

*A collection of stories
and memories
(mostly for children)
written by
Doreen Bloomfield*

There are twenty “stories” in this collection and they have been divided into two major categories. The first ten are most suitable for very young children and early readers, whereas the remainder would appeal more to those of mature years (approaching double digits and beyond) and who might appreciate the more factual and less fanciful nature of the writings. This latter group - for “Older Children” - I have further sub-divided into three categories that seemed to fit together. I hope that all are enjoyed by those who read or listen to them.

Ten stories for younger children.

*Tales of rabbits and lambs and of foxes
and bears; of castles and a very old tree*



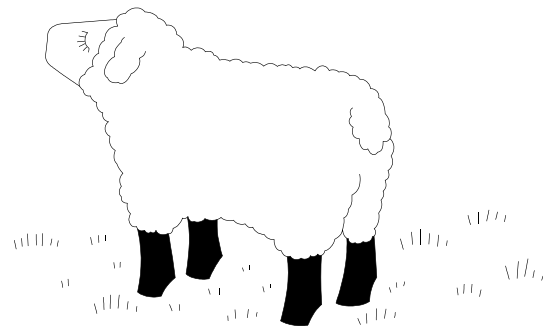
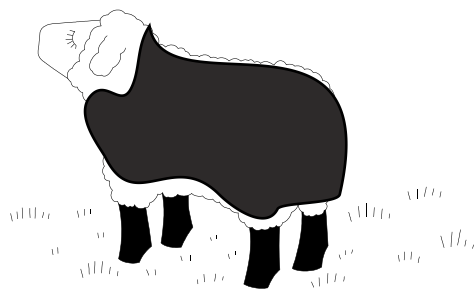
A Story of the Woolly Twins

Once upon a time a long, long way from America, in a country called Scotland, there lived a farmer named Alex MacDonald. He was a sheep farmer and had many hundreds of sheep. His farm was in the beautiful countryside surrounded by hills and dales. His sheep were allowed to run wild and eat, sleep and play; particularly to eat the sweet grass and sometimes the purple heather flowers. In the fall and early winter Alex Macdonald went walking with his sheep dog, Rover, to gather the sheep together and take them to the farm. This was because the hills were too deep in snow for the sheep to find foot. Mr. MacDonald had one sheep which had twin babies, a black lamb and a white lamb. Mr. MacDonald thought the lambs were so pretty that he named the black one Willie Woolly and the white one, Wanda Woolly.

His little girl, Mary, was very fond of both these twins and they would jump up and down as though they were on springs. Mr. MacDonald said he'd never seen finer woolly jumpers. Mary had such fun with her new playmates; she tied a bright blue ribbon round the neck of Willie Woolly and a red one round his sifter, Wanda. Mrs. MacDonald wouldn't allow the lambs in the house and even after a while Tim, the dog, didn't bark when Mary skipped up followed by the lambs,

Tim thought they were having such a good time running and jumping up and down that he tried to jump as well. This made Mary laugh and giggle for Tim couldn't jump quite the same way as the baby lambs. One day when Mary was at school, the lambs escaped from the sheep pen and went off down the road to school looking for Mary. A truck driver saw them and tried to chase them into his truck. But Willie said to Wanda "Mrs. Macdonald has told Mary never get into a strange car". Wanda said "I think that goes for strange trucks too".

So the lambs went running and jumping away down the road just in time to see Mary coming out of school. It was 3:30 and time to go home. Mary was so happy to see her pets and wondered how they got out of their pen and how they found their way to school. The lambs wanted to tell Mary about their narrow escape with the strange truck and truck driver, but they didn't know people talk, only sheep talk and they bleated and baa-ed all the way home.



Adventures of the Woodland Bears

"You know that you are not supposed to splash through the mud puddles" said big sister, Annabel, who was almost always known as Annie. She was six years old and had a beautiful golden-brown fur coat. Mama will be very angry and I shall get blamed". "I don't care" replied her brother, Michael who liked being very tough and grownup. "Now what a mess you are" went on Annie, "I hope that Mama throws you in the lake, any other way". "No she won't" said her baby brother "because I shall run away, so there".

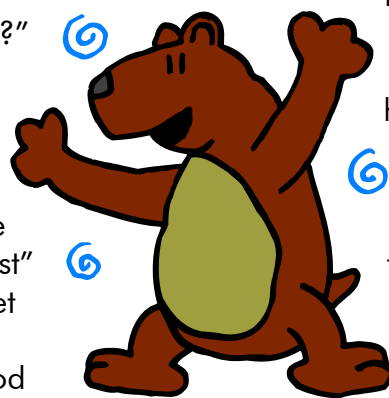


Annie felt very put up-but he never did as he girl instead of a boy. It to and play with. Broth-Papa sometimes said so though the family really loved Baby Bear very much.

on, she really tried hard to look after Mike, was told. She often wished he had been a would be so nice to have a sister to talk ers were such a trial. Even Mama and

The two little bears wandered home, it was getting late and nearly time for supper. Mike took his time, finding all the mischief that he could. He sloshed through any puddles he could find, walked through the thickest grass and rolled over and over in the piles of leaves that had fallen since summertime. It was starting to get cold and a bit darker under the trees. Of course, Annie knew the way home, the two bears often came that way; Mike looking for honey trees, Annie dreaming about the Thanksgiving party they were going to.

