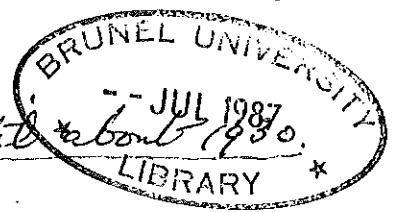


(Copied as written by Mrs. H. A. Preston)

2-56



Some of my memories of and about Aley until about 1930.

I came to live in Aley from Stinchcombe when I was about two years old, and went to school when I was about three, more to be out of Mother's way than anything else. I was in the Infants Class. The teachers were Mrs. Cox and Miss Emily Bloodworth. We could not do much, but had frames with coloured beads on wires which were used to teach us to count. We also had slates and slate pencils. We scribbled on the slates, then rubbed the slates clean with our sleeves. Very often we were given white chalks to scribble with, but we used to nibble the chalks. I think I stayed in the Infants Class for a couple of years then moved up into Standard 1. The classes went by numbers then from Standard 1 to Standard 7. I left school at the age of thirteen. All the teaching was much about the same - the three 'R's' with drawing, gardening, scripture, singing etc. Our teachers then were Ben Prior and his wife Mary. Ben took the upper Standards. A rougher collection of kids - boys and girls - would have been hard to find. Very often there were five or more children from one family. We were seven - four brothers and three sisters - so if a fight started it was a free for all in the boys' playground. The cane was very much in action - it had to be to keep any kind of order. I reckon I averaged one caning a day. Sometimes we got as many as four strokes, and we used to spit on our hands before going out to the desk.

The first World War was on and times were pretty hard. The school had about ten garden plots which

were worked by the top standards, and quite a lot of vegetables were grown. One event I must mention which happened to me, I got into a fight after school hours, and when we were going out to play the next day I was told to stay behind. I got a lecture and was also told I was going to be caned. Ben went to get the cane which was in the vest room, but while he was away I did a bunk and went home. My Mother took me back and I was given a good caning over a desk. After that I refused to do any lessons for two weeks, and when Bobby Collet came (he was the School Attendance Officer) he said that if my Father had not been in France he would have sent me to a Reformatory School.

I left school at thirteen with several other boys. Four of us went to work at the local saw-mill - Jim Smith, Walt Pitcher, Alfie Downer and myself. It was hard work - six in the morning to six at night Monday to Friday, and seven until one on Saturday - 56 working hours a week for eight shillings. The timber haulers were George Carter and Charlie Pitcher. The timber fellers were Joe Elliot and Ernie Westricott. The rest were Bill Brindle, Ben Dauncey, old Mark Bloodworth, Sam French, Arthur Powell and Billy Hudcombe the tin box maker. He was about the fastest man you ever saw making the boxes that were used for packing tin and were in great demand during the First World War. I forgot Fred Hill - him and the others used to work at the mill and us four boys. The Boss, by the way, was Frank Hortimer.

The mill was run by a big water-wheel in the winter when there was plenty of water, but when the pond got low we used a steam engine. We boys

worked behind the saw benches or in the yard cross-cutting, and we took it in turn to look after the engine. That was the best and warmest job for believe me, it was damn cold in the winter with the yard up over your boots in mud and slush - no wellingtons in those days.

None of us wanted to work behind old Blask, He was an awkward old devil to work with, and us boys did play him up a bit kidded on by Bill Brindle. Old Blask told the Boss that if he had raked Hell with a fine tooth comb he wouldn't have found a worse lot, and the Boss said he would kick our back-sides if we didn't leave old Blask alone.

Jim Smith was looking after the engine one week and old Blask knew that his Grand used to go crow scaring as a boy. So every time Jim went to get scrap wood for the engine old Blask used to shout "Caw, Caw". Now old Blask had a beard and one big tooth in front so Jim said "I'll shut his mouth", and got some cylinder oil, mixed it with saw dust, and then went to get some more wood. Old Blask opened his mouth to shout "Caw, Caw", Jim stuffed a handful of oil and saw dust into it, and what a hell of a mess his beard was in. We did not hear any more "Caw, Caw's" after that.

