherry 11 (1816 - 24 Oct 1906 aged 90) Shepherd. G.322. married **Charlotte** Wrighton of Middleton Cheney (1819 - died 24 Sept 1894 aged 75). Parents of **John** (1841), **William** (1843), **Thomas** (1845), **Elizabeth** (1847) who married Matthew Townsend, **Ann** (1850), **Sarah** (1852) who married George Pargeter, **George** (1853) and James (1855 died an infant). William worked on the farm, and was the village barber. Helped to raise money for the 1881 Chapel. Mr & Mrs lived 3 Copes Cottages, but by 1897 living in row behind. Their Golden Wedding Anniversary poem for 15 Oct 1890 by Will Pettifer on page 130.

William 111 (1843 - died 9 June 1927 aged 84) Carrier and Coal merchant married **Beatrice** (1844 - died 4 Oct 1921 aged 77) buried at Claydon. In 1881 they lived in the largest cottage in Brasenose Station Row (before they were rebuilt). 5 children:- **Sarah** 13, **John**, **Albert** 10, and **Lizzie** 7 in 1881 and **Mary**. William was farming Oathill Farm for Elizabeth Elkington by 1891. In 1909 his son Albert was farming it.

Richard William Cross (1900 -1965) Farmer at Andrews farm arrived 1929. Married **Isabella Francis** (died 1980) Three children **Sylvia I.** {1929-}, **Barbara F** (1931-), **Margaret E.** (1932 -)

John Henry Dunn (1869 -1947) Waggoner at Lawn later Bailiff. Son of Thos & Ellen also carter at Lawn in 1881. marr. **Alice** Clerk. 4 children:- 1) **Thomas William** m. i) **Elsie** Sumner died 1930 aged 37. G.531, and ii) **Jane Agatha** Kirkby in 1932. 2) **Ivy** married **Sidney R.** Cherry. 3) **George Henry** (1909) married in 1931 **Alice** Worrall. 4) **Dora** married ? Lived first at Lawn Cottages, then Cropredy Lawn. As Bailiff he had 4 carthorse teams with a waggoner and boy for each. Later he leased Jobs Oxhey and milked cows in the hovel. He had a small milk round. The Dunns retired to the front cottage next to the Cooknells on the Green.

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Elias Gardner (1857 -1940). Railway Platelayer in 1881. Thatcher. Married **Annie**. Mowed the Church yard by scythe for £1. Lost an eye after being accidentally shot as a young man (Letter from Cicely Yeatman). Lived in 5 High St row. Son of Joseph and Catherine, son of Joseph and Mary, son of Wm and Hannah of Cropredy. His brothers and sisters were William (1850) went to Wormleighton. James (1853), May (1855), Mercy (1860-1941) marr. J. Bayliss and lived in 2 High St. Ruth (1862) m. Thos Castle lived High Wycombe, Jessie (1864 died inf.) George (1866) to Barford St Michael.

Samuel Gardner (1852 - died 10 Dec 1929 aged 77) G.452. Railway Detective, Signaller. Licensee of Brasenose Inn about 1919 to 1924. Married i) **Edith Ann** Mainwood (1850 - died 12 April 1899 aged 49), from Wardington. Edith and Sam lived in

Station Rd. stone cottages and when Sam had telegrams arrive at the signal box, his wife sometimes had to walk miles in her high boots over rough ground to deliver them. Sometimes as far as Chipping Warden. Their children were:- **Florence** married Alban Cherry, **Bertha E.** married W.Hiorns, **Albert, Mary** married W.Jarrett, **Kate** married A. Milles, and **Marlow** (1891 - 1970) married Elsie L.Watts. **Samuel** married ii) **Matilda** (died 4 June 1930 aged 75) widow, she had two daughters. They retired to Goodrest on the Green.

Marlow Gardner (1891- died 17 Aug.1970 aged 79). Signaller. Married in 1922 **Elsie Lily** Watts (1897 - died 18 Feb 1966 aged 69). C.32. They had 3 sons: **Gerald W** (1923) married in 1947 **Olive** Ashton, **Geoffrey** (1925) married in 1948 **Joan E.** Cooknell, **Eric J.** (1929) married **Pat** Sheasby. Marlow lived at South end of Brasenose Station Row. Family famous for their cricket.

