

A newspaper article recently made a plea for "the homely pen" when writing to our folk overseas, and goes on to say "Men in exile wish to know the most ordinary things - the garden, how things did, how other people's things did, - how life goes on - the simple anecdotes of the street, village or town. . . . They want to know what people are wearing, eating, drinking, how much it costs" etc. Well boys, it sounds very easy but it's not so easy as it sounds! Those gardens for instance - well, what does a garden look like in February? Speaking personally, we can only hope other people's looks better than ours does. Our Campden Bard (P.S. Winter) writes in lyric strain as to what happens in his garden -- "You dig the soil, and sow the seeds, But what comes up is mostly weeds! Thus in the beets' allotted ground, Vast groundsel colonies are found. And where you've planted beans and peas, The bindweed flourishes at ease The thistle and the mare, her tail, Among your cabbages prevail. Tomato plants to sticks you tie on, And lo, a spate of dandelion. Potatoes well you cover up, But there's a crop of buttercup. In short, although with sweat you toil, To profitably fill your soil, You'll find that what in fact succeeds, Is multiplicity of weeds." As to what people are wearing, it is surprising what can be done with the old suits. Eating? Well, there's fish (sometimes), concerning which our Bard has also something to say "Now don't you think it passing odd, That fish today are always Cod? Unless perchance, by some mistake, A cod disguise himself as Hake. Sometimes there's haddock or a sole, But cod it is upon the whole. Not even kippers come our way; No, Cod is all the vogue today. Still we are grateful for the man And his bi-weekly Cod-filled van." And as to costs of living - with no coupons left after the first day, the question does not arise. The simple anecdotes of the street, village, town can always be produced, as long as it is understood that they are not actually from Campden itself. For instance:- (1) "Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy?" "Yes." "Any results?" "Yes, I've got to give up smoking." (2) Friend (to darts enthusiast) "You'd better be getting 'ome Bill; yer wife's just presented yer with another rebate off the income tax." (3) A woman from the country was being taken on the Underground Railway for the first time and she arrived on the platform just as a non-stop train was rushing through the station. When she had watched it disappear into the tunnel, she turned to her companion quickly and said "Bless my soul, what a good job it didn't miss the hole." (4) Big Game Hunter (in thrilling tones) "Once while I was having a meal in the jungle, a lion came so close to me that I could feel its breath on the back of my neck. What did I do?" Bored listeners "Turned your collar up."

Meanwhile life in Campden goes on, in spite of the absence of so many of our young folk. We older folk are keeping the flag flying and the home fires burning. Services on Sundays in Church and Chapel still call to worship. In the week, Toc H holds on its way. Entertainments still meet the demand for lighter pleasures. Cotswold Winter Evenings, Debating Society and Shakespeare Readings supply intellectual exercise. The many Voluntary Services are busy and alert. Youth organisations are going well. And we were reminded the other morning in the Square by a Meet of the N. Cotswold Hunt, that though shorn of its former glories, outdoor sports still live.

Correspondence this month brings only two letters One from L/cpl R. Verney (Pioneers) of Gloucester acknowledging the Newsletter and one from Lt J.E. Hadley of the C.M.F.; he says "Please thank Toc H for the Newsletter which is reaching me regularly. Congratulations on reaching your Jubilee number, but I hope with you that it doesn't become a centenarian! I have just returned here after a trip by air to N. Africa in time for Christmas - Pork and Turkey, Sage and Onions, after I had looked up the Italian Dictionary and gone out to the nearest village. (Oh to be in Italy now that Turkey's there! Ed.) Give my good wishes for the New Year to Toc H and all my old friends in Campden." A further letter from a friend (not on our list) living at Torquay, says "I was astounded to read in your Newsletter the average per head of your War Savings in Campden for the year, £40. It is marvellous."

#### Postscript

"Subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will."  
(Oliver Cromwell.)

"(Beware of) dipping buckets into empty wells and growing old with drawing nothing up." (Cowper.)

