

## Renewing our Vows A Perfect Day

Wow! Half a century together that is something really worth celebrating. We decided the best way of doing that was to renew our wedding vows, which we did at Milton Church.



The Rev'd. Ann Hartley was delighted to help with the order of service and with the day itself which gave it that magical touch that only she can. The service started with Jill Collins playing the Harp and Edwin

Wilson playing the organ. We had ten singers from the Kingham Choral Society, where Kaye is a member, forming the choir and Alan Vickers to take the photos and video recording.

At the end we had played the song *Perfect Day* before going to the Mill House for a wonderful family lunch.

It really was a Perfect Day!

**David and Kaye Trollope**

## Phyllis Remembers School-days Fat Ropes and Twopenny Buns

I attended the old Burford Grammar School, at the bottom of the Hill. To an impressionable small girl from Shipton, it seemed very old and in places like the well-used science lab, very smelly, of gas and Bunsen burners.

### The Old Gym

But it was great fun to cross the road to the old gym, where long fat ropes snaked up to the ceiling. If you slid down them too quickly you had awful burns on the inside of your thighs and sore palms. There were old, smelly, leather jumping horses, huge climbing frames and bars, rough coconut mats too. It was one of my favourite parts of the school, even though the rather formidable Headmaster had his study at one end of the building. There were many children in my age group; we were the result of the post -war

baby boom. I think there were at least seven girls and five boys from the village in our year. We travelled by Back's coach, leaving at 8.20 am but if we missed that coach we were supposed to travel to Burford on the 10 am Midland Red, which had come from Banbury, and then we had to pay our fare.

### Being a First-Former

As a first-former I enjoyed the pleasure of buying a twopenny sticky currant-bun, collected from Hussey's tuck shop next door (having been brought down from Huffkins the Bakers halfway up the Hill). The prefects collected them, steaming hot, on the bakers' big trays at morning break. My sister was one of only five or six girls in the fifth form. Most people left school as soon as they were 15 to start work.

**Phyllis Clarke**