

As you know, your old Editor, the Rev. O.P.J. Smith, completed his work as letter writer last September: we hear he is resigning the pastorate in Campden and is to take up duty at Bures (Suffolk) on January 1st. One feels sure that our readers will wish him Godspeed and much happiness.

In spite of rationing and many shortages Campden is beginning to take up its peace-time life; the lighted streets and illuminated shop windows recall prewar days. Cars appear in greater numbers, - one of the reasons being the "discovery" of a new kind of petrol which gives 120 miles to the gallon. (Some petrol!) However, the car has helped some of our old festivities and one was glad to see an increase in the number of parents and friends at the Grammar School Commemoration Service on Nov. 8th, when the Bishop of Tewkesbury preached the sermon.

A glow in the sky as fires burned on the surrounding hills told us that bonfire night was as popular as in other days; the bangs of crackers went on late into the evening and it was a joy to know that "Put that light out" was no longer the anthem of our Special Constables.

Whist Drives have started at the Church Room and when you return you can hit it with a light fantastic toe at the Town Hall at least on one evening each week.

The British Legion held its Annual Meeting in October; there was a record attendance and with Mr Bright in the chair and an enjoyable year to record, all went well; the magnificent work of the secretary and the committee was greatly appreciated.

A year ago the ban on the ringing of bells was removed and as the war scattered the Campden team of ringers far and wide, we sought out Harry Baker who overcame many difficulties to provide us, on state occasions, with a team he had gleaned from other towers in our country side. Now our own ringers are returning and it was fine to hear on Armistice Day a peal rung by a team consisting in the main of Campden men.

The county authority has published its plans for improved school buildings in the N.Cotswold area; it proposes spending about £200000 on this venture, so we have work for all, learning for all and debts for somebody.

On leave lately we have observed only W/C.C. Payne, R. Nobes, D. Bright and D. Winward but as further "Civvy Street enlistments" we record R. Weale, G. Kitley, A. Packe, A. Mayo, J. Bunton, J. Davies, Bert Hathaway, G. Stowe, F. Farnan, H. Hart, G. Hart, H. Blake, A. Keyte, F. Smith, W. Smith, T. Gillespy, S. Alcock, F. Coldicott; welcome all.

T.C.C.H. has elected G. Downer chairman for the next year; at our last meeting he told us the following story which he had heard from one of his friends who is warden of a Youth Hostel:-

A young Frenchman staying one night at the hostel inquired the way to his next day's objective, from 3 other hikers, a cockney, a Welchman and a Yorkshireman. The Frenchman listened patiently but with a worried aspect to the information given. The warden asked the Frenchman if he had got all the details he desired but he waved his hands in despair saying "But no, please; these men, they do not spik English; I do not understand them".

We hear that our postmaster, Mr Tucker, has gone into hospital to get treatment for a bullet wound which he received in the 1914-18 war.

When demobbed, which we hope will be soon, will you kindly send us your new address?