Cheerio everybody.

Time passes by, and speaking Editorially the months flash past long before we have been able to rake together any fresh local news for the N/letter. Doubtless a good deal does happen in Campden but if the truth be told there is little for big type and headlines. Let us content ourselves therefore in this March Number with just a glimpse or two that will bring back old memories. To begin with the Campden Bard has given us a picture flash of George Haysum and his bus in the following lines:-

"Woe to the iconoclast, who dares to touch our ghostly grey, or turn it from its shaky way. Now that is how it seems to us; and what we say about the bus, to George with equal force applies. O may he long delight our eyes, and tickle, in his solemn state, our sense of the appropriate.... Though George may look a solemn one, he has a lively sense of fun, and dearly does he love to poke, at favoured ones a pawry joke. Monopoly has made him cute; he is a monarch absolute;... 'The bus is full' - you need not talk; the only thing to do is walk. But treat him right and you will find, our George can be most wondrous kind. Though he sits there with vacant eye, there's not much passes Haysum by; for though he seldom seems to see, he's weighed us up, both you and me."

The second contribution is a bit of old dialect from J.W.:-  
"Ello bwoys! Got nuthin t'tell yu cept a yarn;-'Old Jim went to th' Postmaster just afore Christmas (not yer it wasnt), un e sez-'I yers yu wants some o them exhilarated postmen?' 'Yes' sez Postmaster 'we do want auxiliary postmen, but, well, I thought you couldn't read.' 'No more I cawnt' sez Jim 'but I knows wheer everybuddy lives yer.' An thats all fer now so long; see tha at Scuttlebrook."

News from correspondents this month has reached us from indirect as well as direct sources; e.g. here are 4 extracts from letters which were written to the Women's Institute thanking them for their Christmas Gifts. A/c Gordon Bennett (India) "The Toc H N/letter and the old local paper are welcome.... It is a long and hard road to the beautiful Cotswold, but we all hope to be on it very soon." Col Valentine Hobbs (8th Army) "Everywhere is one big sea of mud here... It is interesting to see and be in foreign lands but believe me there is no place to compare with England. I get the N/letters every month, which I read over and over again." Sub. E.W. Devas (ATS) "Through the year the Toc H N/letter comes to keep us all in the picture of Campden 'goings on' and now the W.I. Christmas present makes us feel that Campden is thinking of us - well all be there if we could." L/cpl F. Hawtin "After 4 years of sand and sun it will be a great treat to see green fields and woods again. I receive the Toc H N/letter every month and hear all the news and we all have a good laugh at some of the jokes - it all helps to cheer us up to know the people at home think of us." Space allows only brief extracts from a very interesting letter direct from Sq/Ldr C. Payne (RAF. BEF) "It is high time I thanked you for your constant interest. It is a grand thing to be able to realize that as one's mind swings home to the peaceful hills, the old grey stone, so minds encompassed by those quiet surroundings search out beyond the seas where kinsmen and loved ones perforce dwell for a time..... For one year I had command of a unit at Port Sudan, a bonny spot, a lovely climate - a whacking big lie!! My last year overseas (I hope) now finds me commanding this 'noble' place somewhere in the Western Desert... Our job is to follow along with the tools, banner and motto 'You break, we mend em!' - a job little praised but of importance. Maybe under the banner of the crossed spanners we shall or long be touring the continent, moving west - at least we hope so."

Two Stories. (1) Teacher: "Now George, can you tell me who it was who defeated the Philistines?" Child: "I dont know teacher, I only follow the first league teams." (2) Lady giving 2d to a tramp said: "You must not think I am giving you this because you deserve it. I do it because it gives me pleasure to help you." "Well" said the tramp, "couldn't yer make it a bob and enjoy yourself properly?"

#### An Ancient Thought for Today

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

CHEERIO, EVERYBODY.

