

We don't suppose you wish us to write about the war and least of all about the methods of the German leaders but there are some things we can't overlook, viz. the Graf Spey with its mighty armaments and its avoidance of fair fight, the U-boats and their sinister activities, the German aeroplanes and their attacks on fishing boats and lightships and their evident fright at the least glimpse of our aircraft, the bravery of the German army in attacking small nations, and so on 'ad nauseam' (which being interpreted means this sort of thing cannot be tolerated).

Valentine's Day in Campden was marked by three events - the Bible Society's Annual meeting, "Murder on the Second Floor" in the Church Room, and the King's Arms Pantry sheltered a number of husbands and wives, who, appropriately to the day, met to debate a motion that "Volubility is a wife's best defence" but it was found to be an unsuitable subject for the day.

Rev. L. Bartlett has gone to join the forces as chaplain. The British Legion presented him with a solid silver tankard. What use will he make of it in the Army? His other friends in Campden have given him a cheque for £--.

There was interesting news at the Parish Council meeting. The cheque for £90 for the fire appliances has been paid into the Parish Council account. The proceeds of the 6d rate for lighting will not be used until the blackout ends, so there is quite a little nest egg in the Council's account. Any suggestions as to its use?

A misprint in last month's letter has caused one Campdonian surprise at the number of friends he has since he was credited with having opened a 'pub' or as it was put 'attached the Noel Arms.

Broadway has solved the problem of keeping hens in war time. A hen in a coop was covered over when hay was stacked in a barn in August '38. When it was removed in Feb. '40 the hen was still alive with two eggs. It is suggested that she had been laying eggs and eating them all the time!

The Grammar School Scouts gave an entertainment on Feb. 15 & 16 and a really good effort it was. The hall was filled to overflowing on the Friday evening and the Scouts handed over £15 to War Charities.

Here is the latest Hitler story. Hitler and Goering were flying over Switzerland. Said Hitler "I'd like to get a more friendly feeling into the Swiss. I wonder what I could do to really please them?" Goering waved his hand and said "Jump out".

The newsletter goes far afield. We have had a letter of thanks from the Soudan.

A 'special' saw a light in a cottage across some fields. He made his way to the cottage and ordered the light to be put out. Half an hour afterwards he again knocked at the door and "Put on that light again, will you? I can't find my way out of this blue pencil garden".

Another 'special' seeing a 'bright' light in a room, knocked at the door to complain; the light moved and the occupier appeared at the door with a lighted candle! But it was not a 'special' who after watching the firemen struggling with a burning house told one of them that the fire would have to be put out before blackout time!

If any of you are in need of woollens please write to
Mrs Knott, Whadden, Campden, Glos.

Please notify any change of address to
Mr Mare, Hooocote, Aston Rd, Campden, Glos.

Stands Campden where it did? You will be glad to know that it does! Nothing much happens to move its serenity and thanks be, nothing has happened to spoil its beauty. As Queen of the Cotswolds she still reigns alone. (If any from other Cotswold towns should see this and present rival claims, we look to the Campden men to let them know what we think!) The stately Church tower still delights the eye of the traveller from afar - including the soldier coming home on leave; but in the little town is the real old Campden that you know so well and where home and loved ones are thinking of you doing your bit - and wondering when you are going to write that letter that is overdue!

"Oh you never miss the old faces, and you never miss the old
Until you're far far away from home sweet home." places,
And we leave you to imagine how Campden is looking now that winter is gone. The blossom is showing, the gardens are getting green, the allotments look hopeful, evenings are drawing out and every now and then we get a real warm day. "Oh to be in Campden now that April's here"! The activities of the town go on. Church and Chapel have been as busy as usual. The usual social events have followed one another. And old Toc.H. still goes rolling along. We still meet in the dug-out, and each week take "Light" and remember not only our "elder" but our younger brethren. The nightly Soldiers Club is well patronized. Our Concert at the Town Hall on March 28th in aid of Toc H Social Services Fund was a great success, adding some £8 to the exchequer. The programme was given by the Stratford Operatic Society, and those of the local helpers who were stationed behind the curtain were evidently in their element! Here are 2 other local events:- You will all join in good wishes to Oswald Stanley and Alice Smith on their marriage on Easter Monday. You will also be interested to hear that Edgar Chainey and 'Spud' Benfield have joined up. So look out for them "presenting scrapers" as you pass them behind the lines some fine day. But don't go breaking ranks just for a game of darts with them, or you wont get tea in bed from the S.M. next morning!

