

ALVESCOT, BAMPPTON, KENCOT, BROADWELL & BRIZE NORTON EASTER INQUIRER.

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APRIL 1975 Fifteen Pence

In July every voter in the country will be asked whether they want Britain to remain a member of the European Economic Community. Every day there's news of politicians and others putting the case for or against the EEC, as it is called. The Inquirer wondered what the people of Bampton and Alvescot thought about the Common Market (another name for the EEC). A special survey was made using Inquirer reporters and 115 people in the two villages were asked for their views.

80 people thought the Common Market had some effect on their families and themselves 8 people were not sure about this while 25 were convinced it hadn't had any effect.
But only 30 people thought that Britain's membership of the EEC had done them good. 49 people felt that being in the Market was bad, but never the less 77 people (69%) thought we ought to stay in.
The politicians are also rowing about the government holding a referendum. A referendum, which we don't usually have in this country, is like a general election except that you vote not for a man but on an important question, and all the votes are counted together not town by town or village by village as in a general election.
40 people felt the government was not right to ask voters for their opinions in this way - more than against the idea of the EEC in general. Only 62 people felt the referendum was right.
But whether right or wrong, people round here were interested enough in the whole business to vote - 80 said they would - and 64 said they would vote in favour - nearly 56%.

So although most people seemed to be in favour of the Market (but only a minority thought it had done them any good so far) on one thing most people seemed to be agreed - they really did not know enough about it. Only 34 of the 115 people we asked felt they had been told enough to make up their minds - 11 people felt they had not.
The government has promised that every home in the land will be given a booklet explaining what the referendum is about - what the government has done about our membership and what effects this is likely to have. It seems as if that booklet will really be needed.

EEC-YES!

IN BAMPPTON AND ALVESCOT ITS A BIG YES TO EUROPE

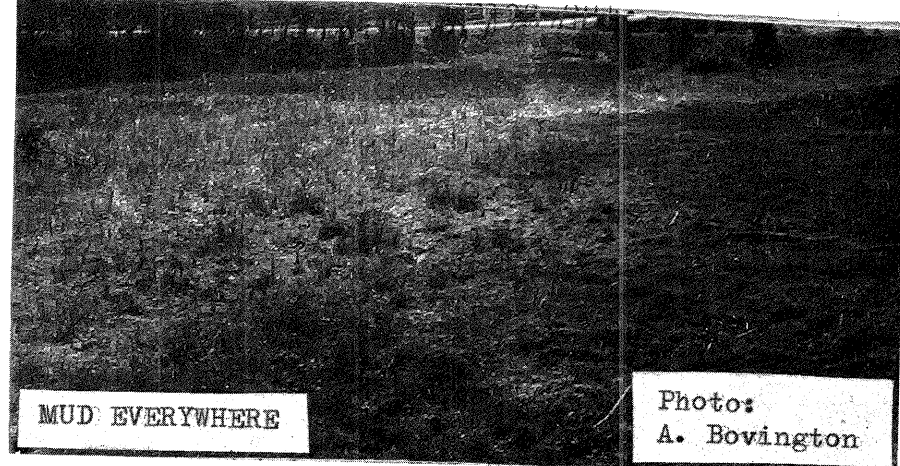
NO MORE FLOODS by Peter Phillips and André Bovington



Since our last investigation to the development of the Shill Brook, we have carefully studied the work and improvements being carried out. It is quite obvious that although there is much disorder along the banks of the brook in Bampton, the flooding problem seems to have been overcome at last.
Inhabitants who live at the Mill Green amongst the machinery and the workers themselves, seem to be reasonably happy about the whole affair. One has planned to make the land between his house and the bridge into a garden. "It will cost alot" he said "but I think it's worth it".
The board who are finishing off their improvements at the moment, have planted three trees on the edge of the brook by the new concrete bridge at the end of Cheyne lane, which was put up last summer. More trees shall be planted, and it is hoped that the now bare banks shall be replenished with grass.
The idea to prevent flooding was to widen and deepen the brook. This has been carried out efficiently and since I last saw it, it seemed as though a canal had been put in its place. The brook is considerably wider and straighter and the bridges along the river have been replaced by higher bridges to release the danger of blockages. All these improvements have caused a faster flow and the people are on the whole very impressed.
All that remains to be done now, is to wait and hope that nature will bring back the charm, which the brook has had for many years.

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MUD EVERYWHERE Photos: A. Bovington

Where is Spring?

Helen Roots, Selina McIntyre
Chris Lyle, Stephen Pain

Everybody knows that spring is lambing time. With all this bad weather it has caused problems. Foder is short, which means the sheep do not get the necessary minerals, so they produce small, weak lambs who are more prone to disease.
Mr. B. Stevens said "Its too cold for the young lambs and too wet for the spring drilling". He has 1500 sheep.
Lambs do not like the cold, especially when it is also wet, so when possible the lambs are kept indoors. Quite a lot of lambs are lost through not being able to be kept indoors.
All the rains we have had has certainly affected the farmer in this area. The floods have meant that they have had to delay cultivation. Also the lack of frost meant they have had to do more work in the fields to get the summer seed beds ready. The flooded fields have killed off some of the corn. The crops have been upset. Wheat has to be planted before the third week of March, which was not possible this year. Barley, which matures quickly, had to be planted this year. So wheat stocks will be down. Mr. J.A. Gerring of Bampton said, "It is too cold for any spring cultivation or ploughing. Winter corn has stood the winter well, being so mild. We have spent most of the winter ditching." Most farmers have had to do this - plus hedging and getting the machinery for harvesting ready for use. Hardly any work has been done of the land.
Mr. R.J. Rouse of Weald agrees. "With the poor weather of the past few weeks we are unable to drill our spring corn and so we have been cutting hedges and making fences for when the cattle finally go out."
Another problem caused by the wet weather has been the spread of germs which the frost has not yet killed off this year. Less hay has been used to feed the stock, but more straw has been needed for dry bedding. The wet weather will probably put off the time for turning the stock out into the fields.
The milk cows have suffered as well. They cannot go out to grass and the foder is getting short. If this weather persists it will affect milk production.

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TOGETHER LEATHER

The couple who make beautiful Spanish-style leather under the name of Together Leather in Kencot didn't always want to be leather-workers. Chris, (Christine) wanted to teach at Art College or to work for some kind of Art Magazine. Dave wanted to be a forrester. Chris never taught art but Dave did become a forrester. He became a forrester up in the Lake District where he organised the felling and planting of trees and the protection of wildlife. One of his pets was a fox-cub called Jasper. Jasper lived in the wild but when Dave whistled the cub would come to him. It would follow him down to the pub where it would wait outside on the wall and the children fed it with ice-cream. He was a forrester for ten years until he decided to go to Australia. That was where he met Chris and while he was there he saw

some leather work in the Spanish-style and thinking it rather nice he tried making some hats and selling them to friends, relations and shops. They couldn't carry on in Australia because there was so much leather-work there. So they came back to England and started a business in Essex. They stayed for six months until they decided to move to Aston-under-Wynwood. They only stayed there for two months and ten months ago they came to Kencot where they rent a little cottage.
There they settled down very well with a bush cat called Megs which they had brought back from Australia.
They also make bags and belts and things now with animal pictures on them. They draw them half from memory and half from books.

