

GENERAL PICTURES FROM THE VILLAGE



This picture was likely taken at the village cricket field, which is adjacent to the Crown Hotel (just across the river). At the time of printing the names of the ladies are not known, but it looks as though they are awaiting a picnic, perhaps while the men-folk are playing cricket?



Morris men 'Strutting their stuff' on the lawns of the Manor House.
Date unknown but probably in the 1960's.

MORE GENERAL PICTURES



The Ivy Church on the south side of the main Cirencester to Fairford road.
Services are still held here on various occasions.



AMPNEY CRUCIS (COTSWOLD SERIES)

A view of Sterry's Mill taken at the turn of the Century.



A play at the Village Hall (that's Paddy in the blue!)



A peaceful scene by the River in Ampney Crucis (c.1880?)



Paddy bites into a sausage at the VJ Party 1995



Celebration of VJ Day Street Party in Ampney Crucis Village 1995.

The picture below shows the old door that was once at the Blacksmiths. It is said that many of the horse-shoes on the door are of Roman origin.

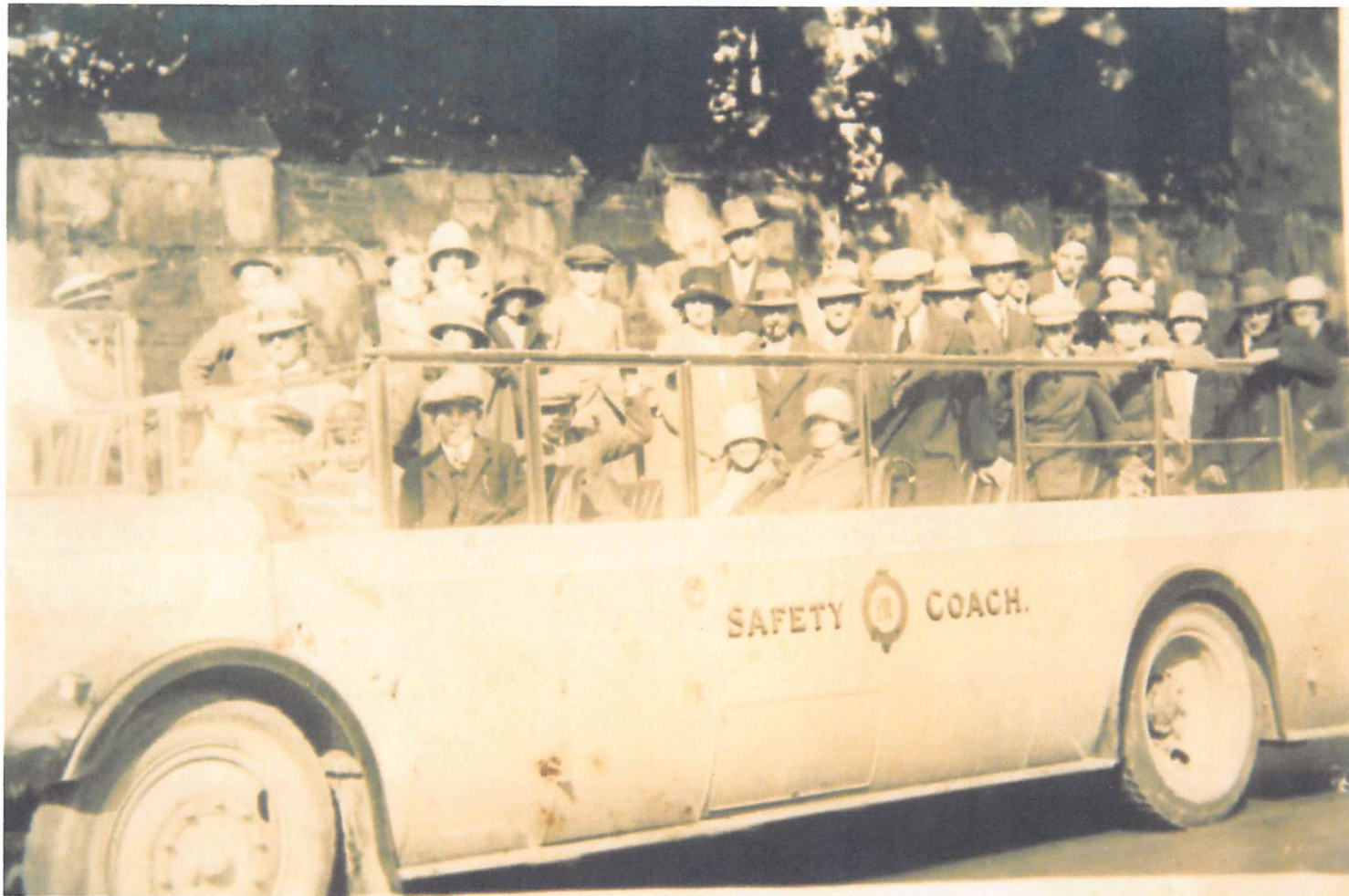


Picture from Paddy Thompson

AMPNEY BROOK



A view of the Ampney Brook taken in the Autumn



The Ampney Crucis choir bus outing going to either Weymouth or Weston-Super-Mare
c.1932-1933



A Happy Scene from one of the many Fête's that are held on the Ampney Crucis Cricket Field.