Having just heard a casual voice outside my door saying "All the shops are shut", I realize with an effort that today is Easter Monday! And of course you can imagine what Easter Monday is like in War-time - it is a case of "All dressed up and nowhere to go!!" So as we must stay put, the Editor at any rate will improve the shining hour by writing up Campden to Campden folk away from Campden. From Toe H and all your friends here, we send Easter Greetings to one and all and wish you the fulfilment of all the many hopes that characterise this hopeful time. There's Spring in the air; a new turn in the War; and best of all, Christ is risen.

News from Campdenians in the Forces is scarce this time. We have however heard with much pleasure that 2/Lt J. Meadows has been mentioned in Despatches; no details have come our way yet but we congratulate him on the honour. Our one correspondent this month signs himself "Yours sincerely, from 40 degrees below (Bar! De dahl) R. Walters." Needless to say he is in Iceland and his address is 1443205 Cpl Walters, RAF, Reykjavik A3, British Troops in Iceland. In an interesting letter he tells of his life and doings in one of the "Allied Nations Outposts." That conditions there "differ from those in India and the Mediterranean" he makes clear, for he says "We pop out of bed in the morning having thawed out our shirts in our beds". After breakfast, in oilskins he prepares for a rough passage to work, to a mixed grill of weather from mild to severe while "afternoon brings a yellow icy sun and the evening grows really nippy". We print one passage in full as it is quite a good effort. "Here the snows provide us with beautiful symphonies in black and white, passing from one to the other through crescendos and rallentandos of various shades of grey. Mountain ranges rear up from the valleys like huge ermine robed bears lying rampant, their spines standing out in reverse silhouette against the darkened skies". He mentions two other matters for which we must find space (1) He desires through the N/letter to send his many thanks to those who have organised the sending of the Overseas Daily Mail which will be highly appreciated. (W.I. please note. W) (2) A friend of his in Iceland wishes to contact John Bonfield and asks if we can supply any information through the N/letter. (Mr Marc has sent all the particulars required. Ed.)

Now for some unusual news from Campden. Since you all left these parts, doubtless the canine population has changed considerably - but you may recognise some old acquaintances in the following, from our "Campden Bard" (Mr P.S. Winter):- "Campden seems to specialize, in dogs of every sort and size; And some are friendly, some are not, And certainly there are a lot! For smallish dogs there is a rage, They breed them at the Vicarage. Two Scotties at the Cock'rol are; The Chemist's barks at every ear. Then Mrs Wilson has a brace; The Cotswold is opossum's place; Miss Dunn, Miss Haynes they each have one And ere the list of smalls is done, Let's put our Larry on the map - He's such a friendly little chap. To quote the dogs of larger size Young Tim at Teapot's doorstep lies; The dog that lives at John Horns slop, Of blissful hounds is surely top; He can't from Fortune wish for more, For his is a dog biscuit store. Upon the High Street's upper side You'll find a greyhound 'Spring' reside - A sporting dog and, strange to say, His owner is friend O.P.J; It makes us wonder if at nights He sometimes seeks the track's delights, And makes his owner change his togs, And spend an evening at the dogs!"

The human part of Campden life meanwhile goes its way. The passing of winter is bringing many indoor activities to an end, but we have enjoyed our Toe H, Cotswold Winter Evenings, Debates, Whist Drives, Dances etc. Drama has had a good place too, with "The Blue Bird" given by Tudor House School and some excellent one act plays by the Girls' Club (produced by Miss Hill) and the Boys' Club (produced by Mr A. Thomas). Great preparations are now on foot for the "Salute the Soldier" week - May 27th-June 3rd. The N. Cotswold target is £25000 and Campden's £23000. An interesting item of news is that the Old Market Hall has been acquired by the National Trust.

Have you heard this story? "No sir", said the defendant, "I was certainly not drunk, though I may have been intoxicated." "Well" said the Magistrate, "I intended to fine you 10 shillings, but in view of your explanation I will make it half a sovereign!"