(P.S. Have you seen the woman who looks as though she too wonders why she ever bought that little hat?!)

~~~~~



We hope this letter will reach you before Christmas Day for it brings to you our very best wishes wherever you may be for a very happy festival and for a prosperous New Year with a good job in Civvy Street.

The high spot in life at home has been the production of Pickwick Papers by the Dramatic Society, directed by P.S. Winter & G.H. Hart, which was presented at the Grammar School; over 30 persons took part - John Horne as Sam Weller, Ormond Pledsted as Pickwick & John Carpenter as Percy Tupman brought down the house, while the children were, as usual, magnificent.

Visitors to and members of the British Legion Club will be sorry to hear that Bill Bunker is in Evesham Hospital; however he is getting better but not likely to be fit to eat turkey on Xmas Day.

The last of our prisoners of war, Desmond Pymont, has returned and in spite of his privations and an operation performed on his jaw with a penknife, is looking very fit. It is a cause for much thankfulness that no Campden man died in captivity.

Unfortunately the coming of peace means that we have to say goodbye to many evacuees who not only made their home with us but also made common cause with us in our efforts to keep things going. The Rev. M. Davies helped out at the Parish Church in many ways, especially as organist; he has now returned to Eastbourne. The children of Tudor Hall School who came to Burnt Norton early in the war and who by their plays and dancing did much to entertain us and to fill the coffers of deserving causes, have gone to Banbury, but not before leaving a parting gift of £200 for new Altar Rails for the Parish Church.

We hear of preparations for Christmas in Campden and the various choirs are practising carols while kind donors are making all sorts of efforts to give the children their first peace time Christmas. Alas old Ben Benfield will not be with us to produce the mummers which one hopes will be restored when peace and plenty go hand in hand and life is gay again.

("Ello, bwoys! This yer editor o'ourn is a terror! I a'ardly ad time t'fureget last month's effort when e'isez he wants summat now fur th'Christmas letter. So yer I be, a'tryin t'think o' summat to write. Ah well; yer goes! Christmas-- memories of past years will make you long for home and friends, parties, plum puddings, mince pies, roast meats, crackers, nuts, drinks; then letters and cards; but you will send and receive more of these than if you were at home; then the band and the Church bells and, of course, the carol singers; not very long ago you were of that 'Group Number' too! Well, for most of you, this is the last winter in the Services; next year you will be veterans, telling 'when I was in the ---' and 'when we were in ---' just as we, yours fathers do about last time... Here are a few brevities for you:- (1) One of the penalties of this century's w whim for small families is a serious shortage of kind aunts. (2) About the time you are important enough to take two hours for lunch the doctor limits you to one glass of milk only! (3) It is much easier to fight for our principles than to live up to them. ")))

F/Sgt J.G. Jones, who used to live in Sheep Street, has died of wounds: our sympathy goes to his wife and two daughters.

On leave lately:- Capt J. Meadows, D. Pymont, F. Broth-  
eridge, Gordon Bennett; demobbed recently:- W. Booker, W. Pledsted,  
A. Wadley, C. Keeley, V. Hobbs, E. Smith.

So we close this letter with our very best wishes to you in your own home, to you east of Suez, to you on the high seas, to you in Europe, indeed to every Campdenian wherever he or she may be and when the bells of memory ring in your heart as the bells of Campden will ring on Christmas Day and to let the New Year in, we will

"Ring in the valliant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."



1946, if it has not come to us in a blaze of glory, at least in Campden it has arrived surrounded with parties and festivities of all kinds; it would appear that our people had made up their minds that this first Christmas with peace should see the keeping of every tradition known before the war. The bells rang with their old vigour, the band braved both wet and frosty nights and filled the winter evenings with music, while carol singers, and especially the ladies from the Parish Church choir, passed from house to house where their singing was much appreciated. We missed the mummers; they have for many years been associated with our Christmas revels and the passing of Bill Bonfield has robbed us of a leader; doubtless the patter is known to some old Campdonians and it is hoped that a team will be trained in time for next Christmastide - for this is one of the traditions that go to make Campden what it is. On Christmas Day the services in the churches were well attended and on the Sunday before Christmas children from the Parish Church Children's Service presented a Nativity Play, "The Way to Bethlehem". The schools gave parties to children of all ages. It would be difficult to tell of all the dances and whist drives that have been held in one place or another for they are legion. Pictures have been shown frequently at the Town Hall and there is at least a hint that very soon we may look forward to their exhibition as a weekly feature. These then were the gala features of 1945; but behind were two most important facts. It was the year of victory and the morrow of victory was grim. So we move on into 1946; behind us a year of glory that was grim and gay; a year in front of us that will bring many home and one's best wish for it is that, in spite of all our needs we will provide for one another those gifts that make our countryside what it is. Every party seems to be struggling to give agriculture a new deal: to achieve this is vital for our countryside for it is basic to all our work. As to our play, we hear that efforts are being made to restart the cricket team; this will need much new blood for when you add six years to the age of the old stagers we knew that their place is in the pavilion and not at the wicket, where without bat or ball they can play over again the games of long ago!

