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NOTES & QUERIES

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From *The Editors*

Once again, we record with regret and sadness the loss of one of the grand figures not only of CADHAS but of Campden. As Geoffrey Powell makes clear on page 27, Seumas Stewart played a great part in the story of this society.

The concluding part of the biography of Francis Tomes has, perforce, been abridged by the editors, with the permission of the author. However both his full text and the wonderful volumes of his diaries and family records which provided the source may be found in the Society's archives. These are highly recommended to members and other researchers interested in the wider scene of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries so ably brought out by Ben Holme, whom we thank for his own research. A welcome newcomer to these pages is Doris Court, who reserves copyright as she may well incorporate this new material in a further volume of her history of Weston-sub-Edge. We are delighted that she has been prepared to let us publish it first. John Macartney's pages from the Book of Remembrance for World War I have been much read beside the memorial panels in the Parish Church. The results of the long continuing researches of Paul Hughes were generously placed at his disposal, thus the record is far more complete than the original book since it has now been possible to add information garnered from visits to battlefields, war-cemeteries and found in official archives. Now John Macartney has written how he came to be interested in producing an accessible copy of these records and seeks further information from members and others to enable a similar volume to be provided for World War II and other conflicts. Please let him have completed forms for yourself or anyone else who was involved. Finally, for those who were too young to serve - a delightful memory of a summer spent at the Volunteer Agricultural Camp at Weston-sub-Edge in 1947 sent to us by Ron Davies, now a regular visitor to Campden and district who still remembers the time with nostalgic affection.

Editorial Committee: Frank Johnson, Allan Warmington, Jill Wilson; 14 Pear Tree Close, Chipping Campden, Glos., GL55 6DB

From the Local News - 1890s & 1903

Two items quoted from a book of press cuttings, presented to the Guild of Handicraft Trust by Mr Fred Coldicott.

The Vicar's Bell

Readers will remember that one of the artifacts that this Society managed to buy at the auction of goods from Woolstaplers Hall Museum was a bell presented by the bell ringers of Campden to the vicar, Rev. F.S. Forster, on the occasion of his marriage - a bell that our Chairman loves to ring. It is interesting that Mr Forster married a daughter of Mr W. H. Griffiths, solicitor, of Bedfont House. Her only sister and bridesmaid was Miss Josephine Griffiths, later to become among the best known of Campden's historians. The report reads as follows:

The marriage of the Rev. Francis S. Forster, vicar of Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, youngest son of the late Rev. Stewart Evelyn Forster, of Southend, Kent (*sic*), with Lola Pauline, younger daughter of Mr William Higford Griffiths, of Chipping Campden, took place in the parish church on the 6th inst. The Rev. F. R. Lawson, vicar of Clent, Worcestershire, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. Stoneman, vicar of Longborough, Gloucestershire. The service was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of the richest white Bengaline silk, simply made, with sprays and coronet of orange blossoms. Her tulle veil was fastened by a diamond brooch, given by her parents, and she wore a diamond pendant, the gift of Mr Wilshin; she carried an exquisite bouquet of exotics, the bridegroom's gift. The dress of her bridesmaid, her only sister, was of grey liberty crepe, trimmed with grey passementerie and Merveilleux silk. She wore a large grey hat with ostrich tips and a gold and diamond safety brooch, the gift of the bridegroom; her "posy" bouquet was of pink carnations. The bride's travelling dress was of brown cloth and Bengaline silk, with jacket and brown beaver hat.

Mr Forster had been vicar of Campden since 1882. He left in 1896, to be succeeded by Rev Thomas Carrington, Ashbee's hated bête-noir of the early years of this century.

A Football Match

[dated 1902/03, (probably Summer 1903). Note all the plays on words!]

The Guild men at Campden have certainly helped to wake the old place up a little, but they are not likely to make the name of Campden famous in the football world, judging by their debut at Badsey. With all their arts and crafts, they could not prevent those irresistible Badsey gardeners from scoring 11 goals to 1, and the story of the game required a lot of gilding at Campden that night before the explanation of the defeat sounded reasonable. But it would not be fair to judge the new club by the first game, and I shall expect the team to do much better than that as time goes on. . . . The Campden club, however, certainly possesses one flier, who should be an unfailing attraction to spectators if he performs further sensational feats such as that which electrified Badsey on Saturday. One such performance at every match would ensure good gates and make all the clubs in the league rich. Though he did literally fly head first into the Badsey Brook, it is not true, as some suggested, that his name is appropriately the same as that of the tasty little brown bird which has been much persecuted since the beginning of the month. Yet his name is appropriate, too, for the sides of Badsey Brook remind one of the cliffs of the seashore on a small scale. Though beaten, it was a jovial party which drove back to Campden that night, and they did not forget to sing, "Good Old Jeff" and "Away down the Badsey river".

