

the Cow Market. Pigs were sold by auction from pews near the Leathern Bottle in the Market Place. Sheep were herded in pens in the Horse Fair where the public conveniences now are. As children we liked to reach over and feel those thick woolly fleeces. The hurdles forming the sheep pens were taken down after the market and stacked in the Wool Pack yard.

In the middle of January a large horse fair was held covering the whole space of the Horse Fair from the Church House to where the Cinema now stands. For a few days the town was full of horse dealers in leather leggings and high bowler hats with jolly weather beaten faces and loud voices. On one morning prancing show horses drawing high light gigs, two wheeled, were driven round and round a clear space. One of the cleverest drivers with the finest horse was the wife of the doctor, Dr Tyndal Johns, who lived in the house now part of the Whateley Hotel, so that she drove in great style out of her stable gateway into the ring.

Once a year in April Steeplechases were run round Crouch Hill which formed an excellent natural grand stand. Crowds of race goers came into the town to attend this and it must have been quite a pretty sight to watch. Every Whit Monday Bank Holiday the Banbury Harriers had sports where the Spencer Football ground is now. This was well attended and valuable cups and prizes were presented by notable people. I can remember Lord Willoughby De Broke and Lady Caroline Jenkins as names of these.

[f.11] The first royal event I remember was the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess Mary of Teck, later King George V and Queen Mary. There were no picture postcards then but cabinet-sized photos were sold in the shops of the royal pair. There were two of them in the second and third pages of the family album, the first being occupied by Queen Victoria in plumed bonnet, order of the Garter and many medals as she appeared at the Golden Jubilee seven years before in 1887.

I remember two events of the wedding day. In the morning there was a procession. I must have been standing among the crowd watching on the Green because great excitement was caused by a horse drawing a waggonette carrying several men with important posts in the town suddenly bolting, frightened by the music of the bans and the number of people. I was astonished to see a curate of St Mary's, named Spurrel[?], jump out head over heels. I had probably only seen him before in church wearing a surplice. He was not hurt but a boy who lived on the Green