The Bakers and The Carrier's Daughter

Edited By Pamela Keegan

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INTRODUCTION

This booklet is made up of two parts. In Part 1 are three short transcripts which help to bring alive the atmosphere of Church Lane. Cropredy is a small community in North Oxfordshire which has always been a good village for encouraging trades, although it was often a hard struggle for the tradesmen to make a modest living. No resident landlord meant a certain independence was possible. The Vicar resided in the Lane and had once the care of the whole tip of Oxfordshire, though not of Clattercote which lay directly north of this parish. There in the l6th. century resided the landlord of the largest manor. It was at that period that the village was largely rebuilt in stone. The great rebuilding moved up the limestone belt, and Cropredy was fortunately included. Most had been rebuilt by the early 1600's, except for Vaughan's farm in Church Lane and the wooden row in Church Street now called Red Lion Street.

The first piece was written by Gardner Godson in 1964 and is about Cropredy around the turn of the century. This has not been altered. Some names in brackets have been added to help those who would like to know who he was referring to.

The second piece is by his wife Marie: Although she was not Cropredy born her Mother was a Smith from 3 Church Street. Marie came with her sisters to spend her holidays here. She would stay with her aunts in Church Street or at the Woodyard in

Church Lane. Here she met Gardner Godson a friend of her cousin Frank Sumner. Marie did not write down her tales, but she allowed me to pester her with questions. I then gathered some of her answers into the second piece.

The third is a direct transcript from a talk Mrs Edith Bassett nee Tasker, gave to the Cropredy Historical Society on the 20th of April 1983. All I have done is to edit out some interruptions, and wished there had been time for more. She spoke well, warming to her subject conveying the feeling that in spite of the hard work in her childhood it was full of good memories.

Part 11 is again in three sections, first some background information to Church Lane, secondly the history of the Bakehouse. The records for these two sections come from the parish documents, the landlords letter book, and the Brasenose College Library in Oxford. The final section is taken from conversations with Mr. Welford.

CONTENTS Page

PART 1
1. Gardner Godson 3
2. Marie Godson nee Askew 9
3. Edith Bassett nee Tasker ...25

PART 11
1. Church Lane ...33
2. The Bakehouse ...37
3. Jack Welford ...43
Part II References ...47

Appendices ...49
1.The Smith Family ...49
2.The Godson Family ...50
3..The Askew Family ...51
4. The Allitt Family ...52
5. The Tasker Family ...53
6. Description of Photographs ...54

Indexes
Index of Names ...57
General Index ...59

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS Page

1. The Bakers 2
2. Customers 2
3. Gardner Godson 2
4. Marie Godson 2
5. The Smithy 2
6. Marie Askew 9
7. Mr. & Mrs. G. Askew 9
8. Station House 9
9. Tasker Twins ...25
9. Tasker Twins ...25
10. Church Lane Before 1920 ...25
11. Church Lane c 1887 ...33
12. Church Lane c 1908 ...33
13. Church Lane in the late 1930s ...33
14. Mr & Mrs J Welford in 1974 ...43
15. Mr J. Welford in 1974 ...43

Plans

1. Plan of Cropredy, Oxfordshire 1
2. Plan of Bakehouse ...46

Part I

1. Gardner Godson

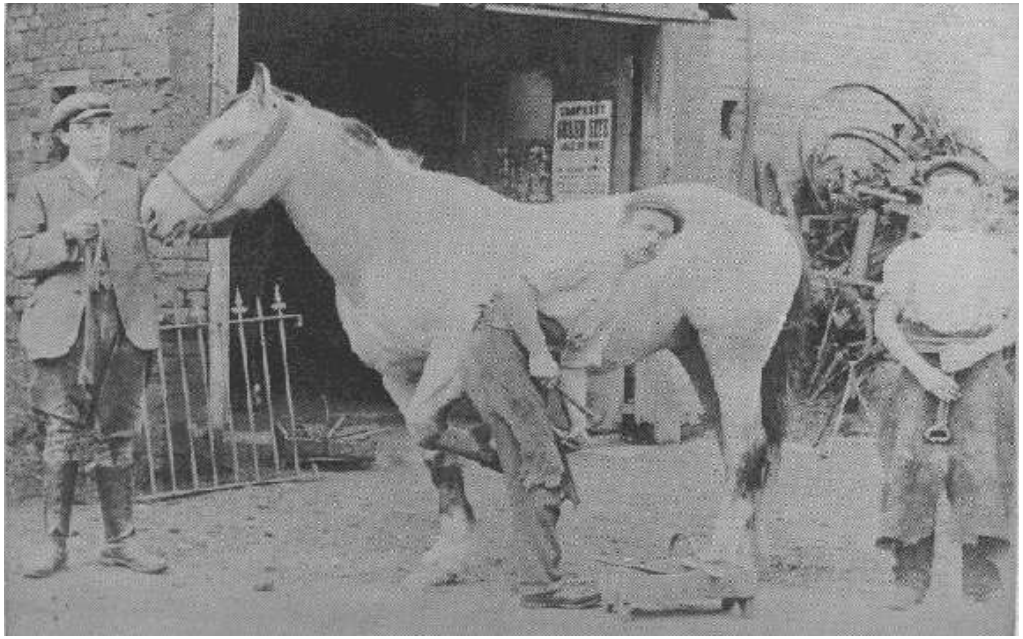
Page 2

2. Customers

3. Gardner Godson

4. Marie Godson

1. The Bakers



5. The Smithy

At the turn of the century the population would be about 400. Cropredy was fortunate in having a railway station and two wharfs on the Oxford canal. There were three building firms (Cherrys, Smiths, and Sumner and Neal), a blacksmith's shop (J.Pargeter,1899), two boot and shoe shops (George Pargeter and Thomas Cooknell), a basket maker (Gilbert), a butcher (John Allitt), a saddlers (J.Bonham), a baker, a painter and glazier (Gardner's), and a policeman to take care of us all. This made Cropredy the centre of a small district and gave it rather higher standing than the average village.

The passenger service was very good to Banbury for London and Birmingham. 'There was a flour mill which brought a lot of work to the station, also a coal merchant who lived at Cropredy had a stand there. A lot of farm produce was sent by train, so the station was a busy place.

Two Merchants had their stacks of coal at the wharf, the other wharf was used for stone for road repairs. This was hauled by horse and cart to the roadside and I think the haulier would get 10d or 1s. a ton. The local roadman broke the stone to about the size of 2" or less. For breaking a ton the roadman got 1s-8d.

Page 4

The blacksmith's shop was a busy place, the section where the horses stood was called the travis. A set of shoes for a light horse cost 3s. but I expect a heavy shoe would be more. The first tirne a colt was shod it was 1s. extra. Beer money I think they called it The saddler's shop was also busy. One man worked at the shop until he retired at 65. He served in the first world war as a saddler (Bernard Pargeter).

One of the builder's had a wheelwrights business also (Sumner and Neal's). They had a thick iron platform where the wheel was placed and the tyre was heated to make it expand to go over the wooden wheel. There was a sawpit at the yard where they cut in lengths and rolled the pit. One man stood on top and the other below. They cut the planks very true to size. This firm would fell a tree of the right size and make a purnp. This was cut to length and bored down the centre by hand. All this work is a thing of the past.

I was born at Great Bourton on the l4th of May 1889 and went to the village Infant School when I was five years old. I think there would be about 20 pupils. Miss Terry was the name of the Mistress and a local girl of 14 to 16 acted as teacher (Minnie Dunn). They were both very kind to me. The teacher (Minnie) is still living at Bourton (1964).

It was a Church of England school. After reaching seven we came down to Cropredy and Bourton school on the 1st of February. All ages of Cropredy children attended this school and the total number on the register would be about 100.

My only holiday was during the summer holidays from school when my Father drove to Gaydon. We had some cousins living at a farm and after tea we went for a walk up the farm. One of the cousins would shoot a rabbit for us, they had a lot on the

farm I was always interested in out-door life so I enjoyed it and then looked forward to the next drive to Gaydon. It is about ten miles to 7, not a very long journey. When I was about ten, I had a special holiday. Mother and I went by train to Fenny Compton and then walked about five miles to Gaydon. We spent the night with an Uncle and Aunt and then Father came the next day to fetch us back. That was the only night I spent away from home until I joined the army. Holidays were not so common then.

My father was a baker at Great Bourton, but had notice to quit unless he paid a higher rent. This he refused to do and was able to get a bakehouse and dwelling house at Cropredy, so was able to move his round. One condition was that he must bake dinners on Sundays. This he agreed to do and carried on for some years until people got more convenient methods of cooking at home. Price for a joint of meat was ld and for meat and yorkshire pudding a penny hapenny. When the coal was paid for there wasn't much left. It was an old fashioned oven, side flue, but the flavour of the yorkshire could not be beaten. We drew our water with the rope and bucket from a well like a lot more did those days.

Page 5

Dough cakes have always been very popular in this district, and before the 1914 war, our customers used to send the ingredients to have a cake rnade. We provided 21b of dough and mixed the cake by hand. Sometimes the fat was hard and took a lot of mixing. Then it was baked and delivered for a halfpenny above the price of the dough. If the customer had the dough and mixed the cake at home it was baked free. One person who made her own cake always placed it in a certain place near the oven to keep it warm, but when she had gone I moved her cake to another place. It did just as well and Mrs Cowley never found out what I had done.

There was a curfew Bell rung at 5am,12 mid-day and 8pm. During the winter months it was rung at 6am instead of 5am. Some years ago in the sixteenth century, a man lost his way in the meadows (on a path to Chacombe). This parson, the Revd Lupton, heard the bell at Cropredy which gave him his bearings and he reached Cropredy alright. He gave some land, the rent of which was to pay for a curfew bell. The field is known as Bell Land on the Chacombe Road and the rent is still paid to the Church fund, but the bell is only rung when the clock is wound up. It is impossible to get anyone to ring the bell so the custom is just kept going, but the people don't use the footpath much.

There were a few very interesting characters that were part of the village. One was Mr Allitt our landlord. He was a butcher in a small way of business when I knew him. He always wore a smock coat and mutton hat. He lived alone except for a niece going in to do the housework and cook for him, and he employed a young man from the village to take the meat out at the weekends. Mr Allitt always liked his bread baked very hard. A little cottage was his choice. He had been a baker and farmer so he knew about most things. I heard one story about a Sunday dinner. A farmer lost two ducks, and thought one of his men had taken them, so on the following Sunday he paid a visit to the bakehouse and asked Mr Allitt which dinner belonged to his

workman. Mr Allitt showed the farmer and he found his ducks in a pie dish with some pastry to cover up. The farmer took the ducks out and put a horse's halter in their place. I never heard the end of the story.

Mr Allitt had a gold watch and chain on which he wore 20 spade guineas. I saw him wearing it once when he came along to the coronation celebrations.

Page 6

in 1902. He had a stained glass window put in the church in memory of his wife, and another for his daughter. Mr Allitt died in January 1909, and his furniture and out door effects were sold in March of that year. The watch chain with the guineas was sold at that sale, the price was not high, about 22s each for the 21s guineas. I expect it would make a much better price now. A nephew bought the gold. I wonder if it is in the village now as some of the family are still living here. It may show up some day.

Mr Chesterman who lived at Cropredy Lawn farm, about a mile and a half from the village, wanted a daily paper, but it was too far for the newsagent to deliver. The daily papers eame from Banbury by train and were delivered by a village boy. So the agents at Banbury sent a paper by an early collection at Banbury office. The paper went to Leamington, the post town for Cropredy, then came to Cropredy for the afternoon delivery, and the assistant postman delivered the paper, about a three mile walk from the station, all for the price of a halfpenny stamp.

Major Slack, a retired army officer, would often let off a few rockets on any special day; always gave the prize money at the village fete; organised a coal club, the members had a truck load come to the station then weighed out themselves, which cut out the retail merchant.

I still have a coronation mug given me at the 1902 celebrations. When Queen Victoria died, Major Slack paid for the church bell to be tolled every minute for the whole day. I forget how much he paid the sexton. He used to wear a very smart smoking cap and pace to and fro in his front garden smoking a cigar. I was really a little afraid of him.

Mr Allitt had a building erected, which he gave to the church known as the Church Rooms used for any church meeting. It was a reading room when I first knew it. It is still standing but not often used.

There was a family by the name of King, very good with their handbells, or church bells. One son went to the Boar war and when he came home we met him at the station and took him round the village in a horseless trap. The other young man that went was killed. Mr King, the father, was a very clever blacksmith. He was very good at shoeing a horse, but not so good as some.

The builder and wheelwright's shop is closed down. A workshop that specialises in welding and blacksmith work has taken its place. A custom that died out a long time ago was for the carter to have a large bale of wheat straw to sell for beer money when he took a load of corn to the station or mill. The first I heard of this custom I was with my Father and we met two teams with their loads. My Father asked how much the straw, the carter stated the price and said, "Old Frank has some under his corn." We picked it up at the station on our way home. Old Frank the undercarter is still living at Bourton.

Mr Chesterman usually had a field of wheat reaped. It was cut about 15" from the ground. There might be 10 or 12 reapers working the field, some women were good reapers. I think it was piece work. After the corn was cleared the bottom part of the straw called haulm was cut and sold for thatching. There are quite a number of thatched houses in Cropredy, but it is very difficult to get a thatcher now.

I have mentioned the Boot and Shoe makers. I used to pay 18s a piece for a strong nailed boot when I was 16 or 18 years old. It was very convenient when we wanted any repairs done, but both these shops are closed now and used as out houses. We always fetched our milk from the farm. Skimmed milk was a penny per quart if skimmed twice. Once skimmed, such as evening milk was tuppence per quart. I forgot the price of new milk. Butter was about a shilling per pound I think. New laid eggs eight for a shilling in the winter, then in the summer perhaps sixteen per shilling. The price of meat was much lower. I remember leg of mutton at nine and a halfpence per pound, breast of lamb at sixpence hapenny per pound, white of beef at fourpence hapenny in Banbury market.

I had my first pocket money when I was about six. I used to tidy the bakehouse each morning for sixpence per week. When I had a rise instead of cash my Father fed a calf for me, the next rise I had a colt and that was kept by my Father. I think it was four years old when sold for £22. Quite a lot of cash in those days. I had 5s pocket money and all found. My horse brought in a nice bit.

For many years there were two carriers with their covered carts who went into Banbury. One went three times a week, the other four times. They brought quite a large parcel for twopence and I think it was threepence to ride in the cart to Banbury. If there were three or four passengers there would be some local news exchanged.