George William Gregory shepherd on Lawn Farm and living at Lawn Cottages. Married **Sarah Jane**. Several children including: **William** (1903),**Victor E.**(1906), **Daisy O.**(1908),**George R.** (1910), **Charles F.** (1913), **Cyril L** (1918). Mrs Edith Pettifer acted as their mid wife. Mr Gregory followed Will French as shepherd.

Richard Austin Hadland (bap 16 Sept 1838 (Claydon)- died 13 June 1926 aged 87). Gt. B. Grave 128. Miller and Farmer. Married **Hannah** (Died 22 April 1920 aged 83). Chd: **William E.** (1871-1877) G128 Gt.B. **Richard** and **Walter**. Richard Austin one of 8 children. His brother **Spencer** (1842-1910) farmed Clattercote Priory until 1897. His father **William** Hadland married **Mary** Spencer and farmed the Priory.

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Richard lived at Bourton House and farmed the Vicar's Bourton Glebe (School Farm), at first with his father. Hadlands had leased it from 1859 to 1891, then G.J.Griffin from 1891 to 1903 and finally W.J.Lambert who purchased it. Hadlands bought 2 acres of Glebe land next to Bourton House in 1883. Richard owned Cropredy Lower mill rebuilt by his Grandfather W. Hadland. In 1891 the mill was then buying in corn and selling it as meal. They did only a small trade in local grinding, so asked for removal of tithes. Engine tithes had been £3- 5s. Vicar granted this, but later charged £1 on stable and 3 cottages. On 12 Jan.1905 his Mill "burnt to the ground during the night"

William Spencer Hadland (1869-1949). Publican of Red Lion. Married **Sarah Helen** (1876 -1964) G.539. At Red Lion from about 1907 to 1939. Retired to Stonecote Church Lane. Sarah used to walk across to Chipping Warden to meet a sister, or friend, for a chat.

Alexander Patrick McDougall (1881-1959) purchased Prescote Manor in 1919. A Perthshire farmer very concerned with market selling conditions. With a syndicate he introduced auctions sales in Banbury on a good well conducted site near the railway. At first opposition from local farmers and tradesmen. Midland Marts began in 1924 during an agricultural slump. The

market picked up after reorganisation in 1929 and so began the largest market in England. During the pioneer years Mr & Mrs McDougall moved to Little Prescote (Andrews farm) and let Prescote Manor house (1922), though later returning there. Liberal County Councillor. Mrs **Muriel** McDougall (1889- 1947) teacher. Their daughter Anne was born at Prescote. Mrs McDougall first W I. President and a Parish Councillor for Cropredy. While at Lt. Prescote they installed a bathroom. The Bursar of B.N.C. noted July 1921 "Earth privy at bottom of garden." "Asks for a bathroom." B.3a.52.

John Smith (Gardener) (16 July 1839 -20 Sept 1920). Master Shoemaker. Post Office in 3 Chapel Row. Dropped Gardner part of surname. Married **Mary Elizabeth** (30 Nov.1834 -10 Dec 1898). G.363. 4 Chd: **Thomas** (1865-) Shoemaker, **Abner** (1863-1904) Shoemaker .G.362.married -? .**John H.** (1871-) Shoemaker, married **Lizzie Louisa**, & in 1904 lived in Leamington Spa. **Arthur** (1873- 29 May 1907) Grocer's assistant G.362. married **Grace Elizabeth** Pargeter. They had a son **Arthur G. J.**, born 7 Nov 1907, he became an Insurance agent.

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William Stevens (1862 -1947) Gardener. Married Ellen (1859- 1937). Lived in row of stone cottages behind Copes Cottages in Station Rd. Had 2 cottages made into one. Previously lived at School Farm House. On Cropredy Club & Reading Room committee in 1908. Kept Poultry farm (Beech House) gardens very neat. Mostly remembered as the village pig killer.

Edward Stratford (1883 - Died 12 May 1938 aged 55). Porter. Gt.B. grave 61. Married in 1928 to **Doris Helen** Pratt of Neithrop. Lived in Great Bourton near the church. Before marriage lodged at Monkeytree House in Miss West's time. Daughter **Jean Blanch** (1929).

Minnie Eleanor West spinster. Nurse? or Land army World War One? (buried 23 Feb 1952 in cemetery). Lived first at Monkeytree House then Church Lane.Took in lodgers. cf Colin Shirley's letters and Arthur Pettifer's book.