Cont page 4



Photo: A. Bovington

HOP ON A ?

THE BUSES ARE FINE, REALLY. THEY CERTAINLY TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO, (but the real problems start when you want to get back.)
OXFORDSHIRE BUSES ARE SCARED OF THE DARK (that is why it is easier to get there than it is to come back)
OXFORDSHIRE BUSES ARE THRILLING (you never know if the bus you are waiting for will turn up)

But is this really fair! The Inquirer is always interested in the other point of view - so what's it like to be a busman. ADELE STRANGE has been finding out:

Public transport is mainly buses, buses are about the safest transport nowadays if you get a good driver. I have been to Witney bus company, there are 38 men that work in the bus company. In Witney bus company there are 30 buses, a bus does 8 miles to the gallon and buses don't run on petrol, they run on something like petrol and it is just as expensive and is called diesel. The bus drivers have to pass a different sort of test than a person who drives an ordinary car. You can get lady bus drivers. Not very many buses crash. The drivers get up at 6.00 am. and they do a 24 hour shift. When an aeroplane lands and they need a bus, they ring up the bus company buses come. The bus at Witney company usually last for about 10 years. The buses have to be regularly serviced.

Cont Page Two

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

3rd April Buckingham Palace
London

Editor,

I noticed in your paper that you said Col. B.P. Bumpkin v.c. was in the 11th Hussars. He was not because I know he fought in the tenth Hussars I should know because I was Captain of the 10th Hussars. I think your paper very inefficient because you either get someones initials or rank wrong which I think disgraceful. I will probably write another letter tomorrow pointing out a mistake.

Yours sincerely
Charles Dedshott, M.A. O.B.B.

To: Honoured Editor,
Bombay Herald and Lucknow Advertiser

Dear Honoured Sir,

I am now more than thirty miles into the interior of this backward country and may now write again of the many strange customs I have been able to witness.

Oh! how our beautiful girls with their long, flowing saris and simple face-preparations would shrink from the most terrible tribal dress of the young girls here!! My own feet ache as I think of how these girls have to cramp their feet into the MOST PECULIAR footwear, designed, by use of a platform attached to each sole, to increase the poor thing's height - evidently small people are outcasts here. Ah, dear Editor, such cruel necessities would long have been abandoned in OUR civilized country!! But this is not all.....

These people are obviously very MEAN about buying new clothes for their children. The traditional blue 'denim' trousers I have described to shocked Indian readers of my column before. I had often wondered why these people allowed their young to continue wearing

these garments long after they had been patched over and over again. Now I find that trousers with more patches are considered more ELEGANT. Of course, I am not fooled. This is obviously just one trick the older people have to save expenditure on their young!!

And now to evidence that shows BEYOND DOUBT how time has left these people behind. You will recall that long ago our own beloved people were said to be superstitious. Perhaps we were, but with progress we abandoned these things. These people clearly have not. The most common belief is that each person should cover his clothing with the names of personal 'idols', obviously to bring the wearer 'good luck'. As you can imagine, many clothes are ruined by this necessary adornment. I myself have seen examples of this primitive practice, messages ranging from MANUTD, SLADERULEOK, BAYCITYROLLERS, LEEDSFORFACUP.

When I have consulted the professor of linguistics at our University of Lucknow, I may be able to offer interested readers a translation of what are obviously ancient phrases.

(collected by) Theresa Lock.

TV

Victoria Smith

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

I think that the Master of Ballantrae is a very good programme for grown-ups and older children. I think that the scenery is good and when you are watching it you feel as though you are one of the people acting the play, and it looks just like it would have done in the Highlands at that time.

I also think that even though Henry killed his brother he need not have cried, because when he was told that his brother may not be dead he was very angry that he had not succeeded in killing him.

Also James could have only come once for more money and the Narrator could have said that the house was losing money rapidly.

I think Alison's dress was rather queer. I know that in the olden days the ladies did wear rather queer dresses but hers looks like she has got two balloons sticking out.

I think that James is the best part to play and he does it very calmly and smoothly.

BARBAPAPA

Barbapapa is a programme which amuses people young and old alike because my mother likes it just as much as my younger sister.

Let me introduce the Barbababas: Barbapapa who is pink and Barbamama who is black, Barbazoo who loves animals and is orange, Barballil who loves reading and is red, Barbalala who loves music and is green, and the inventor Barbabright who is blue, then there's the beautiful Barbabeil who is pink and Barbabrave the sportsman who is orange and the artist Barbabo who is black and shaggy.

Now I will tell you about the Barbababas and what they can do. All the Barbababas can change into whatever shape they like, and they always use this changing power to help other people or other things. For instance once all the Barbababas were nailing in signs which said NO HUNTING and then the Barbababas went into the wood, but within seconds some men with guns came past and they just knocked over the signs and went on to shoot the animals. But Barbamama had seen them coming and had warned the animals to stay away while she, and all the other Barbababas changed into huge animals and the men were so frightened they thought they were monsters because they were so big and all different colours and the men dropped their guns and ran while all the Barbababas thanked the Barbababas for saving them.

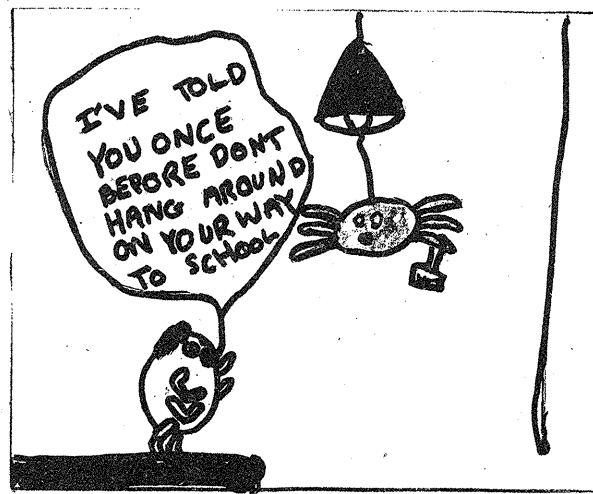
But that was not the only thing they did for other people and if you want to see them you should watch them on television.

Fairford so that in 1902 you could get a train in Alvescot at 9.44 am and arrive in Oxford at 10.32 am and pay only a few pence. The steam trains would take just over an hour to get from Fairford to Oxford and vice-versa. The train stopped seven times between Oxford and Fairford, the longest of which was at Witney where the train stopped for three whole minutes while lots of passengers and parcels were loaded on.