Another time, Walter wrapped a long snake round his (old Blask's) neck. Old Blask went off round the office with the snake sticking out from under his beard. Oh yes, we had fun as well as work.

Fred Hill used to tell tales on us, so once when we were loading boxes we said we were going to leave and go to Kisters. We knew old Fred would tell the Boss, so on pay day he came round and told us he was giving us a two shilling rise. We had a couple more rises the same way.

Another time Walter and I thought we'd have a game

with old Black who wore white corduroy trousers with flaps. The floor was only dirt, so we dug a hole by Black's bench just where he did stand. We went to the stables, got a bucket of ~~the~~ swill, put it in the hole, and covered it with saw dust so that he could see no difference. We waited until the whistle went for starting up the engine. Old Black put his apron on, went to start the saw, and down went one foot into the hole full of swill. Off home went Black but was back in about an hour - clean trousers and all. The Boss did keep saying what he would do but we knew he wouldn't sack us as he would get nobody else. There are just a few of the incidents I remember. Also there were plenty of accidents too. Old Black cut four fingers almost off. The Boss cut his hand off. Barked shins, smashed toes, cut fingers - all too many accidents. There just weren't the safety regulations in those days. I went from the top mill to the bottom mill (Peaks mill which was burnt down) and by then the war was over. I worked at the bottom mill for a few years with Bill Hollingsworth and Jess Hobbs who were both back from the war. I left when I was nineteen and went to work at Kister's.

We used to have what was known as Ye Olde Uley Feast which was always held the first Sunday in September. The Sunday was Parade Sunday when the Uley Band led the Parade through the village where there were always crowds of people. There was a Committee who organised it and had collecting boxes. There were flower girls who wore flowers and carried flower baskets which were also decorated with flowers and they collected money all through the village. If the weather was nice there would be as many as four or five hundred people who came from

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the towns and villages around, and the money collected was given to St. George's Hospital. So sometimes it was called Hospital Sunday.

The Band was preceded by a large banner carried by four men. The banner had long gold cords attached to it for keeping it steady if the wind blew. Then on the Sunday night the Fair came, and the next three days were Feast Days. The crowds began to gather about six o'clock in the evening. There were round-abouts, swings, stalls etc. with all the fun of the fair. We used to save for weeks so as to have some money to spend. You could have a go on most stalls for a penny or two pence. Old Uley people who had left the village would come back for Uley Feast. Many old friends used to meet on those days. It was pretty hectic and rough when the pubs turned out - fights everywhere. I remember one night there was quite a do. Sam Stone and a gang of men were in the village cutting and hauling pit props etc. for the Board of Trade. Sam was the ganger, and one of his gang won the top prize (a big Teddy Bear) on the "Roll-the-ball" stall. The stall-holder (who should have had more sense) tried to palm him off with something else. There was an argument with the result that Sam and his ^{gang} pulled the stall down. Cliff Hill, the Fair Boss, came to see what it was all about. Sam told him, and the Boss said "Pack up and get out".

Then in 1916 I think it was, the Parish Council stopped the Fair from coming because of the war as the lights might attract the Zeppelins. Well, on the Monday night about six o'clock, a gang of boys and girls gathered on the Green with tin trays, buckets - anything to make a noise - and in a couple of hours there were about two hundred people from all over the village singing and shouting, and they joined hands and danced

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all round the Green which was a lot bigger then than now. They sang "The land, the land, God gave the land, Why should we be beggars with a mallet in our hand. God gave the land to the people". And so it went on with more and more people coming to join in. The Police came out from Dursley but did nothing - which was just as well, perhaps.