Suddenly Mike let out a "Yippee!", although to you and me it would have sounded like a loud growl. Of he went helter-skelter through the tree as back" screamed Annie "where are you going?" bear, took not the slightest bit of notice. Now per and Mama was baking a delicious whole bear family knew how fond Mike honey tree or baked into a cake. "I knew we should have told my brother there go home without him, I know that he'll get lost" Annie was a good and loving sister, so she set him looking at a big tree and she said "He's sure" and that's what Mike had seen. He stood reached up that tree as high as he could. He just mess, not taking a bit of notice of the swarm of bees buzzing round. His face was a picture of delight. You could see how he was enjoying the fresh honey.

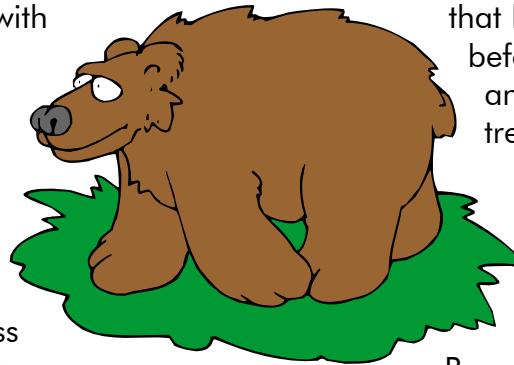


fast as he could run. "Come But Baby Bear, that naughty they would be late for sup-honey cake for dessert. The was of honey, out of the

was honey cake today. If I thought Annie to herself. But off after Mike. She could see found a honey tree I'm on his hind legs and got his paw into that sticky

Annie caught up with him in no time. She scolded Mike "I do wish you wouldn't run off like that," she said. "Mama will be very anxious and supper will be cold".

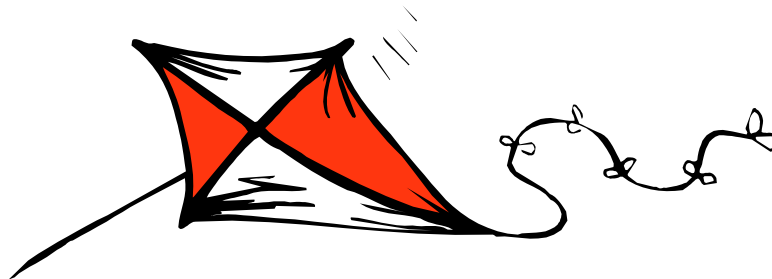
Just at that moment there came a growl, a big growl, from nearby and there ambled into sight a big brown bear. The two little bears looked startled and backed away from the honey tree. They didn't intend getting into an argument with that huge bear. Annie whispered to Mike "I have never seen him before. I wonder where he came from" but they didn't wait to see and they ran away and let that big brown bear have the honey tree.



Mike said "Who cares about that tree anyway, I there are lots more." So the bears got home in supper after all. When they got home all breathless and covered all over with leaves, twigs and dead grass, Mama Bear threw up her hands in horror.

know where time for and mike covered Bear threw up her

"Whatever am I going to do with that boy, I send him out in the morning looking so spruce and smart and after a few hours in the woods he comes home looking like a ragamuffin". "But" she continued "I suppose he'll come clean with soap and water". Mike shuddered at this; he liked water to play in but not for washing. But he knew he'd never get anything to eat unless he cleaned himself up, so with a big sigh he gingerly put his paws into the wet water.



More Adventures of the Woolly Twins

Do you remember Willie Woolly and his twin sister, Wanda, getting out of their pen and going to school looking for Mary MacDonald? Her father, Mr. MacDonald, the sheep farmer said he would make sure that the lambs didn't get out again. He knew his daughter, Mary was very fond of her pets and she would be very upset if anything happened to the twins. Well lambs were very mischievous and they tried very hard to push the pen gate open. They butted it with their heads but Wanda said that gave her a headache. So Willie tried to climb the fence, but it was too high. Mr. MacDonald watched them trying to escape and smiled at their antics. Tim, the guard dog started barking as if to say, I wish the lambs were out here with me so that we could play. But the gate was still closed and the fence was too high.

