

19/09/2009

Hi there,

Just discovered your views of the village and Nuneham (Harcourt) House. My name is Malcolm Dyer, I attended the village school for a short while from, I think, 1940 possibly '41. I remember the 2 lads Norman Treadwell and David Cross and the Headmistress.

Norman lived in a cottage on the estate close by the estate dairy and David was, I think, the son or maybe grandson of the House Butler, in happier times.

We used to dig for victory in the headmistress' garden, attend to a pig and stir a preserving pan in her kitchen making jam. I remember that during the time I was in attendance at the school very little attention was paid to academic studies. She had an assistant teacher who I think was an outsider like me and she did her best to make school seem like a school. The other thing I remember was that we always had a steaming cup of Horlicks each day.

I lived on the estate in a small cottage down by the river called Ferry Cottage which was opposite Radley College's boathouse. The reason we were there is that my parents had been offered jobs by the lady who was in charge of the House for Barclays Bank D.C.O whilst they were there until the Air Ministry moved them out to afford themselves of the wartime use that you have described. I also believe there was a connection with a Fleet Air Arm training station at nearby Cullum?

The latest views of the village do not appear to have changed a great deal and it still has the 'olde worlde' appeal about it.

When the Bank was moved on, the Air Ministry re-located them in Eynsham Hall close to the village of North Leigh in between Witney and Woodstock, where they stayed until the Air Ministry again evicted them in favour of the USAAF and the American Red Cross to become a USAAF Station and Rest & Recuperation centre for the Commissioned Flying Crews. My parents were asked to stay and manage the daily civilian staff and we lived in the Hall until the final end of the war in Europe.

I hope you find this interesting and that I haven't too many of my recollections twisted under recall.

Regards.. Malcolm Dyer.