Then Fred Murray, Percy Elliot, and Gerald Downer - son of the village cooper - sat down on the butt of the tree that grew at the top of the Green and made up this song to the tune of "When Irish Eyes are Smiling":-

"When Uley Feast is coming we are happy all the day,
But oh, we're very sorry when it has to go away.
We ride round on the horses, and enjoy ourselves alright
Riding round on Uley Green until twelve o'clock at night."

We see marked on the placard, a penny all the way,
Some people buy a ticket and stop on them half the night,
The action of such people, it nearly makes you fight
When you cannot get a ride until twelve o'clock at night.

One year we had no Uley Feast - we were happy all the same,
We gathered on the Village Green and didn't we have a game.
We whistled, sang, and lollored. It filled us with delight,
And we stopped upon the Uley Green until twelve o'clock
that night.

After a lot of singing etc. we went round the village to most of the Parish Councillors who we thought were responsible for stopping the Feast, and we banged on our buckets and trays and made a hell of a noise. We got back home about one o'clock in the morning.

The Uley Feast was not held for many more years on

the Green as cars and motor-bikes were increasing in numbers, and as there were always crowds of people, it was thought to be too dangerous. Also the Uley Flower Show was revived, so the Feast was held in Bruton's paddock or in the Hill ground. There are two bungalows in the paddock which was round Clapgate Lane opposite the Baptist Chapel, and the Knoll Estate is now on the Hill ground. So a lot of the old traditional Uley Feast faded out as it could never be the same as when it was held on the Village Green. There was much to be said for the old Uley Feast etc. as it was the one time of the year when everybody met everybody else as the old people always reckoned to come to stay with families or friends for the Feast.

Another incident I remember was the murder at the bottom of Rockstones Pitch. That was on a Saturday night after Dursley Feast. I think it was about 1911. I believe the man who did it was the last man to be hanged in Gloucester jail. Rockstones seemed to be a black spot as there were two suicides there as well. Then there was the murder at Crawley Hill in June 1930. Two men were shot by a neighbour. One was shot dead, but the other managed to get away badly wounded. A crowd had gathered and so had the Police. Some men from the crowd tried to get the man who had done the shooting away from the Police so that they could hang him from the Tree on the Green. But the Police lay on the man until transport arrived to take him away. He was tried for murder, found guilty but insane, and died in Broadmoor.

Another exciting incident was when word went round the village that Harry Jones had hanged himself. Harry Jones was the painter who worked for Elias Smith & Sons, Wheelwrights, Wagon and Farm Cart makers. Elias Smith was also the village Undertaker. It appears that Harry Jones had done a bunk, so Harry and Tom, sons of Elias, made an effigy of Harry Jones

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complete with white apron and a tin of red paint and a brush in his hand, and hung it on the Lamb Inn sign where Harry lived and which is now Martin's shop next to the Post Office. Quite a crowd of people came to see as the news went round. The Police cut the sign down as no one seemed to have a ladder. There is a door opposite where the sign was, and you can still see where it was cut down. That was the last we heard of Harry Jones.

Frank Smith, another brother, ran a horse and carriage service to Dursley. The carriages were also used for weddings, funerals etc., but with the First World War, his horses were taken for war service. After the war, Bruton and Sons opened a garage and shop at the old Lamb Inn premises. They had the first "Tinizzie" which was the nickname for the first Ford motor car.

Doctor Campbell had the first car in Uley. Mr. Bruton was the chauffeur - that was some time before they had the garage. I think it was an "Overland" with running boards, and big head-lamps and motor horn all in brass. Mr. Oliver Smith, another brother of the Smith family, was the sexton at the Church, and also the village Chimney sweep. He lived at the old Nags Head pub which was also the coal wharf. He got the coal on Saturday mornings, and it was hard work pulling a heavy truck up The Street but easy going back down. Someone would get into the truck for a ride, and we used to run. Sometimes a wheel would come off or the truck tip up, and very often the bed in the back would get hurt. The coal was about a shilling for half a hundred weight. That was as much as we could afford to buy in those days.