One supposes the little brown bird was a reference to Fred Partridge, jeweller, and the cliffs of the seashore may be a reference to Fred Cliff, apprentice cabinet maker, who we suppose to have been the flier.

In Memoriam

Mr Seumas Stewart

With the sad death of Seumas Stewart, the Society has lost a much-loved and respected vice-president, and many of us a dear friend as well. With his close interest in all aspects of Campden's life and history, he was a founder member of our Society. Within a year he had taken on the responsibilities of vice-chairman, a post he was to fill for the next decade, giving loyal support to three successive chairmen. Elected a vice-president shortly after his retirement, he was to continue to play an active part in the Society's affairs, bringing his outstanding imagination and enthusiasm to bear on its affairs.

His near photographic memory was matched by a sparkling and inquisitive intelligence. This he revealed in those acute reviews of concerts, books and the theatre which appeared regularly in the *Cotswold Journal*, and at intervals in the *Birmingham Post*; they were proof of the breadth of his understanding of all the arts, and the critical faculty he brought to bear upon them.

A devoted bibliophile, his particular interest lay in the history of our area, and especially its craftsmen, Ashbee's guildsmen and their successors. Until his retirement from business, that glorious bookshop of his was a fitting background for such a man. His business dealings always displayed a rare integrity. For he was, of course, in all ways a thoroughly reliable and honest man, one of deep ethical principles which were to find their home in the Society of Friends and our local Ecumenical Group.

But with all these fine qualities, he was an open, friendly person, one who loved good company. It is hard to name any of Campden's multitude of clubs and societies which did not boast his membership. Whatever function he was at, he always had something to contribute, challenging, perceptive and humorous. He took great delight in his role as Campden's Town Crier, an office he filled with great presence.

Above all, Seumas was kindness and generosity itself. Campden will not be the same without him. We can only offer our deepest sympathy to Penny, to Rachel and to their family.

Francis Tomes

Part 3

Benjamin Holme

(abridged by the editors from the final part of his story)

As to prior activities, Francis Tomes says at one point in his journal that he has been in Athens, Georgia, "ten years ago" - i.e. in 1828; and at others remarks that he was "... some years ago in North Carolina," and in Charleston and Savannah, although this was his first time in Kentucky. It is clear from these references that he had at least one, and probably several, trips into the American hinterland in the last 20 years. His remarks, apparently to lawyers, about the collection of one or two bad debts, show that he was well-informed about the legal processes involved in such matters. He was alert to other business opportunities as well, placing two orders for cotton - one for \$5,000 and another for \$3,000 - to be shipped to his correspondents in Liverpool.

While travelling he went to church every Sunday when services were available, preferably to an Episcopal church but, if none nearby, then to the Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists, in that order of preference. According to his remarks he did not hear many good sermons. At one point he is sharply critical of the behaviour of a young man of gentlemanly appearance but who uses coarse and vulgar language; and at another of a man who bragged about having made a lot of money in a shady deal over a promissory note. He seems ambivalent about slavery as an institution, observing that the slaves generally seemed happier than their masters, but has contempt for a man who has bought a mulatto girl, kept her for three days, then sold her back to the previous owner for \$250 less than he had paid. This, Francis acknowledges, represents the evil side of slavery.

On conditions of travel, he notes in the autumn of 1837 that the Michigan roads are infernally bad - it took 15 hours to make the 40 miles from Detroit to Ann Arbor by wagon. It appears that the Michigan roads were worse than he found elsewhere on the trip and he went by riverboat whenever possible. The trouble with boats on the Mississippi was that there was no regular schedule, the accommodations were of greatly varying quality, there was a great deal of smoking, drinking and poker playing, and the vessels often went aground on the shifting sandbars. He reports that, ashore he has had to sleep in a bed with another man, almost never with a room to himself (once at least in a sort of dormitory with six others), and mentions dirty sheets - "these are only three days old" his inkeeper remarks on one occasion. The steamer across Lake Erie from Buffalo to Detroit was nasty and dirty, with unmentionable excrescences in odd corners (considerably improved by 1950, one can report).