There were six trains from Oxford to Fairford on weekdays and one on Sundays and vice-versa. This means that at least two engines would have to run along the Fairford branch everyday.

In 1960 the Fairford Branch Line was closed and all the track was pulled up and the stations pulled down.

The steam engines will never again run from Oxford to Fairford. In 1926 the first telegram to reach the Trade Union Congress on the first morning of the General Strike came from Railmen working at Alvescot Halt. It said "Pray God we are right!" Richard Yapp



CORA MCINTYRE

L. YME JEANS
Mace Stores, High Street.

Have you tried our home cooked ham and Bacon. Bouquets and wreaths made to order. Remember! Mace is on your side.

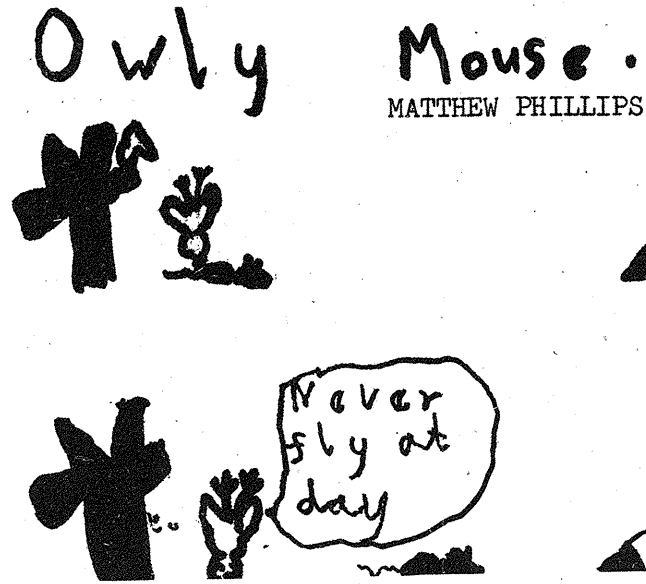
HOP ON A ?

Cont from Pg One

Witney bus company do not have their own tyres they rent them from Dunlop and a man comes and checks the tyres on each of the buses every Sunday. Every bus has a number like 468 and the tyres have numbers so number 468 bus must have number 468 tyres. The men do not have a bus that they drive every day, they have different buses different days. The sort of test that a bus driver has to take is called a P.S.V. test which is much harder. The buses run to a time table and that tells them where to go and that time table runs through out the week day. The O.A.P.s (which is short for Old Age Pensioners) get a plastic token. They have a couple of tokens every month and they show it to the bus driver when they get in the bus. O.M.O. which is short for One man Operation means there is only one man who is in charge of one bus. Here are the area the buses travel - Oxon, Berkshire, Wiltshire, London area, Bamby and Birmingham.

BAMPTON DID NOT ALWAYS RELY ON BUSES:

In 1862 a line was opened from Witney to Oxford. In 1873 it was extended to

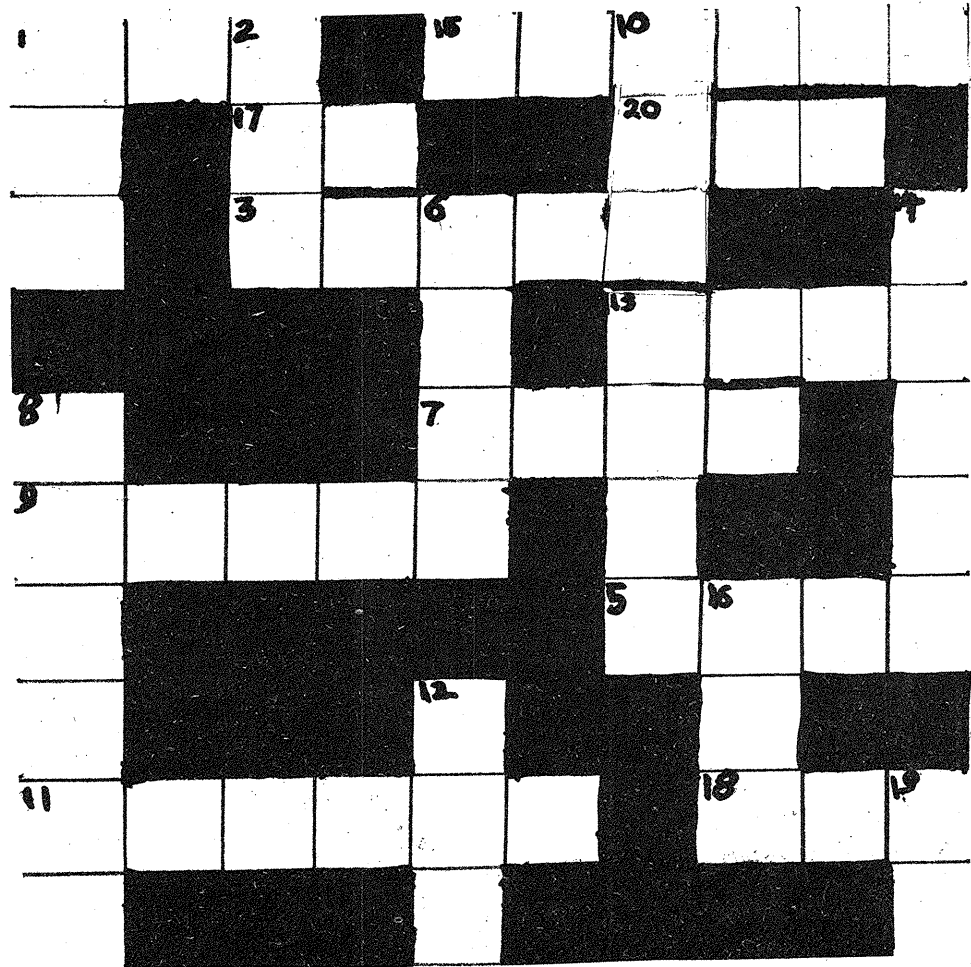


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CROSSWORD (EASY)