This month's local story:- Here is a recent and true story of the "Specials" - it happened at Longborough. The Council House tenant and family were in bed and asleep, but downstairs only a thin blue curtain was at the front window and no curtain at the back window. Then the "Guardian of the law", temporary, acting, unpaid, arrived. He knocked loud and hard. The 'old man' opened the bedroom window, swore there were no lights downstairs. Blue pencil discussion followed. Then the man from next door came out, asked them not to wake his kids and told the special that the moon shining in at the back window was what he was grousing about! The special went to the back to see - then peace and moonlight only were left on the scene!

Other items supplied for your spare moments.

-(Advt in German paper) "Parrot lost..etc.Will finder kindly return to....
Note-The opinions of the parrot are not those of the owner!" (Evidently afraid of the Gestapo!)

-(Advt in "Peace News") "Pacifist, 26, married, seeks compatible employment. Usual occupation, butchering"!

-(From Aberdeen Evening Express) "How many people know that the Colonial Secretary can walk on his hands and sing at the same time?" (Possibly he also plays the Jews' Harp with his feet!)

-(From the Evening News). "A.F.S. men who have served full time since the outbreak of war require new trousers and I recommend that they be purchased before the situation becomes serious"!

-(From the "Butchers Gazette"). "Rheumatism makes the joints seem larger, so now you know what to do to improve your meat rations"!

-(From "Aberdeen"). Foreman: "Sandy, will ye pit a bit on this list for a wreath for Jamie Dougal wha died the ither day? Maist o' the men hae gi'en a bob." Sandy: "Aweel, that'll juist mak' Jock an me square. He owed me a bob!"

Good night everybody! GOOD NIGHT!

Note: Will you please advise Mr J.Mare, Hoocote, Campden, of any change of address?

They say there is a shortage of paper. There may be an element of truth in that, but we can assure our readers that when the Editor gazes through his editorial spectacles at the long sheet of blank paper which has to be filled and made into a newsletter, he is tempted to wish that paper was shorter still. However, we pride ourselves that while most periodicals have had to cut down, we carry on at our original size - one page!

It has occurred to the profound minds responsible for this colossal production, that although it is designed to pass on Campden news to Campden men, it might be a golden idea if some of the Campden men receiving it would send us a letter now and again from which we could pass on extracts or items of news (duly censored) to all the rest. News of your doings, stories of camp, stripes, sergeant major and other humorous topics would prove interesting; likewise comments on the Newsletter or suggestions for its improvement. So please accept the invitation and write to the Toc.H. Secretary (W.Howell) who will pass all communications to the Editor.

You will be sorry but not surprised to hear of the passing of the town Cricket Club. After many brushes with the friendly enemy, in which they gave as good as they got, they have decided to adjourn - for the duration. Owing mainly to the indefatigable efforts of the Captain, Mr Hargreaves, all outstanding financial liabilities have been paid off, and they can face the world and Hitler with a clear conscience.

Under the regulations the Church chimes are now silent and we miss the cheery notes of "O where and O where etc". But though the tower is no longer able to "roll out the barrel", we still hear the hours, followed faithfully about five minutes later from the Town Hall!!

Meat rationing in these parts has brought to light some curious facts (states a contributor) regarding the varied amounts of meat consumed by different people. One good lady complained that she utterly failed to understand how she would get along, as early in the week she usually had 14/- worth of meat, and of course there was the usual weekend meat to be bought as well! Going to the other extreme an old gentleman said it would make no difference to him as he had none at all. He had one fowl divided up for four days in the week, with fish on the other three.

While on the subject of rations, we have received the following extract from an old recipe for making sausages - "Fill your gutts; boil them gently and dry them in the chimney". Our correspondent adds "This is dated 1769. Our innards wont stand this!"

The new postal rates are giving some folk here furiously to think. One local inhabitant setting out to buy stamps announced that he was going to get a good supply so that he could get them at the pre-war rate! The same person, by the way, rejected as medically unfit for the Army, said he did not mind much as he had always meant to join the Air Force!

