

More Feedback Memories

This email came from Beryl Coleman in Adelaide, South Australia. Beryl was born and spent her early years in The Terrace, Milton-under-Wychwood

“Every issue brings back memories of my childhood. Just as a song conjures memories of people, places and time so your magazine does that for me. A dip into the latest issue gave me names, such as Mr. and Mrs.

Moss, Alfred Groves and Sons, R. J. Bradley and Son, The Quart Pot, photos of a snow-covered Milton and the interior of the Post Office. All of these people and places are childhood memories.



open the bedroom window, climbed out onto the snow, and tried to make his way to work. It was a most desperate time for all of the families as the shed where the coal or wood was stored was across ‘the yard’ as was the ‘privy’.

Gran and Mum did their washing every Monday. The water was carried up to the cottage by women and children and was placed in coppers in the small kitchens where the sheets would be boiled with bits of soap garnered from leftovers and placed in a wire cage. When all had been ‘cooked’ to their satisfaction they were placed in the tin bath and lugged across the yard to the mangle.

The Snows of 1947

One of your articles mentioned the snows of 1947. This is one of my earliest memories; I was about four years old.

I was born ‘up the yard’ in 1943 to May Barrett (Molly, née Pratley) and Tom Barrett and spent the next 15 years in the village attending Milton-under-Wychwood primary school and then Burford Grammar School. At 15 years, I left the village to find work. After living in various countries, at the age of 33 I arrived in Adelaide, South Australia and finally put down roots.

In Milton we lived in a one up and one down terraced cottage. All water was brought into the house by yoke and bucket and taken out the same way (all plumbing stopped at the bottom of ‘the yard’) and in the winter of 1947, the snow drifted against the cottages, up to the bedroom window. The room downstairs was in total darkness. My Father forced

Don’t Mess with a Mangle

This mangle was a fearsome thing! Huge rollers and a big handle for turning and the sheets, still steaming from the copper, were fed into the jaws of this thing with Gran and Mum singing and laughing whilst they worked. I remember my elder sister helping feed the sheet into the rollers while Mum turned the handle. She let out an almighty scream - her arm was rolled up to the elbow joint - so Mum just unwound it and gave her a cuddle before returning to the washing. Of course, the water was brought into the cottage the same way on Friday for bath night. The tin bath was taken out of the shed, the coconut matting rolled up, and we were

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bathed in order of age, along with any other child that was up 'our end' of the yard. Mum used to say that more kids played at our end on Friday nights than at any other time because it saved their mothers from heating the water.

During the war, Mum kept rabbits as a food source. The skins were put to good use as bonnets and muffs. In the winter snows of 1947 these rabbits had to come into the cottage. Imagine if you can, in one small room two adults, four children, one cat, one dog and about 12 rabbits. We all survived - including the rabbits.

They were really tough times for the women, I can remember Mum getting up at 4 am so that she could wash the flagstone floor before us kids got up. I was eight when we left but I think that the whole family was happier then than in our council house in Shipton Road."

Life in The Terrace Goes On

Beryl visited Milton in December 1999 and was surprised to see that The Terrace had not changed so much. New doors and

windows and some of the old sheds are now cottages. Her knees bear the scars from falling on the cobbles, now replaced with tarmac.

The old 'one up, one downs' have been knocked together to make pretty cottages. and the privies are long gone, along with the communal tap in the yard. Houses like Kathy Walker's now have beautiful fitted kitchens, but also reminders of days gone by with the small panes of stained glass in several of the windows.

So this little community within the village lives on, keeping that spirit alive with social gatherings at Christmas and barbecues in the summer.

Can you help?

Beryl Coleman's cousin Keith is trying to find information on the PoW camp that was in Frog Lane during WW2. His mother married one of the German internees and he would love to know more. If you have any information please let me know and I will pass it on to Beryl.
Editor.

ChOCfilms In Charlbury

Bright Star (Cert PG)

Sunday April 11, 7.30pm. This gem of a film directed by Jane Campion has attracted extremely positive reviews. It's about the (unconsummated) love between the poet John Keats (who died of TB at 25), played by Ben Whishaw, and Fanny Brawne (Abbie Cornish).

An Education (Cert 12A)

Sunday May 9, 7.30pm.

A coming-of-age story, set in 1960s Britain, about a 17 year old school student who is faced with deciding whether to try gaining a place at Oxford or take up with the smooth, wealthy older man who is pursuing her.

Films are shown in the Memorial Hall, Charlbury (wine and beer bar open at 6:45pm). For more information check the website www.chocfilms.info

Email newsletter@chocfilms.info to receive a monthly email newsletter about ChOC's films in Charlbury.

ChOC is busy fundraising to buy our own projection equipment, so we can cut costs, show films to smaller audiences and cater to minority interests too. If you would like to help with this, or indeed any aspect of ChOC's work, or are interested in film making, please get in touch. Contact information is at www.chocfilms.info or call Ed on: 01608 811196.

Jon Carpenter