One notes expenditure for cigars and, on several occasions, for mending his "Trowzers," which it may be inferred took a great deal of punishment. He also seems to have fancied whisky, but only on special occasions and never to excess. In Lexington, Kentucky, the black servant of a judge, sent back to retrieve his master's coat, mistakenly takes Francis's instead, but it is returned the next day "... every part perfect even to the old London Examiner & my Red Night Cap in the pockets of the same".

As to towns, he finds Detroit "a flourishing & businesslike place" where "when a boat arrives ... carriages for passengers and waggons for their Baggage, belonging to the Several Hotels in the place are waiting, and you only have to announce the name of your Inn, and you are carried there without either expense or care." Cincinnati was " ... the only Town

which in business activity resembles New York” Here, however he came upon people who remembered Fanny Trollope, who had left a trail of questionable business dealings and reputation. Francis says, “I asked a gentleman who had a personal acquaintance with her, if Mrs. Trollope was a masculine woman. He answered me ... that she was coarse and vulgar ... which I think is likely to be her true character.” Crossing the Detroit River to the Canadian side he asks “How happens it that this miserable decayed place is so different to anything in the United States side of the Lakes when it is conceded on all sides that the Soil on the Canadian Side is richer than that on the former.” A substantially similar comparison was made by Anthony Trollope when he visited the two countries 30 years later.

The journal ends on his return to New York May 19, 1838, after a journey of exactly seven months during which he covered 8,340 miles under conditions which we today couldn't tolerate.

The story continues in his reports of the sea journeys referred to above and then in letters he wrote to his younger daughter, and apparently favourite child, Mary. These begin in 1840 and continue at various intervals until 1868, the year before his death. The last letter from America, dated at Atlanta, Georgia, is in 1847. In February, 1848, he writes to Mary from Birmingham, having just returned “by steamer” from New York. All of his subsequent letters came from England or Scotland, from which it may be inferred that at the age of 68 he has retired from daily participation in (but not a ‘watching brief’ on) the Maiden Lane business, now known as Francis Tomes & Sons - Miller having disappeared. The letters tend to be tantalising because Mary's replies are not available to us, one assumes that they are lost.

[The letters give an insight into his uneasy relationship with his wife, Maria.]

In January, 1847, when Mary is 19, he writes, leaving her in charge of the house in Houston Street “Be kind and dutiful , never forgetting she is your Mother. Exhibit no signs of anger when she speaks of me after a manner not agreeable to you.” In January, 1848, he says, “Be kind to your Mother under any circumstances and leave off a little shortness or sharpness in replies which I have noticed before.” The short or sharp replies seem to have been Mary's to her mother. In July, 1851, he commiserates with Mary, “Your trials are sore and have been sore for several ... years I know there are others who think I ought to be in New York - but you and Ben know more than any others why I ought not to be there.” Maria apparently did not communicate with her husband directly, usually writing to a Mr. Thorne (who seems to have been the firm's Birmingham agent, in charge of the warehouse there) for Francis's attention.

[In 1852, Mrs Tomes spent several months in England and the letters suggest they met only briefly in December and that she stayed with him at his house in Longstone, Derbyshire, in March 1853, shortly before she returned to America.]

On March 3, Francis says “My great trouble is about your Mother's intentions - The uncertainty disturbs me in considering my own plans both as to pleasure and business.” She was clearly an annoyance.

CADHAS Notes & Queries

[On later visits to England in 1856 and 1857, Maria again saw little of her husband, however travelling to stay at with him at his place at Dalmally, Argyll, where he regularly fished for salmon, in the summer of 1859.]

On September 8, 1859, "You will have heard that your Mother with her landlady has paid me a visit ... and I think she was gratified with the attention she received at Dalmally, but my chance of writing or reading while she was here was scant indeed. She was looking better than ever I saw her - and she talked incessantly often repeating old stories, even of her school days." Throughout this long period of separation punctuated with bouts of irritation, Francis nevertheless almost invariably says, usually at the end of his letters, "My love to your Mother." The relationship between them seems to have been courteous, even coolly affectionate, but not strong enough to support mutual company.