There is a meadow known as Amos Meadow which used to be farmed and owned by Mr Amos. He was fond of skating, so let a flood stay if it was likely to freeze. It was quite safe, being only about 2" deep.

The nearest Doctor (Bartlett) used to live two miles away at Wardington. Several lived at Banbury and drove out when sent for. The church and chapel were very well attended in those days. There are five or six charities at Cropredy given out at Christmas time. They used to be in the form of a ticket for coal or grocery. One is for cash I think, one is for so many widows or widowers, one for the most needy cases.

The last wagon to be made at Cropredy was an Oxfordshire shape. I believe it was made for an American lady who had it sent over as a show piece. I am not quite sure but I think it was made by Mr Shirley, a Cropredy born man who worked at the wheelwrights yard all his life. The Ox- fordshire wagon wheels were more of a saucer shape which gave the wagon a rather better lock, as the wheels were too high to turn under the wagon body. The side was not straight and the curve in the side allowed the wheel to turn more easily. They were always painted yellow with the red wheels and black iron work.

Horse drawn vehicles were not required to carry a light until about 1900 in Oxfordshire. We used a candle lamp at first but it blew out so much we changed to Colza oil which was better. In Warwickshire a light was required as long as I can remember.

The average age for leaving school was 13, and some boys started work at 3s-6d per week. A lot of farm workers would get 14s or 15s per week, some with tied cottages, others with the rent to pay. A good number of young men left home for a better wage in town. I think a lot of young people married someone from the village and a lot of the village folk were related.

There was no street lighting. Drainage was far from good. There was a midwife in the village who was called to some houses quite often, others not so often.

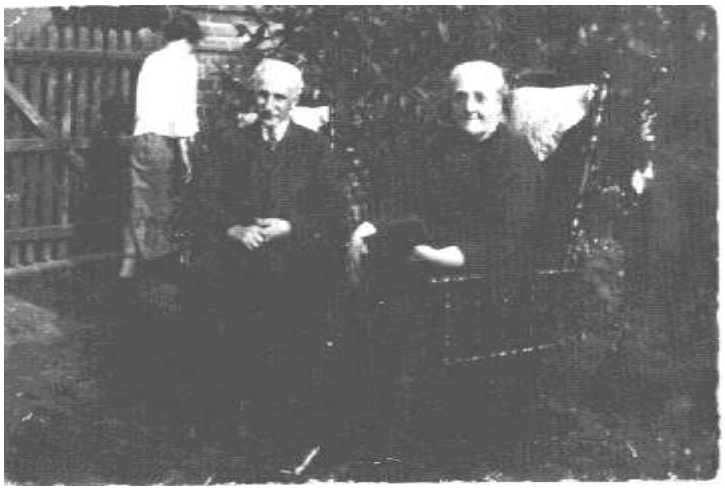
G.Godson,1964

Contents Top of Document

2. Marie Godson nee Askew

Page 9

6. Marie Askew



7. Mr & Mrs G Askew

8. Station House

Marie Godson nee Askew's mother was born in Cropredy at 3 Red Lion Street, the daughter of William Smith. The Smith's had been in the village as Cordwainers for several generations.

Marie told me about her family and how she came to Cropredy, over several visits. Any inaccuracies are due to misunderstandings on my part. Mrs Godson very kindly allowed me to visit her and put up with endless questions from me without ever showing annoyance. She greeted each occasion with seeming pleasure so that it was always something of a treat to enter her sunny room. There she sat, a frail lady, never I imagine very robust, but always as neat and ladylike as possible in her quiet open manner. At first all we spoke about were snippets of the past, but later she spoke at length. The story is now hers with a few additions from me to connect the loose threads.

When mother was small she went to stay with her cousin Sally Smith, whose father George farmed Springfield, or Station Farm, as it was called then. Later they too went to Wardington. Mother used to tell of mountains of butter in the kitchen. George was a "great man for the chapel" and was treasurer when they built the last 1881 one chapel. His son George was a

surveyor and Sally who later became Mrs Hopkins went to live at Adderbury, but kept up her connection with the Cropredy chapel.

Our mother's father died when she was three and her mother married again. Her first husband had been her cousin William Smith. Her second husband was a very kind man. He was a coal merchant. An aunt Mullis had a shop in Harbury and there with another aunt they would look after Henrietta from time to time.

Page 10

Mother was a qualified dressmaker. She had gone to Leamington Spa to an establishment with a lot of other girls. At the same place as Joseph Arch's daughter, who was in the same room. There she learnt her business. There were trains to Leamington and London then from Cropredy or Harbury. I don't know how she came to Harbury to marry or where she met father, George Askew. (See Appendix Four).

Mother wasn't like her other sisters. She was very gentle, never complaining. She was a large lady though she had tiny hands. They had a hard job finding a wedding ring small enough. Father came from Northend. He died aged 92, although he had been ill for so long. He was born at the bottom of the Dasset Hills. He trained to be a tailor in Birmingham. He and mother lived at Sunnyside on the South Parade in Harbury. He worked at Knights the tailors. They had seven children and I was born there in August 1892. Father's employer went out of business so we had to move. We had a big garden and the raspberries had to be picked with stalks on, packed and sent off to Leamington Spa. We had plums and all kinds of fruit. The house I remember had a cellar.

When the Knights closed the tailoring business the family had to leave Harbury for Leicestershire. I was two when we went to Ibstock. This was hard on mother for she missed her large vegetable garden and orchard.

Ibstock was a mining town. It was during the strikes and afterwards you heard great crowds of them clattering down the stony streets to work. Men and small boys off down the mines in the dark mornings.

The house had no garden and we had little work, although the tailor who answered father's advert with a nice letter saying to come. Dr. Pirie begged dad not to let Mrs Askew go into Leicestershire. After it was all arranged a letter came from Stratford-on-Avon with a post, but it was too late.

It was hard to find fruit at Ibstock. At Harbury she would send quarts of raspberries at a time for desserts. There are two kinds, red and yellow, and the stork as I said must be left on.

We were quite frightened by the miners at first. Well they quarreled a lot and we had led quiet village lives. Their roads were rough, not made up. Poor mother and hardly any garden.

During the strikes, we lived through three, I remember of course managing a tailor's shop when no one could afford to come in. The employer had a woman who was very extravagant, so father often lost out on his wages.

Page 11

Oh yes! Well when we took the job the employer wrote such a nice letter. He was a nice man, but if only we had gone to Stratford!

We had four in five years, well mother did. One was very high spirited. She was the one who married a labour man. He was in the minors union and she spoke a lot, but it spoiled her you know.

Two of my sisters lived to be 93 and 94. We lost a brother when we were little. Three of them, two sisters and this brother had scarlet fever. He died but they recovered. I had an older brother who loved reading. He was no sportsman but loved reading.

During the strikes we had to live on vegetables and what we could get. My uncle always said "You are lucky as your mother can always make something out of nothing". Maybe but I remember often feeling I could have gone on eating longer, but there was nothing left. Even so we weren't as bad as a lot had it.

Mother never complained and her only criticism was "Arn't they funny!" She and dad managed a gentleman's outfitters shop in Ibstock. It was a grim place all coal mining, but they would do anything for anyone, not mean. No. Not mean at all them-a-days. If one of their fellows got hurt they tried to set them up with a shop or a trade. Mother was kind to tramps. She listened to their tales of woe. Some used to laugh at her but she never took offence.

Father was always suffering from indigestion and used to suck these sweets. He insisted on meals to the minute. He was gray with pain sometimes. He should never have taken mother there. Winifred my sister lived with us at Cropredy, but she got very irritable as old people do.

Elections were such a big thing in Ibstock, so when I came to Cropredy I was quite surprised they were nothing. Then at Christmas they had three bands playing at Ibstock. The Chapel, Church and the Silver Bands. One of my nephews has the silver cornet which he uses in a band, that was once my brother's when he played in a band. When I was a little girl going to a Sunday school anniversary with about 400 children, I remember the flute come over the top so beautiful. Flutes were common then. I went to the Baptist chapel with my friends. Mother allowed it as long as I went somewhere.I used to come over to

Cropredy for my holidays. I had three cousins at the Woodyard, Elsie, Annie and Frank Sumner. Their mother, Mrs May Sumner was mother's sister. I also went to stay with Hilda Bonham, another cousin, and once stayed for four months. That's how I met Gardner Godson. My sisters would also come here for their holidays and we all sent back postcards.

Page 12

1909: Dear Mother, we received the letter quite safely. Thank you very much. We will come home on Monday. Did they tell Harbury people we were going over. We went to Banbury yesterday morning and drove over to Middleton arrived home about 8 0'clock. We shall be able to tell you better when we see you. They seemed pleased we are going to stay over Sunday. Hilda want to come back with us but I don't know if she will or not, we will let you know. Aunt can't make enough of us she would like to see you again. Hope you are both well. Are you very busy. From Con and Maria. (Hilda Bonham's mother had recently died at 3 Red Lion Street).

1910: Dear Mother. If you can manage without us we shall be home on Monday or Tuesday. Richard wants us to stay three months, they would soon be tired of me wouldn't they? We saw Mr and Mrs Hopkins yesterday and they are nice. Write and tell me if you can manage. Hope Win is better. Marie.

We have been out every day. Are going to Shotswell to-day. Northend tomorrow and Bourton if it...

1915: Have just arrived safe. Just managed to miss the 3 train and all the shop was closed in Leamington. I saw lots of lame soldiers wonder if one was Albert. They are all well and wanted to know why you didn't come. Win.

I got up at five yesterday morning and rode into Banbury to see a flying machine. I think they are very ugly. Uncle is just going to take us to look through a big house. I shall like that. Love W and A.

The old home in Red Lion Street. That had a room on the right of the hall which auntie Hannah had and her companion. I think her companion did a lot of the work. The next room behind (on the right) was the dairy and beside that door at the end of the hall was a door leading into the garden. Behind the living room (on the left) was a room with the kitchen beyond up steps. The kitchen was very big with a couple of bedrooms over. The orchard had a lot of beautiful apple trees. We loved them and they were carefully stored in the attic. No, no one slept up there.

Page 13

Hilda's brother Harold had dreadful asthma, and they burnt things to help. He never laid down. A clever lad he won a scholarship and went on to get a degree. He became a headmaster. Mr Bonham married again and lived on the Green. Una and Violet Bonham two of their step sisters. I liked Violet. She had a very good voice. She went to live in Chacombe. When

they decided to go to Australia, they collected for them at the Methodist Chapel. When the boat called in anywhere the Methodists went to meet them.

When Hilda Bonham, Elsie, Annie and I used to go on a Sunday for a walk up to the crab tree outside Hill farm gate, then Harold used to follow us. Hilda used to say, "Go away you hateful brother!" Of course she was very fond of him. Hilda was married but had no children and died young. Only 33 (d.1928). After she was married they moved to a place near Ibstock. They had a grocery shop one of a chain, like the Maypole shops only another name. We used to cycle over and stay the night. I always remember the four months I stayed at her house in Red Lion Street When her mother Mrs Bonham died in I909 Hilda was only about 14. We tried to take her back with us to Ibstock.

When we visited Cropredy one of the places we went to was up to Clattercote Pool for picnics. We would have the boat out on the Pool. Go out in it. On the way up or down we passed through the Lawn Farm, or went past the Lawn Cottages. The place I liked to go to was Mrs Dunn's at the cottages. She baked these cakes in little stone pots in a bread oven. It was outside in a sort of wash-house place. They were delicious, ask Ivy (Cherry). I was very friendly with Ivy's sister Dora on my visits. Dora Dunn.

I was the eldest of these cousins that we came to stay with. Annie Sumner, I found out later, used to plan for me to come and stay so that I would see Gardner Godson. Frank, her brother, and Gardner who lived next door, were great friends. Frank and Gardner grew up together. When Frank had measles as a boy Gardner wasn't allowed in, but he went and Frank lowered a string out of the window and Gardner tied on it a bundle, and he drew it up.

I was only 16 when I first met him and he was l8. So I was walking out then with Gardner when I came every year for my holidays. We had a great time together with my cousins. One day Hilda took their trap and we went off together. We were gone so long Gardner was sent to find us on his pony! We often went in the trap it was lovely.

Page 14

We had a cousin William Smith and Gardner and I used to cycle over to see him and meet him halfway. He had this house on the road to Little Bourton. One day he said to me, "Give me a sixpence" so I did. "Now," he said "if I die the house is yours!" Well we laughed and thought it was just a joke, but since I think he meant it. William was a preacher in Banbury. He came out to Ibstock once to preach. His nickname was Smiler.

Gardner volunteered and although he wanted to join one group he was too big and had to go in the artillery. We didn't contact much during the war, then afterwards only occasionally.

My cousin Elsie Sumner married William Dunn and moved to I Chapel Row. She had a dressmaker's business. Elsie was a good living girl. She loved to read you know. They had a child that died, perhaps it was a blessing it did. Afterwards she had two strong boys. Hers was a difficult life and she died aged only 37 in 1930. William's mother was the marvellous cake maker. Frank Sumner married Mabel Ellen Dunn from Great Bourton and they had one daughter Connie. When she grew up she kept the post office at the Woodyard. It was Gardner that suggested it. They wanted someone, so Gardner said to Frank, "Why not try for the post office for Connie?" I don't think he'd think about it. Easy going. Had everything done for him. Oh I spent my holidays there. When we lived at Station House I used to come past the Sumners every day and going home at night I always called in. Connie was a baby then, a nice chubby baby. I sometimes was able to bath her. Mr Sumner died suddenly you know. Richard Sumner, Frank's father and it gave Mrs Sumner a shock. Sumner and Neal were partners. I liked Mr Neal a lot, he was a real nice man.

I was the youngest at home. We all married except Constance. She looked after mother. We helped in the shop and when mother was 70 Gardner asked me to marry him. I felt I couldn't as it wasn't the right time to leave them. However Constance and a niece came in and helped with the shop. So I didn't marry until I was 40 years old and then with the work it was too late to have children. The rest of my family are all dead now, though I have many nieces and nephews.

Mrs Godson never liked me to take a day off to go and see my parents. She couldn't see why I needed to go. I did go however. When mother was ill she did not even enquire how she was, nor after she died. Never said a word.

Page 15

I was not used to such work and found it very hard. The first fortnight I was allowed a holiday, but all my thing's were thrown in anyhow and of course I had no-one to help me. My friends were at Ibstock.