Or these Definitions? "A bore is a man who persists in talking about himself, when you want to talk about yourself." "A pessimist is a man who has lived with an optimist."

Today's thought "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." CHEERIO.

We all make mistakes. Last month the Editor in reply to a correspondent who sent thanks for the Overseas Daily Mail, should have referred him to the Campden Overseas Welfare Association, which body inaugurated and is carrying out the great scheme of sending the Weekly Mail to all Campden men serving overseas.

As we are remembering our faults, it may be timely this month to offer a word of thanks, somewhat overdue, to Campden Mothers, Wives and Sisters who are so splendidly helping us with the Newsletters by sending them so regularly and faithfully to their absent ones. It would not be possible to get our Newsletter to everybody without this most helpful cooperation from Campden homes, and we make our sincere acknowledgements herewith! The point is illustrated by remarks in the two letters received this month:-

(1) Mrs S. Allcock writes from Buxton "The Newsletter for April arrived and I have forwarded it to my husband Cfn S. Allcock who is now back in this country from the Middle East".

(2) B. Charles (2872339.H.Q.Fifth Division.C.M.F.) says "Just a few belated lines to try and thank you for the N/letters which my wife has been forwarding to me....I would have you believe it gives me the greatest of pleasure to be kept posted in the day to day occurrences of dear old Campden....I haven't met one single chap who hails from the 'Town'. I imagine we are not headline news now; still we keep pegging away, quite a change from the spectacular advances we used to, and were expected to make, but so long as we are going forward, however slow, is all that matters. Please convey to your members my sincere thanks for their unstinted service to the 'boys'."

We greatly regret to record the death on active service of Sgt Bomb Aimer Norman Henry Powell, the second son of Mr & Mrs Harry Powell of Westington; he joined the Metropolitan Police Force in 1937, served in London and volunteered for the RAF in 1942, receiving his training in S.Africa and returning to this country in 1943. He was connected with the Scout movement both in London and Campden and a tribute from a Scouter stated "It was Norman's manly example to them as boys that they answered the call of duty and joined the various fighting forces; and some of them, like Norman, will no doubt make the supreme sacrifice for the cause they believe in." We offer our sincere sympathy with his parents and family in their great loss.

We have had news that Sqdn/Ldr C. Payne (M.E.) is now Wing Commander; also that he was recently mentioned in dispatches. Also that the D.S.O. has been awarded to Flying Officer Howard H. Farmiloe (of Birmingham) who was a student at Campden Grammar School from 1931 to 1939. We send our hearty congratulations to both of the above and to their families and friends.

Campden as it appears to our Bard:-

"Campden is a friendly place! Its classic street presents a face  
Of kindly welcome, restful charm; Of peacefulness midst War's alarm;  
Of bygone passions, loves and hates; Of welcome warm within its gates."

American Humour (culled from The Readers Digest)

(1) A girl turned up at work wearing two officer's silver bars pinned to her sweater. One of her office mates asked "Is your boy friend a Captain?" "Goodness no" she said, "two Lieutenants."

(2) An Army Captain received a warm greeting at the Airport from friends and family. Only his small daughter took the homecoming calmly. She looked at him coldly and said "Well, is that Hitler dead yet, or is this another furlough?"

The pilot Psalm (an interpretation of the 23rd Psalm from a Naval Captain's point of view):-

"The Lord is my Pilot; I shall not drift. He lighteth me across the dark waters; He steereth me in the deep channels; He keepeth my log. He guideth me by the Star of Holiness for His Name's sake. Yea, though I sail mid the thunders and tempests of life, I shall dread no danger; for Thou art near me; Thy love and Thy care they shelter me. Thou preparest a harbour before me in the Homeland of Eternity; Thou anointest the waves with oil; my ship rideth calmly. Surely sunlight and starlight shall favour me on the voyage I take, and I will rest in the Port of my God forever." (Capt. J.H. Roberts).

