

Special Feature

The Name that Reduced Marion to Tears!

I was born in Kingham in 1943 and the family moved to Chipping Norton when I was four. We lived in a Nissan hut at Over Norton Park. These were a bit grim to say the least, with outside toilets that always seemed to be freezing cold whatever the weather.



Milton..Where?

I came to live in Milton in 1950, with my parents Les and Phyllis Reeves and my brother Brian and sister Rose. I can recall the day my mum told me we were moving, "We are going to live in Milton-under-Wychwood." How happy she was, more than could be said for me!

I went to school the next day and sobbed to my teacher about the forthcoming move and how unhappy I was about it. "Why?" she asked, as she was sure we would be moving to a modern house with all Mod. Cons. I explained through my tears that I did not want to move because I couldn't spell the name of the place and if I got lost, how would I find my way back home to my Mum? She wrote everything out for me and said, "Keep this when you move and you won't need to worry."

So the dreaded move took place and what a joy it was! I had never been on a lorry before and, as we pulled up at 24, The Sands, my Mum's smile grew bigger and bigger. It did not last long though, because Brian and I kept pulling the toilet chain, which was such a novelty;

we'd never had one before. We only stopped when we were threatened with no tea.

We soon settled down; my Dad going to work in Groves' woodyard and we kids going off to school. I didn't like Milton School to begin with as the Head teacher, Mrs Pearce, was Welsh and made us learn a Welsh hymn. I was so scared of her that I still remember every word of

that hymn; she comes back in my dreams and I have to recite it to her.

How Did She Know?

At Christmas we had our school party in the Church Hall, which was next to the school. It seemed such a magical time with lots of good things to eat. The Queen's Coronation Day was wonderful as we were all given a mug with a picture of the Queen on it. These were handed out at a big party on the village green. We did lots of singing and dancing and I was very confused as I thought the Queen had sent the mug to me personally; I remember wondering how she knew who I was.

Another happy memory was helping out at cricket teas. Mrs Richardson, who ran the Quart Pot, let me help lay up the tables with her. It always seemed to be sunny then and Milton always appeared to win.

To earn some pocket money I would go to Upper Milton to the Hartleys' farm, where I would collect the chicken eggs and do little odd jobs. I spent many

happy summer holidays helping out there.

We kids would all get together by the swings and only went home when 'Plum' Williams mum called him in for bed. Most Sunday mornings were spent going across Dog Kennel to visit my grandparents, who lived at Rock Cottage on the Burford Road at Shipton. My grampy, Tom Coombes, was a local builder and built a lot of the places in the area.

On other weekends I would visit my Auntie Dorothy and Uncle Bob Brookes in St Michael's Close, Shipton. I loved the stories of the Wychwood Forest and the village in years gone by; she was a mine of information.

Picking Violets

On summer days Brian and I would walk to Bruern Woods and pick primroses and violets, which we would take to the old people in the village to cheer them up. Of course, looking back, I now realise those 'oldies' were probably no more than 40-something, but we meant well; at the time they did seem ancient to us.

I also recall, with lots of other youngsters, campaigning for a new

village hall.

On Mondays, after seeing my Aunt Dorothy, who was Librarian at Milton Library, we would go to YPF (Young People's Fellowship). This was held in the chapel hall in the High Street.

Get Me to the Church on Time!

Of course I have a million and more memories of my time in Milton. I married my first husband in the church there, in January 1963. It was one of the

worst winters on record and it was only thanks to Jack Prew that I made it to the church at all. My three children were all christened there, although by that time I had moved to Chipping Norton again.

When I came back

in 2006 for the funeral of my sister Rose (Messer) the years just seemed to roll away and I realised then that although I now live in a most beautiful area of Scotland and couldn't be happier, a part of my heart will always belong to Milton. Which I am happy to report I can now spell quite easily!

Marion Robinson (nee Reeves)

Editor's note: Marion has very few photos of her childhood and wonders if any of our readers has a school photo with her in it.



Jan Opens her Studio for Artweeks

Local artist, **Jan Harvey**, is opening her studio for **Artweeks**.

This year her vibrant, colourful work, features paintings of local farms as well as figure drawings and landscapes. Jan's studio is located next to Bowerham on the Ascott Road, Shipton and will be open **12 noon to 6pm** from **May 26th to June 3rd**.