

The Reverend Barrow is succeeded by Theodore Lunt and shortly after he becomes Vicar in 1931 he is joined by Cyril Marsden Lee, first as curate and then, when Lunt resigns in 1934, Lee is vicar and stays until 1938.

What a glorious time this was for Worfield's Parish Magazine. First Theodore Lunt and then Rev Lee open up the parish. They reflect what is going on and allow their parishioners to speak. It is wonderful to hear their voices. Instead of having an item written by 'a Choirboy,' or even worse, having the Vicar write all the items, here the events are brought to life by the parishioners themselves

This is the Choir Boys' Outing as described by Edward Driver aged 11.

*On the morning of the fifteenth of July I awoke at five o'clock. I did not have much sleep on the night of the fourteenth but lay awake thinking of the trip.*

*I was a bit disheartened at first because it was raining but it soon gave over.*

*At exactly twenty minutes to seven I started out from home to the cross-roads where I was to be picked up.*

*After I waited for about ten minutes the char-a-banc came and I got in.*

*All went well for quite a long time and then we came to a drove of cows and Tom Welsby got out and drove them up a side turning.*

*We stayed in Llangollen for twenty minutes and while some of them went and had a cup of tea I went to the fruiterers and bought some cherries...*

*At about twelve o'clock we arrived at Llandudno and met Mr Lunt outside the Red Garage.*

*We stopped at the fruit shop and Mr Lunt bought a basket of strawberries which we ate on the beach. After we had eaten all the strawberries we bathed and Mr Lunt paddled.*

*When we had finished bathing we went half way up the Great Orme for lunch in a tram.*

*While we were having lunch the sea gulls came and Wilfred Elcock took a snap of them.*

*For the whole of the afternoon we could do what we liked, so I went round the town and into Woolworths. At half past three we bathed again and till five o'clock I sat on the shore.*

*At five o'clock we went and had tea at Summers and had salad and trifle. When we had finished tea we went to the char-a-banc and two boys got lost. We went to look for them and they came back at twenty past six.*

*We had several breakdowns on the way back, the first was on Madley Hill. (Is this Madeley Hill). The petrol would not reach the engine. I arrived back at quarter to one, very sorry it was all over.*

In 1932 the tennis club season was going to start on the 28th April. The courts were to be opened at 6pm and a dance would follow at 8.30pm. Subscriptions to the club have been fixed at 5/- and members' guests may use the courts on payment of 6d for a ticket from the Worfruna Garage. It sounds as though the club might have been struggling because A.A.M. writes '*It is hoped to arrange as many matches and tournaments as possible but these, in fact the existence of the club, depends on the amount of support received from playing members.*'

In 1933 the wedding of the decade as far as Worfield was concerned, took place, but sadly it was not at Worfield. Margaret Leicester- Warren married Major Oliver Leese at Tabley in Cheshire. It was also the year in which Wyken in particular and Worfield in general mourned the loss of Kate Morrison (1848-1933) who had given so much to the parish. The last of the Eykyn line, Peggy Hodge Eykyn, of The Laurels, Ackleton, dies and the vicar gives a short history of the family who, it would seem, were granted their lands in the reign of Henry 1.

Ackleton was having a gay old time. There was a whist drive in 1933 which finished at 10.15pm and then dancing started with the Ackleton band consisting of a piano, trumpet, drums and violin.

The Cricket Club is having a bad time in 1933 with lack of interest and support. The interesting thing from my point of view is what it says about the economy at the time. Many of the players 'are only fitfully at work and can scarcely afford to bear the whole cost of travelling to away matches or entertaining visiting teams to tea.'

The Young Peoples' Fellowship is planning a trip to Dudmaston where they will have a picnic. There was to be the loan of two punts and an opportunity to swim in the lake. A gramophone was to be taken.

*The walking party will start at 2.15 from the War Shrine and go by Hoccum and Bentley (distance about 5 miles), the cycling party at 3 and go by Barnsley Lane (distance about 6 and a half miles). A few who cannot cycle or walk can be accommodated in cars.*

The school ran clubs to teach the children the practicalities of looking after livestock. This was Tom Welsby's account entitled 'How I Took Care of My Lamb.' Tom was 13 at the time and won first prize in the competition.

