

## Jack Wilkinson 1930 - 2005

After leaving Wolsingham Grammar School - where I think he got his love of poetry- Jack worked at the local Colliery and Steel works. In 1950 he left County Durham for Shipton, living with his Uncle John in Chapel Lane. He worked for Frank Hartley (John's father) as a general farm worker alongside Les Barnes.



Along with many of the young men of Shipton and Milton he was a member of the Boys Brigade. He met Iris (nee Smith) and they married in 1954 and moved into a farm cottage on Fiddlers Hill. Not too long after I was born, in 1955, he left the farm and went to work for Matthews flour mill, living in a mill house on Station Road, opposite what was then the till works. We were now a family of five with the addition of Hazel and Rod.

By this time he had joined the St. John Ambulance Brigade and attended many local events in his uniform and was also on duty in London at the Queen's coronation. He played football for Shipton for a number of years, incurring the displeasure of Dr. Scott Snr. when treatment was needed on a Saturday afternoon; football injuries were considered 'self-inflicted'. In the company of Jim Barnes he donated many

pints of blood over the years, until following an operation; he was no longer able to continue.

In 1965 we moved to Ascott Road and the Japanese Garden that was to be Dad's life for the next 40 years. Over the years he made many things, doll's houses, carved love spoons; he was very please to see

Andy Capp and Flo back in their rightful place on the shelf behind the bar of the Red Horse. He could turn his hand to any craft and could be relied on to repair anything, always finding a suitable 'bit' from his shed.

More recently he was involved with the fund-raising for the New Beaconsfield Hall, which lead to his joining the Wychwood Players. He was very much at home performing in the pantomime - my favourite was when he burst from the back of the Hall dressed as Doctor Who. His recitations of poems and monologues were loved by all; a number have been printed in this publication.

The other great pleasure he acquired late in life was travelling, which he started with Mum when he was 65; Canada, Russia, South Africa, USA and Scandinavia - he really 'got the bug' and, despite the loss of Mum, he continued this right to the very end.

**Wendy Phipps**