Dan Long who was once the landlord of the Top Crown did a carrier service to Dursley with a horse and van. He did not take passengers, but would take and bring anything you wanted. If you wanted him to call you put out a flag

or a "Carrier please call" sign. Sgt. Major and Mr. Gibbs carried on after the 1914-1918 war, and lived where Dan Long lived down Fiery Lane in the big house that was opposite what used to be Cobbat Hill's small-holding. Two houses are built there now.

I can remember when Stouts Hill pond was frozen - the winter of 1925 I think. It was freezing for a month both before and after Christmas. You could cut the fish out in blocks of ice, and ducks were frozen in the rushes. Crowds of people came there to skate and play ice-hockey. There was even a fire on the ice with about 2 ft. of snow. Paths were cleared rather like a maze and along which you had to skate.

There was what was known as the Reading Room next to Bob Hill's orchard - very handy too. It was built by Dr. Campbell. You paid about one and six pence a year to be a member. There was a billiards table, ping pong, rings, quarts, chess, and all sorts of other games. It was in two parts or rooms if you wanted to read or play a quiet game. It was always full of an evening, especially in the winter, as there was nowhere else to go but the pubs - no drinking allowed in the Reading Room. There was a shooting range at the far side, also Quarts - the big steel ones about three or four pounds in weight. If you wanted a game of billiards you put your name on a black-board and you played the next one on. If he was one of the good players you did not have much of a chance. There were some really good players, and a team used to go to Dursley and round about during the winter months. There was also a good football and a good cricket team in the village, and you more or less had to live in Aley to get a game.

I should have said that during the depression after the 1914-18 war right through to the grim days of the 'thirties, the Reading Room was open all day to provide somewhere for the chaps to go as there was no work to be had. You had to walk into

Dursley every day or else three times a week (there were a few who had bikes) and sign on the dole. The dole people would want to know if you had been trying to get work, and if you were offered a job - never mind what it was - and you didn't take it, they stopped your dole pay. The Reading Room got burnt down and was never re-built, but many happy evenings were spent there. The rooms were also used for meetings by the Parish Council, the Ground Holloway Club, and the football and cricket selection committees. Both these teams were well supported by the Village - especially the football team. I have seen as many as two hundred spectators on the Hill ground - lucky if a dozen turn up these days. The football ground was where the Knoll Estate is now.

We had a very unusual visitor to Uley - a young gorilla that was called John Daniel and was almost human in some ways. It would sit at table, and was put to bed like a child. He was owned by a Mrs. Cunningham who brought him from Africa where he had been caught in the jungle and breast fed by a native woman. They stayed in the cottage opposite Uley House. Pathe's Gazette came and took a film of him riding a three-wheeled bike. A few of the locals were in the film also - I remember Conk Mills was one, and he was as bow-legged as the gorilla who would go into his house and know where the cider was kept and would draw himself a mug. He also used to come into our house and watch my Father who was a cobbler. He used to get up to all sorts of antics, but had a special liking for roses which did not please Sam Bains who had a lovely ramble on top of his garden wall. The gorilla was sold to an American film magnate but pined away and died before Mrs. Cunningham could get out to him - it was a long trip in those days.

Uley was not a dead village. There was a very good Dramatic Society run by Mrs. Phillips at The Gables. Mostly

Shakespeare they played and gave performances as far away as Cheltenham. There was also the Band of Hope who put on some very good concerts in the Whitecourt Chapel school-room. There were also the football and cricket teams and, of course, there was always the Reading Room. You could also get a sing-song in the pubs - mostly country or comic songs. P. C. Dowser was in the Kings Head one night giving a song - his helmet on the piano - when he walked the sergeant from Dursley. What the outcome was I don't know, but I expect the sergeant liked a pint as well. Some of the pubs had "sweet boxes". If the landlord heard you swear you were told to put a penny in the box. I guess the boxes had to be emptied pretty often. Of course you could get a rough house if you wanted one - it was rough and tough in the village in those days.