*When I first had my lamb I got leave from the vicar to keep it in the cemetery. I had to think out a name for him and in the end I called him Bill. I gave him a pound of corn a day which I bought from school. I collected some swedes for the winter and the bad weather. I kept him in Mr Monk's loose box in the bad snow time. I had a hard time in cleaning the shed and putting straw for him to lie on. We got on very well together and he soon was very tame and would soon follow me about. I used to take him down by the Blacksmith's Shop to graze and Mrs Seedhouse gave him some bread. When the time came to lose him I took him down to school. Although I took first prize it meant I should not see him again. Mr Foster said he was an outstanding lamb as well as fat and clean.*

Cyril Lee was a practical man who went round at Harvest time helping Worfield's farmers. Because he couldn't find a replacement vicar he chose to spend his holidays at home doing something he enjoyed. But he also wanted to get to know the men of the parish, 'and it seems to me that there is no better way of getting to know a man than by working with him in the harvest field.'

Writing at the end of June 1935 he notes that the summer was 'three hot days and a thunder storm' and in consequence hay making was ten days behind last year. When he writes again at the end of July the weather has been hot and dry, so hot indeed that the vicar hopes that the corn has been ripened and not burnt. The drought had dried up lakes in the Parish:

*'It is sad to see the Mere Pool quite dry and hundreds of eels lying dead, some as thick as a man's wrist. By contrast I notice that Ewdness pool is still well full of water, but Barnsley pool is also dry and Hoccum pool very low last time I was there.'*

In October the Vicar writes thus about the Ackleton fire:

*'...which gutted all the old part of the Ackleton malt houses on Saturday evening, October 12th. It started just before 5pm and was not really subdued till 11pm. At one time it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save the row of cottages down the road or the two up*

*above. The difficulty was to get any water. Bridgnorth engine got bogged in the field near Broadbridge, but Shifnal, after trying to get to Badger Dingle, at last were successful in pumping water from the Royal Pool through 1200yds of hose pipe to the malt house. Meanwhile all the furniture had been got out from the cottages and carried down to Mrs Wainwright's yard. Hundreds of sightseers in rows of cars had come from all the countryside as the blaze was visible from Wolverhampton in the east and from all the high ground in the Wheatland country between here and the Clee Hills.*

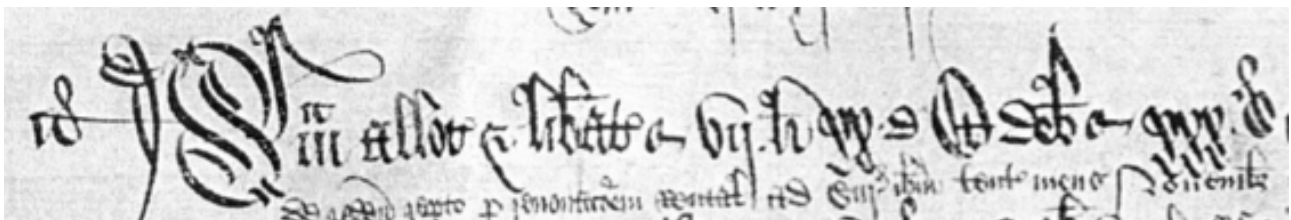
The Vicar comes across as interested in every aspect of his parish. After describing the Ackleton fire he writes:

*Of an entirely different nature but hardly less memorable to me, was the party given to all the able bodied inmates of the workhouse in the Recreation Room...Foxalls brought them out in two char-a-bancs and after tea the Women's Institute performed an amusing play. Then some of the old men, a little wheezy perhaps and more than a little nervous, sang us songs of fifty years ago - The Farmer's Boy and The Old Arm Chair.*

Cyril Lee also took a great interest in the Constables' and Churchwardens' Accounts and I share his interest but lack of skill in transcribing them:

*I am anxious to publish the Manorial Rolls but I cannot do this without some help at first to enable me to understand the abbreviations and the peculiar type of Medieval latin with its many abbreviations.*

I give you a tiny piece of what a document looks like and you will see the problems that Cyril Lee and I share. It has taken me a year to 'see' the letters and I have now to brush up on my Latin grammar.



The Parish magazines in Cyril Lee's time are a joy to read. There is so much material about everyday life in the parish and extracts from the old documents are the icing on the cake. If only they were all so exciting!