

Memories of Hornton people...

I was looking through my seed catalogues just now and found a letter from Oliver Jarvis (the poultry farm, last house on left quarry road) it is dated 1976, and is in reply to a letter that I had sent to him. It is 32 years old (his letter) it refers to many things, his green house, him playing the chapel organ, and so much more, when I left school in 1944, (I was 14) I went to work for him, as my first job, looking after his white leghorns and Rhode island red hens, he had 150, I was paid £1. 6 shillings a week, and gave my Mum (Mary Tanner) of that £1.00 for my keep , the war was on then and Mr Jarvis was a volunteer for the RAF Observer Corps, and used to go off in his uniform, aircraft spotting . He had a terrific sense of humour, one day we in the fields hoeing his field of potatoes, and the black clouds were creeping across the sky, I said to him, " Mr Jarvis it looks like rain, what shall we do ?? he replied " Get wet" he had many other funny expressions, he said to me once;

"He who has some goods to sell,
Won't make half the shiny dollars,
as he who climbs a tree and hollers.

I could tell you a few more, as a boy and a young man I used to sit in Hornton Chapel and hear him play the Chapel organ. They had some one behind the organ pumping it whilst he played.

By Jim Tanner
Now living in High Wycombe (Ex-Mayor 1989-90)