After a while Mr. MacDonald went back to work. He whistled to Tim to follow him but Tim took no notice. This was unusual because he usually followed Mr. MacDonald to the barn or to the fields. Now, a few days earlier, there had been a lot of rain and the ground near the fence was very soft.

Tim was an intelligent dog; he had to be to be a guard dog. So he started digging under the fence with his front paws. You should have seen that mud flying all over. The twins watched and wondered what Tim was digging for. Willie Woolly, said "I know, he's trying to get in here to play with us". But his sister, Wanda, said "If Tim digs a hole under the fence we can get out". And that is exactly what happened. Before you could say "Hurrah" Willie and Wanda said "I'm sure the air is much fresher outside the pen." Which, of course, was silly as the air was just the same.



Well off the three friends went, skipping and jumping across the fields, Tim as usual trying to jump like the lambs did. They wandered towards the stream which was running very fast because of all the rain there had been. Tim wanted to swim. Like most dogs he was a good swimmer but he could only do the dog paddle, moving his front paws. Willie wanted to follow him, but his sister said "Mary's father had told her to keep away from the stream". She was only a little girl and could not swim. But Willie was feeling very brave and slid down the bank and SPLASH right in over his head. They to jump like the lambs did. They

Wanda cried and bleated and made a lot of noise, and just in time one of the farm workers came and dragged Willie out. He was soaking; what a sad and wet little lamb he was. Mary was home from school and when the farm worker carried a cold and soggy Willie to the farmhouse, Mary dried him off with an old towel and told Willie "Daddy told me to keep away from the stream you should have done as well". But thank goodness the lambs were alright, so everything ended happily. Except Tim, the guard dog shook himself and the water flew all over Mary, Willie and Wanda. So after a warm in front of Mrs. MacDonald's kitchen fire the naughty lambs were once again in their pens.



Life with Francis and Freda: The Fox Hunter

The huntsmen rode hounds blowing his which is called a pricked up her ears. and she knew the mate, Francis, came the hunters were didn't know why.



down the hill, the master of the fox horn "Tally Ho". The female fox, vixen – her name was Freda – She had three fox cubs to look after sound of the horn meant trouble. Her running into the den; he also knew after him and his family. But he

The hunt was the hounds barking. concealed and the dogs would follow a fake trail. When Francis had been nosing around the farmyard he saw the farmer come out of the barn and he, the fox, ran home to tell Freda to stay close to the den. There was trouble; big trouble.

coming closer and Francis could hear He hoped that his den was well

Now foxes usually hunt small animals such as field mice and voles, occasionally a rabbit, and Francis knew the farmers were glad to be rid of these kinds of animals which eat his crops. Francis was crafty, as foxes are known to be. They have to be to survive, and he told Freda, his mate, that he would try to get through the undergrowth and tall grasses to see how far away the hunt was.

He crept through the trees and heard something crashing through, coming towards him. It was a big dog followed by four or five more. These dogs, lead by a big black one, were no particular breed and one or two of them had feathers round their mouths. Francis had a good idea that they had raided the farmer's hen-house and it was the wild dogs that the hunt should be following and not the fox.

Francis, being very wily, thought how he, just a fox, could prove that he had done nothing wrong. He hadn't stolen anything. So he ran back to Freda and the baby cubs to tell her what he'd seen. Now, although Francis was a clever animal, sometimes he did things without thinking first. But Freda would say "Think what you are doing". He once walked through a puddle of rain water and found it two feet deep. What a surprise!

Now Freda and Francis thought and thought. How could they get proof that they were innocent and the huntsmen should be hunting the wild dogs, not the foxes?

Freda at last said that she had an idea. Francis should try to lead the dogs towards the hunters and the riders so they would see the evidence of all those feathers around their mouths. Francis ran and ran and managed to take a shortcut and get in front of the dogs. With a "Tally Ho" the hunters saw the fox first and then the pack of dogs. The master of the hunt saw all those feathers and knew right away that the fox wasn't guilty of stealing those hens.