Gardner had the Station House made right for us. He had it done up with a new roof and then he said, "I have a house ready for you to come to." I often think of those slates, ever such big ones, 50 odd years since they were put on. Up to now they've been no trouble at all. He put the pebbledash on the house and had new windows at the top. Its such a nice house you feel ever so comfortable in there.

There was a fireplace with oven beside it. There was also a kitchen. Once I remember I had a nasty cold and Gardner would have the doctor. I didn't want him. However he insisted I had him. As soon as he got in he said, "Oh you've got a better fireplace than I've got." It was a nice one. More of a Yorkie affair and all shut off. You could shut it off. Very good that was. It had one of these big chimneys. A piece on the side like in the Copes Cottages. Ooh! Once when they swept it they hadn't got the proper sheet and he didn't charge me, he made such a mess. All open inside the chimney.

The other living room, to the right of the front door, had a red brick fireplace. That was a big room. Our furniture was lost in it. We had a brown floor that had to be polished. Those floors made my feet ache. I was poorly there. My feet have always ached, poor tender things! We had an old carpet. We thought we'd go and get the cheapest and Chapmans must have used it for ages. Full of dust it were, but my feet got better. I think it was the composition floors. Anyway he didn't want to spend the money just then. He'd have been better off if we had, I think.

Station House had three bedrooms, they've made one as a bathroom now. A nice house. It had a good stairs. From up there you could see the trains you know and I liked to see them coming down the Bourton Hill on the road.

We put the veranda onto the front of the house. We had to cut a pear tree down to do so. Under the pebbledash upstairs the walls were brick because of the raised roof. The downstairs windows were much older. No downstairs windows facing north, all south. Lovely to live in. The garden would have grown a lot but we neither of us had time to garden. It did grow a lot of strawberries.

Page 16

When we lived at Station House Mrs Cook came over the road to help me in the evenings. Baking the pastry for the next day. She was a great help. At home Mrs Cook had her mother Mrs Smith completely crippled with arthritis, so that her head was right over. Her father, Mr Smith, was also badly crippled with it and now Mrs Cook is the same. She'd worked so hard for everyone most of her life.

We were at Station House the first three years and then during the war, we didn't like walking up to the Bakehouse in the middle of the night with planes going over. We moved to the middle cottage of Cope's Row. They are altogether different now from that photograph, and the shutters had gone. We lived there for several years just to be nearer the Bakehouse. We had a little bit done up to make it more private. They weren't a bit private, no (No landing or proper division between the two bedrooms). There was nothing between them like now, yet there were families brought up there you know. Yes a bit cramped. Downstairs there was a living room and a pantry. It did have flowers up the front wall. They were hollyhocks! Later we moved back to Station House.

I noticed the difference when I came to live here, of the mining country and around Cropredy. In that mining country the miner's were loud, at least they seemed that, yet they were very generous to each other, worked as a community. When I carne back here I found that people did not all help each other. The houses seemed poor places. A lot of the cottages were dark and only two bedrooms. Poor places really. When there was little work they often fell behind with their bread bills.

In Gardner's father's time he never stopped giving them bread. He never let any starve so his small profit of a penny or tuppence was soon lost. He lost the rest as well, as often as not then. So many were poor. He died poorish himself, yet he

worked all those years hard at it with only his house and a bit left to show for it. They had never let anyone go without bread. Before then there were, as I said, a great many very poor families in Cropredy. Mr Godson would never leave them short. He made tiny loaves for the kids with the bread left over. The Alley (Alcan at Banbury) saved this village, pulled it back on its feet.

Mrs Rhoda Godson, Gardner's mother had auburn hair. She was very attractive. She had a cap on always to keep off the flour. Well I shouldn't say cap. She wore a big straw hat and one of the vicar's daughters used to tease her over it. The flour got onto her chest.

Page 17

When Gardner married me, when we were first married, she never came over to see us. He was her only son. His father, William, did and he explained, "She's too upset to see her son go." She had ruled them, the two men.

When she became ill I nursed her. We were just lodgers when Mr and Mrs Godson were alive. While we were living out and Mrs Godson was ill I used to come up. She was in the small room downstairs. I can't remember if it had a fireplace...I do know I slept in there with her. Then when we were living at Godson's, she never aired the place properly and the feather beds, they only had a bit of an air with bricks put in the bread oven and then wrapped in bits of old woollen blankets, and we got so damp in them. I remember my chin being all wet underneath, it's a wonder we didn't get ill really. I nursed her. On the last day she asked for her hair to be combed and made nice. Then she said a prayer and died. We looked after both parents until they died. Mrs Godson thought we would send them into hospital but we didn't.

Gardner never ought to have gone into baking. He wasn't going to be a baker, but his father became ill and he had to go and help out. The reason was because there was no pensions in those days and he had to support his father. He had worked at Cherry's for a time with Thomas Cherry, Roland's brother. Tom was a preacher and went to Australia. They came back in later years and whenever he was in Cropredy he called to see us. I missed his visits a lot. Mr Godson took that Bakery on for 60 odd years I think. Yes. He was a nice old gentleman, Mr William Godson. Mrs could be nice but she could be moody, yes. Rhoda Godson had a hard time. The business was going down a lot. They would not let us pull it up. Any suggestion was enough to make her keep silent for days. Mind she was cheerful to others, but to me, NO! I was always silent about pain and kept upsets to myself. I just could not answer her back.

The Bakehouse rooms faced Church Lane on the north side. There was a living room beside the small room or old parlour. The pantry was off the living room at the front. It had a hatch to serve cakes from, to the covered way in. The kitchen you went OUT the back to, it was behind the inglenook and stairs wall and there was no way through that stone wall. A nice kitchen, big but unconnected. Upstairs all the bedrooms led off one another. At the end was a door into the flour loft.

Outside was a stone barn. We had a metal ladder and stored all sorts in the loft. We had pigs and there were hens in an incubator. Godsons had hens and all sorts, so that no day could you have a rest. We had to give that up.

Page 18

They kept the field in Bourton, well Godsons came down from Bourton. Prestidges and Gardner were at the same school together at Cropredy. They have the field now and have called it the Gardner Godson field. It lies on the right going up the hill on the right. One of my earliest happy memories was haymaking there. It used to have some big elms on the lane side. Godson's rented all the land beside the old vicarage garden. They also rented some fields up the Claydon road from Sumner's, which were once belonging to the Smith's (The Coxes Butts).

Their last horse they called Prince. Sometimes he was led through the gate by Mr Hickman's into the garden that Godson's rented from Anker's for years.

The Church Rooms was given to the village by Mr John Allitt, who owned the Bakehouse. He had it built for the village people for a reading room and Church Sunday school. He owned the bakehouse and then when he was living at Home Farm he sold it to Mr William Godson. Mr Allitt had been the butcher and baker. The oven and house had not been used there for a while, or at least the house had been shut up since the death of their only daughter. A condition of purchase was the Godson's had to promise to cook the Sunday dinners. When we were baking the Sunday dinners I don't remember charging. They brought the joint and the gravy with their Yorkshire batter in a jug. After the bake the whole oven had to be mopped out with a long mop which had to be twirled around in a certain way. It needed good strong arms to be able to do it. I could manage it which surprised everybody.

Mr Godson used to do some butchering. He kept sheep, pigs and poultry when I came. I do remember he had no day of rest. When Gardner took over he gave that up. I was glad to get rid of the pigs squealing. I loved pigs but oh dear...!

Where these bungalows are at Plantations, Gardner bought as an orchard. He had plans to build his own Bakehouse. His parent's treated him shabby. He didn't build it for they willed the money out of the family to the Chapel, leaving him to start all from scratch.

Gardner used to make the dough overnight for his father. No electric then. Oh dear no. They didn't want him to. No. Old people they don't like making a move do they? However they were thankful when he had it. They were ever so pleased. They didn't encourage that. They tried to, but it was his money. We never had anything unless we paid for it. Never. Anyway the cakes weren't so good unless you mixed it by hand. Well its best, I think you can spoil by over mixing. I think so. I loved that oven. Oh the smell of it. It went all over the village.

Page 19

Each day we rose at 3am to bake the bread. It was delivered by horse and cart. We used to be returning up Hardwick Hill at tea time after finishing the delivery. I had to have help in the house, because I was constantly busy in the bakery. We made hundreds of cakes, pies and could not make enough. We delivered to Chipping Warden and beyond the Bourtons. Round to Mollington and Claydon but not to Wardington. When Lady Brooks moved from Cropredy she asked Gardner if he would serve her at Chipping Warden if she could get him a round, and she did, she found him a nice round. Oh yes! No rest!

When it was wartime you couldn't make ends meet easily because prices were fixed. For Tuesdays I made pastries, Banbury cakes and cakes of all sorts for sale. I began making the pastry on Monday. Eight pounds of flour divided into four lots and rolled six times each. Some white of egg over then sugar. It would hardly pay but you had to help the people. They were queueing right outside on Tuesdays. Anyone could just walk in when they wanted, as the bakery was open to all. That meant it had to be kept very clean. The flour was delivered by steam lorry at first. It had to back down out of Church Lane. We sold pig food as well and dealt with Hadlands of Banbury and Northampton people. It came from all over, and the sugar and the fat. Tons each week!

We kept the flour upstairs. We dusted the bread with flour and it got into everything. That's why Mrs Godson wore that cap she is wearing on the photograph. I believe the boy in the picture is one of the Cooknell boys they had helping them. One of their first lads. We had Arthur Allibone, only he left during the war. Then we had different ones. Then just as they got into it they moved on or joined up. Yes Brian Boscott he was coming. He wanted to go on a farm and his mother wanted him to stay and come to us. Brain did and was a very good moulder, but he wanted to get on a farm you see. Arthur was a good worker.

Gardner did do meat sometimes though not often in my time. We could have a chicken when we wanted and often had a chicken or rabbit pie. We kept rabbits. We did pig foods of all kinds but then Gardner hadn't the time to sort it out, so he had to employ someone to weigh it. Well it was rationed so there was no gain, in fact we made a loss. We had mice. I'd never seen one until then. We had to have cats to catch them. We had a cat at home as well.

Page 20

Standing in the shop all day made my mother's feet swell and mine swell now. The bakery was open until night time. The door unlocked until evening. When Mrs McDougall had Anne, Mrs French was the midwife, she also helped Mrs William Godson. There was always someone who would work for others in Cropredy. Anne used to come to the shop for bread. Her mother used to say, "You could eat off her floor it was so clean," meaning Mrs Godson's.

Whenever the McDougall's had visitors they brought them to the bakery. When she was little, when her mother came with her, she'd be up there over the oven. Her mother was very nice, I had a lot to do with her of course. She was only a little girl

when I knew her mother. Mrs McDougall would love it when we were baking and bring all her visitors to the bakehouse. Always. We were their bank. They never had much money on them, no, that sort of people don't. When they went to the post office with a parcel, before they went they came to us for money. Oh yes. We were at it all the time. Paid by cheque. I used to have a cheque, but I said I would rather spend the money. Then they would come for poultry food.

Everyone came to the bakery. Some said in the war, some had more than the others. Bread was on points so they had to play fair. I don't think we ever favoured anyone. We was allowed so much and that was all we could have.

They were up so early and at work all day. Gardner would mix a bag of flour at a time with a mask over his face. He would take the dough out of the electric mixer while it ran. I asked him not to, although he got a shock each time on his arm, he kept on. Well for Gardner it was dreadful. I used to tell him oft-a-time, "It will kill you." In at 3 or 4am each morning. As I said pastry and cakes were baked on Tuesdays and Fridays. Buns were made two or three times a week. I've almost gone to sleep putting egg on them to go in the oven at 6 o'clock. We've had a batch of bread out by then. We worked on until 8 or 9 at nights sometimes a little earlier. You couldn't get nothing out of bread. Puff pastries. I've never bought them. There was plenty of work. I used to make what they called Banbury cakes. Mrs Brown used to say, "Yours are nice. I work at Browns!" (The original Banbury cake shop). I made them as I thought they were nice, I didn't bother about the profit so much and Brown's did.

Page 21

I made the W I. cakes for them and for the church choir. Something nice for the church. There used to be a good choir. Also for the bell ringers supper too. They thought more of it then than they do now. Malten loaves and bread. All wholemeal. Gardner asked the customers which did they like. The Hovis? They said "No" they'd rather have the wholemeal and it was a nice fine one. Yes oh yes. The bread went all over the country. It wasn't as good when they changed to the new ovens. He didn't like the new oven as much as the old brick lined one. The new one didn't come up to the old. Just before Gardner was ill we put in new ovens and a new floor. We'd had new ovens and the oven had to go outside. I liked the old oven best. It had the heat inside the oven. Heat it and then take out the fuel before you baked. Washed it out first by spinning the mop round and round. It was far better, far better for bread and cakes.

I didn't do any of the kneading, I mixed the brown. There was a great big thing. A lead yes. It used to shake you see. It would have broken away. We should have taken it with us when we left. It was electric. I mean we had electric mixers and where for anything big you know a sack at a time, we couldn't have done it without electric. Gardner made it overnight for his father.

The tins they have to be rubbed first. They have to be taken out of the oven first, then they all have to be rubbed and greased. Gladys used to do all that. She lived with us for 9 years and she did all the rubbing. We couldn't do it ourselves. Oh

yes we'd start before 4am and have one batch out and put another in for 6. Then if we wanted extra kind of thing, though it weren't every day, then we would have to start at 2am. We were really tired out.

We had a car and the dog would cry to go in it, but we could only let it Tuesdays when we didn't have bread only cakes and malt loaves. I was good with horses but I can't understand girls wanting to work with them. We used to go through the floods in the pony and trap easier than a car! We were the first I think. Well it was a little 7, Austin 7, and wasn't nearly big enough for our bread. No. I remember going our first ride in it and the door opened and Gardner just had time to put his arm round me and saved me. I hadn't fastened the door. It was nice but we never did pass anybody. We never passed anybody until we had the bigger one. It was a treat. No we didn't have an Austin again, no. Later we had a private car when Gardner came out. That photograph of Jock, he loved this old van. That's me shading my eyes. It was only a small van our first and it wasn't big enough.

Gardner's father had been on the parish council. He was chairman for a while. Then Gardner put up. He and Mrs Muriel Bradley tied and oh dear I hadn't even voted.