William Worrall (1869-1929) married **Emily** Turner of Edgbaston in 1903. Children: **Mildred E.** (1904) **Charles R.**(1905), **Alice** (1907) married **George H.** Dunn and after living in Old Yard moved to Great Bourton. Worralls lived in cottage below George Kings in Creampot Lane.

Frank Ross Walker (1875-1941) Schoolmaster marr. **Bertha** (1876-1937) teacher. No children. Gt. B. grave 58.Cropredy & Bourton School from 6th Feb to 1930's. Mr Walker died in Rochester hospital. Bertha in Red Cross. Frank encouraged football and horticulture. C.of E.

Women's Institute: some members 1926-1930: The Mrs Allibone, Amos, Baggott, Bailey, Barr, Biddle, Bonham, Bradley, Brook, Brown, A,B, & E Cherry, Courage, Cross, Dunn, Eriksen, Franklin, Gasson, E.Gardner, Hammond, J.& L Harris, Hawkins, Hewison, Hollis, Jones, Kirkby, C.&W. Lambert, Lewis, McCullagh, McDougall, Pargeter, A,G,Hc&W Pettifer, Pratt; B,N&W

Smith, Sewell, Thame, Thomas, Theobald, G.Townsend, Upton, R&T Watts. The Misses Allitt, Barr, Bell, Burns, E.Cooknell, Cripps, J. Dunn, Farquharson, Humphrey, Godson, Kirkby, D.Miller, A,D.&.L Pettifer, M.& S Smith, Thompson, and Watkyns.

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Appendix Three

Two Poems by William Pettifer

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"To Mr & Mrs W Cherry on their Golden Wedding October 15th 1890, composed by William Pettifer of Cropredy."

Just fifty years have passed away
Since your connubial happy day:
Spared to each other to behold
This anniversary day of gold.

Children all dutiful and kind
Temperate, religious, too we find
Loving to parents growing old,
Upon this wedding day of gold.

Parents and children on the road
To the metropolis of God
Whose streets in Holy Writ were told
Sparkle with heaven's resplendent gold.

May all at length in glory meet
Redeemed, a family complete.
And sing of Jesus, that sweet name,
At the marriage supper of the lamb.

Second poem:-

Once again you are met together
Pastors, Teachers, children dear
All to celebrate together
The mercies of another year.

Though we cannot all meet with you
Yet we too have cause for joy
Hoping all will meet together
In that bright home in the sky.

Some have loved ones lately gone there
But they have not gone alone
They have gone to join the ransomed
Praising God around the throne.

God bless our Pastors Friends and Teachers
And the children everyone
May we all when life is ended
Hear the Master say "Well done."

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Appendix Four Gertie's Recitations.

Gertrude left some examples of the poems she used to recite. Here are four of them:-

1. A Women's Tribute.

Ye are gone forth beloved ones.
To fight for land and King.
But we remain in peace at home
Mid the Blossoming of Spring.
Ye see the shell wrecked Country
In Devastation bare
We gaze o'er greening cornfields
And Budding woodlands fair.
Ye hear the roar of cannon
The rattle of musketry
We list to the birds fresh chorus
In hedgerow and in tree.
Ye breathe the poisonous vapours
Windbourne upon their way
To us the breeze wafts perfumes
Of hyacinth and May.
But the beauty of Spring is a shadow
The coming of Summer vain
True Spring will ne'er to our hearts return
Till ye come back again.
For our hearts are ever with you
O men of courage high
Be ye in trench scarred Flanders
or far Gallipoli.
We strive to pierce the war clouds
Seeking the loved one's face

Lieth he maimed and dying
Standeth he yet in his place?
And we call to the ears of Heaven
With never ceasing prayer
That the God of Battles will aid you
And have you in his care.
Well have ye proved your manhood
By deeds heroic done
God grant we see your face once more
When victory is won.

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2.

Men work from morn till set of sun. They do.
But women's work is never done, quite true.
For when one task is finished some things found
Awaiting a beginning all year round.
Whether it be to draw the tea, Or bake the bread
Or clothes to mend, Or make the bed, Or ply the broom,
Or dust the room, Or floor to scrub, Or knives to rub,
Or table set, Or meals to get, Or shelves to scan, Or fruit to can,
Or seeds to sow, Or plants to grow, Or linens bleach,
Or lessons teach, Or butter churn, or polish glass,
Or clothes to mend, Or children tend, or notes indite,
Or stories write, Or jackets turn
But I must stop for really if I should
Name all the Ors take me a day it would.