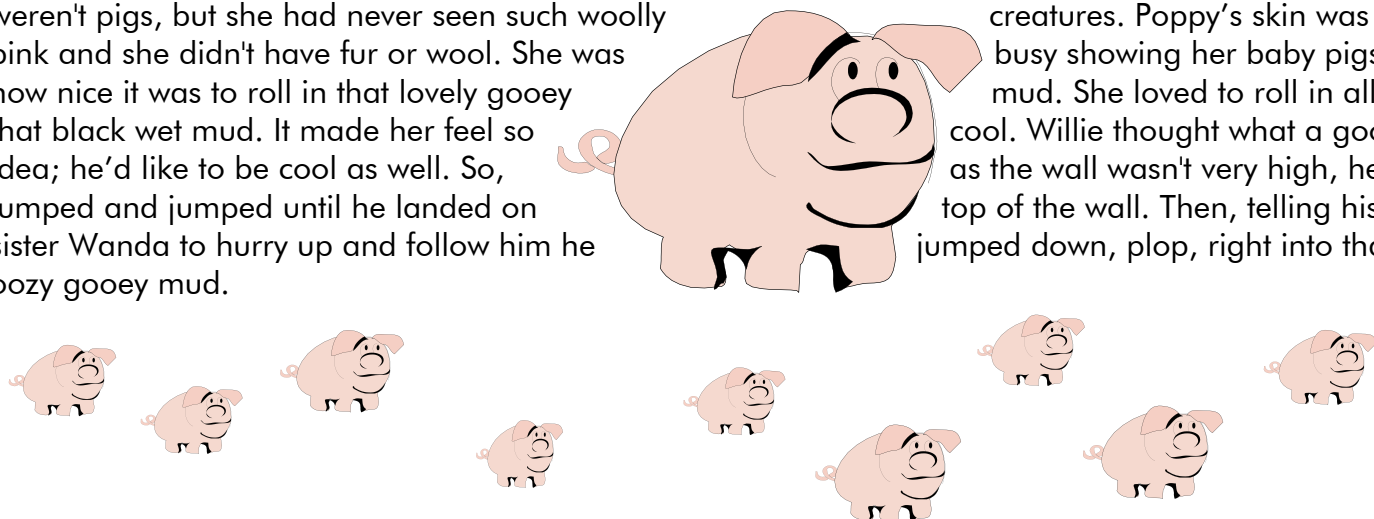
Francis was afraid he would really be in trouble now – he had to escape the stray dogs, the fox hounds and the riders. But, wonder of wonders, he spied a hollow log and ran into it. The fox hounds ran past, helter-skelter after those stray dogs and, after waiting for what seemed like hours, he was able to return to the den and to Freda and the babies. He said "I hope I don't have any more days like that". Freda said "I agree".

Another Story of those Terrible Twins

Mr. Macdonald, the sheep farmer, told his little daughter Mary that Tim, the farm dog, would not be able to dig a hole under the fence and allow Willie and Wanda Woolly the lambs to get out. He had put rocks and stones to fill up the hole. Tim ran up to the sheep pen to have a word with the lambs and to say "Good Morning". Tim planned to dig the hole again, but saw Mr. Macdonald had put rocks and stones in the space. You could see the puzzled look on Tim's face. He knew he could never move the stones.

Now you may remember Tim was a very clever dog and he trotted farther down that fence until he found a soft spot in the earth. He started to dig and dig and before long there was a space for him to crawl through. Wanda Woolly the white lamb said to her brother Willie "Tim wants to play inside here, but I want to be outside. There are so many exciting things to see". Of course you wouldn't have understood Wanda, because she talked lamb talk. It sounded like "Bleat!Bleat!Bleat". But her brother understood and off they went, the little white lamb and the black one.

They jumped for joy to be out. It was a beautiful day so off they went exploring. They got as far as the pig-pen where Poppy Pig was tending her nine little piglets. Poppy looked at the twins. She knew they weren't pigs, but she had never seen such woolly creatures. Poppy's skin was pink and she didn't have fur or wool. She was busy showing her baby pigs how nice it was to roll in that lovely gooey mud. She loved to roll in all that black wet mud. It made her feel so cool. Willie thought what a good idea; he'd like to be cool as well. So, as the wall wasn't very high, he jumped and jumped until he landed on top of the wall. Then, telling his sister Wanda to hurry up and follow him he jumped down, plop, right into that oozy gooey mud.



Wanda just stood on top of the wall and gasped. You couldn't see where Willie was because of the mud. What a good thing he was a black lamb. Wanda didn't know what to do. She was so sorry to see her brother in that black mud. And Poppy was getting angry because she didn't want the lambs near her babies. Wanda tried to tell Willie to get out of there. Then she suddenly lost her balance and down she went to join Willie in the mud. There was such a noise, Poppy was squealing, the piglets joining in the noise and the lambs bleating.

They tried to stand up but kept slipping and sliding and falling down. Just then a farm worker came running up to see what was going on. He climbed over the wall and grabbed Wanda and then Willie. The man was covered by that black goop and he wasn't very happy about it. Mr. Macdonald arrived then and Mary came home from school. It took ages to clean those naughty lambs up. Mrs. MacDonald gave Mary a bottle of washing-up liquid and that took care of some of the mud. Mr. Macdonald got the hose-pipe and washed the lambs down, and after some hard work, the lambs looked like lambs again. Mary tied nice new ribbons on them; a blue one on Willie Woolly and a red one on his twin sister, Wanda. Can you remember which was the black lamb and which was the white one?

