



ST GILES HORSPATH PARISH MAGAZINE

May 2009

A message to you all in Horspath mark this date in your diary!

SATURDAY, 27TH JUNE between 2.00 and 5.00 p.m.
is the day that St Giles Church and the Village School
will unite to hold a

GRAND FÊTE in the Village Hall

to raise much needed funds for both organisations. Your attendance and support will be most warmly welcomed.

There will be various stalls, crafts on show, cakes, garden stalls, a village history exhibition and a big raffle.

All this is being brought together as a joint fund-raising venture and thus will be a true village event supported by true village commitment! Both Church and School are at the very heart of our community, and require our support.

You will readily appreciate that *the pound in your pocket* does not go far in the current climate, so every pound, if not penny, is of the utmost importance for the success of this event, for the future good of both Church and School - and don't forget that a village fête is also a great social occasion where we can all come together and enjoy the day!

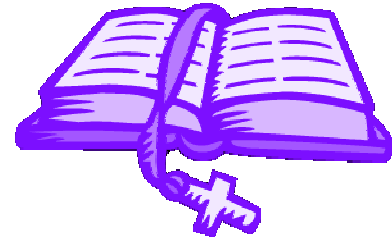
If you would like to assist us in any way, either before or on the day, please contact either Barbara Lewis (872204), Brian Lowe (873342) or Jill Minshull (876450).

So, book that day, **Saturday, 27th June** and come along to support us and enjoy yourself!

St Giles Church and Horspath School

CHURCH SERVICES IN MAY

- 3rd The fourth Sunday of Easter
11.00 a.m. Parish Communion
- 10th The fifth Sunday of Easter
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion
11.00 a.m. United Service of Parish Communion
- 17th The sixth Sunday of Easter
11.00 a.m. Family Service
- 24th The Seventh Sunday of Easter
11.00 a.m. United Service at the Methodist Chapel
- 31st Pentecost
9.30 a.m. Cluster Service at Cuddesdon



FLOWER ROTA FOR MAY

- | | | | | |
|---------|------------------|-----------------------------|------------------|--|
| Sundays | 3 rd | Gill Gray
Carol Cuthbert | 10 th | Muriel Walker
Nancy Llewelyn |
| | 17 th | Nell Gray
Penny Mercer | 24 th | Nesta Long
Friends of Horspath Churches |
| | 31 st | Brian and Carol Lowe | | |



HORSPATH SENIOR RESIDENTS' CLUB

- Wednesday, 6th May: Visit to Kew Gardens. Coach leaves at 9.00 a.m.
- Wednesday, 20th May: A Quiz organised by Derek and Erina. 2.00 p.m. in the village hall.
- Wednesday, 3rd June: Visit to Bourton-on-the-Water. Coach leaves at 1.00 p.m. Fare is £6.00.

At our AGM it was decided not to have a Bazaar this year. The annual subscription has been increased - £5.00 is due now and £5.00 at the beginning of October.

- Sheila Dandridge

HORSPATH GARDENING CLUB



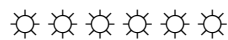
Horspath Gardening Club meets on the second Tuesday of every month. Now the evenings are light, we are out and about in the Oxfordshire area. We welcome everybody, so come and enjoy an evening guided talk at a different venue, with a time to catch up on any gardening news.

The next events are:

Tuesday, 19th May – visit to St John’s College with Head Gardener, Philip Shefford. Meet in the village hall car park at 6.15 p.m., with or without cars. (Please note the change of date – it is the *third* Tuesday of May).

Tuesday, 9th June – a guided tour of Waterperry Gardens with (hopefully) Mary Spiller. Meet in the village hall car park at 6.15 p.m., with or without cars. There is a charge of £7.50.

For further information, contact Sheila Frankum (872793).



Tales of Horspath – from *news* items of 1955

‘A rather sad place bisected by the railway’ is Mr. Reginald Turner’s verdict on Horspath. He must have been thinking of the neighbour, Cowley, which is one of the saddest places in Christendom.

Ugliness is always sad. The beautiful is nearly always gay. In Horspath I encountered only one sour face in a population of 549. Otherwise for two days I met with nothing but smiles and gaiety.

There is Freddy Mullins at the *Chequers* whom I last met in the eerie purple light of a chill Dante-esque dawn on the summit of Snowdon, where we both stood shivering in the gloom waiting to see a total eclipse of the sun.

The curious thing about Freddy, who is a Blue Marine, a tailor and a poet, as well as a publican, is that he hasn’t altered one jot since that memorable dawn on the mountain top in June 1929.

But there was one ancient present, Taff Gardiner, the gravedigger, like myself a septuagenarian, and we sat over the fire remembering the good old days when the South Oxfordshire used to meet on the Green, and the Christ Church Beagles, to which I was formerly Whip, used to hunt their hares.

Frank Crook breezed in for less than a minute on his way home for dinner and I had to take his hat off before I recognised the bald head of the most famous footballer that Horspath ever produced. Frank showed me the photograph of the 1950-1 team. 'Four cups and a shield that year', he said proudly. 'Not bad going'.

Freddy then produced one of the Inn's most ingenious and exciting features. 'Instead of plain shutters and heavy curtains', he said, 'in black-out days I got Mrs. Douglas Veale (now Lady Veale) to paint for me two village scenes'.

He pulled out the painted panels on one of which I saw the Morris dancers pirouetting on the village green. On the other panel was a general view of the village.

'You'll notice that they're all going the same way, making a bee-line for the Chequers', said Freddy. 'You ought to call it *Opening Time*', I said.

The artist had caught very neatly the gentle green softness of the tall trees rising above ancient houses that seemed to have grown out of the folds of the hills behind.

The whole village is drenched in beauty. In every house that I entered I was shown etchings and paintings of Oxford, of the hansom cabs plying down St Aldates and stately ladies in flower hats and flowing dresses sauntering regally down the quiet *Corn*.

Cheerful Children

After all, spring was in the air. The sky was a dazzling blue, golden crocuses festooned every cottage garden. Only one face was crabbed and poor thing, who is to know that her husband doesn't beat her up every night? There's usually a reason for sourness. I have a feeling that very few Horspath husbands beat their wives. I thought of the moving epitaph on the monument in St Giles Church to James Salisbury of Bullington Green, who died on February 3rd 1770, aged 42:

*Farewell my wife and children Whom I did love so dear,
I've gone to rest, You need not fear
And as for me no sorrow make, But love my children for my sake.*

Perhaps it is easier to love children in Horspath than in other places.