Page 22

The people in Church Lane? Well they were a big family at the Vicarage. They used to go abroad. Revd George Barr. They kept a nurse and Mrs Brown and her husband came with them, he was their houseman or gardener. The Vicarage? I didn't see a lot of it to tell you the truth, because I always went to the back door from Church Lane. The coach or whatever they used then would go through that way and down Church Lane. The first vicar he was when I first came, George Barr. He used to go abroad and of course he kept a staff going. He had means. He attended at the Chapel when they put the window up for Thomas Cherry. The designer of that was there to unveil it, but they had to come round twice to get money for that. I mean people hadn't it to spare really.

Revd Mr Bennett had a nice wife. I liked her. They had four girls. They were there when the new vicarage was built in the old garden. Then they had his father living there, a nice old man he was badly crippled with arthritis, his legs and hands were all bent. He came over to the bakehouse. His wife's father was a clergyman I believe.

I remember Colin Shirley from Creampot. He was a gentleman. Gardner was too. I haven't seen much of the top end of the village. For a long time that part was real strange to me you know. WE DIDN'T GET OUT! I visited Greens once at Monkeytree, round to the kitchen back door. Mrs Green was a good cook and her mother was supposed to cook for royalty. She must have the best you know.

On the Green at the post office Mrs Harris sold ginger ale. Ginger beer and that sort of thing. I knew her well. Then there was Mrs French, Cyril's grandmother. Mrs French she'd do anything, she'd help anyone. She stayed with anyone if they were

poorly you know, help someone if they were ill. Mrs Thomas Cooknell was her sister, another nice person. Cyril was Gardner's friend, well they lived next door, the church side. Anyway they knew each other very well. I didn't but he came and he helped me two or three times. He liked to drink. He didn't come in, not if he drank too much. Mrs French being next door was very friendly with Godson's. She was a lovely old lady.

Mrs Tasker who once lived opposite the bakehouse had twins. They used to come over and we enjoyed one very much. She lives at Chipping Warden. Edie was quite different from her twin. She was like her father and her sister was like her mother. Her mother had a hard time of it and worked very hard. Mr Tasker was a very jolly man. She was a church woman but I don't expect he went. He went off to the war and she had to carry on with the carrier's trade. Edie used to come across and help us. She seemed very fond of Mr and Mrs Godson.

Page 23

Mr Louis Lambert and his wife from Lambert's Cottage, kept the church and churchyard then, but when they got too old it became too much for them. They came past from their cottage in the High Street.

We used to go on the three o'clock train from the station, one shilling and sixpence return to Leamington, or we could go all the way to London. Oh yes we used that a lot. I've known three signal men. Mr Arnold, Marlowe Gardner and Mr Timms. He was a good singer. They had a good choir when I first came, a very good choir at the chapel.

Gardner had a rupture due to heavy lifting but not a word of complaint. When he became ill they had to buy bread for the round and get someone to deliver it, which cost more than it paid. The doctor said he mustn't work again as he had Parkinsons as well as Diabetes. So at 60 he had to retire. He never complained. He was an invalid for 21 years. He was forced to retire due to ill health. It was a big shock when the specialist said, "You'll never work again, the best thing to do is to get rid of your business." We did but in the wrong way. When we said we would sell it, Mr H... promised to put an advert in the trade paper for us, then forgot. Too late he put it in. So we only had Mr Welford come. Then after he put the advert in and we got a lot of enquiries then. We lost out really by that.

Gardner designed these two bungalows. Drew both these places. Ray Cherry built the two, his and our bungalow at the same time. At Station house I had to go and hold my hand to the back of Gardner to get him up stairs. I used to dress him every day and wash him all over. He was a big man you know. His toes went all black. The doctor told me if it wasn't for me he'd have had no feet. We had the first bungalow built but it proved too expensive so we put up a smaller one. The first was sold to Mrs Moore and we moved into the smaller one in the garden. Both have the same view down through the Plantations. When we had this bungalow made Gardner put things in the deeds I never heard of, he didn't discuss such things. He made sure the joint hedges can be only three feet and no more, and also about the boundaries. Its all proved very difficult. I sold a bit of the garden off to Dancers in Vicarage Gardens. It gives them a lot of extra room.

Once we used to entertain the chapel ministers you know, until Gardner got ill and could not hold his knife to carve. Then we stopped. I gave up putting flowers in the chapel, we were living on capital, so we stopped.

Page 24

Godson's were Methodists, well not originally. The family had something to do with the Bourton chapel and that was Congregational, until the Methodists took that over. It was congregational when I first came here. I used to go up sometimes. My mother's people were chapel here. Her relation was Mary Smith who left money for the library. That was aunt Mary Smith. Bourton had one as well. Two endowments. £40 and the interest to be spent on books each year.

Opposite the chapel they built those houses. Fancy building there like that! There used to be hens and a horse in there. I don't know where they wanted those houses built but one parish councillor was determined to have them like that, and they said he did it to spite someone, that's what I was told. It wouldn't please those who had to look over. It doesn't matter now does it, the times gone.

It was sad when we gave up the business. Mrs Bonham came round with a large bowl of flowers.

Gardner died in the Horton. He did not know me for three months, then he appeared to rally, called me Marie, but died not long after. Cherry's did the funeral.

That bread! Oh the smell of it. It went all over the village. All handled twice for tuppence hapenny a loaf.

Contents Top of Document

3. Edith Bassett nee Tasker

Page 25

9. The Tasker Twins

10. Church Lane before 1920

Mrs Bassett kindly agreed to talk to the Cropredy Historical Society and this is an extract taken from the tape recording made at that meeting. Born in Cropredy in 1912 she lived for the first 11 years of her life in Church Lane. The rest of her time spent in the village before marriage was at Plantation Cottage. Since marriage her home has been in Chipping Warden.

Her contribution to the family budget began at an early age. Everyone remembers her as a very attractive active girl and they recall her with affection. Mr Colin Shirley on reading a copy of the talk wrote back to say "Edie was often at our house when my Mother was alive (Mrs Albert Shirley of Old Yard). She was quite a character. One thing she didn't tell, was the time she and her sister Nellie took Mr Bott's father up Williamscote Road in an invalid chair. I don't know what was wrong with him but he used to be taken about in a chair. They let the chair run away with him, I don't know if he was tipped out or not but he had a bad turn that night. I can remember Edie telling mother and I about it and saying "Our Nellie says you know if he dies we shall be murderers." He didn't die, at least not then. I remember how amused we were.

The middle thatched and stone cottage in Church Lane, was once part of an old farm house. The Tasker's had two bedrooms under the thatch. A winder stairs led down from a tiny landing. On entering the front door the sitting room was on the left. This had an open grate. The floor was of stone flags. The passage and pantry had red and black quarry tiles. The hall passage led past the stairs and pantry to reach the back door. A small indoor coalhouse took up the small space where once a passage led to the rest of the farm house, then the Hickman's cottage. Outside a brick built wash house had a little grate as well as a copper. In the summer Mrs Tasker would use that grate to cook on, keeping out the steam. Mrs Edie Bassett nee Tasker's talk in April 1983:

Page 26

My first thoughts of Cropredy was when I went round with Mr Godson with the bread. Mr William Godson, not his son Mr Gardner Godson. He used to have my tea, cos I used to come out of Cropredy School and get on the bread cart and go with him to Great Bourton and Little Bourton, and I knew all the houses there.

I always remember when I used to go with Mr Godson with the bread. I used to think what a funny Row it was down Stanwell, you know where Dr Davies lived. There was Josh Young playing his violin. Manor Road. Then there was another old boy sat at an organ, with a bowler hat on, Trench Dale. He used to have the door open and this black bowler hat on and play the organ. I used to see him when I took the bread, and that was very musical down that Row.

I used to go up to Mr Lidsey's which is that big white house by the Aluminium factory, though there was no factory, just fields and some old bullocks. He trotted on down with his bread cart...there's two cottages right by the side of the canal on the left hand side...Day and Hall that was the name of the people in those cottages then when I was a child. I had to make the journey with this big basket of bread, while he went in the dark, you know, with a lantern, all up that field, then he'd pick me up on the way back from delivering down there. That was the end of the journey, and we'd turn and come back.

The trace broke up Bourton Hill! We both came out, but no harm was done, and mended by a rope. You always carried a rope didn't you with those carts?

I went round with my Father with the Carrier's cart. Well first of all I had to get the horse, I had to catch the horse. I had to go to the field. I was eight years old. I couldn't reach to get her collar on, so I stood in the manger and got the collar on, up and put it the wrong way up and twisted it. The manger you see to reach...I used to go and fetch the horse first then help harness it and get it in. Then you went round the village, up Red Lion Street, where Mrs Hadland kept the Red Lion.

You went round the village, you knew people like, there was a Mrs Gardner and the Vigger's from Prescote cottages, used to have their groceries regularly from Walker's stores. Used to have their order writ out and you collected it. I had to take the order and then the boy from the stores brought the parcels up and put it in the cart you see. Yes wrote down, you had a book. You had to pay and you had some bad debts. Those with least money paid best you found. Yes, they never owed nothing, the Gardner's and the Vigger's, although they had a big family, they was very straight forward. That was Esther Gardner, that was Esther's mum and Bunny.

Page 27

(From) Mr Pinniger's, up the Lawn, a great big basket of butter used to come down, all to go to Banbury. That was in the 1918 war. We had to take a lot in. as well as out. Yes. You took vegetables and things.

When you got orders you went on to Banbury by way of Little Bourton. the back way. Then we put up at the Flying Horse, the pub in Banbury. Which was all stables then, but of course is all car park now. It was all stabling then. When you put the horse up, I was sent on these assignments and one I always remember. There were two Miss Williams down the Station Road, and they was always ill, funnily enough. Whether they were really ill or thought they was ill I don't know, but we used, I used to have to fetch the medicine from where the Whateley Hotel is. Doctor John's was there and I used to go in and pick up the medicine.

My Father used to give me, and I suppose it was the value of a shilling you know 5p now, to get something to eat, you see. Well I used to go into Miss Charlotte and Miss Elizabeth Brown's cake shop, and of course they were Quakers, and they was in those very long black dresses and their hair all drawn back. T'hey was real Quakers you know, and I used to sit down by myself at a little table and I used to order six coconut cakes and a cup of Bovril. That was my meal until I got home, late at night. What interested me so much was the pictures in there. They had lovely old Quaker pictures, beautiful pictures in the tearoom, and I used to sit and study those pictures. Well ever since I've always been fond of pictures.

Pillsworth that was another place I went to, the draper's. Lower down was a favourite shop, that's Brummit's the toyshop. Then its much the same Parson Street really, bar of course the old cake shop gone. There was old Mr Gibb the fish man opposite the Flying Horse. A man, Ginger, had a bicycle shop. Fox's the chemist and on the right hand side there was Mawles. They did corn, I suppose you would call them corn merchants. They had a monkey in there, cos I used to like getting in there to see the monkey. Then there was Dossets at the top, they were first class grocers and you could smell the coffee. They

ground the coffee. Jeff's were opposite, the butchers. We used to call there on our way out for people's joints of meat. Weekend joints all done up to bring back. And always a lot of sausages from Bootes down Church Lane. Real pork. Then there was a wholesalers named Austin and Paynes down George Street, but there was always a lot of cats in there. About a dozen cats and I think that's why I always liked cats. They were beautiful. They were always tortoiseshell, funnily enough. Tortoiseshell cats.

Page 28

We used to leave Banbury I should think about five or six o'clock at night and with a bit of luck and without our Dad staying at the pub too long on the way back, we got here about seven I should think. Our Dad wasn't funny when he had a drop of beer. It affects people like that doesn't it? So I used to try and goad him past the pubs if I could!

Then you delivered the stuff around the village which took some time. You also delivered the Banbury Guardians. I think they were about tuppence, if I remember rightly, or a penny. I know one lady on the Green, Miss Lambert used to pay me in farthings, and I used to think that was terrible. You didn't make much money, you worked hard for next to nothing those days, didn't you? I enjoyed it, I had a very happy childhood. I should like it all over again. I was always occupied. I used to feed Godson's hens for one thing in that little close.

We had a coal cart separate. A proper one and you fetched the coal from the station. There was no coal merchant as such then, before Hawkins, before Botts. Father used to cart the coal from the station. People had loads then, a lot of them.

I remember Mrs Hawkins was crying when I went round with something, you know delivering something. The fire wouldn't go, the chimney wouldn't go. So of course being me, I swept the chimney for her. No, I got the flue brush up! That was round the Wharf.

The cart was covered, oh yes, you didn't get wet. Nor the baker. The baker had a covered cart too. Prince, that was Mr Godson's horse. Prince was very lazy. He was a great big horse, but he would not go very fast. You could lay the stick on him and he still would not move any faster. You know he seemed a lazy horse.

Father's horse used to go very fast, and I used to catch him with the halter, not a bridle. I had no bridle. Get on that gate, its still there but wont be much longer by the look of it. Get up the gate, because I couldn't jump on, there was no saddle you see. Push him up to the gate and get on the gate and then on the horse, then trot her up with just the halter, and she had me off two or three times, and where she was fond of putting me off was on that bit of grass opposite the Brasenose cottages down Station Road. That long piece from the school up to the railway station. She used to nearly always put me off along there.

Page 29

My grandfather (d.1898), my father's father, a horse kicked him right in the centre of his stomach. He loved horses. Everyone had horses then, the Doctor, everyone. He used to bait them. He came from a village by Brackley. He lived here a long while down where Roland Plumb lived at the bottom of Red Lion Street. The brick house. He lived there, but he died soon after the horse kicked him.

I was born up Church Lane opposite the Sunday School. My sister and me were twins and there haven't been any since, not in our family anyway. We were very small. There was no such things as incubators. We were put with beer bottles and hot water all round. My sister likes beer I don't.

Mrs Baisley lived one side and Mrs French opposite. Mrs Hickman lived the other side and Mrs Godson opposite. At Ankers (Beech House) the Miss Ankers were living in that house. I remember them, they were very stout ladies. When we was up Church Lane the Miss Anker's had got a great big barn, that's now a house. Well that's where we kept the cart, and there were stables there. A beautiful barn. Do you remember us having a Peace celebrations there? And there was a great big washing basket full of mugs,1918 peace mugs. We had a big party in that barn and games in the Cup and Saucer field.

Down Creampot Mr McDougall lived in Little Prescote, then he moved to Prescote. He had a very high stepping pony and trap. I used to love to see that, coming out of school, and he used to get to Midland Marts by ten past eight every morning. It was beautiful thing wasn't it? It did move. I should have liked that!

Father had some cows and milked them. (At other times) we used to fetch our milk from where Mr Roland Cherry lives (The Green) in a jug. You took a jug or a can and if we took the can we used to swing it all round and we let it all out one day, and we weren't allowed to go with a can anymore.