The Missing Apple Pies



"Ma!Ma! Quick one of your apple pies has been stolen" shouted Robert Rabbit to his mother. She had just closed the oven door to see if the next batch of pies was cooked. "Oh dear" she said, "What happened" She counted the pies cooling on the window ledge. She knew she had put three beautiful apple pies there, and didn't they smell good. "Oh dear" she said again "Now there are only two" Robert excitedly pointed to Harry Hare running down the street carrying one of those tasty pies. "Shall I run after him" asked Robert's sister, Rosy "I know I can run very fast". "No" said Mrs. Rabbit "Let the poor hare have the pie, I feel very sorry for him, as he doesn't have a mother to look after him, and I suppose his father is off every night dancing with the other hares, now that Spring is here" Mrs. Rabbit went on talking about all the pies she had cooked. Peach pies, blueberry pies and the Rabbit family's favorite, apple. Robert's mouth could taste those scrumptious treats especially served with ice cream. "Well" said Mrs. Rabbit to her children "You aren't the only ones I seem to bake for, apart from your father, and I wonder where he is. He only went to the vegetable patch for carrots"

She thought about the first time one of her pies went missing from the window sill. She knew it wasn't Robert or Rosy as they were at school. No one else was at home except herself. The window was open but the door was closed. She came into the kitchen to noises of cheeping and chirruping, and there, eating as fast as it could was the little bird which always seemed to hang around the kitchen. He had brought all his friends and family as well, remembered Mrs. Rabbit. They were making short work of all those pies. She, shoo-ed them with her apron, but instead of flying away, they flew into the kitchen. Now the door was open because Mrs. Rabbit came through it from the dining room and off they went through that door. It seemed like a thousand of them, instead of about ten or twelve. Fortunately the front door was open and off they flew into the trees. There were feathers all over, what a mess!!



But at least that made Mrs. Rabbit watch her pies very carefully.

Now another one was gone and Harry Hare was the culprit. It was too late to save that pie, but Mrs. Rabbit had a good idea. She would make sure that Harry Hare would get a good dinner. She told her son, Robert, to ask Harry Hare to dinner the next night. Robert did this but Harry said "Yes I'll come to dinner but I don't like carrots. So I hope your Mama doesn't serve them" Robert replied "But we always have carrots and we love them. Mama says they are good for us and give us good eye-sight and you never see a rabbit wearing glasses"

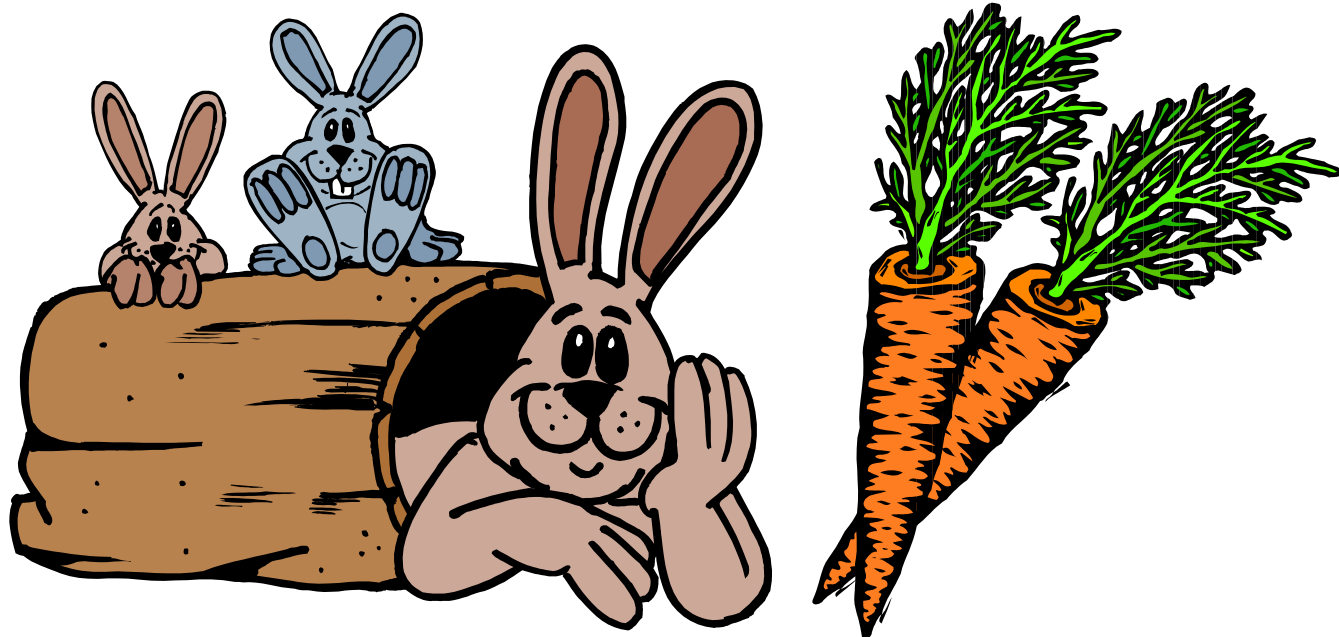
So the next night Mrs. Rabbit decided that she would make the family's favorite meal, a dandelion leaf casserole. She was out early in the morning to pick the new tender leaves, because this is the best time to pick them. She was careful to get only the nice juicy ones. She washed them well and put them on one side while she made a special cake as Harry Hare was coming to dinner. She could see the little mouse which liked to sit in the doorway creeping into her kitchen. The mouse, whose name was Morris, knew he'd get the crumbs which fell when Mama Rabbit was baking. "Don't bring all your mouse friends please" she said "or it will seem I'm feeding the whole neighborhood".