3. Keep Smiling.

No use in moping when skies are not bright
Keep on a hoping twill soon be light
No use in grieving about the milk you spill
Keep on believing the cow will stand still
No use in rowing because the crops are slow
Keep on a ploughing and they are bound to grow
No use the heaven is above the skies
Put in the leaven and the bread will rise.

4. Going on an errand.

A pound of tea at one and three
And a pot of raspberry jam
Two new laid eggs a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way
And then I'm sure not to forget
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My Mother gets in such a sweat

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A pound of tea at one and three
And a pot of raspberry jam
Two new laid eggs a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham.
There in the hay the children play
They're having such fine fun
I'll go there too that's what I'll do
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three
A pot of er new laid jam
Two raspberry eggs with a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham

.
There's Teddy White flying his kite
He thinks himself grand I declare
I'd like to make it fly up sky high
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire
And then - but there

A pound of three at one and tea
A pot of new laid jam
Two dozen eggs some raspberry pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now heres the shop outside I'll stop
And run my orders through again
I haven't forgot- its better not
It shows I'm pretty quick thats plain.

A pound of three at one and tea
A dozen of raspberry ham
A pot of eggs with a dozen pegs
And a rasher of new laid jam.

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Appendix Five Illustrations

1. Mrs Edith Louisa Pettifer with her grand daughter Dorothy Marjorie and daughter Agnes Gertrude, standing in front of their cottage down Creampot Lane.
2. Copes cottages in Station Road between 1904 and 1908. The nearest cottage was the Allitts. John and Jane Pettifer lived next door, but out of the picture.
3. May 4th 1918. Gordon married Gertie. Left to Right: Uncle ? Percy Emily, Gordon MacCulloch, Gertrude, Lizzie, Mr William Pettifer and his wife Edith. Front row: Kitty and Dolly.
4. Grandma Rachel, wife of Samuel Pettipher, coming out of number 7 High Street. They were the parent's of Edith L Pettifer, Gertie's Mother.
5. 12th Jan. 1905. Banbury fire engine at Hadlands Mill (Lower Cropredy Mill).
6. Cropredy June Fete 1910 in School Farm, Cropredy Mill Lane. Station in background.
7. Summer: Mrs Edith Pettifer. On the PC. was written: Dec 24 1909 to Mrs T. Humphriss of Aynho. "My Dear Sis just a / hoping you are all/ well. I am come to / wish you a merry XMs/ & a Happy New Year. / from your loving S./ E.L.P."
8. Winter 1920? Mrs Pettifer commanding the Lane. Note bird droppings board outside upper window and neat lace edged blinds.
9. Chapel Row between 1904 and 1908. Note the guttering over the PO. at No. 3. No. 5 has a brick front, once the barn entrance. No. 8 had their door in the passage which lead to George Pargeter's shoe shop.
10. Mr John James Bonner, Headmaster from 1884 to 1910 of Cropredy and Bourton Church of England School. This was between 1904 and 1908.
- 11 & 12. Samuel William Pettifer who served on H.M.S. Tiger. Gertie had 12 enlarged and framed at Blinkhorn's of Banbury, page 46.
13. Gertie first worked for Mrs William Smith at 12 Red Lion St. the first house on the right. Picture taken between 1915 and 1920.
14. Prescote Manor where Gertie was cook. The picture, 1904 -1908, was taken during Widow Mary Ann Wayte's time. Her son Edward farmed, then Hughes. In 1919 it was sold to MacDougalls.
15. Copes Cottages and nursemaids. Note Pettifer's shutters, which lifted upwards.

16. Gordon and Gertie between King's and Pettifer's garden gates.
17. William Hollis married Emily L.Pettifer on the 30th October 1919.
18. William and Edith L Pettifer, Dolly's Grampy and Granny.
19. Samuel Pettipher, Gertie's mother's father, of High Street.
20. Cropredy and Bourton School 1922.

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21. Mrs Edith, Dolly and Kathleen Pettifer. Dolly was born 1912.
On the back: 'Dear Brother / my prayers to / God will be that / he will protect and /help you till we meet / again.
Your Loving / Sister E."
Dolly said: "Granny made us all wear hats, but I didn't like mine on."
23. Jan 1st 1927. Kathleen Mary (Kit) married Edgar Theobald. L to R: Dolly, Kit, Eddie, Mr Theobald, Mrs Edith (sitting) and Mr William Pettifer. Dresses made by the Miss Williams of Station Road.

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