We used to go up Sumner's yard cos Kathy Waddups lived up there and we used to get to the old grindstone, pick the rusty nails up and try and shine them up and think we would get rich, you know. Get these nails all shiny.

The old people were very nice when you went to the doors and that. They'd ask you if you wanted a drink or a piece of cake, and I used to love going into Mrs Albert Shirley's and looking at her pictures. Mrs Tom Cooknell she used to have pictures. I used to like to go in there.

Page 30

I took the milk there you see and he was the shoemaker. We used to go in and watch him shoemaking when he was in the mood, but he wasn't always in the mood. He made all shoes and repairs. He made handmade shoes too.

I used to love it at the bakehouse, at Mrs Godson's. They were very nice people. I think when I came out of school the best two smells was I think about then now, was Teddy Robinson shoeing the horses at the blacksmith's shop, which was a very nice smell, and Mr Godson getting hot bread out of the oven. I think that was about 12 o'clock.

Mrs Ross Walker she was a big hospital worker. Red Cross. The hospital then was voluntary. Horton General and we all had to do our bit in the village. And I remember I couldn't sew. We had a B.B.S. which was a BUSY BEE SOCIETY. We had to wear these badges. Well I was busy enough but not sewing. I could NOT sew, and I got in such a state sewing in school I rusted the needles, my hands used to perspire thinking about it see. So she sent me out gardening with the boys! But we used to have to do things for the stall and my sister was a marvellous needlewoman, still is. And although we were twins we were dead opposites. She had to do my share of sewing to keep me in this Busy Bee thing. I had to do things for her she wouldn't do, you know jobs like to square it like. Then we had this hospital Fete and just as you go into the hospital on the right, we had a long stall. I used to go round with the wheelbarrow and collect vegetables and we had a vegetable stall, and a needlework stall, cadge the vegetables, wash it and clean it and get it all prepared to stand on the stall. And we made a lot of money. That's how the hospital was run. She was a great hospital worker Mrs Ross Walker.

Contents Top of Document

Part II

1. Church Lane.

Page 32

11. circa 1887

12. circa 1908

13. 1930's

Page 33

Church Lane lies at the centre of the village. Once seven of the sixty households lay along its short route to the west gate of Saint Mary's Churchyard. The north side early had a stone flag path to keep the church goers out of the muddy lane. The south side was built at a later date onto the edge of the Village Green. This will account for the narrowness of the lane, though the properties on the north side had already encroached up to the path.

The three farms on the north side were all part of the largest manor. They were on much smaller sites than other farms and although they may have had a rear access they suffered from a cramped area and none survived as farms up to 1775.The first was on the corner site surrounded by a wall with elms on the rear boundary. Here in 1578 was one of the largest Cropredy farmers [1]. A Richard Howes farming 5 yardlands [2]. He had managed to lease more than went with the homestall. He died suddenly, and his eldest daughter's husband took over. John Pratt was a more modest farmer, but he too caught the plague going the rounds in 1609, and from then on the farm seems to have suffered some misfortunes. There was a stone and thatch building with a hall fireplace and upper chamber. The downstairs chamber was at the nether or lower end. They also had a

kitchen [3]. Unfortunately the outhouses are not recorded. In this century the site had become a vegetable garden and was rented as such by the Godsons.

Page 34

Next door lived the yeoman family of Vaughans. They were about the least prosperous so must have taken their yeomanry status, from a previous generation. In fact they were either very conservative and liked their wooden dwelling, or had to leave the rebuilding until their finances improved. At the west end their timber house has partly remained, within an outer stone wall, added around 1700, though no record remains to prove this as yet. At the east end a stone cottage with an inglenook fireplace was built. The cottage was occupied in 1613, for the Vaughans widowed son-in-law was living there with his family [4]. After the Vaughans the farm became a trade- cum- farm and was eventually turned into three cottages. It was in the middle one that Mrs Bassett was born as Edith Tasker.

The third and last property on that side was the vicarage. In the 1570's the first married vicar, the Rev'd Holloway, came to live here. He may have added a stone wing or rebuilt entirely in stone and thatch. His stable and barn were at the end of the Lane partly in the churchyard. The right to graze this belonged to the incumbent. His house and garden were then part of the churchyard. The dividing line was a public path leading from Church Lane to Church Street. It wasn't until after 1814 that the tall wall was built around the first vicarage site, by then a vegetable garden. The new vicarage had been built on the south side in 1787 [5].

We owe a great deal to the Reverend Thomas Holloway who stayed here for about 50 years. He left a list of the heads of households [6]. These enable the wills and inventories which administrators had to present at the Peculiar Church Court [7] held at the Brasenose Inn, to be allocated to properties. He also proved beyond doubt that Cropredy was fairly crowded in his time. Over half the properties had more than the nuclear family living under the one roof [8]. Fortunately the good stone houses with their warm thatch, meant the building's were very much above average for that time. It also helped some properties to survive to the present day, although we cannot expect them to be as they were originally.

The three Copyhold cottages belonging to the Brasenose Manor, on the south side, were early built of stone and thatched. If however any of these Horton stone dwellings were neglected for any length of time they soon began to collapse into a ruin. We found plenty of records to show that this happened to the Bakehouse which is why it was reduced in length, and increased in height. Thomas Checkley who was forced to repair it if he wanted to renew his copyhold claim, was only 18 at the time[9]. He may have been very taken with the new bricks which Mr Anker was producing up at Brickhill on the Oxhey road, for he used them to replace the front stone wall, or expense may have dictated his materials. He was not the first to use brick for his grandfather had used them to build Oathill farm. The coming of the canal brick makers made available this modern way which was new to Cropredy. He also chose a new brick lintel above the windows.

Page 35

The older cottage dwellings had a hall house with a parlour chamber and a narrow buttery opposite the fireplace. The upper floors were reached by winder stairs opening directly into the first bed chamber. A second bedroom would lead off the first. As the buildings were thatched the upper storey would be well under the roof.

All evidence of Stonecott, the first cottage at the east end, was removed when it was modernised. The Revd Wood did this for his staff before the owner Mr Andrews died [10]. It has since undergone further changes. In a rear photograph of the Church rooms the steep slope of the thatch appears at the edge of the picture.

The third cottage at the other end was rebuilt by the Lambert's once they had the freehold. They added an attic for the apprentices. A new brick washhouse, now a kitchen, was built at Allitt's bakehouse. Woodview, a new cottage was squeezed in next door. This later cottage was built in front of the stable and barn attached to the Lambert's Woodyard site.

Each of these three cottages had a cow shed or barn as well as the right to pasture a cow on the common. This was very important The 24 farms could keep, for every yardland they farmed, four cows[11]. Thirty tradesmen also had common rights to pasture one cow. Only six households had no rights to keep a cow as part of their cottage lease, this made all the difference to their economy. The College recognised this at the time of the Inclosure in 1775 and left some land with each of their copyhold cottages. The larger manor failed to do this and none of their cottagers who still remained on their estate had land afterwards. Unfortunately the amount of each cottager's land was very much reduced to redeem the land of tithes. So in spite of the Colleges good intentions, their tenants had not enough land afterwards to keep a cow and to grow their own hay and corn as before. This played a large part in reducing the villagers to the poverty line.

Page 36

In a terrier, which all the College tenants had to make from time to time, of the buildings on their homestall and the position of the strips of land leased with it, we find the following information about the three cottages on the south side of the lane. Starting from the Woodyard end:-

"George Lampreys Tarry of one cottage.

Two lands in middle Sarewell...

Two butts in Middle Copthorne ...

The dwelling house three bays barne and outhouse three bays all stone walls and thacked and one little Garden plott "

John Gardner one cottage. The dwelling house three bays barne and gatehouse two bays all stone walls and thacked. One little Gardinge plott"

"John Hills Tarry of one cottage. The dwelling house two bays the barn one bay all stone walls and thacked and one little Garden plott."[12]

Each had the rights to keep a cow and paid the vicar twopence halfpenny each year as a tithe [13]. It can be seen from the above that they were not all identical. This was made about 1704 when the cottages were well over 100 years old.

Contents Top of Document

2. The Bakehouse

Page 37

The earliest people known to be living here were the young Bayly (Bagley) couple, who had moved in to care for the elderly William Hudson [14]. As they married in 1612 that was possibly when they arrived. By 1624 Richard Andrews had taken over and then the records stop. What trade did they have? Or who did they work for? All we know is that they kept a cow and paid their poultry dues by sending over a "coke or a cople of cockerels" each year to the vicar [15].

Justinian Hunt who died in 1650 left the house to his widow Ffrancis. She then married Richard Elkington and their only daughter Elizabeth was entered onto the copyhold lease [16]. Ffrancis died and Richard then married Ann. The daughter Elizabeth married a John Gardner of Williamscote -in-Cropredy. His parents Thomas Gardner and Martha nee Wyatt had farmed there up to 1702 [17]. John farmed Wyatt's land in Cropredy and moved into the farm house. The landlord was not pleased with his farming. He began at a time when stock was not paying and several others in Cropredy fell into arrears. The landlord, Sir Wm. Boothby, was therefore glad when John was forced to quit [18]. Boothby asked the bailiff to find a good tenant for he had spent much in repairs. He hoped that John would get his little house right, then he could leave. With their four children they may have moved into Church Lane. John continued from time to time to lease land and acquire extra cow commons. He was a farmer by trade but may have had to widen his skills. We know he had attended, like most of the brighter Cropredy boys, the Williamscote school, and because he leased land he had to take his turn on the vestry, with his father, where his signature appears in the church accounts [19].When his parents sold up and went to Charlton in Northamptonshire, he continued as the only Gardner to sign the accounts up to 1706.

Page 38

In 1692 Richard Elkington, to clarify his wife's position, made his will leaving his wife and John Gardner as joint executors. Four years later he died and his wife had an inventory made. It is interesting as they appear to have divided the house so that only some of the rooms appear:-

"First his purse and aparell	£ l - 0 - 0
The goods in the BUTTERY	£0 - 5 - 0
The goods in the CHAMBER.....	£0 -15 -0
A smale parsel of hay and all other lumber in the BARNE and vard .	£0 -15- 0
A two yeare old heifer.....	£2 - 0 - 0
A bond of ten pounds that John Gardner	

his son in law owed to Richard Elkaton
formerly and doth appeare that there
is part of the money un paid to the valey
of two pound.... . . .. £2 - 0 -0
..... .Sum total £6-15 -0"

The heifer is their prize possession. Notice that the Hall fire is not mentioned [20]. Presumably the daughter is using that room. The grandrnother is left to help bring up the children, for Elizabeth Gardner died in 1700, a full 13 years before her stepmother. The children were John (1679) and three girls, Elizabeth, Anne and Martha. John went off to farm in Wardington, but inherited the copyhold when his father died in 1717. He entered his youngest son, Roger, onto the copyhold when he renewed his own lease in 1717. It was this life, Roger Gardner, who had the property in 1775 at the Inclosure of the Open Common Fields. At that time he seems to be connected with Slat Mill and may not have lived in Church Lane. Yet he paid the tithes for the Bakehouse and in 1757 was mentioned in the College valuation of the property. Perhaps he lived there during his first marriage. He was married twice and had many children. His descendants lived in Cropredy until recently. Roger died in 1782.

Page 39

The Checkleys buy into the Bakehouse copyhold which still paid only 6s- 8d a year rent [21]. The entrance fines were rising until they reached a labourer's wage for four rnonths by 1834, so the rent set by ancient custom did not give a true picture. The landlord could also refuse to allow a new life to be entered if the building was badly in need of repairs. This happened to the Checkleys. They had bought the Rose and Crown Inn when William Hemmings fell ill. They did not live in Church Lane but let it, though descendants did move in later. Thomas Checkley gave up the licence of the Rose and Crown, later called Home Farm, for he was a farmer and butcher. His wife was an Elkington and her Father had left them a legacy which may have helped them purchase the farm. Mrs Checkley also wished to be buried in the Elkington grave space to the east of the public path leading from Church Lane to Church Street. From then on the Checkleys and Allitts descendants from the Bakehouse and Home Farm are buried with grave stones in this area [22].

Mr and Mrs Thomas Checkley entered their 14 year old son Thomas onto the copyhold of the Bakery site in 1782. This son Thomas married in 1791 and he and Elizabeth had six children of which four survive. The two sons remain bachelors carrying on the butchering and baking from Home Farm. The two girls marry. The eldest Mary married James Allitt and it is her son John who eventually went to live in Church Lane and who is mentioned in Gardener Godson's piece. We have already recalled that the second Thomas and Elizabeth died young leaving a ruinous building which their son Thomas, then only 18, had to get rebuilt before he was allowed to take possession. His rent was pushed up to 20s because of his repairs! However he could also command a higher rent from a sub-tenant. Trying to gain permission from the College must severely have taxed his slender resources for he wrote to them in 1814:-

...the house is finished building
and I could wish to have
it Liv'd as soon as it is
convenient to you
your most Huble Ser't
Thos Checkley"[23].

The College's reaction was to ask William Chamberlin the farmer and surveyor of Cropredy Lawn to make a thorough survey and estimate its present value. Apparently it was a house with a small cow house or stable and a yard [24]. There was a small garden and a tiny field of just over half an acre. Thomas moved in perhaps to reduce his expenses. It was now worth £5 per annum. In spite of his repairs he had to pay £30-12s to enter the copyhold. The profit margin on property for the copyhold tenant must have been almost nil. When his nephew, John Allitt was entered they had to pay a further £7-10s [25].

Page 40

John Allitt lived in Copes' Cottages with his parents. His father was a carpenter and his mother had a shop there. John's sister was living in the cottage when Dr. Bartlett used one of their rooms to hold his surgery in Cropredy. Each morning, John, who had trained to be a butcher and baker with his uncles at Home Farm, used to walk round there past his neighbour the blacksmith at Constone. There lived Ann Haynes born the same year as John in 1822. They eventually married in their early 30's and set up a bakehouse and butchers in Church Lane. Was it John who built the oven extension at the back and raised the loft over the bakehouse? The wash house at the west end used the same bricks as over the bakery so all the improvements may have been done to impress the Haynes that the property was suitable for their daughter.

When Thomas Checkley had altered the house in 1814 he had given not only the front a brick wall but also a new brick inner gable so that the parlour could have a fireplace. Either Thomas or John added a chamber over the gatehouse and a way through to the flour loft from this room. The baker could slip down to light the fire from the innermost room without going through all the rest of the upstairs, down to the main hall, out the back and into the bakehouse through the gatehouse door. The gatehouse was only closed on the street side by two big doors. It was quite open at the rear.

