

HEMPTON

This is a small village one and a half miles west of Deddington on the Chipping Norton road. I knew it fairly well when I delivered coal there in the early twenties. Mr and Mrs Start lived in the first house on the right hand side entering from Deddington. They had an egg collecting business, collecting the eggs from farms in the district and sending them to London. They started with each having a basket on the back of their cycles, taking them to Aynho Station. Later they hired Mr Hiram Tew's horse wagonette, then had their own van and lorry taking the eggs direct to London. The business was afterwards taken over by their driver, Mr Harry Tew.

The little shop was kept by Mr Rogers. We knew him some years earlier when he came round each Saturday night selling draper small things. He always came when the washing tray was in front of the fire and five of us were being scrubbed and put through the dip. There was Mr Fred Symonds. I was talking to him one day about a very heavy storm a few days earlier. He said "Yes it did come over a bit hazy". Mr and Mrs Clutterbuck looked after the church. I took a hundredweight of coal for them. The place was rather dark and I didn't see the bucket of water so tipped the bag of coal in it. I had a good ticking off. There was also Mr Washington Snr.

There was Mr Edgington. I worked with him a little while. The farmer was Mr Warland. His carter was Mr Frank Mawle, his boy Mr Haines. The pub was open at that time, kept by Mr Bailey. There were only six houses between the village and Deddington, and no traffic. Now it's one vast estate. I like the real old village. Estates seem to me phoney villages.