ACROSS

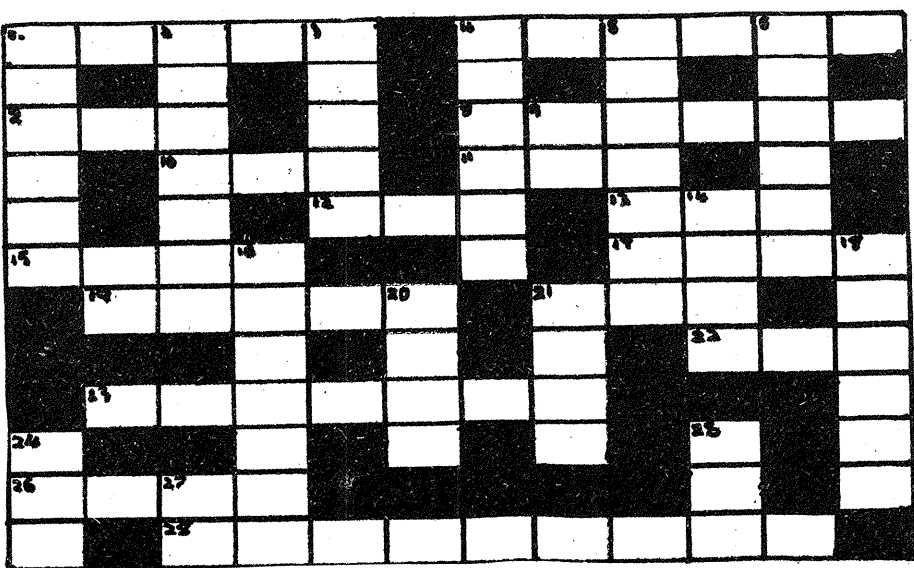
- A house pet. (3)
- A coin. (5)
- A bird. (4)
- A large bag. (4)
- Unfair contestant. (5)
- A fruit. (6)
- A boys name. (4)
- Creature. (6)
- Pussey C.. (2)
- Part of the body. (3)
- Animal doctor. (3)

DOWN

- You drink out of it. (3)
- Turn on water. (3)
- Birds home. (4)
- Place of learning. (6)
- The holly and the ... (3)
- Ten is my ... (3)
- Anagram of teau (1,3)
- A slow mover. (5)
- A snake like sea fish. (3)
- Stop and .. (2)

Cora McIntyre

CROSSWORD (HARD)



ACROSS

- Priest of Jewish religion. (5)
- Of rectangular identity (6)
- Abbr. of biblical judge. (3)
- Catch me if you can. (4), (2)
- Half of a French sweet (3)
- _, Drink and be merry (3)
- Hammer and stirup are part of this. (3)
- Short for Ukulele. (3)
- Great effort needed (4)
- Steaks and old coins (4)
- Common Canadian animal does this (5)
- Meet in the past (3)
- The best answer when you get married. (3)
- Country house across the channel. (7)
- Rare plural of cow (Anglo Saxon). (4)
- TO swing and vibrate. (9)

DOWN

- Turn to in desperation, as a final _ (6)
- High sounding language. (7)
- Brainless. (5)
- Clockwork model of planetary system. (6)
- Could be labourious to listen to. (7)
- Racers always carry one. (6)
- Motorists or Alcoholics. (2)
- What, _ Did. (4)
- A scolding (7)
- To make sure of (6)
- Used for praying on. (4)
- Thrifty housewives out. (3)
- Top of the mine. (3)
- Refusal. (2)
- *21. Noun is a heavy hammer. (4)

Rebecca Rosengard + Tracey Rose

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BOOKS

The book I like to read best is Brownie Tales. It is by Enid Blyton. It is about three Brownies. They are called Hop, Skip and Jump. The neighbours said look at the Postman he is knocking at each door but not at the three Brownies. The Brownies went to Gobo house and said I have not got a letter from the King. Gobos wife opened the letter and said it was from the King. Hop said I am going home and then he said I am going to dress up as Gobo then the witch came in and said "I am going to give you a spell then you can go to the Palace." The witch was going to get the sister because she was beautiful. The spell was to get in a basket and go to the Castle. Well the King's sister was going to go to the Castle.

MARGARET PULLIN

I think Enid Blyton books are very good. One of my favourite is The Enchanted Wood and The Faraway Tree. I think they are good books because she has thought up some good words and alot of people read them. She has written over two hundred books. People also read Grimms Fairy Tales but they are not as good. Enid Blyton is one of the most famous book writers. Another one is Mr. Pink Whistle.

PAMELA BENDALL

The best book I like is Mr. Pink Whistle because it has got a funny story in. The story is about a boy who stole somebodys bike. It took him to a sign post and the sign post had some horrible names on, so he decided to go to Mr. Whack. When he got there he knocked on his door. The man said, "I know about you and I will give you some whacks." When he had finished he took the bike back and went home.

TRACEY BENDALL

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

BY DUMAS

This book is full of suspense and excitement. Where the strong headed Gascon D'Artagnan goes to Paris and meets the three inseparables Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. They fight many duels against the guards of the Cardinal Richlieu. D'Artagnan also has his deadly enemy who is Milady, an agent of the Cardinal, who plots the death of D'Artagnan. The four inseparables win the favour of the King. This story is very elaborate, it has everything anyone wants. This book would be recommended for people of ten or over.

TIM MANLY

A LONG LETTER

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE WISH TO REMIND ITS DEAR READERS THAT ALL LETTERS WILL BE PRINTED: BUT IN THIS OUR SECOND BUMPER ISSUE WE STILL DO NOT GET THE MOUNTAINS OF MAIL WE THINK WE OUGHT: SO IN CASE OUR DEAR READERS HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT LETTERS LOOK LIKE HERE IS A LOVELY LONG ONE COLLECTED BY THE MCINTYRES:

This is a letter written to the President of the United States in 1855, by Chief Seathl (Seattle) of the Suwamish tribe of the State of Washington, regarding the proposed purchase of the tribe's land.

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us word of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, since we know that he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer, for we know if we do not do so, the white man may come with guns and take our land. What Chief Seathl says, the Great Chief in Washington can count on as truly as our white brothers can count on the return of the seasons. My words are like the stars - they do not set.

How can you buy or sell the sky - the earth or the land? The idea is strange to us. Yet we do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us? We will decide in our time. Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his fathers' graves behind and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care. His fathers' graves and his children's birthright are forgotten. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the redman. But perhaps it is because the redman is a savage and does not understand.....

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PAPWORTH'S

Newsagent.

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TOGETHER LEATHER Cont from page one
First of all Dave and Chris do the drawings on the leather with an ore (A sharp piece of metal) then Dave actually hand-carves them out of the leather. Then Chris does some embossing (Patterns) around the design. Then Chris dyes it with wood spirit dyes. She first of all paints some colours on some of the carving. Then she goes over the whole bag with a cloth dipped in another dye. The painted bit will be one colour and the rest of the carved bits will be plain leather colour. The rest of the bag will be a different colour. After this has been done the bag is hand-stitched together by Dave and then it is ready to sell. They make: Keyrings, watchstraps, wristbands, holsters, cowboy-hats, hairslides, belts, bags, purses and wallets.

Recently Dave went on a course which lasted three days. He made a pair of bellows, and a Black Jack which is a medieval tankard made out of leather and lined with pitch. It was an exact replica of one in the British Museum. Also he made a medieval drinking horn. It was molded around a cow-horn. All of these things he wishes to reproduce and sell now. He has bought some antique bellows which he will restore and Chris wants to learn upholstery in leather.

On Easter Day Chris and Dave organised a craft fair at Alvescot which did very well indeed and they sold a lot of leather bags. Now they want to buy a two storey warehouse and employ a couple of people to work for them because they haven't enough room in the cottage in Kencot.