It is not the same now. Then you knew everybody and there was a feeling of togetherness that is missing now. You don't hear the old Colchester accent any more - only a few of the old ones left would know what you were saying or talking about, that's when you talk to each other like we did. Let's say that was before the village got modernised and a lot of new people moved in, and you no longer have to take a walk in all kinds of weather to the little house at the bottom of the garden - some of them being two-seaters. You can't talk about the village without mentioning some of the old characters such as Kruger French who was a cattle-drover ~~drover~~ cum poacher and who slept rough in farm sheds. Then there was Tom Rattle who felled timber or did a job or two for the farmer; and Tight Elliot, another poacher who always had a ferret inside his shirt; Black Dan the grave-digger; and Roger O'Hore who I can just remember and who always wore a straw hat, carried a walking-stick, and would go down on one knee whenever he saw any nice girl and would say "My lovely chocolate maiden". I don't think he ever did anyone any harm and I believe he used to sleep in the Church. Then there was Donkey Holloway who was very well off

and owned a lot of property in the village. He used to come into Church dressed in a purple robe with a skull-cap on his head, and bow and scrape and cause quite a do. People said that he made his own coffin and kept it under his bed. Then there was Artie Hows who blew the organ at Church and could play it very well too. He would go up and play some evenings, but got locked in once by the Sexton and had to ring the bell before he could be let out. There was old Mr Joe who used to look after the Chapel, and old Nell Price who used to go to some people's houses to do their washing; Bobby Downer the village coppers, and Gilbert Body who was known as "the man who murdered the drum". It happened like this. Aley Band were parading the village and were playing round Clapgate Lane. As they were going past Gilbert's house, he rushed out and stabbed the drum with a bread knife. Just a few of the old men who lived in the village in my young days, and there are still quite a few tales which could be told about some of them. I remember one Christmas a gang of men went Wassailling after the pubs turned out. There were about six or eight of them, one carrying an ox head with a bow between the horns. This was carried round to all the big houses and the Wassail song was sung. They called at a local Magistrate's house about one or two in the morning (all well oiled by then) and had just about got started when up went the bedroom window and he told them to shut up and go away. He should have had more sense and given them a few bob and that would have been that. The house had two stone pillars with a round stone on each. The gang knocked the stones off and smashed in the panels of the front door. Nothing was ever made of the incident, and knowing who they were it was just as well.

There were only four pubs open that I can remember, although there were many more at one time. They were the Top Crown, Lower Crown, Kings Head and the Shears. The last

was the roughest of the lot. I remember when the Miss Grants kept the Kingstend it was election time and they put some empty beer barrels outside with big posters on them "Vote Tory". Most of the villagers at that time were Liberal, so the next day the barrels were found in the wash-pool full of mud and water. There was plenty of fun and fights at election time. One time, Stanley Tubbs was Tory Candidate. He was coming in for a lot of heckling at his meeting in the school room and one man in the crowd was asking a lot of questions. Old Tubbs was getting hot under the collar so he said "And who might you be my man?". "I'm the proud father of seven children" was the reply, and with that, some woman got up and said "I would how many are his own".

I remember one man - Harry Rudge - going to vote with a big blue box in his coat. He got no further than the Top Crown where his coat and half his clothes were ripped off. So you can tell what went on in the village in those days. About the only time that feelings ran a bit high was when it was the Flower and Vegetable Show. There were plenty of arguments after the judging. I remember one man lost a marrow the night before the show, only to see it the next day with a First Prize card on it. They were up to all sorts of dodges to beat one another at show time.