In the evening Mrs. Rabbit prepared the dandelion casserole and said to herself "You know what I'll do, I'll grate up some carrots into the dish. It will look nice; orange carrot with the green leaves" So that's what she did. When dinner was ready Mrs. Rabbit called her husband, her children and Harry Hare to the table. Harry mumbled to Robert "I hope your mama hasn't made carrots. You remember I don't like them"

Well, Mama Rabbit served up the dandelion casserole and gave Harry an extra large helping. "Eat up" she said "while the food is hot" Harry looked at his plate and wondered what the orange bits were. "This is good" said Robert". "Yes" said his sister, Rosy, So Harry Hare started to eat and yes, it was good. He finished the whole plate in no time, and then asked for more.

"Thank you Mrs. Rabbit" he said "I really like this, but what are the orange bits. They are very tasty"

Mrs. Rabbit looked at Harry. She thought shall I tell him; yes, why not? "Harry" she said "it was grated carrot and you liked them" What a surprise and how the family laughed. Harry Hare decided that carrots are good after all.



More Adventures of Those Woolly Twins

Now Mary MacDonald was on vacation from school and her father was getting things ready for the farm show. Mrs. MacDonald had baked some bread and cakes and made lots of lovely strawberry jellies and jams to take to the show. Mary's father had said that she could take Willie and Wanda to see if she could win a prize in the livestock ring. Mary had worked very hard cleaning the lambs, combing and brushing them. They had bright new ribbons and Mary talked to the lambs as she brushed them. They were very good at this time and they listened to Mary telling them they had to walk very quietly before the judges and remember not to jump up and down as they liked to do.

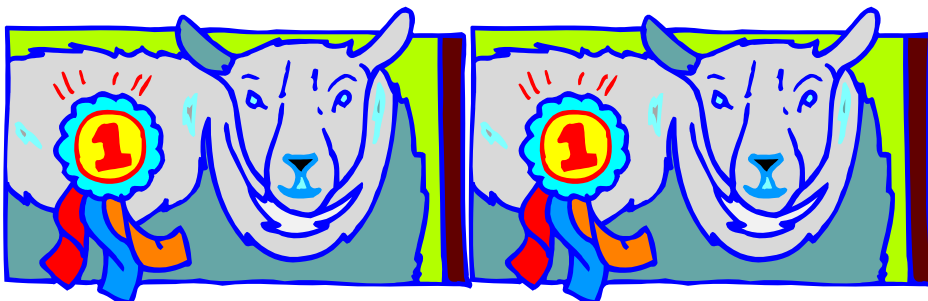
At last everything was ready. Mr. MacDonald was taking one of his best cows. Her name was Henrietta. She gave a lot of creamy milk and Mr. MacDonald said she was very valuable. He just knew that Henrietta would win first prize. It was a lovely sunny day, which was a good thing. It wouldn't have been much fun if it had been raining. Mary wanted to watch the cattle show because her father's cow was in the competition. She kept her fingers crossed and hoped that Henrietta won first prize. But she had to stay with Willie and Wanda who were a bit uneasy. They weren't used to all the noise and what a crowd of people. There were cows moo-ing, sheep baa-ing, horses neigh-ing and chickens clucking. Then with the crowds of people talking and laughing it was quite a hullabaloo.



Mrs. Macdonald was so happy because she won a prize for her blueberry pie. Mary knew her mother would win because Mrs. MacDonald was a very good cook. Then Mr. Macdonald came rushing up holding a beautiful silver cup that Henrietta, his cow, had won. He just knew he'd be lucky with Henrietta. She was a beautiful Jersey cow and they gave the creamiest milk of all. Mary's turn was very soon and she was feeling a bit anxious, although she knew all the time that the Woolly twins were beautiful lambs.