BOVINGTON'S

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CROSSWORD ANSWERS

EASY

DOWN
1. Cup. 12. Age. 2. Tap. 14. Nail. 6. Nest. 16. Tel. 8. School. 19. Go. 10. Ivy. 13. A cut.

ACROSS
1. Cat. 12. Alan. 3. Penny. 15. Animal. 5. Teal. 17. At. 7. Seck. 18. Leg. 9. Cheat. 20. Vat.

Across

1. Rabbi 17. rare
4. oblong 19. stink
7. Sam 21. met
8. race me 22. yes
10. bon 23. chateau
11. eat 26. kine
12. ear 28. oscillate

Down

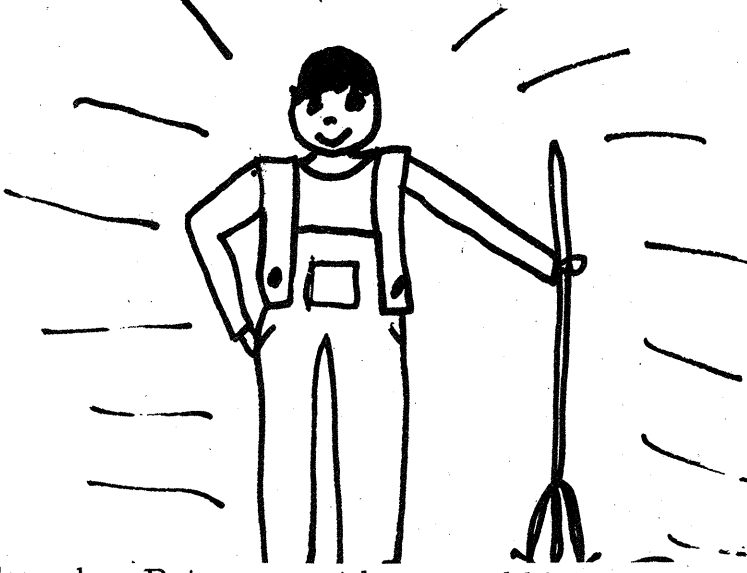
14. Katy
1. Resort 16. tirades
2. bombast 18. ensure
3. inane 20. knee
4. orrery 21. maul
5. lecture 24. eke
6. number 25. pit
9. A.A. 27. no

STORY

Cynthia L. Husselbee

A BOY CALLED PETER

As all good stories start it begins, Once upon a time there lived a boy called Peter. Peter lived on a farm in the country. Peter was very cruel to animals.



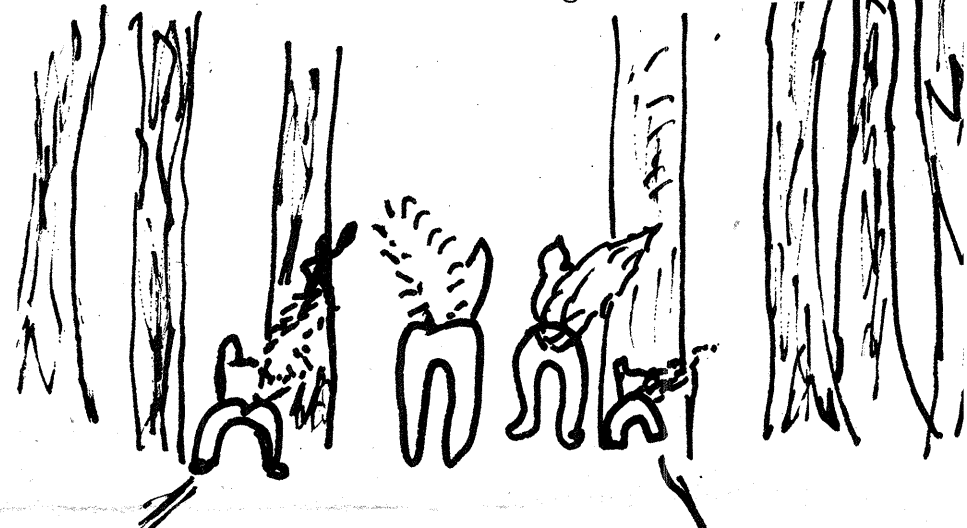
One day when Peter was at home and his Mother and Father had gone shopping. Peter saw something move in the flour. First Peter thought it was a mouse, but when it moved he saw it was a dwarf. Peter got the dwarf out with a sieve, and said "What will you give me if I let you go?" One wish said the dwarf, "What else?" shaking the sieve a bit. "Another wish" "Anything else," Nothing else said the dwarf. Suddenly the most dreadful thing happened, the dwarf made Peter as small as him self. Peter saw that the door was open a bit so he went out forgetting that he was small. Outside he pulled the cats tail as he did everytime he did when he was his proper size. The cat lifted his tail and was just about to eat him when he saw that it was the farmers son. For the sake of his Mother he did not. The cat put him down and Peter ran away as fast as he could.

Peter found himself at the edge of the wood, which was only about three yards from the house but Peter felt as if he had run for at least three miles. Peter had walked no more than three feet when he saw a family of foxes. This time a baby fox saw him and ran over to him. Peter was scared and hid behind a rock by a cave just about his size. When the fox said to him "Don't be scared I won't hurt you." Peter could understand the fox. He said nothing but came out from his hiding place. The fox said "Get on my back." The boy had no choice, so he did as he was told. The fox took him over to his Mother and Father. They said Peter was nice but you must let him go. Peter interrupted and said "No don't do that you are the only friends I have. Please may I stay?" He told them his story and when he had finished all the foxes said he could stay. Peter told them his name and the foxes told him their names. I am Lucy I am John, just call us Mother and Father. Peter asked "Where are you going?" and they said, "We are going to the Land of Good." "I will come with you, maybe I will find some one to put me back to my proper size." They all set off.

Three days past and they got nearer each day but lots of people had seen them roaming about. The hunt was close by in fact very near so the Father said "I will find a place for you to hide and then I will go and lead them away. Peter and the foxes stayed in a hole near the river. It looked interesting. A dog saw the Father fox across the river so the dogs ran without sniffing, which was a good thing to because if they had sniffed they would have found the Mother babies and Peter. Before the dogs caught the fox a girl who was near by trying to catch a bird with a box. The fox not looking where he was going ran right into the trap. The girl quickly shut the box and ran over his tracks because she knew they were after him. She hid the box behind the tree and watched the horses and dogs go past. She laughed to herself and took him to her hide out because she knew that she could not take him home. The little cage she had made for the bird would keep the fox nicely, she thought. That night she brought some food to him but not at once did she see Peter in the cage with the fox. When she was locking the cage Peter stood by so that she could not shut it tight. Suddenly she saw him as she went away. Hiding behind the tree and watching, this is what she saw. Peter opened the cage with some difficulty, then she heard them speak. Peter said Mother and Lucy are crying so I said I would find you, they think that you have been killed. We had better get to them quickly or they will go without us. They hurried away and the girl went home but did not tell her family because she knew that they would not believe her.