May is out and we have cast our clouts (-and sometimes wish we hadn't). In fact Summer time has come, and only Summer weather is required to complete the picture. But whatever the weather, it has not prevented the landing of the "European Expeditionary Force" on the Normandy beaches. The long expected D Day has come at last, and little Campden has shared in the excitement and the sober satisfaction that so far things are going well over there. Campden radio sets have been working overtime during the last fortnight; the High Street has been a scene of animated conferences and discussions on the latest news; and the thoughts of all, too, have been with our absent ones, soldiers, sailors, airmen (& women) whose lives and fortunes are so involved in these great events of the war.

It was fitting that during these recent days, we should have held our "Salute the Soldier" Week - or as we preferred to call it "S.O.S." (Salute our Soldiers). It was a good salute, for financially we overtopped our Campden District target of £66,666 by no less than £14866; while the N.Cotswold District target of £250,000 became £315,895, an increase of £65,895. A splendid programme of events supported the effort - and every item was an outstanding success witnessed by great crowds in the Square etc. Space in the Newsletter forbids giving all the details - Church Parade, displays and demonstrations by the Schools, Youth organisations and Home Services, the bands and parades by the Military (British and USA) and the Town Band, plays by the Dramatic Society and Boys Club, concert and baseball by the Americans, Films, Whist and Bridge Drives, Dances etc. On the last day Scuttlebrook Wake joined in and although shorn of its prewar glories, yet added to the general interest.

Previous Campden social events in May included a fine C.E.M.A. Concert in connection with the final meeting of the Cotswold Winter Evenings - the programme including harpist (Marie Korchinski), flautist (John Francis) and soloist (Miss Field-Hyde). A Caledonian Concert was held at "Garthowen", Westington, which produced over £164 towards the Glos. Regiment Dispersed Units Fund. Empire Youth Sunday was observed with parade and Service in the Parish Church.

Many Grammar School old boys and girls will hear with great regret of the death of Miss Rudge, the Senior Mistress. We offer our sympathy with her relatives and many friends.

During the past week the sad news has been received of two more gaps made in the list of those from the Campden community serving abroad. Captain J.E.Hadley, former headmaster of the Church of England School, has died of wounds in Italy. Mr Hadley will be remembered by many of his former scholars and by large numbers of other friends here. We offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs Hadley and to the members of his family. Lieut. John Griggs, the only son of the late Mr Frederick and Mrs Griggs, has been killed in action in Italy. The sincerest sympathy of all in Campden will go out to Mrs Griggs and to her family in their great sorrow. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The smallness of our Postbag this month may be a reflexion of the busy lives our Campden serving men and women are living; but we hope they will find time to write a line as often as possible. From far Rhodesia comes an Airgraph from A/c Geoff.Howell (1588021.Butt 28.Kimulo, Buluwayo, S.Rhodesia) who says the Newsletter helps to pass away a few of the monotonous hours, and is the only link with everything back home. "Those jokes are specially funny - the inventors of these should be in Tommy Handley's shows." He tells us that rain in S.Rhodesia only falls for a couple of months per year, but despite that there is plenty of fruit, grapes and "6 lb oranges", apples and peaches. "Will you please remember me to John Shadbolt (RAF), S...Bruce (RAF), Sam Sadler (RAF), and (?Bat) Cooper (RE) who I believe is in Hospital, also Geoff Margetts. From nearer home F.R.Ashdowne (Godalming, Surrey) sends a postcard with greetings to all Toc H members "gathering in the old left". He gives an account of his leave spent in a tour in the Midlands.

To cheer the rainy day - - (1)Oxford Don at breakfast: "Er, my dear, what's the meaning of this vase of flowers on the table today?" Wife: "Meaning? Why, today is your wedding anniversary!" Don: "Indeed! Well well, do let me know when yours is, so that I may do the same for you!" (2)For an hour the dreary speaker droned on and the audience began to leave. As one went out, another who had waited outside asked "Has he finished?" "Yes" was the reply, "long ago, but he wont stop!"

