

in time. One boy, Tommy Fortescue, a son of the captain's coming down last by himself was singed and scorched slightly. That exhibition was not repeated at the second Fete. It was Canon Porter who presented and arranged with Oxford friends for the Pastoral Plays. Mrs H.B. Irving stayed at the White Lion Hotel and was accompanied by an invalid sister and her little boy Laurence then about four years old. Her other child Elizabeth, Lady Brunner was not then born.

I would like to record here an incident concerning Canon Porter which was told me by my parents. They attended a series of Church History lectures given in [f.7] the Corn Exchange, Market Place, by the Rev. C.A. Lane, F.R.Hist.S., Lecturer of the Church Defence Institution. This would be about 1893. the Hall was large and had a stage and galleries each side and there were large audiences. The clergy of the town were invited to sit on the platform. Father Bowen, the priest at St John's Roman Catholic Church, was one of those who accepted the invitation. When the Vicar of Banbury, the Rev. C.F. Porter, discovered this he refused to sit on the platform with a Roman Catholic priest. When father Bowen heard this he left his seat and event and sat on the steps of the platform and remained there during the lecture and the Vicar sat in his seat on the platform.

My mother was educated at Oxford Lodge School owned by a Miss Eason who left while she was there and was followed by the two Miss Braileys. I also attended the same school as a day girl and later as a boarder. The Miss Braileys retired about 1908. They were excellent teachers and prepared pupils not only for the Cambridge Junior and Senior examinations but also successfully for the Higher Local, later succeeded by Matriculation. At that time it was the leading girls' school in Banbury, as a Private School. The Technical School in Marlborough Road admitted boys till about 1899 when girls were also admitted.

Going back to my early childhood one of my first recollections is of the cry in the streets of "All hot, All hot" on Good Friday mornings from about six o'clock, as the bakers' boys went around with trays or baskets of hot cross buns. Each year I went with the maid to Betts, the bakery in Butchers Row, to fetch the buns for breakfast. We watched the great trays of brown buns, smelling deliciously, being drawn from the oven and then scuttled home with a bag full to eat while still hot.

On Easter Sunday the volunteers in their scarlet uniforms always attended Matins. They assembled in Bridge Street and marched with their band up Parsons Street. At the side of them but by himself marched