When Peter and Father got back the others were gone, so they went to look for the Mother and babies. "The Land of Good is where they would go" Father said. In the distance they thought they could hear them so Peter got on the Father foxes back and off they went. Soon they saw two men trying to catch the babies. Just as they were about to kill them, Mr. Fox came bounding in and bit one of the men. He screamed and called to the other man. "Lets get out of here" off they ran as fast as they could. There was a sigh of relief. "We thought you two were dead" Peter said, "I told you I would find them." Mr. Fox said never mind, lets be thankful that we are all back with each other. Peter said "did you see how they ran away?" They all laughed and started again for the Land of Good.

Now the Land of Good was only one day away. That night they stayed in an old badgers den or what looked like a den. Peter went in to inspect the hole. The foxes waited outside. Something was coming, it was the badger. Peter did not hear or see anything. He was just about to tell the others to come in when he met the badger face to face. Peter did not know what to do, he ran to one side of the hole and was cornered. The badger said "What are you doing in my hole?" "We--ll Sir, its like this, me and a family of foxes thought that no one lived here so I came into inspect it. I was just about to tell them it was safe when I met you Sir. I think they are out there Sir." "Well just don't stand there, call them, and tell them I dm not a bad badger, that one lives on a little way." Peter did just that so they spent the night warm and safe and told him of their adventures. In the morning they said good-bye and went off again.



After a long time they got to the Land of Good and Peter found the village of dwarfs. He went to the leader and said, "Will you please turn me back to my proper size?" "Yes if you promise not to be greedy and cruel to animals again. Yes Yes I do I do. That is one wish, you have one more said the leader. Peter said "I wish I was on the edge of the forest. In a flash he was on the edge of the forest. Peter ran into the house to see his Mother and Father, and told them the whole story. From that day on he was never cruel or thoughtless again.



Illustrations by Deanna M. Husselbee

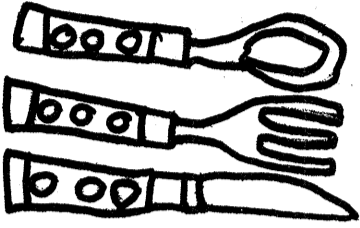
FOOD

edited by Monica Phillips
& Mariana Rossi

PAVLOVA (New Zealand)

Ingredients:
Whites of 4 eggs
2 dessertspoons water
1 teaspoon vinegar
½ lb sugar

Method
Beat egg whites with water and vinegar until stiff. Add sugar and beat again. Bake at 300 oven.



LEMON ICE CREAM

Ingredients:
4 cups of light cream
Rind of two lemons finely grated
juice of 1 lemon
¼ cup of sugar
few grains of salt

Method
Heat 1 cup of the cream. Add grated lemon rind, lemon juice, remainder of the cream, sugar and salt. Then freeze it.

Mrs. Carruthers.

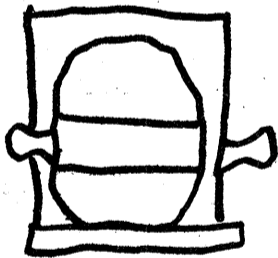


PAIN PERDU

Ingredients:
Few slices of bread.
Some milk
Eggs
Sugar

Method
Soak the slices of bread in the milk. Dip them in beaten egg and fry in butter until brown. Sprinkle the produce with sugar and then serve them. Fruit and jam may be added to it.

Mrs. Bovington.



CARBONADE - Belgium

This is a very good thing to eat on a cold day and it also makes you drunk.

½ lb stewing steak
2 medium onions, chopped roughly
1 pint of Guinness (or other stout)

2 Bouquet Garni
1 tablespoon flour
1 pinch nutmeg
French mustard
salt & pepper
6 slices French Bread
olive oil.

Method:
Cut meat into 1 in. pieces. Heat oil in casserole & fry meat. Lower heat & add onions. Season. Fry until onions are transparent add flour & stir with wooden spoon. Cover with stout and bring to boil. Lower heat immediately. Add Bouquet Garni, cover casserole and place in medium hot oven for 1 hour. Spread mustard on one side of French bread slices. Remove casserole from oven and cover stew with bread. Return to oven and allow bread to form crusts. Serve with boiled potatoes. (If you don't like the taste at this point you can throw it away and have some nice frozen hamburgers or fishfingers. Instructions for cooking on packet)

A SPANISH RECIPE

Ingredients:
Six onions
2 oz butter
1 teaspoon curry powder
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Method
Peel and slice the onions and saute until tender. Add lemon juice and stir. Cook until brown and serve with rice.

Mrs. Shepherd

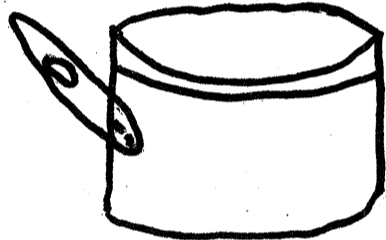


EGGEDOSIS (Norwegian)

Ingredients:
2 eggs
2 tbs. sugar
a little cognac (optional)

Method
Separate yolks from whites. Whip whites till very stiff. Add yolks and whip again. Pour into dessert bowls and add a little cognac if wished.

Mrs. Rossie

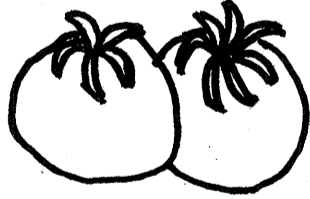


IGEL CAKE

Ingredients:
¾ oz unsalted butter
9 - 12 sponge fingers
1 oz brown almonds
2 egg yolks or 1 egg
2 oz sugar
4 tsp. coffee essence of strong black coffee
1 glace cherry and 2 currants
1 - 2 oz crushed almond rock (optional)

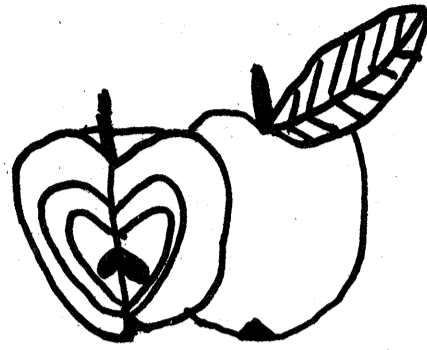
Method
Cream butter, add sugar and egg. Add coffee a little at a time until cream is well flavoured. Lay 4 sponge fingers side by side on a flat dish. Sprinkle with coffee but do not make soggy. Cover with a layer of coffee cream & sprinkle on a layer of crushed almond rock. Place on a 2nd layer of sponge fingers at right angles to the first. Repeat cream & coffee layers. Finish with final layer of coffee cream top and sides. Spike all over with almonds. Place cherry & currants to represent eyes & mouth. The cake is improved by keeping in the fridge for a day.