Dear old Francis - he was upright, honest, God-fearing, hardworking, intelligent, inured to physical discomfort, an astute businessman and a generous and loving father - but, somewhat prickly in his relationships with his family. In fact he was so critical that he could only stand them in small doses, and retreated to Derbyshire and Argyll to get away. He tries somewhat feebly to defend his character in this respect, writing from Dalmally October 22, 1857, "... you do me an injustice in harboring the thought that your father prefers living away from rather than with his own children. - It is not so - and it is strange ... that my children do not understand more of the circumstances which keep me on this side of the Atlantic. - These circumstances, I confess, are not altogether free from a consideration of something very like selfishness - as for instance a regard for my own health, and may I not add, my own ease also? Do you think I love you less than I did?" There we have it from his own pen. The business was only a weak excuse.

At the age of 86 he writes Mary from Dalmally (June 28, 1866). " ... my bodily health is so good that I read a Book of not very large type ... without spectacles ... and as to bodily pain, I hardly know what it is." What a lucky man. He died three years later, but not without having suffered a little weakness in the legs during his last year or two.

One feels a great and affectionate respect for Francis Tomes from Chipping Campden. He was the progenitor of a large and ever-expanding group of descendants in America. On a personal note, I cannot resist adding a reference to the large number of coincidences between his life and mine, as one who became a resident of Chipping Campden exactly 200 years after he was born here. The transatlantic circumstances of his life are only one aspect of this. His office in Maiden Lane, Manhattan, was only yards from 40 Wall Street and 140 Broadway, where I worked for many years. His visits to Detroit and Monroe, Michigan bring memories of several of my childhood years spent in those two places. His connection with Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, is with a place where I lectured on comparative government in the evening division. And, to cap it, his great-great-granddaughter, Barbara Haddon, married a friend and law school contemporary of mine, J. Read Murphy, who practised law in Hartford. Can anyone feel surprised that I feel a spiritual kinship with old Francis?

Law and Order in Weston-sub-Edge in the 14th Century

Doris L. Court

I have recorded elsewhere* that in 1304, Weston church was occupied by an armed band, but further research has yielded an interesting account of this and provides an insight into some of the lawlessness that was prevalent at the time.

Godfrey Giffard, Bishop of Worcester, had inherited the manors of Weston and Norton in 1279, from his elder brother Walter, Archbishop of York. Godfrey was a very rich man, easily a millionaire in today's terms and when he died in 1302, he left a great quantity of silver, plate, jewellery, silk vestments and armour. Not long before his death, Godfrey had granted various portions of land to three of his retainers. These were Nicholas le Chamberlayne and Agnes his wife, Jeffery de Weston, and Thomas de Weston, clerk. The latter is of particular interest on view of later events and he was granted one messuage and one virgate of land "by the same services by which the Bishop held the land of the King."

Now in 1297, Godfrey had presented Godfrey of Crombe to be Rector when he was only a minor and in sub-deacons orders and this had provoked much criticism particularly from the Prior and monks of the cathedral monastery. They claimed that the young man had been offered this rich living mainly because of his noble birth, being the son of Lord Simon of Crombe, although apparently Godfrey had only promised to hold it for him and to appoint a Keeper in the meantime. However, things changed after Godfrey Giffard's death, when his heir and nephew Sir John Giffard inherited. The new bishop of Worcester, William of Geinesburgh records in his register that Sir John presented a priest Thomas of Weston as rector and he was instituted on 13 June 1304. It seems safe to assume that this was the same man who had been appointed Keeper during Godfrey of Crombe's minority and who had been awarded property by Godfrey Giffard.

As one can imagine, Godfrey of Crombe was certainly not pleased at being evicted and he planned his revenge. He is on record as leader of a gang that included two relatives from Crombe, Adam and Alexander plus common wrongdoers who would do anything for reward. Godfrey also hired a second gang led by Malcolm Musard, another criminal whose family established itself in Gloucestershire at the time of the Norman Conquest. Malcolm was lord of Saintbury and held land in Abbots Morton and Aston Somerville. His gang included his brothers Ralph and William, Geoffrey rector of Abbots Morton and others, along with a certain Hugh of Wardington. At the beginning of August, Godfrey led these gangs to the rectory where they broke into the house and stole goods and grain. They then occupied the church and attacked Sir John's castle, shooting across the moat with their bows and arrows.

Godfrey would know that Sir John was away in York, where another relative William Greenfield was eventually elected archbishop on December 4. Later in May 1306, Sir John agreed to remain for the lifetime of the archbishop with two esquires, two boys and six horses in return for which, William would give him two robes each year.