The Godson's had cupboards to store the bread in this cool entrance. There was also a hatch made into the buttery through which cakes could be served from the buttery shelves. The Bakehouse shop had an outside door for customers to come and buy bread. The door and window lintels of the lower part of the shop were old and the walls of stone, although not like the original thick back wall on the south of the house.

John Allitt had converted the small barn from the next door cottage into a butcher's shop. Eventually he turned this into a Sunday school. The Allitts were great church goers, being churchwardens and bell-ringers. He used the Sunday school as a

reading room to try and give people a chance to see the papers. Most read them at that time at either the Brasenose Inn or the Red Lion and of course had a drink at the same time. When he managed to buy the freehold of the Bakehouse (which cost him £84 to acquire [26]) and the Sunday school, he had the latter pulled down and commissioned W E. Mills, the Banbury architect to design the Church Rooms. Cropredy was very fortunate to have this building as it is an excellent example of Victorian architecture. Nothing was spared in its design. Most of the features have been retained except for one unfortunate window replacement. The Reverend Dr. Wood is seen on the photograph out the back with John Allitt in his best smock. John was careful to suggest that a relative must always be one of the Church Rooms trustees.

Page 41

John may have kept his house in good repair but the stone stable was, in 1872, old and dilapidated. It was left to his tenants the Godson's to try and get it put right. They had this done with engineering bricks and a metal ladder made to reach the new loft. In the stable is an unusually large candle alcove by the door. The floor was made of brick sets and the stable divided in two by a wooden standing. Next door was the cart shed.

William Godson purchased the Bakehouse and later their son, Gardner Godson, joined them. In 1950 it was sold to Mr. and Mrs Welford who kept the business until 1974, when it closed.

Contents Top of Document

3. Jack Welford

Page 42

14. Mr & Mrs Welford

Taken in 1974

15. Mr Welford

Page 43

Mr Welford told me a little about his past and the trade over several conversations. Any mistakes are errors on my part.

"Gardner's father was a large huffy fellow much worn out. It was his wife who kept things going. I never thought when I passed them on Hardwick Hill that one day I would take over the business. I came down to Cropredy in 1950."

Mr Welford took an active part in Cropredy and served on the Parish Council. He was also the Chairman for the British Legion for North Oxon. In 1984 he kindly showed me around the Bakehouse and yard.

" The first thing I did was to take off the old thatch roof and put on a tile one. I think that was the best thing I ever done. Taking the thatch off. Always expensive as the insurance was so high. It was two or three times the normal because of the thatch and because it was a bakery. Over the bakehouse was always slated and the kitchen.

Page 44

Godson's added the veranda out the back. It connects the kitchen with the house. We kept the toilet outside, but put a bath in the kitchen. The water we pump up daily to a tank with an electric pump, which is operated from the kitchen. We did have College water, it came up through the gardens behind. The tap is still down there but cut off. It wasn't very reliable, though it didn't run dry. That was lovely water. We had a stopcock outside by the shed. We cut that off when they said they couldn't guarantee a supply. I have a well and I pump that out several times a day. We also have another well in the garden. The well and a tank that fills straight from the rainwater into a tank in the yard keep us supplied. The rainwater runs down into the tank and can then be pumped up to the storage tank over the kitchen. Then the mains water comes into a meter through the front kitchen wall.

If you look at the front of the house you can see by the gatehouse double doors that the house once stopped here. The part by the gatehouse was done later. The west end, the kitchen, has brick which matches the brick over the bakehouse. Long before planning people that! You see the ground floor is stone and has wooden lintels. Can you see we used to have shutters? On the bakehouse windows. One here and one there. They turned round. Open and then kept them back with that metal. Those other four metal pieces up there are what was put there by Hovis when they had a Hovis sign up. To hold it in place. Big metal sign. "Hovis" up on that. But when was it? They came round and wouldn't pay the insurance on it and asked if I wanted it left. So I said 'If your not paying the insurance you can take it away. They know I have Hovis and then who is going to see the sign? They wont see it anywhere but up the drive opposite! Take the metal away.' So they took it down. I wasn't prepared to pay the insurance for something nobody could see. It was only insured in case it blew off and hit anybody. Yes. See Hovis used to pay it. It was metal. No other signs, no.

If you see the Church Rooms must have been built after the bakehouse roof was raised, because it comes over this way. My van used to block the Lane! So they dropped the kerb opposite to allow people to get past easier. To get into the gatehouse I used to have to back up the drive opposite. There were no gates then.

We sold pig food and kept a pig down the garden. Once the pigs had been killed they were hung from that hook on the cart shed beam. You couldn't keep much up there due to the rats. Mice would come into the house but not rats. We had to put poison down.

The oven? You can come and look now." He led the way into the bakehouse through a door from the gatehouse. "Godson's put the oven in. Walls of brick and an asbestos roof. Coke kept it in. This line on the floor is where the old oven came up to. They kept the coal and the faggots here to the right of the oven. The oven door would be here and you would have here your fireplace and you have a damper over that side. When you pull the damper the heat went right round the oven and then up there.

Page 45

In front of the oven we had a table under the (east) window and a cupboard used to stand opposite under the other window (west). On the oven side of the cupboard there was a small table to keep the tins on. We used to take the bread out and put them on the first table before putting them on the racks out there, next to the gatehouse double doors. You had to grease the tins while they were warm. You couldn't do them when they had cooled Well it would take up too much grease. Tins would get so cold in the winter, they more or less generally done as they come out of the oven, before they cool down.

That oven it says came from S. A. Rhodes Ltd Ardwick, Manchester. That was the temperature control that side. Turn inside and in there the fire down there. The hot air channelled round and come up there and round about, then finally up the chimney at the back! Open the damper well back at the side. The heat coming round actually kept the coke going. It was expensive. Cokes dear and the last ten years it went right up. It gets very hot under this low ceiling and you had to keep the windows and door open.

I'll show you the stoke hole. You have to go outside to reach it round the back of the oven. The door here opens out and there are steps down to the stoke hole for it is below ground level. The only light is from that window (south). A shelf there beneath the window holds the coke so that you can shovel into the boiler opposite. Coke. Fireplace and that's the fan. The air comes in there see, and is fanned through by opening and shutting this. You have to clean the thing out a lot. Worst job of the lot. When they installed the oven the builders put up this building. Since then its subsided. This stoke hole used to fill up with rain. Well it still does. Built below ground level in 1948. I didn't know the place then. Cause I used to see old Mr William Godson, not Gardner, but his father, delivering bread as I went to school, coming along the main road as far as the railway bridge by the Alcan. That first oven he had had the chimney in the main roof. This chimney grew unsafe and I've had to take it down.

Old Mr Godson he used to have a horse and come into this yard with his cart. There are two stables and a loft above. The wood inside is going rotten especially that far end under the galvanised roof."

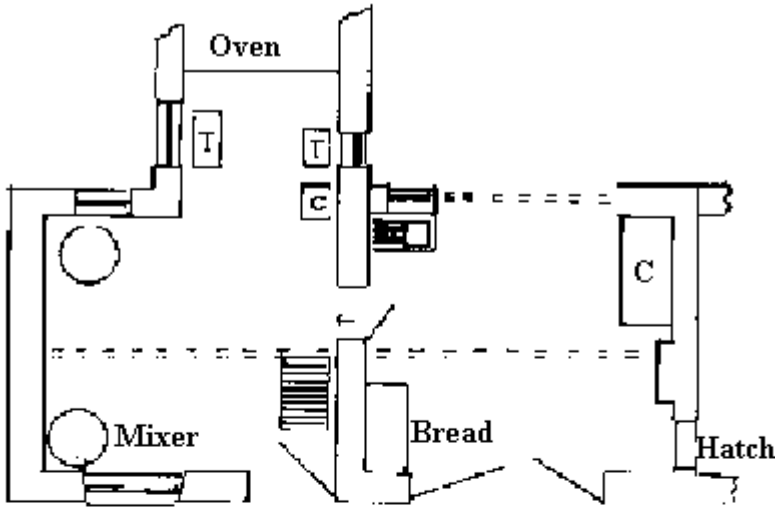
Did you use electric mixers?

"In the bakehouse we had two. One stood in that back part under the window and the other by the front wall. The old dough kiver stood there once. Its now in the stable. The mixers were electric. I sold one to the potter at Constone the others awaiting execution in the shed! Up there in the flour loft they built a shoot to bring the flour down to the mixer. Half a sack to fill the machine. Flour was put up there by the miller, when the bags were 140 lbs instead of 100. In the old days it used to be 280 lb bags, then 140 and then in later years they started on paper bags like these potato bags, that size. They would open the loft street windows for they had a crafty way. They stood on the top of the lorry and threw it through, one man in, one out. They threw it through the window. The lorry drove up. They stacked it up there.

Page 46

How much per load? Ooh ooh! We used to have to depend on the price you see. So we would gauge it. If the price of flour was going up, you'd pay, enquire of the orders so you wouldn't have to, if it was dear, have it. If it was going to drop you didn't get much.

Yeast was bought in Banbury along Church Lane until that closed down. Yeast come once a week. Then that closed and after that it got difficult. Supplies dried up, but in the end I finished up getting it from Fine Lady Bakeries. They got a lot and I had mine from there. Baking was always hard work. Godson had it from his father. Well me father was a baker. I started with him. He had it from his uncle in Buckinghamshire, then he went to Canada. He was a cook in the army, then after the first world war come out and bought a business at Mollington and that's where my sister lives. Ah no its the same as this redundant. Then of course I joined the army as a baker. I thought I should break away a bit, but I wasn't so much with the people as with supplies and other feed stuffs. When I came out of the army the pension wasn't big enough. I worked for one of the combines until I got fed up with them. Then I heard about Mr Godson giving up through illness so I came here and saw the place. That's how it is. Came here in 1950 and closed 10 years ago in 1974."



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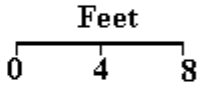

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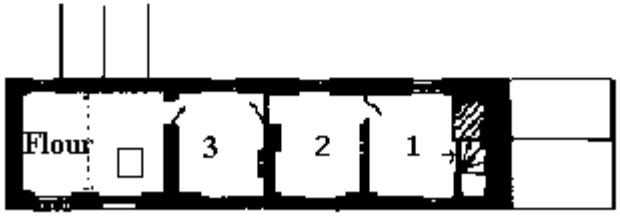

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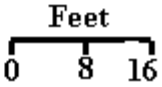

THE BAKEHOUSE.

l. Plan of Bakehouse. T = Table, C = Cupboard

2. Ground floor plan of Bakehouse. P = Parlour, B = Buttery, H = House, K = Kitchen

3. First floor plan of Bakehouse..

Contents Top of Document

Local Information

PART II REFERENCES

1.1578.List of farmers in MS dd par Cropredy c 25/2. l b.
2. A yardland in Cropredy was approximately equal to 32 acres, but this appeared to vary from lease to lease. Cropredy had 56 yardlands.
3.1609. Will of John Pratt MS Wills Pec.48/1/25 at Oxon Archives. Cropredy Wills 75/609.
4. Easter Oblations 1613-1619, in MS dd par Cropredy c25/7.
5. MS dd par Cropredy c28 page iii. Vicar's Accounts 1786-1795.
6. Vicar Holloway's Easter Lists as [4].
7. Peculiar: Cropredy was outside the jurisdiction of the Archdeacon of Oxford, and as a prebend of the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln had a Peculiar Church Court under the jurisdiction of the Prebendaries.
8. Nuclear: A family without grandparents living with them.
9. Thomas Checkley's building. Brasenose College 620.
10. B.N.C. letters 1844-1895 and 209 Revd Dr. Wood to Bursar Feb.1877.
11. B.N.C. Hurst 80.
12. B.N.C. 554.
13. MS dd par Cropredy c25/3 Tithes 1614-19.
14. MS dd par Cropredy c25/7 & 8.
15. MS dd par Cropredy c25/6 Poultry tithes 1611-19.
16. MS dd par Cropredy c25. Tithe Account 1669-1674.
17. MS dd Loveday c5/1 Lease & Conveyance 10 Sept 1702.
18. Boothby Letter books: British Library Manuscripts Collections. Add MSS.71960-62

19. Church Accounts for Cropredy 1694-1746.
20. Wills Pec. 38/l/17 Oxfordshire Archives
21. B.N.C. 470. Court of 1782.
22. Cropredy Grave Survey, A.P.Keegan.
?3. B.N.C. 873. Sept. 30th 1814.
?4. B.N.C. 458. May 3rd 1815.
25. B.N.C. 329. Court Baron 1834.

26. B.N.C. 217. Valuation page 3,1872.

Page 49

Appendices

Appendix One **The Smith Family**

William Smith (1803-1867) a cordwainer married his first wife **Sarah Gardner** in 1828. They appear to have had at least 5 children:-

1) **George** (1829-1900) a stone mason who married his cousin **Hannah Smith** (1833-1909)
2) **Elizabeth** (1831-?)
3) **Thomas** (1832-1853) a shoemaker.
4) **John** (1840) a shoemaker. Born Fenny Compton.21 in 1861 census & living with George in Cropredy.

William Smith had a daughter **Henrietta** bp23 Oct 1859 d of Wm Smith & Hannah ?Staman. The name of his second wife is still unclear. After William died in 1867 his widow remarried and they left Cropredy with Henrietta. This daughter married **George Askew**. These were Marie's parents.

George Smith (1829-1900) eldest son of William, married **Hannah** his cousin. The Smith family home was at 3 Red Lion Street, Cropredy, and this property was passed to an elder son as soon as the parents had died. Hannah's father being the son of a second marriage had to leave as soon as his widowed mother died. He moved to 10 Chapel Row. Elizabeth Smith widow of an elder son moved in to No. 3. When she died in 1863 Henrietta's father William (1803-1867) was able to live at No. 3. In turn it passed to George the husband of Hannah who returned to her old home. Hannah's sister Mary wrote about this in her autobiography. George her brother was a successful carrier and leased Springfield farm.

George and Hannah Smith had four children:-

1) **George** (1860-1904) a builder who married **Alice Lymath** and lived at Wardington.
2) **Mari Anne** (186?-1943) married **Richard Sumner** and lived at the Woodyard, Church Lane, where Marie goes to stay.
3) **William** (1867-1936) a solicitor's clerk in Banbury. He married a **Dunn**. A lay preacher and nicknamed "Smiler."
4) **Elizabeth** (1869-1909) married **James Bonham**, saddler, and remained with her widowed mother at 3 Red Lion Street where Marie visits them.

