

## Banbury Farm Revisited

Yvonne Taylor



Banbury Farm, Lower Street, far right

I was ten years old when we moved from Banbury Farm, the house I was born in. I had not been back again until this year, sixty-four and half years on.

As I walked through the back gate, I had difficulty in picking out any familiar place. I knew the orchard had been built on, but all the outbuildings had disappeared: the cider house with the cider press, and above where we swept the apples down the chute; the huge barn with the pear tree covering the whole of one wall, which used to house geese and pigs; another barn where our outside toilet was - the only one.

The stables were still there but not the poultry house or the 'maternity unit' where all the broody fowls were all sitting on their eggs, about a dozen of them all in a circle.

The cart house still remains and brought back memories of the swings we used to play on when it was too wet to play outside.

Our vegetable garden now belongs to next door and a bungalow had been built on it.

We were invited in for coffee and there was even more confusion for me.

Doors and windows have been moved.

A bathroom has been put in; we didn't have one.

The stairs which had been in our living room is now just inside the front door.

We had a fireplace with a seat each side and an oven; it has been covered up.  
The kitchen has now been extended and now joins what was our out-door washhouse.

We had two furnaces outside to boil clothes on Monday washday.

We had a pump just inside the back door.

We had two air-raid shelters. Dad had dug out a large one in the orchard and the other was in a barn that ran under the vegetable garden; you can see the roof of the barn in the second picture below. A bungalow now occupies this area.

It was a great experience to go back.



These pictures are from my family album and were taken at Banbury Farm and, on the following page, at Farm Barton (beyond the village lockup, now a residential development).

On the left, Una Drewer (back centre), Joan Dunn (evacuee, on the left), myself (front centre) and an unknown evacuee.

Below: my mother, Ivy Sansom, on the left and a friend feeding chicken in the Banbury Farm yard.





My Dad, John (Jack) Sansom, working at Farm Barton for Mr Lye, who also farmed at Manor Farm, (now a residential development) opposite Manor Drive.



Jack Sansom on the left with Reg Chant in the centre going milking for Mr Lye at Farm Barton The identity of the third person is not known.