Among other contributions are the following:-

- A little evacuee told her farmer host that it was no wonder the old sow was so fat with 10 little pigs busy blowing her up!
- An L.D.V. who used to scare rabbits from his garden with an aged single-barrelled shot gun was asked if he ever hit any and answered "Whoile they're 'oppin an skippin about O'im no gud at all; but if they'll sit still for arf a minnut O'im bound to hev um!" (Parachutists must keep on the move!)
- The Vicar of Cowes returned to preach after an absence of two years. He started by saying how nice it was to see so many old Cowes faces! (He was not asked again!)
- There is a signpost in Africa "Slow down! Equator!" (But perhaps this is only an imaginary story about the imaginary line!)
- And here's the inevitable Scotch story - "Mac lad" said Angus, "Will ye lend me ten shillings and only gie me five o' them the noo? Then ye'll owe me five, an I'll owe ye five, an that'll mak us square!"

Thoughts for the Month.

1st week "It is great wisdom not to believe everything which thou hearest nor presently to relate to others what thou hast heard." (T.A' Kempis.)

2nd week "A friend is one who steps in when everyone else steps out."

3rd week "Not what we get, but what we give,
Not what we say, but how we live."

4th week "Dont wait to skipper a big ship. The world is short of ferry-men." (Remember Dunkirk.)

Cheerio everybody! Any change of address to J.Mare, Campden.

The issue of No.9 of the Toc.H Newsletter reminds that for nine months important information from this important centre, dexterously avoiding the attentions of the Censor, has been streaming forth to Campden men somewhere in Britain or overseas. We think of you all, choosing a convenient time between fatigues or fights, stealing off into the seclusion of a trench, a crater, a detention room or a voluntary Church parade, to read the news from home! We imagine you have always found it a sufficient and satisfying excuse when late on parade simply to say "I got interested in the Newsletter and forgot the time!"

Now the Editor feels the time has come to let you into some of the secrets of the production of this Journal. It is issued under the general authority of the Campden Toc.H Group, to whom all actions for libel or claims for compensation should be sent. It has an Editor, who by preserving his strict incognito can say what he likes and need pay no attention to any complaints. His job is to pass on news (if any), blue pencil all indiscretions (if not too many), and to attempt to read, translate and pass on to the printer the illegible contributions of his staff. The present staff (unpaid - which may explain why it consists of only four of us!) at the moment works out as follows:- Our vernacular reporter who for some reason has adopted the initials "J.W." (No-not Jack Warner who was unable to join our staff!) is responsible for many of the humorous stories (true and otherwise) in the local dialect. (The Editor not being Campden born is often at a loss to know whether he should pass some of them!). There is also "J.M." who in addition to some Campden items, acts as foreign correspondent- in fact many of his stories have a distinct Birmingham flavour. The pithy comments in brackets are however his own. His further onerous duties lie in the despatch department, and it is due to him that sooner or later the letter reaches you! "T.W." lightly conceals the identity of the printer, who when at last he gets a sight of the manuscript, gets busy with his complicated machine and behold! -the Newsletter! (Circulation 100 copies: copyright reserved!)

So now you know how it is all done, the Editor sends greeting from all at home and hopes it will find you all well as it leaves them at present.

Here is the News:-

(J.W.) A special, at a local inn a week or so ago heard a local resident say "Well, the rise in petrol went hurt me yet, I have enough to last a couple of years or so." The special noted and reported the matter. Next morning he paid an official visit to the boaster's house with instructions to see the petrol. This was willingly shown - a quart bottle under the stairs! "You see, I have no car and this will be plenty for my lighter" was the excuse. No further bulletin has been issued!

The L.D.V. until they get going properly will we hope help our letters with anecdotes for a time. A local man announced proudly "I've joined up," and asked what he had joined said "Ah, the 'ocklers of course." In further explanation he added "You knows, them as 'ockles arter um over these 'ills." Its the right spirit and the right men too! (J.M.) R.E.S.Wyatt, one time captain of England, played for Campden v an Army XI on Whitmonday. He was bowled for 4 and 20 - on each occasion by a sergeant with the uncommon name of Brown.

A great disaster has befallen Campden. We are without a barber as Baldwyn has been called up. (As one wag remarked "This is where the bald win!")