Page 50

Appendix Two **The Godson Family**

William Godson (b.1742) was the son and grandson of school teachers. William married **Sarah Parker** in 1764.Their son **William Decimus Godson**(1783-1850) was born at Cherington. In 1807 he married **Penelope Hunt** in Banbury and they lived in Great Bourton where William was the Schoolmaster. He was also a butcher. They had five children of whom **Sophia**, married **William Neale** the Bourton grazier, in 1839, and **William**(bp.24.12.1819-d.20.3.1898), Grave 141 Gt.B. a butcher and dealer. This William married **Jane** (1827-1908) and they had nine children:

1) **Sophia** born 1852, bp28.01.1853 m.1888.
2) **Elizabeth** (1855-1856) Banbury.
3) **Ann** (1857-1860) Banbury.
4) **William** 1861 who died aged 4 months.
5) **William** born 1862, died 30 January 1939 aged 76. Grave 84 at Cropredy. He was a baker and married **Rhoda Hall**. She died 18 April 1942, aged 77. They had only one son. **Charles William Gardner Godson**, born 14 May 1889 at Great Bourton. He died 22 February 1971, aged 81. He married**Marie Askew** (1892-1988) on l8th. July 1932. "Gardner Godson was married to Miss Marie Askew at Marlborough Road Wesleyan Chapel. Our Boss was best man. He came back in a nice Daimler" A. S. Pettifer's diary.
6) **John** (1864-1906) aged 42. Married **Jane Cox** (1871-1950) in 1903. Their daughter **Gertrude A**.**Godson** (1905) married **Norman Smith** Builder of Cropredy in 1928.
7) **Sarah** (1866-d 6.6.1902),Grave 141, Gt.B. Dressmaker in 1891.
8) **Ann** (1868-1953).
9) **Edwin** (1871-1946) m **Annie Garraway** in 1918.

Marie told me:- William Godson's (1862-1939) brother John (1864-1906) left a young wife to carry on with his Bakery. Their daughter **Gertie** became a teacher. She was Gardner's cousin and had the same fresh complexion. Everyone liked her. Once she told Marie they had several musical instruments in the house. Much of the family furniture had been made by the joiners in the family. Gardner Godson was prompted to write his article by Miss Lascelles of Cropredy school.

Corrections (March 18 2001) kindly given by Celia Dodd nee Godson who is researching the Godson Family History. e-mail: godson@one-name.org

Appendix Three **The Allitt Family**

In Cropredy Church in the south chapel are three windows dedicated to the Allitt family. The East window put there by her parents was for their only daughter.

"Emily Ann / Allitt who was called / suddenly from this life Augt 13 1880 aged 26."

This window has a picture of Cropredy church tower where her father helped to ring the bells. He was often a church warden. The two South windows in the chapel are first to Mrs Allitt:-

"Ann Allitt who died Feby 26 1883 aged 61" which was erected by her husband John.

The second reads "*John Allitt who entered / into rest Jany l9th 1909 in / his 88th year*" and was erected by his brother, sister, nephews and nieces.

Page 52

Appendix Four **The Askew Family**

Enquiries about the Askews brought the following information from Class Y7 of Harbury C.E. Combined School, Warwickshire in 1990. They had checked the 1861 Census at Northend. Warwicks. and found this family :-

1) **Samuel Askew**, 4l, Labourer born at Knightcote.
2) **Elizabeth Askew**, 32, born at Rattley Grange.
3) **Richard** Askew,10
4) **Robert** Askew, 8
5) **George Askew**, 5

In the 1881 Census for Harbury, they discovered in Church Terrace, **George Askew** with his wife **Henrietta**. Also their two children **Gertrude and Winifred**. They then checked the Harbury Registers for this family and came across the marriage of George Askew to Henrietta Emmeline Smith on July 3rd 1878. Henrietta's father was a **William Smith**. The two witnesses were George Lewis Knight and Mary Elfred. The pupils then checked other records and found George Askew renting land on the Ufton Road in 1885. They also found them renting a cottage on the South Parade, Harbury. The six children we know from Marie Godson were all born at Harbury, but only the five eldest could be traced in the Baptism Registers :-

1) Gertrude born 1879.
2) Winifred Mary born 1881.
3) William Thomas Elfred born 1883.

4) Constance Henrietta born 1884.
5) Harry George Douglas born 1886.
6) Maria (**Marie**) was born in 1892 and lived there for two years. There is no baptism record.

In Leicestershire the Askews lived in a terrace house called "This ugly house," by Mrs Askew. Later they moved to a larger space behind the actual tailor's shop in the High Street, Ibstock. The girls became very adept at making dresses and baking.

(A thank you to Jeannette Andrews, Andrze Scholtz, Joanne Merrick, Jon Egging, Martyn Revitt, Mrs S. Andrews and Mr N. Chapman).

Page 53

Appendix Five **The Tasker Family**

The **Taskers** first arrived in Cropredy from Hinton about 1874. **Edmund** (1848-1898) and **Eliza** (1835-1915) had at least 8 children. Mr Tasker was born in Plestow, Buckinghamshire and Eliza at Enstone. He was especially gifted with horses and worked as a groom as well as a carrier. In 1881 the family lived at the Riverside cottages and later they rented 12 Red Lion Street.

Their children as far as we know were:-

Bessie Martha who married **Alfred Chapple** of Kirkdale, Lancashire on the 8th of Feby 1885. **George Albert (**1863-1927) married **Emily** (1870-1913).Both are buried at Cropredy. In 1881 George aged 18 was a carrier.
Amy Elizabeth (1865-) married **George Turvey** on the 2lst of May 1888.
Sarah Ann born 1872 was a scholar in 1881.
Eliza Mary aged 7 in 1881.
Edith Ryman bap. 12 April 1874.She married **William Stevenson** on the 25th of Nov'r 1903. **Thomas Edmund** bap. 24 December 1876 also at Cropredy. He married **Ethel Morbey** at Banbury. They moved to the cottage in Church Lane. Thomas was a carrier. Their twins **Edith** and **Ellen** were baptised on the l6th of June 1912. In 1919 Mrs Tasker purchased some cottages in the Plantations from the sale of the Cope's Estate in Cropredy. The family moved down to Plantation Cottage once the home of the Cooknell's.

Page 54

Appendix Six **Plates**

Details of photographs:-

1. **William and Rhoda Godson** outside their front door in Church Lane. Behind the baker's boy are the gatehouse doors, with the bakehouse shop entrance and window beyond. The farthest building is the elegant Church Rooms seen again on plate 11 on page 33.

2. Customers at the bakehouse door opposite Tasker's cottage. This postcard was sent as a birthday greetings in 1949 to the late **Douglas Askew**. This postcard and the Askew plates lent by the kind permission of the Askew family. *"This is a photo of Church Lane/ a customer stands at/ the Bakehouse door/ I have made a cross/ on the front doorstep/ hope you will be able/ to get over soon. I hope/ to spend a few days at/ Ibstock soon. Love from/ all. Auntie **Con**."*

3. **Gardner Godson's** sheep reared for the butcher's side of the business.

4. **Marie Godson** in the baker's cart with Prince, down Station Road. They are outside Station House. The Brasenose Cottages are behind Mrs Godson.

5. **Gardner Godson** holding his horse to be shod at the two blacksmiths on Cropredy Green, **Andrew Taylor** and **Sidney Watts**. The two blacksmiths departed to Canada in 1912. Andrew set up in business eventually on his own there, but Sidney returned home.

6. **Marie Askew** before she married Gardner Godson.

7. Marie's parents **George and Henrietta Askew** in their garden at Ibstock. Her sister **Constance** is hurrying off.

8. Station House before it was rendered. This shows the enlarged upper windows, the upstairs walls in brick above stone and the new slate roof.

9. **The Tasker twin's** photograph was kindly supplied by **Mrs Moffatt nee Ellen Taske**r.

10. The three cottages on the north side of Church Lane were occupied by the **Hickmans** at the west end, the **Taskers** in the middle and **Baisleys** at the Church end.

11. Baker and butcher **John Allitt** with the **Revd. W Wood D.D**. behind the newly built Church Rooms. This shows the architect **W E. Mills's** attention to detail. Next door at the bakehouse an oven chimney in a tile roof as a fire precaution. Stonecote cottage on the right still has the old very low thatched roof. The shared well is close to the water barrels and

hurdles, which may have replaced a former garden hedge during the rebuilding. Rooks can be seen still occupying the tall elms at the rear of Tasker's cottage.

Page 55

12. c1908. The north side of Church Lane showing the west cottage's new gable window, a chimney for the front room at the east end cottage and the old Vicarage garden wall.

13. 1930's. The notice board seen in Godson's vegetable garden on the left dates this as post 1927 when a new Community Council put up the board. The curve in the road hides Stonecote cottage beyond the Church Rooms. The Vicar's stable was next to the churchyard gates.

14 & 15. Printed by the kind permission of **Frank Smallpage** who took these two photographs of **Mr & Mrs Jack Welford** before they retired in 1974.

16. Cropredy Methodist Group.

Page 56

Back row - Left to Right

1. Cyril Timms
2. Ernest Cherry
3. James W. Bonham
4. William Pettifer
5. Lizzie Pettifer
6. Grace Townsend
7. Mrs J.W.Bomham
8. Ella Charles
9. ? Joan Bonham
10. Lizzie Hollis
11. William Smith
12. Frank Sumner
13. Mrs Ernest Cherry
14. Mrs Dick Watts

Middle Row

16. Cropredy Methodist Group

Bottom Row

15. Harry Hill
16. Reg. Charles
17. Mrs Charles
18. Mrs Archer
19?
20. Emily Bradley
21?
22. Mrs Townsend
23. Mrs Jo. Townsend
24. May Thomas
25. William Thomas
26. Harry Townsend
27. Miss Constable
28. Mrs H. Dunn
29. Henry Dunn
30. Mrs R. Sumner
31. Mrs F. Sumner
32. Tom Timms

33. Miss Cowley
34. Mrs Jesse Hill
35. Mrs Cyril Timms
36.Emily Hollis
37. Tom Bradley
38?
39. Thomas Cherry
40. Mrs T. Cherry
41. Herbert Cherry
42?
43. Ivy Cherry
44. Roland Cherry.

Contents Top of Document

Index of Names

A
Allibone Arthur 19
Allitts 35,39,51
Allitt Ann 51
Allitt Emily Ann 51
Allitt James 39
Allitt John 3,5,6,18, 39-41,51
Allitt Mary 39
Amos Mr 7
Andrews Jeannette 52
Andrews Mr 35
Andrews Richard 37
Andrews S. Mrs 58
Ankers 18
Anker Misses 29
Anker Mr 35
Arch Joseph's daug. 9,10
Arnold Mr 23
Askews: 9-24,52
Askew Constance 12,14,52
Askew Elizabeth 52
Askew George 10,49,52
Askew Gertrude 52
Askew Harry George 52
Askew Henrietta 9-11,14,49,52
Askew Marie 9-24,50,52
Askew Richard 52
Askew Robert 52
Askew Samuel 52
Askew William T.E. 52
Askew Winifred 11-12,52
Austin & Paynes 27

B
Baisley Mrs 29
Bassett Edith 25-30,34
Barr Revd George 22
Bartlett Dr. 8,39
Bayly (Bagly) 37
Bennett Revd Mr 22
Bradley Muriel 21
Brooks Lady 19
Brown's 19,20,27
Brown Miss Charlotte 27
Brown Miss Elizabeth 27
Brown Mr 22
Brown Mrs 20,22
Brummit's 27

C
Chamberlin William 39
Chapman N. 52
Chapman's 15
Chapple Alfred 53
Checkley Elizabeth 39
Checkley Mary 39
Checkley Thomas 34,38-40
Cherry's 3,17,24
Cherry Ray 23
Cherry Roland 17,29
Cherry Thomas 17,22
Chesterman Mr 6,7
Cook Mrs 16
Cooknell's 19,53
Cooknell Thomas 3
Cooknell Mrs T 22,29
Cowley Mrs 5
Cox Jane 50

D
Dale Trench 26
Dancer's 23
Davies Dr 26
Day 26
Dosset's 27
Dunn Dora 13
Dunn Elsie 14
Dunn Ivy 13
Dunn Mabel Ellen 14
Dunn Minnie 4
Dunn Mrs 13
Dunn William 14

F
Frank old 7
French Cyril 22
French Mrs 20,22,29
Fox's 27

G
Gardner's 3,27
Gardner Anne 38
Gardner Bunny 27
Gardner Elizabeth 38
Gardner Esther 27
Gardner John 36-38
Gardner Marlowe 23
Gardner Martha 37,38
Gardner Mrs 26
Gardner Roger 38
Gardner Sarah 49
Gardner Thomas 37
Gibb Mr 27
Gilbert 3
Ginger's 27
Godson s 1-24, 28,40,41,50,
Godson Ann 50
Godson Elizabeth 50
Godson C.W Gardner 1-8, 12-24,26,33,39,41,43-46,50
Godson Gertrude 50
Godson Jane 50
Godson John 50
Godson Marie 9-24,50
Godson Penelope 50
Godson Rhoda 14,16,17,19,20,22,23,29,30,50
Godson Sarah 50
Godson Sophia 50
Godson William 16-18, 22,23,26,30,41,43,45,50
Godson William Decimus 50
Green Mrs 22

Bonham Harold 13
Bonham Hilda 12,13
Bonham J.W 3,13,49
Bonham Mrs 12,13,24
Bonham Una 13
Bonham Violet 13
Bootes 27
Boothby Sir Wm. 37
Boscott Brian 19
Botts Mr 25,28
Dunn ? (m.Wm Smith) 49
E
Egging Jon 52
Elfred Mary 52
Elkington Anne 37
Elkington Elizabeth 37,38
Elkington Ffrancis 37
Elkington Richard 37,38
Elkington Thos 35,39
H
Hadlands 20
Hadland Mrs 26
Hall 26,50
Harris Mrs 22
Hawkins 28
Haynes Ann 40
Hemming William 39
Hickman Mr 18,25
Hickman Mrs 28,29

Hills John 36
Holloway Revd Thos 34
Hopkins Mr 12
Hopkins Mrs 9,12
Howes Richard 33
Hudson Wm 37
Hunt Ffrancis 37
Hunt Justinian 37
Hunt Penelope 50