THE VILLAGE BAKERY

Dick Gearing's father was the village baker and the bakery was part of the village shop. The original shop was the house where Mrs Dear used to live.

The bread oven is probably still in the house but I can't vouch for this.

Most of the houses in Ampney Crucis then were tied cottages belonging to the Cripps family and when a new family came into the village to work for Sir Frederick Cripps they had to be in about 7am. and immediately after this time the Gearing family were on the doorstep asking to deliver bread to the household.

I don't know where they purchased their flour etc but there were 2 working mills in the village at that time.

I myself can still remember their lardies for which they were famous. They were out of this world – absolutely dripping with grease and nothing like these we buy today, and nobody worried about their weight!

The shop sold everything you could think of and was well patronised by the villagers. There was no Tesco's or Waitrose in those days and the village was basically self supporting. There was a large orchard attached to the shop – two bungalows are now built on that site - and fruit from the trees were offered for sale in the shop, and often given away free!

Dick's brother, Arthur Gearing in later years came back to Ampney and took over the shop. Arthur had a bakery in Fairford.

OLD AMPNEY RECIPES

This recipe was given, to me by Mrs Kent who lives next door to the village hall. Mrs Kent came to work at Ampney Park as a young girl of seventeen years of age - she met Frank, her husband, who was a local village lad and has lived in Ampney Crucis ever since.

MRS KENT'S APPLE SHORTCAKE

6 ozs Self Raising Flour	3 ozs Sugar
2 or 3 Large cooking Apples	1 Beaten Egg
4 ozs Margarine	Pinch Salt

Method

Stew apples to a pulp and add sugar to taste,
Cream sugar and margarine. Add beaten egg and stir in salt and flour.

Divide dough in half, Thinly line greased pie plate or flan dish with rolled out half layer of dough. Spread apples over this and top with rolled out remainder of dough mixture. Mark into serving pieces and prick with a fork.

Bake at 325°F for 30 - 35 minutes or until golden brown. When cold, sprinkle with sugar and eat!

MRS AGGIE COOK'S FRUITCAKE

This is a lovely recipe for a fruit cake which I use all the time to feed the family. Mrs Cook came from Belfast, Northern Ireland to marry Bill who worked on Cripp's farm. Unfortunately, both have now died but young Bill, his wife and son Kevin still live locally.

12 ozs Self Raising Flour	8 ozs Margarine
5 ozs Sugar	8 ozs Dried Fruit
4 ozs Glace Cherries (quartered.)	Milk if needed
3 or 4 Eggs	Pinch Salt

Use creaming method to mix. Put in greased, lined cake tin and cook for 1 to 1½ hours 325°F, or until cooked, Test with knife - when cake is done, knife will come out clean.

WHITE POT

I am not quite sure how I acquired this - I found it on an old piece of paper amongst some old recipes, Apparently, it was used and made especially for "village revels" in olden days, usually at Whitsuntide - I have never tried it myself!

4 quarts milk

1 lb flour

1 Lb Golden Syrup

8 Eggs

2 ozs Butter

2 Nutmegs

Mixed spices to taste

This was usually baked and mixed in an earthenware pan. Put in flour, eggs, syrup and spices. Boil the milk and stir it boiling into other ingredients to form a paste.

Cut butter into small pieces and dot on top. At the last moment pour $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of cold water into the middle of the pan and then put into the oven without stirring. Bake in fairly hot oven for the first hour then lower the heat gradually for 7 or 8 hours. The ideal oven for this dish, according to my recipe, is an old farmhouse bread oven. Half quantities can be made, but this dish must always be baked in a deep bowl or pan.

In An Ampney Garden

(To the tune of "In an English Country Garden")

As Autumn arrives, there's no time to skive,
In an Ampney village garden,
You reap your harvest, for Home Grown is best.
In your Ampney village garden,
Carrotts, Beetroot, Runner Bean,
From the earth these crops you glean,
Cabbage and Marrows all added to the store.
Once more you mow the lawn,
Then tiredly you yawn,
In that Ampney village garden.

The weather turns wet, as the days shorter get.
In an Ampney village garden,
You paddle through the mud, to dig up every spud,
In an Ampney village garden,
Pick your apples off the trees, Gather up the fallen leaves,
Once more with your hoe you tidy up the plot,
Put your Wallflowers to bed, Then creosote your shed,
In an Ampney village garden.

When Winter's chill, brings Robins to your sill,
In an Ampney village garden,
There's newspapers torn and strewn across the lawn,
In your Ampney village garden.
Rover tied up in the yard, has left his doggie calling card,
So mind where your step, and keep your wellies on,
Gather logs for the fire, to your armchair then retire,
And forget your Ampney garden.

Early one morn, out the window as you yawn,
O'er your Ampney village garden,
Jack Frost has been, and frozen all the scene,
In your Ampney village garden,
Snow lays thick upon the ground, content in peace at last you're found,
At the warmth of your fireside you sit and contemplate,
There are no more digging chores, 'cos every plot's the same as yours,
In those Ampney village gardens.

(Peggy & Paddy Thompson with apologies to the original songwriter)