Meanwhile, the gangs attacked Thomas of Weston again in September, this time a much larger force mounted on horseback with pennons flying. Once again they raided his house and fishponds.

Malcolm Musard appeared to get away with this and indeed many other exploits elsewhere, including poaching, killing and taking away game, beating up individuals and stealing wood

and grain. Indeed so many of the gentry were involved in similar activities, taking the law into their own hands, that it was difficult for the king to deal with them and often it came down to some personal bargaining, sending them off to any war that was going, be it in Wales, Scotland or France. But this did little to reinforce law and order at home. In Malcolm Musard's case, the juries of every Hundred and several towns in Worcestershire had made presentments about his crimes. However, in January 1306, having eventually surrendered to the Gloucestershire justices, he was fined for his part in the Weston raids.

For those interested in law and order it is disheartening to record that apparently this did him no harm whatsoever, as he later became chief forester of Feckenham and in 1321, Constable of Hanley Castle!

* Court, Doris L., *Weston-sub-Edge*; pub.D.L.Court, © (1992)

Reference

Hilton R.H., *A Mediæval Society: the West Midlands at the end of the Thirteenth Century*; Wiedenfeld and Nicolson, (1966); republished by CUP (1983).

Queries

If you can contribute to the answers to the following questions, please contact "The Editors." 14, Pear Tree Close, Chipping Campden, GL55 6DB. A written answer would be most helpful.

Cherry Family. Can anyone supply some information or reminiscences of any members of the Cherry family? Summarising some of the information provided - Joseph (born 3.2.1860) and Mary Jane(née Ayres) Cherry, were the parents of Ernest, Thomas, David, Agnes & Nora (twins), Winifred Mary. Ernest, who married Susan was the grandfather of the enquirer. His father was Ernest Austin (born 2.4.1920); his uncle Thomas Henry (a carpenter; 1918 - 1988) and his aunt, Emmi, lived in Catbrook. Any previously unknown distant relatives or anyone with detailed memories may wish to telephone Mr S. Cherry: 01926 813104, or write via the editors. [030]

Miles, Standley, Shingleton, Lunt & Crook Families are being researched by a correspondent. The Miles family has been traced back to C17 with certainty and probably to C16. In C17 Thomas Miles married Elizabeth Lunt, in late C18 William Miles married Elizabeth Standley, early in C19 Richard Miles Married first Sarah Shingleton (whose parents have been traced by the Churchyard Survey) and next Sarah Crook. Can anyone add anything please - whether in earlier centuries or more recent reminiscences? [031]

Antony Stanley married Elizabeth (surname unknown) from Childswickham; he died in 1729. So far nothing of assistance has turned up in the Churchyard Survey or in other sources. Can anyone provide further information? [032]

Chipping Campden and Two World Wars

John Macartney

In seventeen years time, we will be acknowledging the centenary of the First World War. I prefer to avoid using the term 'celebrating,' because the very nature of that war suggests to me that there is little to celebrate about it, except for the fact that it finished.

With all that in mind, it occurred to me several years ago that Campden did not have its own war record available for public display which visitors or researchers might examine. Apart from a War Memorial in the town and Memorial Panels or Frames in St James's and St Catherine's churches respectively, there is little available for study. Mainly as a result of starting the keying in of the data for the St James' churchyard survey, my attention was drawn to a number of War Graves in the churchyard itself - and then to the Book of Remembrance in the church. The only drawback with this book is that it has to be kept in a locked glass case and, though pages are turned from time to time, only one page can be seen through the glass and the other pages are hidden from view.

That seemed a pity but entirely reasonable in the light of present day filching from churches. However I was able to examine the original, hand written by the local historian and calligrapher, Josephine Griffiths - and it was fascinating, apart from being very sad as well. As a result I decided that it was well worth reproducing the Book. There were two key objectives -

- 1 It should be on public display and accessible to anyone who wanted to read it at any time.
- 2 If it was stolen or vandalised in whole or part, a new version or page replacement could be quickly prepared, as all the data was held on a computer floppy disk.

I set about the task with enthusiasm by taking my laptop computer to the Muniment Room. Two programs enabled me to produce a separate Memorial Page for each person who had died and a Master List setting all information out in tabular form - which could be rearranged and used in any number of ways. I soon found that additional details were needed which Josephine Griffiths had not had available to record. When I had transferred all the data in her Book of Remembrance to computer the time came to fill in the blank spaces I had discovered.