J.K
Jeff's 27
Johns Dr 27
King George 6
Knight's 10,52

L
Lascelles 50
Lambert's 35
Lambert Louis 33
Lambert Mrs 23
Lambert Miss 28
Lamprey George 36
Lidsey's 26
Lupton Revd 5
Lymath Alice 49

M
Mawles 27
McDougall Anne 20
McDougall Mr 29
McDougall Mrs 20
Merrick Joane 52
Plumb Roland 29
Pratt John 33
Prestidges 18

R
Revitt Martyn 52
Robinson Teddy 30

S
Scholtz Andrze 52
Shirley Albert Mrs 25,29
Shirley Colin 22,25
Shirley John 8
Slack Major 6
Smith's 3,18,49
Smith Alice 49
Smith Elizabeth 49
Smith George 9,49
Smith Gertrude 50
Smith Hannah 12,49
Smith Henrietta 10,49,52
Smith John 49
Smith Mari Anne 49
Smith Mary 24,49
Smith Mr & Mrs 16
Smith Norman 50
Smith Sally 9
Smith Thomas 49
Smith William 9,14,49,52
Stevenson William 53
Sumner's 3,4,18
Sumner Annie 11,13
Sumner Constance 14
Tasker Thomas E. Mr 22, 26-29,53
Terry Miss 4
Timms Mr 23
Turvey George 53

U.V
Vaughan's 34
Vigger's 26,27

WY
Waddups Kathy 29
Walker Ross Mrs 30
Walker's 20
Welford Jack Mr 23,41,43-46
Welford Mrs 23,41
Williams Misses 27
Wood Revd Dr 35,40
Wyatt Martha 43
Young Josh 30

Mills W.E 40
Moore Mrs 23
Morbey Ethel 53
Mullis aunt 9

Neal Mr 3,4,14
Neale Sophia 50
Neale William 50

P
Pargeter Bernard 4
Pargeter George 3
Pargeter J.3
Parkes Sarah 50
Pettifer A.S.50,54
Pillsworth 27
Pinninger Mr 27
Pirie Dr 10
Sumner Elsie 11,13,14
Sumner Frank 11,13,14
Sumner May,Mrs 111,14,49
Sumner Richard 10,14,49
Sumner & Neal 3,4,14
T
Taskers 22-30,53
Tasker Amy E.53
Tasker Bessie M. 53
Tasker Edith 22,23,25,34,53
Tasker Edmund 29,53
Tasker Eliza M.53
Tasker Emily 53
Tasker Ethel Mrs 22,25,53
Tasker George A. 53
Tasker Nellie 25,29,30,53
Tasker Sarah A. 53

General Index

A
Alcan,Alley factory 16,26,45
American 8
Amos meadow 7
Apparel 38
Apprentices 35
Architect 40
Arthritis 16,22
Army 6,46
Artillery 14
Asthma 13
Asbestos 44
Attic 12
Austin 7 21

B
Bailiff 37
Baker 3,4,17,18,28,39,40, 46,50
Baker's cart 26,28
Bovril 27
Bowler hat 26
Brasenose College 34-35, 38,39,43
Brasenose cottages 28
Brasenose Inn 34,40
Brasenose manor 34
Bread 13,16,20,21,24,26,30
Bread cart 26,28
Bricks 34,35,40,41
Brickhill 35
Brickmakers 35
Bridle 28
British Legion 43
Brown's cakeshop 19,20,27
Brummit's 27
Building firms 3,4,6
Bungalow 18,23
Busy Bee Society 30
Butcher 3,5,18,27,39,40,50
Butter 7,9,27
Church Rooms 6,18,35,40, 44
Church Street 34,38
Church Terrace 52
Church Wardens 40
Church yard 23,33,34
Claydon Road 18
Clergyman 22
Coach 22
Coal 5,8,11,25,28
Coal cart 28
Coal club 6
Coal merchants 3,9
Cockerels 37
Coffee 27
Coke 37,44,45
Collar 26
Colt 3,7
Colza oil 8
Companion 12
Composition floor 15

Bakehouse 4,7,16,17,18, 19,20,22,30,34,35,37-41,43,44,45.

Banbury Cake 19,20
Banbury Guardian 28
Band 11.
Bank 20
Baptist 11
Barn 17,29, 34-36,38,40
Basket,bread 26
Bath 43

Bathroom 15
Bedrooms 12,15-17,35
see also chambers
Beer 28,29
Beer money 4,6
Beech House 29
Bell 5,6
Bell land 5
Bell-ringers 20,40
Bicycle shop 27
BilLs 16 see also debt.
Blacksmiths 3,6,30,40
Boar war 6
Boat 13
Boiler 45
Boot shop 3,7
Bourton Hill 15,26
Buttery 35,38,40 see Pantry.

C
Cake 5,14,17,18,20,21,27,29,40
Calf 7
Canal 3,26,35
Candle hole 41
Car 21
Carpenter 39
Carpet 15
Carriers 7,22,26,49,53
Carter 6
Carts 7,8,26-28,
Cart shed 41,44,45
Cats 19,27
Chamber 33,35,38,40,see bedrooms
Chapel 8,9,11,13,18,22-24
Chapel Row 14,49
Chemist 27
Cheque 20
Chicken 19
Chimney 15,28,45
Choir 20,23
Church 8,11,20,22,23
Church accounts 37
Church Court 34
Church of England 4
Church Lane 17,19,22,25, 27,29,38,40, 44,46,53
Congregational 24
Constone 40,45
Cook 22,46
Copes cottages 15,18,39
Copper 26
Copthorne 36
Copyhold cottages 34,38-40
Cordwainer 9,49
Cornet 11
Cornmerchant 27
Coronation 5,mugs 5
Cow commons 35,37
Cows 29,35,36
Cow shed 35,39
Coxes Butts 18
Crabtree 13
Creampot Lane 22,29
Cropredy Historical Soc. 25
Cropredy Lawn farm 6,13,39
Cup and Saucer 29
Curfew 5
Custom 6,8,38
Cycle 13,14

D
Dairy 12
Dealer 50
Debts 16,26,38,see bills
Deeds 23

Delivery 26,28,45
Diabetes 23
Dinners 4,5,18
Doctor 8,10,15,23,27,28,40
Dog 21
Dough 5,18,20,45
Dough cakes 5
Drapers 27
Dressmaker 9,14,52
Duck pie 5

E

Green,the 13,22,29
Grocers 27
Grocery 8,13,26
Guineas 5

H
Hall house 33,35,38
Halter 28
Handbells 6
Hardwick Hill 19
Hatch 17,46
Haulier 3
Lads 19
Lambert's cottage 23
Lamp 8
Landlord 37,38
Lantern 26
Lawn cottages 13
Lawn Farm 6,13,39
Lead 21
Legacy 39
Libary (Mary Smith) 24
Little Prescote 29
Living room 15-17

Eggs 7,19,20
Elections 11
Electric 18,20,21,43,45,46
Enclosure 35,38
F
Farmer 5,37,39,47
Farms 6,9,13,18,19,33,
35,39,40,49
Farthing 28
Feather beds 17
Field 18
Fete 6,30
Fine (Copyhold) 38
Fine Lady Bakeries 46
Fireplace
15,17,33,34,35,38,40
Fishman 27
Floods 21
Floor 15,20,25,41
Flour 16,19,20,46
Flour loft 17,20,40,46
Flour mill 3,7
Flowers 23,24
Flutes 11
Flying Horse 27
Flying machine 12
Footpath 5
Funeral 24

G
Garden 10,12,15,18,22,
23,30,36,39,43
Gardener 22,39,43
Gatehouse 36,40,44
Gentleman's outfitters 11
George St.27
Ginger beer 22
Glazier 3
Grave 39
Grazier 50

Haulm 7
Hay 38
Haymaking 18
Headmaster 13
Heifer 38
Hens 17,18,24,28
Hickman's cottage 18,25
High Street 23
Hill Farm 13
Holiday 4,11,13-15
Home farm 18,39,40
Horse 6-8,18,21,24,26-30,45
Horse and cart 3,19
Horseshoes 3
Hospital 17,24,30
Hornton stone 34
Houses 16
Households 34
Hovis 21,44

I
Indigestion 11
Incubator 17
Inglenook 17
Insurance 43,44
Invalid chair 25
Inventory 34,38

J
Jock (dog) 21
Joiners 50

K
Kitchen
12,15,17,22,33,43,44
Kiver 45
Kneading 21

L
Labour 11

Lorry 46

M
Malt loaves 20,21
Manger 26
Manor 33
Manor Road 2b
Mask 20
Market 7
Measles 13
Meat 4,5,7,19,28
Medicine 27
Methodists 13,24
Mice 19,44
Midland Mart 29
Midwife 8,20
Milk 7,29
Mill 6
Miller 46
Miners 10,11
Mining 10,11,16
Ministers 23
Mixers 20,21,45,46
Monkey 27
Monkeytree House 22
Mop 18,21
Mug 6,29
Musical 26,50
Mutton hat 5

N
Needlewoman 30
Newsagent 6
Nuclear family 34,57
Nursed 17,22

O
Oathill farm 35
Old Yard 25
Orchard 10,12

Organ 2b
Oven 4,13,15,17,

R
Rabbits 4,19

Specialist 23
Springfeld farm 9,49

18,20,21,30,40,44,45
Oxhey Road 35

p
Painter 3
Pantry16,17,25,see buttery
Paper 6,28,40
Parcels 20,26
Parlour 17,35,40
Parish Council 21,24,43
Parkinsons 23
Parson St.27
Pastry 16,19,20
Peace celebrations 29
Pebbledash 15
Peculiar Church Court 34,47
Pensions 17,46
Photographs 16,19,21,35,40
Picnics 13
Pictures 27,29
Pies 19
Pie dish 5
Pig foods 19,44
Pigs 17,18,44

Planes 16
Plantation cottages 25,53
Plantation 18,23
Plums 10
Pocket money 7
Policeman 3
Pony 13,21,29
Pool 13
Postcards 12
Postman 6
Post office 14, 20,22
Poultry food 20
Preacher 14,17,49
Prescote cottages 26 see Riverside
Prince 4,20,28
Pub 27,28
Pump 4,43,44
Purse 38

Railway 3
Raspberries 10
Rationed 19
Reading 11,14,40
Reading room 6,18,40
Reapers 7
Red Cross 30
Red Lion Inn 26,40
Red Lion St. 9,12,13,26,29,49,53
Rent 8,38,39
Repairs 38,39,41
Rhodes S.A.Ltd 45
Riverside Cottages 53
Roadman 3
Rockets 6
Rope 26
Rose and Crown Inn 39
Round 19
Rupture 23

S
Sacks 46
Saddlers 4,49
Sarewell 36
Sawpit 4
Scarlet fever 11
Scholarship 13
School Bourton 4
School Cropredy 4,18,26,30
School Williamscote 37
School teachers 50
Sewing 30
Sexton 6
Sheep 18
Shoemaker 7,30,49 see Cordwainer
Shoe shop 3
Shutters 16,44
Signalmen 23
Sitting room 25
Skating 7
Skimmed milk 7
Slates 15,43
Slat Mill 38
Smock 5,40

Stables 27,34,35,41
Stained glass 5,22,51
Stall 30
St. Mary's 33
Stanwell 26
Steam lorry 19
Station 3,6,23,28
Station House 15,16,23
Station Road 27,28
Strawberries 15
Strikes 10,11
Stokehole 45
Stonecote 35

Sunday diner 4,5,18
Sunday school 11,18,29,40
Sunnyside 10
Surgery 39
Surveyor 9,39

T
Tailor 10,14,52
Tank 43,44
Terrier 35
Thatch 7,35,36,43
Tied cottage 8
Tiles 43
Timber house 34
Tins,grease 21,45
Tithe 36
Toilet 43
Toyshop 27
Trace 26
Tradesmen 35
Trains 3,6,10,12,15,23
Tramps 11
Trap 13,21,29
Travis 3
Treasurer chapel 9
Trustees 40
Twins 22,29
Tyring 4

V
Valuation 38,39
Van 21,44

Q
Quakers 27
Queen Victoria 6
Smoking cap 6
Soldier lame 12
South Parade 10,52
Spade guineas 6
Vegetables 27,30
Vegetable garden 10,33,34
Veranda 15,43
Vestry 37

Vicar 22,36,37
Vicar's daughter 16
Vicarage 22,34
Vicarage Gardens 18,23
Victorian 40
Village Green 33
Violin 26
Visitors 20

W
Wage 8,10,38
Wagon 8
Walker's stores 26
War 4,5,16,19,20,22,27
Wash house 25,35,40
Watch 5
Water,college 43
Well 5,44
Wharf 28
Wharf coal 3
Wharf stone 3
Whately Hotel site 27
Wheat 6
Wheelwrights 4,6
Wholemeal 20,21
Wholesalers 27
W I. 20
Williamscote Road 25
Williamscote School 37
Wills and Inventories
34,38,47
Winder stairs (newel) 25,35
Window 15,22
Woodview 35
Woodyard 11,14,35,36,49

Y
Yardland 33,35,47
Yeast 46

Page 63

Index of Places

A
Adderbury 9
Australia 13,17

B
Banbury
3,6,7,12,14,19,20,27
28,46,50,53
Birmingham 3,10
Bourton 4,7,12,14,18,19,
24,26,50 see also Great &
Little Bourton
Brackley 29
Buckinghamshire 46,53

C
Canada 46,54
Chacombe 5,13
Charlton 38
Chipping Warden 19,22,25
Clattercote 13
Claydon 19

D
Dassett Hills 10

E
Enstone 53

F
Fenny Compton 4

G
Gaydon 4
Great Bourton 4,14,26,50

H
Leicestershire 10,52
Little Bourton 14,26,27
Little Tew 50
London 3,10,23

M
Manchester 45
Middleton Cheney 12
Mollington 19,46

N
Northampton 19,38
Northend 10,12,52

O
Oxfordshire 8,43,54

P
Prescote 26,29
Plestow 53

R
Ratley Grange 52

S
Shotswell 12
Stratford-on-Avon 10,11

U
Ufton Road 52

W
Wardington 8,9,19,38,49
Warwickshire 8,52
Williamscote 25,37.

Harbury 9,12,52
Hardwick Hill 19,43
Hinton 53
Hornton 34

I
Ibstock 10,11,13,14,15,52,55

K
Kirkdale (Lancs) 53
Knightcote 52

L
Lancashire 53
Leamington Spa
6,9,10,12,23

Contents Top of Document