Lots of things have happened on the broad War Front since our last letter - in Normandy, Russia, Italy and the Pacific - but you have heard all a bout these, and doubtless with us at home have followed the items of good news with the interest and excitement they deserve. You have heard too about the Flying Bomb, Germany's latest sign of desperation. It has failed, and will fail to save her from the deadly toils as our own armies close in from all sides.

Correspondence this month brings three letters. LAC.J.Chamberlain (1149959, 20 Squadron, R.A.F., India) writes - "I have just received your 53rd Newsletter. It brings back pleasant memories of the old home town, and makes me feel I'm taking part in the activities of Campden though I am so far away. You will be interested to hear there is a Toc H branch about ten miles from here; it is on the fringe of the jungle and by the sea. They take boys who have been sick, and boys from the front lines in need of a rest . . . . I do appreciate your sending this letter regularly month by month." Spr. G.E.Margetts (14558692, 934 P.C. & R.Coy. RE, No.2 Sec.c/o GPO, Sandwich) expresses his grateful thanks and sends best wishes to all our Toc H members. G.B.Coombs (O/Coder.D/JX 619619 H.M.S. Bligh, c/o GPO, London) tells that the Newsletter reaches him, and that he finds it of the greatest interest. The Censorship debars him from giving any information of his activities during the last few months, but he is keeping fit, and looking forward with enthusiasm to leave in the remote future. He sends some poetic lines, which the Editor takes the liberty of reproducing:-

"We roll upon the ocean wide, We whom the war has thus exiled  
Lacking all comforts, oft reviled, See nought but wave and foam  
But when at last a port we reach, And hear the sea-gulls  
friendly screech,  
And set our foot on alien beach, We look for mail from home!  
And midst the letters that we get, From wives and sweethearts,  
you can bet  
That Campden Toc H wont forget, To send its monthly sheet,  
With subtle quips and merry rhymes, And news, it makes one hear  
the chimes

Of Campden Church, and smell the limes - It's coming is a treat!"

A recent furniture sale in Campden fetched phenomenal prices. We are reminded of a recent remark in Punch - "Expensive and ostentatious weddings are rare nowadays, although there was a case recently of the happy couple being presented with some second hand furniture" !

Culled from the School Exam. answers (not Campden):- 1. "An epistle is the wife of an apostle" ; 2. "Amen" means - thats the lot" ; 3. "The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the trenches" ; 4. "The Menai Straits are crossed by a tubercular bridge" ; 5. "The Kind wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin" !

Gardening notes. In using steel helmets for raising bulbs, do not omit to make the necessary provision for drainage!

Campden is still supplying recruits to the forces. Following our 9th List in January last, here is List No.10, with 8 added names -  
- Amor, Muriel Billey, Derek Bright, Cyril Bruce, G.Hopkins, Stephen Keyte, F.Merriman and A.Rogers. This brings the Campden total to date to 238.

You will be interested to hear from Mr.Mare that Campden's contributions to the 'Salute the Soldier' week averaged over £14 per head. Also that the N.Cotswold Rural District have won the Gloucestershire flag for the highest average of 'small savings', and will hold the "flag" at Moreton in Marsh until some other Glos. area beats it - not that this is regarded as likely!

The 46th Annual Report of the Campden Benefit Nursing Asscn. will be of interest to you, for it is the Association that takes care of the health of your mothers and fathers, sisters, brothers and children in the homes you have left. The Report for the past year shows that the following nursery visits have been made - General nursing 1,183; Health visiting 760; Midwifery visiting 311; Child Welfare 12; Clinic 6; Health home visits 637; Total 2,909. The Countess of Gainsborough is the President; Vice-Presidents - Lady Clare King, Mrs.Nauman, Mrs.Devas; Chairman - Mrs.Bennet Clark; Treasurer - Miss Lucy Dunn; Secretary - Mrs.F.Hirst.

A thought for the times - "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" !