After some to-ing and fro-ing, a Mr Paul Hughes, who was born and educated in Chipping Campden, came to my rescue. He is also undertaking a much wider research project about the town in the First World War and he had copious detail about almost all the men who fought in the conflict, those who died and those who survived. What was even more interesting was that Paul had unearthed more than twelve new names which do not feature in Josephine Griffiths's book, on the War Memorial or in either of the churches. On top of that and 'triangulating' facts to validate their authenticity, we found that Josephine Griffiths had been misled on some of her earlier data which proved in certain cases to be wrong.

The revised Book of Remembrance is now *provisionally* finished. Why provisionally? Most of the men who fought in the conflict but survived to come home, have now died and our future research centres on them. Currently we know of only a few of those who have died and where they are buried. For the majority there are many blank spaces which need filling before revised pages can be printed and the new Book of Remembrance can be updated. I

hope that the survey of the extensions to the churchyard at St James church will supply some of the missing information.

This is going to be a slow task and in the meantime I have already started compiling a *new* Book of Remembrance for World War II. This is certainly needed and even though Josephine Griffiths did begin something in that regard she was a very old lady in 1945 and was unable to complete her research. Sadly we have far less information for the second conflict than for its immediate predecessor and therefore help is urgently required from any relative or other person who knew Campdonians who served in WWII. A data input sheet is available listing what is needed.

Is that all? Not quite. Projects of this nature have a habit of growing and it is my plan to create the third instalment - namely Campdonians who died for their country. Five names have already been given to me who died in the defence of Old Campden House in 1645. But there must surely have been others who died in the American War of Independence, the Crimea and the Boer War - for which latter I have four or five names already! Then we come to conflicts after World War II - here we have no data of any sort and anything which can be offered by anyone will be greatly appreciated.

INFORMATION REQUIRED ABOUT THOSE WHO SERVED IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Note by the Editors: As John Macartney says his new Book of Remembrance is only provisionally finished. Any task of this sort can never be quite completed because there will always be just one more point to clarify or detail to incorporate. With your help much information can be recorded before it is quite lost so please do all you can. Even if all you can supply is a name it will provide a start for further research.

A copy of a form is enclosed which can be easily photocopied. If you are able to help in this research please complete a form and return to John Macartney at the address on the form (NOT to the Editors). If you know of someone who is not a member of CADHAS but who might have useful information please pass them a copy and ask for their help.

In addition information is still needed on many World War I veterans - to complete the entries now on display in the church and on those who served in other conflicts between 1918 and 1939 or after 1945. If you can help please let John Macartney know.

You will see that the form contains a note as required under the Data Protection Act since the information will be stored electronically.

Cider and Harvest -

Worcestershire Volunteer Agricultural Camp Weston-sub-Edge, 1947

Ron Davies

Having taken part in Wartime "Harvest Camps" during our earlier years at school, we decided in 1946 to widen our horizons and try a Summer at the Honeybourne Volunteer Agricultural Camp situated in Weston-sub-Edge. This proved to be so enjoyable that it seemed natural in the following year to spend the months between Higher School Certificate and our call up for National Service doing the same. As soon as the examinations were over five of us gathered our bags and bicycles and set out from Manchester on the journey to Honeybourne Station. For the next four and a half months we were to spend our time working on the farms and in the orchards, exploring the countryside, visiting Stratford weekly and, did we but realise it, gaining a social experience that was to be useful when later the Military Authorities summoned us to duty.

The camp was situated to the left of the lane from Weston to Dover's hill and Chipping Campden. It is now a small housing development. The little Post Office cum shop has gone and it is hard to decide which cottage it was. "The Seagrave Arms," where Richard Dimpleby once presented a radio programme - and upset some villagers with his attitude and views - still stands at the corner. One has the impression that today there are more buildings and machinery, but it is possible to pick out where the Army camps and airfield were dotted about. Once above the village the lane seems to have changed little apart from its tarmac. Dover's Hill is much tidied, even regimented, with its car park, seats and topograph. On warm summer evenings after supper we used to climb up the fields to the top and naively put the world to rights as we sat in the deepening twilight with the Vale of Evesham spread pink below us and the Malverns darkening in the distance.