A certain football ground known to us is being used for Refugees. They are quite safe as there has been no shooting there for years!

A demand for talking parrots is reported, mostly by women whose husbands are away with the forces.

Some remarks overheard "He is in a preserved occupation!" "Nurse crocheted baby into one of the sleeves!" "Camels can go without ^{water} for seven days but Uncle Arthur went without for seven years!" "Even her hair is khaki now!"

Two thoughts for today.

1. "Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth".
2. "Never you worry, never you fret,
God isn't done with the old world yet."

Cheerio everybody! We shall win through!

Any change of
address to
J. Mare,
Campden.

We are still waiting for the rise of some enterprising souls among the Campden men scattered in England's green and pleasant land, who will send news of Campden from home to Campden at home. Think how happy (but how surprised!) we should be to receive something like this:-

"Dear Editor, We are at present living at -----not far from the important town of -----We are ----strong and are engaged in the important work of -----The O.C. thinks that before long we shall -----We have shot down -----at-----Our latest private instructions from the War Office are -----, etc, etc!"

But alas, how sad (but not surprised!) we should be to hear soon after that the writer had been courtmartialled and sentenced to 5 years in the Ministry of Information!

So we will stick to Campden news, which is not too plentiful this month, as several of our usual contributors have seemingly joined the Silent Column. But skilfully keeping one eye on Mr Duff Cooper and the other on the hand that wields the blue pencil, we present the following:-

-The month of August arrived safely a week or so ago and we have had several interesting changes of weather. Metaphorically and not meteorologically speaking we are informed that a system of high pressure and anticyclones covers the hearts of the whole of the British Isles, including Campden. On the other hand we believe that a deep depression is over Germany and Italy, which will probably deepen still more!

-Bank Holiday passed uneventfully. The chief item of interest in connection with it being that the Banks were open at the usual hours. (By the way, a lecturer recently advised people not to think too much about their bank balances. Still, as someone put it, we all spare a thought for the departed!). Another interesting item on Bank Holiday was that 6 cars were counted passing the end of Sheep Street. Three drivers were under the impression that they were not far from Aberystwyth and another that he was nearing his uncle's house at Canterbury!

-Business as usual is the order of the day at Campden. Two new business lines a little while ago were aluminium saucepans and old bedsteads. It is surprising what a lot of old stuff is lying around which will make guns and aeroplanes. So when you come on leave and miss that old bike you will rejoice to know it has gone to make Jerry sit up and take notice.

-You will have heard of the great Red Cross Market here a week ago. It was a good success and I hear it brought in over £300. The prize ram, put up, knocked down and thrown in again was responsible for £150. The old Wool Market was thronged with stalls and buyers.

-Campden Hospital Fund has had its annual day of observance. Band and Parade were lacking, but house collections, sundry boxes and the church collections raised over £32.

-We note in the Parish Mag. that a new organ is installed in the Parish Church; also a new curate is expected soon.

-Cricket is defunct: but a few football matches (always in season) have been played. The Bowling Clubs have been busy o' nights and in two recent tournaments the cups were won by Mr Sandison and Mr H. Warmington.

PARASHOTS.

-A certain lady in her excitement and joy at the prospect of her husband's military promotion said to her neighbour "What do you think. Bill has been made the head of a spittoon!"

-A.R.P. Wardens were delivering gasmasks on a modern estate. They knocked at one door and an elderly man, rather deaf, answered it. "We're delivering your gasmasks" said the Warden. "They're no good to us" he answered "we're all-electric here!"

-The small evacuee had been sent to bed for being naughty, and his foster parents waited for him to say his prayers. He prayed for his fostermother, for his mother and father, for his aunts and uncles and for the cat and dog. Then rising with dignity he addressed his foster father: "I suppose you noticed" he said, "that you wasn't included!"

-Her son had joined the Army as a private. On a visit to the barracks she stepped out of a magnificent car, looked approvingly at the sentry, and then said: "I want to see my son, the Hon. Launcelot Cholmondeley Roginald". The sentry turned his head "Hi, Bill", he called "Tell Snotty 'is muvver's blown in!"

"What is that noise down there?" Mrs Henpeck called from the landing. "I suppose I can fall about in my own blackout, dear?" replied her husband.