"Increased scientific methods and labour shortage cause all sorts of ideas to be mooted: one farmer now delivers milk on alternate days only, due to the demobbing of some land girls, but there is no confirmation of the rumour that they milk only on the other alternate days! One enthusiastic 'young farmer' says she was hoping to train her cows to have Saturday afternoons and Sundays off, but she foresees difficulties in arranging weekend sports for the cows. Another scheme is to train the cows to come in and affix their own milking and bottling machines, only arousing their owners when time to deliver the milk. Now boys, how about sending us a 'Heath Robinson' sketch of this new cowshed at work? Perhaps our printer could 'do' the best effort on the back of the Newsletter. So long."

On leave lately:- G. Tucker, E. Lockyer, P. Cutts, E. Bennett, M. Trigg, J. Powell, B. Hughes, R. Phillips, P. Winward,  
More demobilizations:- G. Stanley, H. Charles, E. G. James, A. H. Burse, Frances Bonfield.

It was grand to welcome home Gordon James (Aston sub Edge) who has been demobilised and who reported personally his interest in and thanks for the Newsletter which he received regularly.

Geoff Howell (Will Howell's son) was married on Dec. 22nd; we send him our best wishes.

Mr Tucker, our Postmaster, and Mr Bill Bunker of the British Legion, have now returned from hospital and are looking like their old selves.

We regret to record (1) the death of Mr Geoff Smith, whom many will remember as a very good farmer and master; (2) the departure of Dr Thompson who is going to live at Eastbourne; he is to be succeeded by Dr Moorhead, who has recently returned from service with the Army.

So we move on into another year and we send you our best wishes knowing that the New Year will be for us what we make it.



Apart from the coming and going of Service men and women, Campden has depended on itself for variety and has turned as usual to whist drives and dances for the lighter, and in these dull days, the brighter side of life. It is true that bananas have appeared in the shops and children under 18 have sampled them, some of the younger ones for the first time. / The town will miss Father O'Connell (who leaves us for Bristol) as he was a great favourite and gave of his best for the general good. / The symptom of local election fever is beginning to show itself and various organisations are having the usual headache selecting candidates. The election for a county councillor is to take place on March 2nd. / The Cricket Club has been launched with Philip Hart as Captain and T. Winward as secretary and cricketers now being demobilised are asked to get into touch with them so that we may start the season with a good side. / A great effort is being made to provide the District Nurse with a new car and one expects to see her in the near future doing her rounds in a brand new Austi 8. / Emrys Jones expects to be demobilised almost immediately and will then take up the post of Headmaster of the C. of E. school; his job has been temporarily done by Mr Jarvis who has won the hearts of all the kiddies. / Lockheeds factory in Campden has closed down; when it came some of us wondered what effect such a modern concern would have on our Cotswold town: but we soon got used to it, and it was not long before we realised what a help it was in keeping many of our folk at home; while week after week it sent thousands of machined parts to the fighting front, paying hundreds of pounds in wages. One wonders how long the transition to peace will take and in what kind of labour the factory hands will be absorbed.

The following is contributed by permission and with the help of the W.L.A. girls involved:- "Let me tell you the story of Violet, the cow's, Christmas. It happened in Campden too! Violet's owner went away for Christmas and left poor Violet to the tender attentions of two Land Girls. Now, these girls were horticulturalists and had not undertaken dairy work before but, true to W.L.A. traditions, were willing to do their best. One took on the milk extraction duty, the other formed the rescue service. On Christmas morning, bright and early, came zero hour. No. 1 advanced, tested each 'tap' in turn, found them in order and No. 2 brought up the bucket..... A long and nervewracking job ensued, with interruptions when Violet looked round to see if the ordeal was drawing anywhere near a conclusion; this resulted in titbits of food being hastily offered and consumed, though I am not quite sure if chocolate really was amongst the peace offerings. In time, operations concluded for the morning, and after a hasty midday dinner the evening attack started, so as to ensure a night's rest on completion. An occasional debate occurred, nos. 1 and 2 wondering if some milk could be left in 'store' until next time, but, having been warned that for some reason or other this was not permissible, decided to complete operations. Violet acquiesced subject to the attack being accelerated. Thus the first day's operations ended. Later a method of fitting her with 'four leg' brakes was tried out, and other schemes were evolved for use of 'remote control', 'stirrup pump operations' etc. etc. But I have exceeded my space; so 'See tha again some day'."

So we end a letter that is largely domestic; its interest for our readers lies in their love for their home town; but then it may be just what you want; it will be read on the high seas and in the homeland, in far away Java, in India, in Africa and troubled Europe and we at home are anxious to know about you, so if you have a moment, jot down some incidents from your day's work and send it to the

Hon. Secretary, Toc.H., Campden.



The week that has just passed has been really beautiful - April never before came with such sunshine and if you are far from home, in eastern deserts where the sun is already getting too hot to be comfortable in or on the high seas where the equinoctial gales have only recently spent themselves, you can well envy us in Campden bathed in warm sunshine and saying goodbye to a winter which, thanks to our coal merchants and the economy of our wives, has passed with not too much discomfort; indeed, it is a matter ever which you who are wondering how we carry on will be pleased to know that the home fires have kept burning and there is always something to put in the oven with enough bread to fill up. However we have our griefs, for death has taken from us three of our most respected Campdenians. Mrs Dent from Kingham Lane died after a long illness: she was one of the original and most regular members of the Monday Night at 7 Whist Drives. Mrs Howell, the mother of 4 sons and 5 daughters (all were present at the funeral), as a member of the Mothers' Union and a worshipper at the Parish Church, died after a short illness. Mrs Withers, the widow of Harry Withers, late vergier of the Parish Church, died suddenly; she too was a regular worshipper at the Parish Church and was one of the first to work in the Churchyard at a time when labour was so scarce; the tidiness of the Churchyard depended on the efforts she inspired.

