

there still brings a chuckle to his face even to this day as he recalls how one morning he prepared all the washing requisites for his officers carefully laying out soap, towel, water etc., only to be summoned some minutes later by the Major who demanded to know where his soap was. Mystified, another bar was soon found but when the episode was repeated the following morning suspicions began to be aroused. The Officers playing golf had also been losing golf balls at a rapid rate but the mystery was soon solved when both items were found among the droppings of the Emus also residing in the Park.

After the war Jack returned to the haulage business and during the Railway Strike of 1921 can remember having to take loads of hay up to London. It meant an early start usually about twenty to five in the morning. They would take their first break at the 'French Horn' at Gerrards Cross, stopping again in Southall at the 'White Hart' for the night and the next day be on their way again. As they neared London the tram lines would appear in the roads and what a rumpus was caused when they sometimes unluckily got the wheels of their cart caught in them. After discharging their cargo at the Load of Hay in Paddington they would pick up another cart, this time full of soot for the fields and begin their homeward trek. The journey was very different in those days, very peaceful, suburbia hardly existed and most of their route took them through villages, across commons and by the side of fields where they had ample opportunity to admire the joys of watching the wildlife, and of course catching themselves something tasty for their supper. As the hours sped on and darkness fell they would gently plod their weary way home, so gently that it was nothing unusual for them to fall asleep at the reins and their horses take over, they nevertheless always arrived at their destination.

1922 is a year Jack will remember as the year in which he decided to settle down and get married. He made a wise choice in his bride Maud Cox who came from Thame for they were to go on to enjoy many happy years together before Maud unfortunately died only weeks after celebrating their Diamond Wedding.

In 1923 Jack started work nearer home at the Cement Works, taking up the position vacated by his younger brother who had decided to try his luck in Australia. While there he remembers that the family owned a small Welsh collie dog who faithfully went with Jack every morning to work but who would instinctively know when it was twelve o'clock for she would then run to meet Jack's eldest daughter Bernice from school and would not return to him again that day.

After five years at the Cement Works Jack was itching to be back on the road, and so went to work for Hickmans the Haulage Contractors at Princes Risborough. There again the hours were long 6 o'clock in the morning to very often 12 at night. In fact, if you were not at the yard promptly by 6 Mr. Hickman would want to know exactly what you had been doing all day! In the thirty-seven years that Jack was to stay at Hickmans or British Road Services (for they took it over in 1962) he also added to his weekly exercise the 66 miles he cycled to and from work, a staggering 27,000 miles all told.

For steam wagon enthusiasts Jack can remember the day that Mr. Hickman decided to try out the very latest automatic fed Sentinel. Jack and his co-driver were to take the wagon up to Buxton in Derbyshire for the day. It arrived at Princes Risborough with 4cwt of coal but as the manufacturers were convinced that it could manage the trip on 3 cwt the remaining fuel was left in the yard. They set off at 9 am in the morning maintaining quite a good pace throughout the journey but at the beginning of the return trip Jack began to get rather worried about their fuel situation. Just as he suspected they did run out, but mercifully not before they reached the Royal Bucks Hospital in Aylesbury. Here Jack thought he would nip over the fence to the station yard and help himself to enough coal to see him home and then notify Mr. East as to what had happened in the morning. Alas, he was caught red handed by the arm of the law, and faced some rather close questioning before being allowed to continue on his way (incidentally Mr. Hickman decided not to buy the Sentinel as he could not afford it and only bought a trailer instead.)

An odd snippet of information lightly let slip by Jack, and which may be of interest, is that while working at Hickmans Jack can remember the time when Amy Johnson and Gracie Fields lived for a while in a cottage by the Church at Princes Risborough. Apparently even in the 1930's some women were very weight conscious and both Amy and Gracie would pop over to the yard every so often to have themselves weighed.

From the above you will appreciate that the amount of time which Jack could call his own, in which he could feel free to follow his own leisure pursuits or just spend comfortably at home with his wife and children was, up until relatively recently, very little indeed. Maybe because it was so scarce he always treasured every moment. He was a keen member of Oakley Football Club which used to play on the field where the present Oakley Stores now stands. Mr. Digweed would come along on a Saturday morning and mark the ground out and then on would go their