

Directly after the firemen called to say the danger was over they found her back in bed again in nightdress and night cap not at all pleased to have had her night's rest disturbed.

I remember when I was four or five years old going with a maid we had then named Ellen White to see her parents and have tea with them. Their cottage was in Boxhedge Square and had a garden reaching down to Warwick Road at the bottom of which was a stream or pond from which Ellen picked water cress for tea. In a small work shop behind the cottage I was very interested to watch Mr White weaving at his plush loom. I remember clearly the beautiful cream coloured stretch of material completed and the shuttle being threaded in and out and I think his feet were working treadles.

At four years old I went to my first school in the mornings. It was a kindergarten school at the east end of St John's Road called the Lawn and it still looks just the same as it did then. It was kept by the Misses Maria and Fanny Harlock, the latter the Principal although the younger. Their father who lived with them then reached the age of a hundred and a painting of him hangs in the Town Hall as he was at one time Mayor of Banbury [1865-6]. It was the first school in Banbury to teach by the Froebel system. The Misses Harlock had studied in Germany and Sweden. They had a brother living in Sweden with whom they sometimes stayed and they were very keen on teaching Swedish drill and wood carving. Their teaching was good and they made their subjects interesting. I was there for six years and left in the summer of the year of the Diamond Jubilee. I have an exercise book with a little composition in it about the events of that day. During my last term the Children's Ward was added to the Horton General Hospital in aid of which we performed a small entertainment on Tableaux Vivants, a form of [f.4] entertainment then very popular. Each living picture represented a Nursery Rhyme. I was the "Lady on the White Horse" wearing a silk blouse and cut down green velvet skirt of Miss Harlock's youngest sister and a large leghorn[?] hat with ostrich feathers, my own best hat. A schoolfellow still has a photograph of us all taken in the garden by the schoolhouse. My steed was a large white rocking horse lent by a pupil.

On Sunday afternoons my mother took me to a children's service in St Mary's usually taken by the Vicar, the Rev. Charles Fleetwood Porter, later canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. We sat behind the Sunday School children with several other mothers and nurses with children.