Among the ladies who did so much to help the war efforts at the beginning of hostilities, working in our canteens and driving the I.M.C.A. Van, was Miss Audrey Fitzherbert; she has now become a Carmelite Sister. When she received the habit the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster officiated at the ceremony.

In the local elections Tom Knott was an easy winner in both the Rural and Parish contests, romping home far ahead of all his competitors. Some old stagers fell by the way, making room for new brooms from whom we expect much. Those elected were :- T. Knott, Mrs Devas, J. Carpenter, G. Coles for the Rural District; Knott, Winard, Carpenter, Hargreaves, Coles, Hobbs, Haines, Potter, Stowe for the Parish Council.

It is not often we receive replies to our Newsletter (we are very conscious of its deficiencies) and so it has given us much pleasure to hear from John Tucker serving with S.E.A.C. He gives us undeserved praise for our monthly letter, describes his experiences in Rangoon, Singapore, the Himalayan foothills, with comparisons with the home country and mentions his meeting with Cyril Bruce. Thank you John - and pleasant journeyings!

We are also glad to hear from S. Keen of his experiences as a parachutist and his constant interest in his home town. Happy landings!

---

"So in memory we go back to our gardens, where roses down the alleys shine afar, to opened jasmine - muffled lattices and groups under the dreaming garden trees and the full moon and the white evening star."

---

"Unless you and I are different, where is a different world to come from?"

---

Campden Town Football Club has been doing quite well in its practice matches in preparation for the more serious league fixtures next season. The Cricket Club has also a full fixture list for the coming season which begins on May 4th with a match with Ebbington, on Campden's old ground near the railway.

---

The Secretary of Campden T.O.C. H. is W. Howell, Leasebourne.

---



It is not a new experience that summer has again sent samples of fine weather in April, only to leave us with sodden cricket fields at the beginning of May; though this happened to us a few weeks ago the weather cleared and willing workers got the cricket ground into good fettle and made a pitch which played even better than it looked when Ebrington met Campden on the old Campden ground. Tradition has it that Ebrington usually wins this match and as a fielding side they should have done this time, but their batting was not impressive and Campden snatched a victory with one wicket in hand. This was on May 4th. On May 11th Campden Cricket XI lost to Mickleton on the home ground, the scores being Campden 69, Mickleton 89. On May 18th in a match with Shipton-under-Wychwood rain interfered and stopped play after about 1½ hours. So far then the C.C.C. record 1 win, 1 lose, 1 draw and its motto "Though we may not all become like Hobbs or Bradman in the field, we can at least try to be so." (Frank Woolley).

The Town Football Club has finished its preliminary and trial season in readiness for the League games of 1946-7; it is in a good position financially and as to players, though older players predominate and youth is not yet taking its full part.

Pantomime in summer is a new departure; this was provided by members of the Girls Club when they gave two performances of "Cinderella", a very witty play written by Mrs Swinestead; Jean Ellis in the part of the "Baron" made a splendid principal boy; indeed the whimsical assurance which she imparted to almost every word added greatly to an excellent performance. The older actors and actresses gave a splendid performance of "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure"; like the pantomime it was very much a one man show and Philip Hart who occupied the stage for the greater part of the performance, played the part of Applejohn with vigour; indeed so excellent was he that had you not known Philip as always mild and never the bitter, one would have said he acted as though "in the manner born".

We hear that the County Branches of the British Legion are to hold a rally and parade service on Sunday, July 18th; one hopes this will be a great success as the Legion has played a magnificent part in the life of the community and been the bearer of untold mercies to many folk when in need; we hope to be able to give you more details about this next month.

Victory Day, officially June 8th, is to be celebrated in Campden on the following Saturday, which is Scuttlebrook Wake and such activities as there are will centre round Leasebourne and will specially cater for the children of Campden and Broad Campden. The arrangements for the day are entirely in the hands of the Wake Committee.

Our news is scarce and what we give relates to the obvious and mainly superficial life of our town. Of the real life lying behind its routine activities, we can not speak, though this is the theatre where vital drama is enacted: the thoughts, aspirations, hopes, fears, disappointments etc of young and old of our fellow townsmen lie mostly beyond our ken; but we can appreciate them as they are part and parcel of each of us.

One feature of Campden that is not so evident in bigger towns where personal contact is not so easy is the many "acts of kindness and of love" that show themselves on numerous occasions, in vivid contrast to that picture of the world as depicted by the newspapers, which seem to thrive on anything but that beneficent quality of goodwill and appreciation of the inward life of human beings. "Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."