I must mention some of the old names and places:-
 Crawley Bottom, Goblin Gate, Fiery Lane, Devils Den, Cuckoo's Brook, Pot hid, Pot hid Green (now disappeared), Obsole, Blackwell, the Cowpen, Clapgate Lane and the Hoop Yard. Some of these names have been changed which is a pity as it takes away part of the village. Some of the earlier pubs were the White Hart, Lamb Inn and Nags Head. There were others but I don't know just where. There was also a Workhouse in the field named Busy Bower by Whitecourt Chapel, and an Isolation

Hospital on Downham Hill - or Smallpox Hill as the locals used to call it. You can still see traces of it. Then there is Alley Bury which was a famous Roman Encampment, and Hetty Peglar's Tump (now the Tumulus) and the Honey Quarry which has been used as a tip. Along Crawley Bottom was a deep well from which all the people of Crawley had to draw their water. You let down a bucket on the end of a rope attached to a windlass about fifty feet, and it was hard work hauling it back up. That, and some of the old houses, have gone.

There were a few more ^{well known} ~~old~~ characters I forgot to mention. First there was Granny Hadscomb who lived to be over a hundred. Then there was Sloper Snow who picked up all the fag ends for chewing. He was a big strong bloke who never ~~spoke~~ spoke or wore any laces in his boots. He worked for the blacksmith, Art Parks. The forge was next to the Kings Head, and if you wanted a job done, that was the most likely place to find him. Then there was Jimmy Holder the village cobbler who was deaf and dumb but could write like lightning on a slate.

There was another incident that I must mention. Parson Gibbons was the village Parson with Gulpem. The organist was Mrs. Blanch who had a very strong voice and the Parson told her not to sing during the services. One Sunday we were not getting on very well, so she ~~then~~ sang to pick us up a bit. The Parson left his place, went round to the organ and grabbed her book and shouted "I told you not to sing". The result was we walked out - men and all - into the Vestry and went home. I did not go to Gulpem after that but went to Whitecourt Chappel instead.

One other incident was also in Church, but at Alley this time. We had Van-de-Burgh, the Parson from

Nymphsfield. He got in the ^{Pulpit} ~~pulpit~~ to give his sermon, took out the "News of the World", and started to read something out of it. Old Stumpy Creeving, a Church Warden, left his pew, went to the pulpit and took the paper away. Oh yes, Uley was not a very big place in those days but there was plenty going on one way and another.

There was a wash-pool down by the Turn Pike just below the Shear pub. The wash-pool was about twenty feet square with a big tub fixed where the water ran into the pool. ~~It~~ had a sluice gate which was let down to fill the pool. Above the pool was a sheep-pen, and the farmers brought their sheep there to be washed - or dipped as we called it. A man would get in the tub, and the sheep were let down one at a time. The man in the tub would hold the sheep down under the running water, then pass it on to another man who had a dipper - a pitch-fork handle with a piece of board on the bottom which he placed under the sheep to pass it on to the next man. Sometimes the sheep would get too heavy with water and go under. Then the men would put their dipper under it and guide it to the slip-way which sloped up from the pool. All that is left now is the shed which is used as a garage. The old Turnpike House was also taken down as it was said to be in a dangerous place because of the increase in road traffic. It was right on the corner of the cross-roads. So you can see how the old village places and characters have disappeared over the years.

Other things that have gone are the old village pumps and wells. There was one by the Green at Fountain Villa which was demolished to make ~~the~~ room for the entrance to Green Close. That one had two locks, and the keys were changed every quarter. You had to pay for

your key. It was owned by George Tilley, so if you did not return your old key, you got no water. There was a well which came out of the Church-yard wall, by Bob Mascher's who was a tailor by Trade, but that was always full of frogs. The next one was down the street ~~by~~ just below Buckle House. That one was used by nearly all the people up the street. Then there was a stone trough which was by Cranny Haversub's cottage by the Yews, and very likely came from the Barnwell spout which was along the back fields. The next pump was opposite Eileen Smith's shop - a drapers shop selling cottons, ribbons etc. The next was the stone trough at the ~~turnpike~~ ^{Turnpike}, and there was one up Shadwell Lane. There were two ditches - one each side of the road - up the street. One started by the well at the Church, the other where the Police Station is now. The one crossed under the road by the Nags Head, and they both ran into a short brook by Bob Hill's farm, then went under the road by The Gables cottage, down through the paddock, into the brook, and down the bottom side of the mill pond. The ditches were covered over where there were entrances to houses and also to Clapgate Lane.