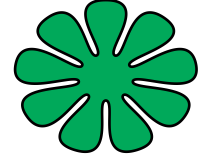
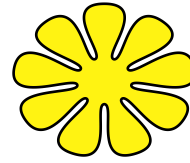
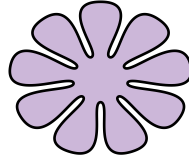
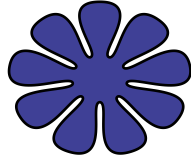
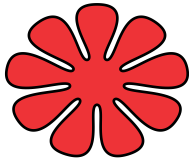


Mary had some time before the judging the sheep and lambs. So off she went to watch the pretty ponies, riding horses and big Clydesdale stallions. A stallion is a father horse. These are very huge and their groomers were brushing them and braiding their manes and tails with bright colored ribbons. Then the Clydesdales were getting the fur round their feet powdered. Mary's eyes opened wide when she saw this. The groomer said "Because the fur round the big horses' feet is white it makes the fur look very white and sparkling clean". Mary said she had never seen anything like it.



By this time Mrs. MacDonald called to Mary that it was time to walk the lambs round the show ring. She hoped they wouldn't start jumping like they did on the farm. Fortunately they behaved very well

and after the judges had talked together and added all the marks, they held up the card which showed 'HURRAH'. Mary's pet lambs had won first prize. She was so excited she didn't know which lamb to hug first. It had been a lovely day; all the family had won prizes, and they drove home in Mr. MacDonald's truck, tired out but very happy. Mary fell asleep leaning against her mother. She had a big smile on her face and I'm sure she was dreaming of a lovely day at the Farm Show.



Big Tree 100 Years Ago

The year was 1890 and the young newly married couple had just planted the young oak tree to celebrate moving into their new house. They looked with pride at the tree and imagined it growing tall and spreading so that picnics could be held under its shade.

The time passed by and the couple had grown older and had had many picnics and restful times under the beautiful oak. As their family grew and moved away, the best times were looked forward to on high days and holidays, using the swing hanging from the sturdy boughs. Many were the grandchildren who had climbed into the branches hiding from their parents and grandparents.

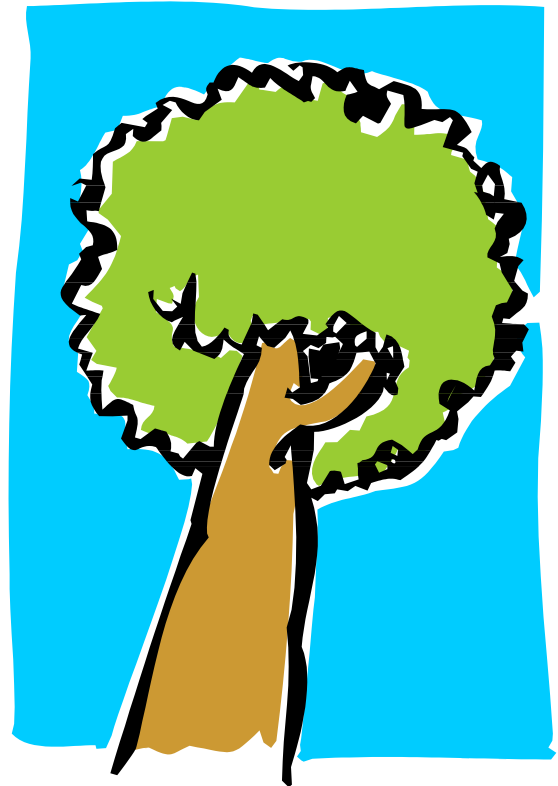
And now 100 years had passed and the old stately tree had served its time and had to be cut down. After this was done, much to the sorrow of the whole family, all that

remained was a stump
about two feet high. A
favorite granddaughter

of the original young couple

came to stay at the house. She was too young
to remember the old oak tree. But, looking

through the bedroom window on a beautiful moonlit
night the young girl saw a wondrous sight – there were fairies dancing
round the remainder of that old tree. It was midsummer night, the
night when mere mortals are privileged to see the fairies
hold their midnight revels. And if you have an old oak tree
or tree stump in your garden and happen to look out of your
window on Midsummer's Night you may see Queen Titania and
her fairy court dancing in the moonlight.

