

## Feedback

### Memories of the Terrace

I feel that I must comment on the letter written by Beryl (in Australia) about The Terrace. I was born in The Terrace and though now aged 95 my memories of childhood are vivid. I can assure you that no cottage contained a copper - the cottages were much too small! The only copper was in the wash-house on the opposite side to the cottages and for years my mother was the sole user, until Beryl's grandmother used it. The mangle was bought by my mother in a sale and I can remember her joy at the prospect of no more wringing of sheets! (Incidentally, the story of the arm in the mangle is pure fantasy - it couldn't possibly have happened.)

Apart from the copper in the washhouse there was a big open fireplace, with chains hanging from the chimney. The members of the Zoar Chapel, further up the Yard, held an annual summer convention and used the fireplace to boil their large kettles to make tea.

The chapel I remember well - very sparse inside, no facility for music but the unaccompanied singing was so good. Every Sunday a Mr Phillips walked from Kingham to attend the chapel and when his family came with him the singing was so harmonically good. I gather the chapel became unused and is now a house.

**Mrs Evelyn Webb (née Miles)**

### Wychwood Horticultural Show

John Rawlins has shown us a Schedule of Classes for the show held on August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1955. Phyllis Clarke's father, Mr R.W. Brookes, is listed as secretary. Along with four serving officers there are a further 22 committee members and a Ladies' Committee of another 11 members! Classes for flowers, fruit and vegetables were divided in Division 1, open to all, Division 2, amateur classes and Division 3, cottagers' classes. There were Open Classes for honey, eggs, pot plants and garden displays, a Novelty class, Ladies' Class for cut flowers, bottled fruit, cakes, jam, marmalade, flower arranging and

'McDougall's Cake-making competition', which required 'Messrs. McDougall's rules' to be strictly adhered to. *Does anyone remember what these rules were?* Special classes included 'Best Garden', (Shipton or Milton), and the Handicraft classes included handmade rugs, toys and models as well as knitting, needlework and embroidery.

Children's Classes were open to 'Children in the Area covered by Shipton Telephone Exchange' and along with their efforts at flower-arranging they could submit a piece of embroidery.

How times have changed!.

### Childhood Adventures

Mother would encourage us to get out of the house and she would pack jam sandwiches and a bottle of water and send us on our merry way, but she had no idea the mischief that we could get into! Some days we would pinch tools out of Dad's shed and run along Frog Lane, leap the

five-barred gate that led into Calice (?) fields and make our way to the burial mound in the bottom left hand corner (Iron, Bronze age?) and proceed to dig up the treasure that we knew just had to be there. Being only about eight or nine, and

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my brother two years younger, we never did make much of an impression on that bit of dirt. We soon got bored with the hard toil and, dropping the tools, ran to the stream that separated the two fields, washed some of the dirt off and continued with our picnic lunch to the tumble down gardens of 'The Court'.

This was a land of fantasy - we could be whatever we chose to be - it was a miraculous place. Trees fallen into the water, bushes and flowers growing wherever they could. Birds singing and butterflies flitting, bumble bees bumbling. That sense of peace and joy has never left me. We played until we were exhausted

or until we sensed that it was teatime, no watches for us but it is funny how the stomach knows what the time is and yes, we did know that we were trespassing but thought that we were doing no harm.

Having returned home to Mum's enquiry "what did you two do today?" and our "not much" reply we didn't think about the tools left at the mound until the next time one of the parents went to use them to find them missing. Then there would be a full inquest, the truth would out and punishment inflicted, and all would be okay until the next time. However, that is another story.

**Beryl Coleman**

### **Dog Walkers' Reply**

*As members of the group of friends (we are not all senior citizens) referred to in Mr. Doughty's letter in the last issue, we are somewhat angered by his remarks and feel the need to respond.*

We are sure that all who know us will agree that we are an amiable group and not easily given to verbal abuse. None of us know Mr. Doughty and there is only one incident that we can recall involving any personal friction, which occurred many months ago. As we were about to enter Diggers' Wood, two of our dogs ran to play with two dogs running to meet them on the adjacent field. Their owner was looking away from us and talking on his mobile phone. On finishing his conversation, he called his dogs and started to harangue (not question) us about controlling our dogs, then proceeded to produce a dog-poo bag and shouted that he always cleared up after his dog. We responded by showing him that we were also prepared and commented along the lines that his dogs seemed to be enjoying their romp and if their owner was more convivial, perhaps he would find life more pleasant. We are unsure of

the identity of this 'gentleman', but, to quote Mr. Doughty, "you know who you are". As a rule, our dogs have completed their daily ablutions before Dog Kennel Lane and the waste disposed of in the bin at the end of Mawles Lane.

We have enjoyed walking the Wild Gardens for many more years than eight and have acted as unofficial wardens, picking up litter and having a quiet word with transgressors (not just dog-owners). It may be said that the problems resulting in the closure have only been recent. Should events concerning the Wild Gardens conclude as we hope and dog walkers be allowed the same privileges afforded us by previous owners, we look forward to making the acquaintance of Mr. Doughty on some of the voluntary working parties that will be necessary for their upkeep.

**Terry Wilson, Caroline Beaumont, Trevor Cramphorn and Jim Biles.**