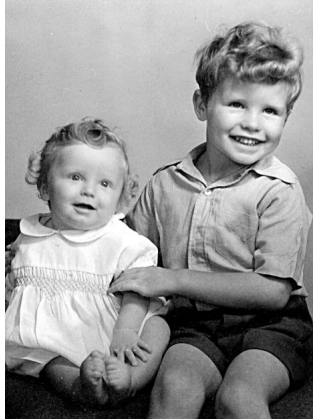


## Memories are Made of This Wartime Memories

I was interested to read the May 2007 article about Ted Greenaway and the Home Guard. My father, Herbert (Bill) Hauting was also in the Home Guard at the same time. I remember him telling me about creeping around the stacks of wood in Groves' yard, only to find that he was following another of the locals who was chasing *him!*



trailer behind the tractor taking the prisoners off to work in the fields. I am not sure whether it was true but I was told that the Italians only drank raisin water but perhaps it was some form of wine! I attended the primary school during the war, going there by sledge in the terrible winter of 1946/47.

I was born in 1939 and my family lived in Frog Lane, Milton-under-Wychwood, next door to Geoff Rathbone, who worked with my father at Alfred Groves. I was a fair-haired child; when the Italians came to the prisoner of war camp in Frog Lane in 1943 they called out 'Bambino' to me. They marvelled at my blond hair as they were, of course, very dark and swarthy. They were all very friendly and the guards even gave me short rides on the

My family moved to Southampton in 1947, where my father took over a building company which rebuilt much of the modern city. It had its own sports and social club and in 1953 the company's cricket team came to Milton to play the village team.

The result is lost in the mists of time but a beautiful summer's day was enjoyed by everybody.

**John Hauting**

## Memories of Shipton Street Fair 1950s



During the late 1950s Shipton put on a Street Fair for some cause, probably the playing fields. At 15 or 16, I was one of the girls chosen to model some rather exclusive clothing. I don't think it came

from London House, Milton but may have been Elliston and Cavell, Oxford. We were all groomed and rehearsed at a cottage then called Simon's Cottage, at the Chapel Lane end of Little Lane. Fortunately it was a lovely day and, as far as I can remember everything went off well.

Maybe some readers will recognise themselves in the photograph and have their own memories to share of the day, such as the 'bowling for a pig'. As my father was a horticulturist I remember more of the annual Flower Shows held on the 'sacred' cricket field.

**Phyllis Clarke**