German - Mrs. Waner



GINGERBREAD

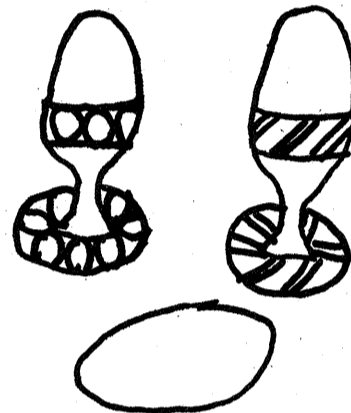
Line a 12 x 9 meat or cake tin, 2" deep, with greaseproof paper. Grease well. Sift together 1 lb plain flour, 1 level teaspoon bicarb. ½ teaspoon salt, 1 round tablespoon mixed spice. In a heavy pan put ½ lb marg and ½ lb soft brown sugar. Dissolve. Cool a little. Beat together 2 medium eggs and ½ pint milk. Add this with the melted ingredients to the flour and mix. Pour into the tin & bake in moderate oven for 1½ hours or until firm to touch. When cook, wrap in foil and keep for at least three days before using. Serve in fingers or thinly sliced and buttered.



PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Ingredients:
3 oz. butter or marg.
4 oz. castor sugar
2 oz. soft brown sugar
6 oz. plain flour
1 egg
4 tablespoons peanut butter
1 level teaspoon bicarb. of soda
Pinch of salt
1 tablespoon of milk

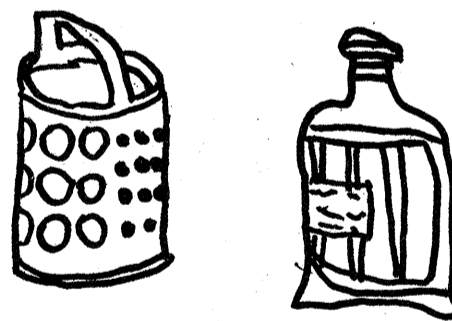
Method
Cream butter and sugar together, add beaten egg and mix well. Add peanut butter and mix well. Sift flour, bicarb. and salt and add to first mixture stirring gently. Add milk if mixture is too stiff. Place on baking tray in teaspoonfuls and bake in hot oven until brown and crisp.



ANZAC BISCUITS (New Zealand)

Ingredients:
2 oz Flour
3 oz Sugar
1 teacup coconut
1 teacup rolled oats
2 oz butter
1 tablespoon bicarb of soda
2 tablespoons boiling water

Method
Mix together flour, sugar, oats and coconut. Melt butter and golden syrup. Make a well in the centre of flour & stir in liquid. Place in spoonfuls on cold greased trays. Bake 15 to 20 mins. at 350f.



Choc - Toffee - Shortbread

Pastry: 2 oz. caster sugar
4 oz. butter or marg.
6 oz. flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ tin condensed milk

Toffee: 4 oz. sugar
4 oz. marg.
1 tabspn syrup
2 drops vanilla

Make pastry and cook in shallow tin. Boil toffee for five minutes, pour over pastry and leave to cool.

Melt three blocks of cooking chocolate and pour it over shortbread and toffee.



Illustrations by Monica Phillips

JOKES

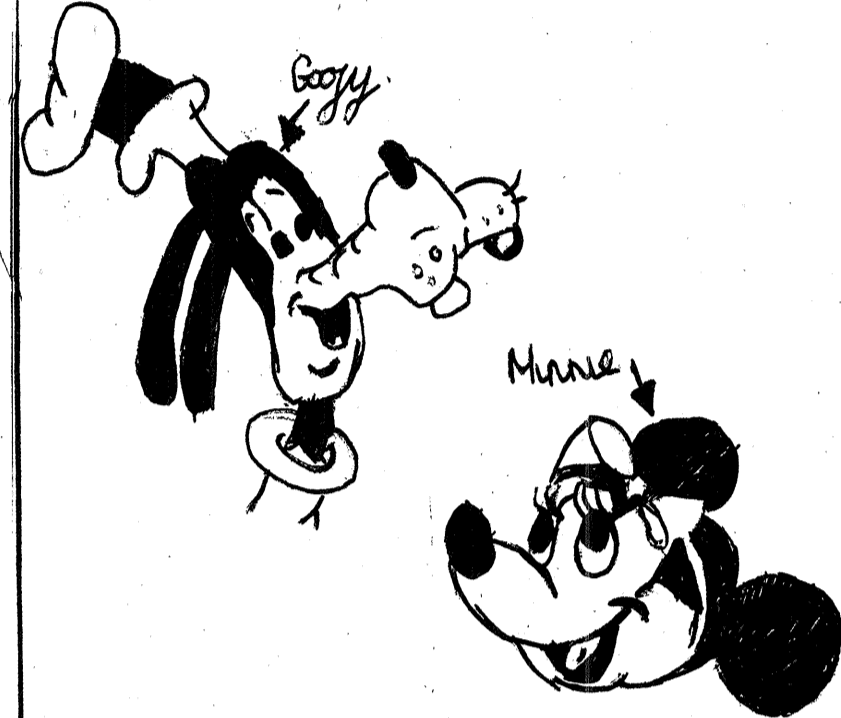
RIDDLES AND LIMERICKS

by Selina & Cora McIntyre
and Vanda Govier

There was a young lady of China
Who went on a trip on a liner
She slipped off the deck and twisted her neck
And now she can see right behind her.

There was a young lady of Dundee
Who found s he had trouble with a flea
One night while in bed she kept scratching her head
And found s he kept scratching 'til dead.

There was a young lady called Sally
Whodecided to join the ballet
She fell down a hole
And felt like a mole
That poor young lady called Sally.



PAMELA BENDAL

What's the difference between a packet of sugar and an elephant?
Don't know.
Then I'm not letting you do the shopping!

What do you get if you cross a mouse with an elephant?
Big holes in the skirting boards!



CORA MCINTYRE

What men are particularly strong?
Photographers - because e they are always developing

What did the necktie say to the hat?
You go on ahead and I'll hang around!

What piece of furniture is most shy?
A clock - because it always has its hands in front of its face!

What goes 'tick-achoo, tick-achoo'?
A clock with a cold!

Whats white and fluffy and has red spots?
A cloud with measles!

Whats the difference between a buffalo and a bison?
You can't wash your hands in a buffalo!

What did the finger say to the thumb?
People will say we're 'in glove'.

"How to get Rich Quick" by Robin Banks.

"Bumps on the Road" by John Dunnit.