Both Chapels are now closed and used for other purposes. I have seen both full on a Sunday - especially Anniversary Sunday when people used to come from as far away as Cam. They had to walk, of course, but that was nothing as people were used to walking then.

Mr. Harrison was the Preacher, He lived at the manse which was the house by the wash-pool. He was a missionary in the Congo before coming to Alley and was a very good doctor as you had to be if you were a missionary. He could cure most skin complaints but would never tell anyone the secret of the ointment he used.

The only factories or mills which were working were Peaker's Saw Mill which was burnt down about 1911, and Hartman's who afterwards bought what was left of Peaker's. There was a very big water-wheel down there which would drive the mill all through the winter months. A Petter oil-engine was used when the pond was too low. There was a timber turnery where Elliott's building yard and offices are, that was owned by Harry Vick and his father. They used to turn bungs and spigots for beer barrels, and also whip-tops. Then there was Sutton's Mill at Hockstons - a family business which made felt for felt hats. The making of the felt was a family secret.

The only water-wheel left in the village now is at the old mill cottage (now Hill House), and Mr. Wright there has put the mill-pond in good order again. I wish they would do the bottom pond as well - it would bring back a bit of old Uley.

I forgot one very important family - Bloodworth's, the bakers at Crawley Hill. There you could get the old cottage loaf, batch cakes, buns, and cakes. His lardy cakes were a speciality. Frank used to come round Saturday nights with his truck. He would bake you a cabbage roll if you took up some cabbage leaves on a Saturday morning. He would wrap these round the dough, and the result was a lovely crisp roll with the pattern of the leaves on it. That was always reckoned to be a Sunday tea treat. Ted Bloodworth was the father who had a brother who also had a bakery down the Coopen. People used to go there for his batch cakes. You had to live in those days to really know what bread tasted like. That and farm butter and cheese, and you had a good feed.

Frank also played the organ at both Chapels. More often late than early, but he never used any music - knew it all by heart.

There are more things that were part of the village - the

number of small shops, some of them only one room in a cottage. I will start at the bottom of the street at Jimmy Holder's, the cobbler. Then up by Whitecourt Chapel was Kate Bruton's. She sold provisions - bacon, cheese, butter and lard. Prices from Nailsworth used to deliver about twice a week by horse and cart. Then on along the Crossbanks was Tommy Workman's where you could get anything, from paraffin to black-Geacle. We used to take a jam jar down for it, and mother would make a Geacle pudding in the cloth like a spotted dick and boil it in the copper. The sugar, flour, corn etc. were all in sacks or bins behind the counter. At the street past Hill's farm was a sweet shop. That too was owned by a Mrs. Workman and her daughter. Next was Ellen Smith's drapers shop where you could get material, cotton, ribbon, lace etc.. Round Clapgate Lane was Ebin Balls, the newsagent. He delivered papers all over the village. His wife used to sell sweets - black bulls-eyes, aniseed balls, liquorice, boot laces etc.. We never had more than a penny to spend. Then there was Bruton and Son's garage and shop, and next to that the Post Office which was run by two sisters, the Misses Ford. Across the road was Octavia Smith's sweet shop - cough mixture, head and stomach pills in little round boxes which were stuck on a big card. Then there was Tedor's, the butchers - between what is now Honeyuckle Cottage and the Hairdresser's. He got shot while out rabbiting about two days before he had to go to the war. After that, it was a fish and chips shop owned by Granny Elliot. She used to make scollops - shield spuds dipped in batter and fried with the fish. We never had much money, but never went hungry.

There were several Builders and Decorators in the village. Humphrey Tilley, George Tilley, the Smith

brothers (they lived at the White Hart), Harry Ford, and Rowley Kusty's son. Bill Tilley lived at The Yew.

The village post-man was Oliver Smith who was also the chimney sweep and sexton at the Church.