BULLSEYES.

"When the outlook is bad, try the uplook"; "Take life as you find it, but don't leave it so"; "Reputation is what other people think of us: character is what God knows of us".

With this number we complete a full tale of 12 monthly Newsletters. We hope you have enjoyed receiving and reading them and that they have served as a link with home during these days of absence. Imagine if you can how our vast machinery has been at work--our numerous reporters scouring Campden for items of news, interviewing housewives on their doorsteps or buttonholing worthy citizens for the latest improbable story; the Editorial Office, featuring the Editor poring over reams of manuscript, tearing his hair (if any) or tearing up rejected articles; the busy Censor's Office with its scissors and lamp black; the humming of the great printing press (1'by 1'6") turning out sheet after sheet; the Dispatch department busily engaged in sending off the parcels of papers by road, rail and air! There you have a highly imaginative and wholly inaccurate picture of the way in which the Newsletter reaches you month by month in your dugout, pillbox or trench.

Incidentally we have also completed the first year of the war--surely the strangest year in Britain's history! Hardly anything has happened as we expected. We have been in many a tight corner and sometimes come near the edge of the precipice. We look back on some dark moments. But the grit of our people and our forces and the goodness of God, have brought us through so far to face undaunted the real struggle which is yet to come. So we are glad to take the occasion of this Anniversary to bid one another to be of good cheer and to carry on until victory comes--as it surely will.

There is no sensational news from Campden this month. True, the A.R.P., Home Guards and Special Service men have been busy after nightfall. Occasional bombs have dropped quite near our borders and concussions have been heard oft in the stilly night. But more fortunate than some, we have been spared the "banshee howlings" of the siren, and as far as many of us are concerned we are thankful to say as the Irishman said "Quiet nights are the order of the day!" We share with you the deep anger and resentment at the senseless and wicked bombing of civilian men, women and children in London and other cities--a typically Nazi action which will do nothing to win the war for them but will only make us more determined to take from them for ever the power to commit such crimes and to rid the earth of such **evil**.

Did you hear that the Church bells up and down England were ringing out last Saturday night--the signal for parachutists and invasion? According to the Newspapers no one seems to know how the scare arose, and the mystery regarding the false alarm is still unsolved. Campden bells--more canny than some, held their peace. Campden is not to be stampeded! We hear the following from one place--Visitor: "Why is the bell ringing?" Home Guard: "Because I'm pulling the rope!" He was giving nothing away--nor was the Devonshire man in this story. "Have ee heard the 9 o' clock news?" "Yes!" "What was in it?" "Can't tell ee" "Why not?" "Tis giving information away!"

The Women's Institute is helping to keep Campden lively. After making lashings of jam and bottling oceans of plums, they organised a Garden Party at Shepherd's Close, at which a play was performed "Wherein do women find their greatest bliss"; and after going all round the world making enquiries the Knight found the answer at home "In wearing the trousers" (only of course it was put different like!)

Overheard: Butcher--"Do you want the bones madam?" "No thanks, I dont keep a dog; a husband's enough trouble!" By the way we also hear that we are salvaging bones to help to make explosives, but that Jerry is salvaging sausage skins to repair his barrage balloons!

Another story "with scant regard for the trammels of veracity". A monyerd the Jerries gooin over t'other night, e fetch 'is missis out 'o bed un they started dressin in nurry. E wuz stannin between t'bed un t'winder un e wuz a'tuckin 'is shirt tails in 'is trowsurs, when thur wuz a crash uz broak t'winder an giz im a good un on t'back of 'is yud. E yells out to 'is missis "I be 'it" e sez--"you get them kids outside" un 'e 'urries up un kep on a'tuckin in 'is shirt un then found 'e wuz a'tuckin in t'curtain un it wuz t'curtain pole as ud broak t'winder an 'it in. 'Is missis didnt arf laff, un thee shud'st a yerd im cussin 'Itler!

Well, after that effort, here are three rounds of ammunition to finish

1. "Who serves himself serves a slave: who rules himself rules a king."
2. "Following the path of least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked."
3. "He who is too busy to pray is busier than God would have him be."

Cheerio. More next month.

(Any change of address to Mr Mare, Aston Rd, Campden.)