BOB NURDEN

Butcher

Nurden, R.M. Ltd,
The Square,
Aston,
Telephone. Bampton Castle 266

THE LONG LETTER FROM PAGE FOUR GOES ON HERE

Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame. And after defeat they turn their days to idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet food and drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days - they are not many. A few more hours, a few more winters and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on the earth, or that roamed in small bands on the woods will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and hopeful as yours.

One thing we know which the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may think that you own Him as you wish to own our land. But you cannot. He is the God of man. This earth is precious to Him. And to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator. The whites, too, shall pass - perhaps sooner than other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed and you will one night suffocate in your own waste. When the buffalo are all

on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive. What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, men would die from great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beasts also happens to the man. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the leaves of spring or the rustle of insect wings. But perhaps because I am a savage and do not understand - the clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lovely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of the pond, the smell of the wind itself cleansed by a mid-day rain, or scented with pine. The air is precious to the redman. For all things share the same breath - the beasts, the trees, the man. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the smell.

If I decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers. I am a savage and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes

slaughtered, the wild horses tame, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted out by talking wives, where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift and the hunt, the end of living and the beginning of dying.

We might understand if we knew what it is that the white man dreams, what hopes he describes to his children on long winter nights, what visions he burns into their minds, so that they will wish for tomorrow. But we are savages. The white man's dreams are hidden from us. And because they are hidden, we will go on our own way. If we agree, it will be to secure your reservation you have promised. There perhaps we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last redman has vanished from the earth, and the memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and forests will still hold the spirits of my people, for they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat. If we sell you our land, love it as we've loved it. Care for it, as we've cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the land, as it is when you take it, and with all your strength, with all your might, and with all your heart - preserve it for your children, and love it as God loves us all. One thing we know - your God is the same God. This earth is precious to him. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

WHERE IS SPRING? (Cont from page 1)

However the pigs have liked the mild weather and the piglets have not needed so much heating.

But there are always others worse off and our farmers have not forgotten them. "We are fortunate," says Mr. Rouse, "to have come through the winter with plenty of hay and straw. In January we donated a few bales to help the farmers who are not so well off in Monmouthshire and Pembrokeshire - the two counties adopted by the Oxfordshire Branch of the Farmers' Union.

Awful Rise in Postal Stamps

When the postage stamps went up to 7p for First Class and 5 1/2p for Second Class it had a bad effect on most people. We do not have very many letters and the men abroad don't get very many from their wives and children. Old people feel cut off from their families who have grown up and moved house. Mail order firms are going to suffer also advertising and especially charities. The extra money spent does not improve the service.

Buffy Smith - Brize Norton

Bampton Arts Centre

In December, 1972, a very worthwhile art exhibition was organised by Alvescot College in the restored Bampton Town Hall. When this venture came to an end a small group of enthusiastic people felt that this could be only the beginning rather than the completion of a lively enterprise. This group met and decided that there was a need in this area for an organisation which would involve itself in all the arts and so this Association came into being.

While the Association sees itself as a community project and hopes that it has something to offer to people of all ages in the area covered, it also hopes that the varied exhibitions will attract interested & discerning people from all over the country and overseas. From this aspect the involvement of both amateur and professional talent from a wide area, including London, is envisaged. Publicity will extend to London and other cities within a reasonable distance. Five panels have been formed, covering the following:

- ART - which includes sculpture, craft, pottery & ceramics
- FILM & PHOTOGRAPHY
- MUSIC
- DRAMA & DANCE
- LITERATURE

Members who would like to become actively involved with any of these panels should contact the appropriate chairman whose name appears on the quarterly calendar of events.

The Association operates as a Charity Trust and as such is non-profit making. All administrative, secretarial and other help is unpaid. There are therefore many opportunities for local people to assist in a voluntary capacity. Rent of premises and advertising and other expenses come from funds obtained as follows:-

- Official grants from Southern Arts and West Oxfordshire District Council
- Donations by Patrons
- Members subscriptions - ordinary, syndicate, student and group

Admission to exhibitions is free and most work is for sale.

During an exhibition the Bampton Art Centre will be open at the following times:-

10.30 am - 1 pm // 2.30 pm - 5 pm
TUESDAYS THURSDAYS FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS

6pm - 8pm WEDNESDAYS
2.30pm - 4.30pm SUNDAYS

OTHER EVENING OPENINGS FOR CONCERTS, FILMS, LECTURES, ect., ARE SHOWN ON THE ASSOCIATION'S QUARTERLY CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

NEWS FROM W.O.A.A.
WEST OXFORDSHIRE WRITING 1974

The Writing 74 competition last year was a great success with nearly 300 adults and children entering. Cash prizes were given for Poetry, Fiction and Journalism and the Town Hall was packed on December 6th to see the prizes given away. The Easter Inquirer prints some of the prize winners in the Children's Poetry section. There will be another competition this year. It will take place at November tide but all writers should be sharpening pencils, buying biros, touching typewriters NOW.

LIFE.

Upon the wind
The wind of life
Upon the wave
The wave of love
Upon the air
The air of hope.
I found them in the sky at night.

Upon the tree.
The tree of growth.
Upon the bird
The bird of beauty
Upon the land
The land of nature
I found them at our country home.
Cora McIntyre.
10 years.

THE DAISY COW.

The daisy cow she is all yellow and brown.
Yellow as the butter in the kitchen.
Brown as the brown eggs
That the old hen lays in the yard.

The daisy cow took ill on a Wednesday.
The vet came out on the Thursday.
The daisy cow got better on the Friday.

The daisy cow was sold on the Saturday.
She died on the Sunday.
I feel sorry for the pretty daisy cow.

Neil Comley.
8 years.

BATH FEVER.

I must go back to the bath again, to the steamy bath and the heat.

And all I ask is a back brush and a flannel for my feet;

And the hot tap and the cold tap, and the soap bubbles blinking,

And a bath cap and a nail brush and a long time for thinking.

I must go back to the bath again, to the deep and fragrant tub,

And all I ask is a bath cube and a soft sponge to rub,

And my toy ship and my rubber duck and my big yellow swan.

And the nice noise when the plug's pulled and all the waters gone.

I must go back to the bath again, to the towel warm and dry,

And all I ask is a tin of talc and a nightie by and by;

And a warm bed and crisp sheets and my blankets bright and gay,

And my Teddy Bear, and my pillow soft and a dream 'til another day.

Rachel Murrell.

A MARBLE.

One Wednesday, I saw beauty in a marble rolling round.

It was just a plain blue marble, a rolling on the ground.

But as the sunlight caught it, it glistened and it shone.

And it really looked quite pretty as it went a-rolling on.

But then it rolled into the shade and I came out of my dream.

There was no fascination now, just a marble could be seen.

Rachael Bletchly.
10 years.

PROPOSED ART PANEL COMPETITION

It is hoped that a competition of original designs for Christmas cards will be held this summer early enough for the printing of some of the winning entries to be included amongst the prizes. If and when this idea for a competition becomes definite, the details will be advertised.