One place I had nearly forgotten - Polly Hoar's cottage by the school. She used to make sugar candy with a couple of twists in the middle and a bit of grease-proof paper on the end. You got one for a half penny. The school is much about the same as it used to be. The farms are still there except Mill Farm, and Lugges Hall where we used to call for a glass of water. Rose Robbins or her Mother used to say "Taint water you want me boy, tis milk you want", and she would fetch us a big mug full. Milk was delivered by yolks and pails with the milk measure hung inside. About five gallons in each pail. We used to say "Art will have his bowler on this morning" if it was raining, because when he bent down to get the milk, the water would run off his bowler into the milk. That was just a saying, but such was village life as I remember it.

There's just one other thing I remember. Every year a steam dray used to bring big loads of blue stone and tip it on the plain - that bit of land at the bottom of Crawley Hill. Then men would come with their stone hammers, and leather guards on their legs, and break up the stone into pieces about as big as an egg. They would put their boot on a big piece of rock and split it with the grain, then break it up. There was always a big heap of stone there which was used for road repairs. The stone was hauled by horse and cart and spread over the road requiring repair. Then coarse chippings and grit were spread over the stone, the water cart would spr.

water all over, then the steam roller would roll it all in and that would last for years. The timber carriages were about the heaviest vehicles to use the roads, also the steam dray from Workman's Flow Hill at Cam bringing flow to the bakery.

Jack Ward.

One chap I want tell you about. He didn't live in the village, but delivered coal to the big houses. He had some queer sayings, had two left feet, smoked a nose warmer pipe - that was a clay-pipe with the stem broken off and he worked with his brother for George Aliffe, the coal merchant at Dursley. His boss liked a drink or two, and met Jack in Long Street one night and said "What drunk again", then Jack said "yes sir, so be it". He bought a pair of boots from Montgomery's and said that he had to wear them for a fortnight before he could get them on. He arranged to meet his brother and said to him "If thee bist there first put a stone on the wall, and if I be there first I'll knock en off". Jack went to the Berkeley show and said that he'd done the Railway Company down - "Ah", he said, "I took a return ticket and walked back". His old horse dropped dead coming up Bull Pitch. "Never served I that trick afore" said Jack. Another time he said that he was "on the hooter when the bridge blowed seven".

What I have written happened before about 1930, so that's about 25 years as I remember our village, its people and their way of life. There has been a lot written about Uley of late, but I doubt if there are many left who remember it as I do or what I have written about.

Since writing what I know, one or two more

things have come into my mind. The base stones of the village War Memorial came from the pond that Cuckoo's Brook runs into. It was used when the mill was Sheppard's Cloth Mill. There were two big iron pipes about five or six feet high with a big flange at each end. These were put over a sort of manhole when they wanted to fill the pond. We used to put one pipe over when we wanted to paddle or try to swim but it was ice cold. They must have been there sixty or seventy years or more.

There were also two special oak trees - the one up Kampen supposed to be the tallest in Gloucestershire. The other was at Hye Farm and was the biggest round. It was said that it took eight men to span round it. It collapsed a few years ago under its own weight and age. (The one at Kampen was felled in December 1977).

The gypsies used to come and camp two or three times a year. Their favourite place was the Freeges - the bit of ground just before you get to Frocester Hill. The woods provided shelter and also plenty of nut wood for making hundreds of clothes pegs. The women used to carry them round the village in big baskets with hair pins and all sorts of odds and ends. They also made a lot of paper flowers. They would also come down the bit of road at the top of Kampen on the right between the field and the copse. A couple of horse-drawn caravans, a tent or two and a couple of dogs. There was always a fire burning for cooking - expect quite a few rabbits went into the pot and some of the farmer's spuds. The man who seemed to be the boss was Luke Smith. He did the buying and selling of ponies and spent most of the day in the pubs. Wonder what he was up to at night especially when the moon was kind. They cooked hedgehogs in clay. When they were done they opened the clay and all the prickles and spines would be fast in it.