Although there were a few tents, it was mostly a hutted camp, with the kitchens, dining and common rooms placed nearest the lane hedge. The ablution blocks were sufficiently across the field for a bicycle to be useful in the early pre-breakfast rush. Food was generous and turns were taken to prepare the sandwiches needed for packed lunches. This duty was done under the eagle eye of the cook and woebetide *anyone* who unconsciously licked a finger! At the mid-day break we somehow managed to consume prodigious quantities of sandwiches, usually accompanied by a pint of whatever local cider was to hand. As remembered there was always an inn, or farm nearby, each with its own brew. We may not all have been quite *of age*, but we soon became familiar with *rough* or *smooth* cider and knew which to avoid if any work was to be done on a hot afternoon! Was it at Comberton that the landlord, a man of great girth, had to splay his legs in order to reach the tap on the cider barrel, and at Bretforton we found the sweetest cider? Without doubt the roughest, strongest brew was at "The New Inn" in Willersey. It looked for all the world like sea water and one pint was more than enough if you intended to cycle back to camp. The pubs are still there, but one finds little of the cider.

A popular evening destination was "The Lygon Arms" in Broadway and once the head waiter, with great aloofness, had drawn our attention to the fact that shorts clad youths were not exactly welcomed at the front door, we quickly learned to head down the back alley to the little bar at the side. Looking back it seems a long way to cycle for a drink after a hard day when there was a pub on the doorstep. Fortunately the lanes were generally free from

traffic. There were few street lights, of course, and even though cycle lamps were not always reliable, we found our way. Only once did we hit trouble and that was when a ghostly shape materialised into a white horse which had escaped from a field and was clip clopping merrily along near Saintbury Cross. Rather bravely we eventually persuaded it to return whence had come! At other times we free wheeled down to Chipping Campden, a village which even to our youthful eyes had the edge over commercialised Broadway. Not only was "The Volunteer" a friendly pub with good cider and a number of old bar games, but the village had a homogeneity and a lack of pretension that was missing in its neighbour; it was so clearly linked to the distant past. At a time of few cars even our untutored eyes could appreciate the line of the wonderful main street.

The people who chose to spend their holidays working from the camp came from a variety of places and occupations. Each day groups were assigned to various farmers and after early breakfast farm vehicles would take us to wherever our help was needed. The journey might be a short one by tractor or one's own bicycle; it might be more than twenty miles a-top an open lorry - no joke when autumn mists were swirling in the fields beside the Avon or out beyond the Severn. Interestingly we were among the very few who spent the Summer in shorts. They were not then common garb and we only ever saw one farmer in them. We became familiar with such places as Evesham, Winchcombe, Wyre Piddle, Broad and Chipping Campden, Bredon hill and the Combertons. [At] a farm on the Pershore road, beyond the the Bell Inn where we ate our lunch and drank the cider, one old labourer dined on a turnip and a pint of "rough" and took delight in poking fun because we came from "*that Chorlton-cum-bloody-Hardy*" - which was for him a music-hall joke!

The longest ride we had was probably out to Tenbury Wells to pick cider apples. On another occasion, across the field from Sudeley Castle, the cows had been before us. After the first tentative skirting of cow pats everything went into the baskets. We were assured that the alcohol would kill any germs, although that was hardly a consoling thought when it came to tasting the honey coloured liquid trickling from the stone press at the farm in Weston-sub-Edge before fermentation had had the chance to do its work! It was the same story at the Jam factory in Evesham where the shovellings went into the vats. The heat would do the trick, they said; *we cannot waste good fruit*. Piece work did not always come our way, but when it did we made the most of it - much to the chagrin of one farmer who, having promised us 1/- a row for weeding, later regretted it; admittedly the rows were long, but we were young and fit and, besides, we needed the money! On inspection he had to accept the job had been done properly. Needless to say the rate went down the next day! Unbelievably the normal minimum *hourly* rate was also 1/-.

Although we worked hard, there was plenty of time for leisure. In camp there were dances and concerts and sometimes invitations would come to dances at nearby Army camps. Often we would go by swaying lorry to Stratford, eleven cramped and very friendly miles! For 2/6d a time we saw a lot of Shakespeare during those Summer months. One memorable day we visited the Stratford "Mop Fair." There were crowds and stalls and quack "doctors" selling unimaginable cure-alls. The product looked suspicious, but one could only admire the patter.

To drive now through the same countryside brings back memories of golden days, [and] we did gain a link with a countryside that in many ways had changed little over the centuries and our generation is probably the last to do so. Certainly it is an experience none of us would have missed. Whether the locals would take the same view, only they could tell.