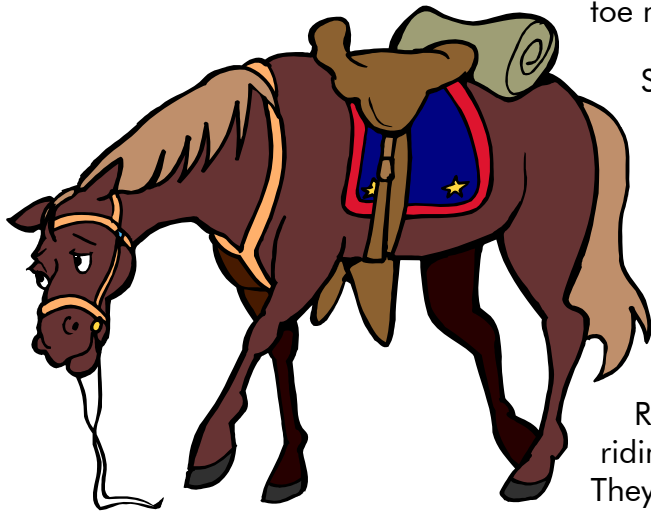
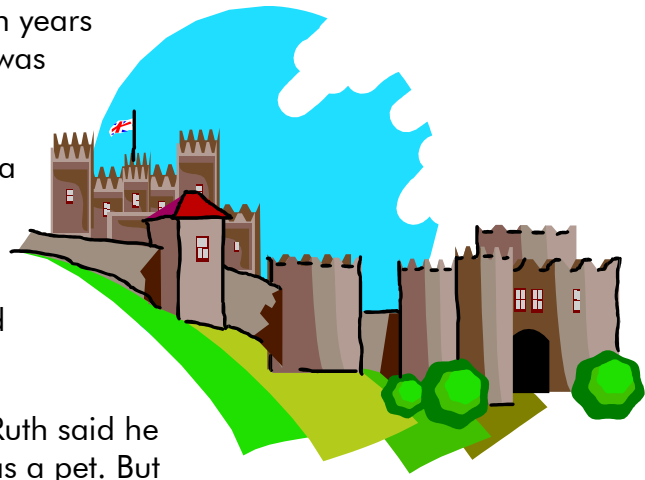


A Story of Buckie Castle; Ruth and Her Pets

In Scotland there lives a little girl named Ruth. She is ten years old and she lives in a castle. The castle is very old and was built in 1513. There are dungeons and lots of rooms.

Ruth liked living there because she has two horses and a Shetland pony. Her favorite riding horse is named Molasses. What a funny name. He is called this because it is hard to stick on his back. Many times Ruth has tried to make him jump a fence but he refused and Ruth went over the fence instead.

Her other horse is called William; he is a Welsh pony. Ruth said he is too old to ride, so William was sold to some people as a pet. But Ruth's mother discovered that these people were not exercising William. They were not feeding him properly and they had let his hooves overgrow. Something like your toe nails growing too long.



So Ruth's mother brought the pony back. Ruth's mother loved horses and she cared for William. She fed him proper food and got the vet to treat his feet.

The Shetland pony was company for Molasses and William. His name is Tidy. Ruth loved riding in competition. She liked England best as she said there were more gymkhanas (competitions) there.

Ruth has a brother, Duncan. His favorite pastime is riding his miniature motor cycle around the castle grounds. They have many acres so there is lots of room.

The castle used to belong to an earl who had no children so the buildings were sold. Ruth's parents went to Edinburgh to the National Archives to try to find more history on the castle. They found there had been a building on that site in 1252. The parents hoped to find papers or plans on the castle but all they found was information on the earlier house. Ann, Ruth's mother, told her children it was written in Latin and, wonder of wonders, it was written on animal skins. Do you suppose this could have been before paper was invented?

Well, the family are very happy living at Buckie Castle; Duncan because he can ride his motor cycle; Ruth because she has room to exercise her horses.

Duncan was a member of Boy Scouts. They were to take a trip to Belgium and the Scout Master said all the boys had to wear the kilt. Now Duncan



was born in England and had never worn the national dress of the kilt and, what's more, he said he wasn't going to, even if it meant not going to Belgium. What a to-do!

First of all a kilt had to be borrowed and one in Duncan's size. Duncan wasn't very tall but he was fond of chocolate and it meant he was a bit tubby. Eventually a kilt was borrowed, but to get Duncan into it was a different thing! His mother begged and pleaded but Duncan said "I'm not wearing a skirt". He forgot that men for hundreds of years had worn the kilt with pride.

Well, the Scout Master said how handsome Duncan would look and, surprise, before you could say a word, Duncan was in that kilt. He swished up and down and said how funny he felt and wondered how girls could wear such funny things.

So that ended that and off they went on a ship to Belgium where they had a wonderful time. The whole scout troop was very much admired dressed in their kilts. They caused quite a sensation.

Duncan said he wouldn't mind wearing skirts again which made Ruth say "don't borrow my dresses". And the whole family laughed at the thought of Duncan in a frilly dress.



My Favorite Season

Although I like the hot sunny days of summer very much, I do not sit out in the sun. I find it rather tiring and enervating.

Fall (autumn) is such a beautiful time of year with the varying shades of leaves turning, it would seem, every hue from pale lemon to deep russet red. The children love to rake leaves into neat piles, then take a running jump and leap into the middle of the heap, scattering them again. They never seem to tire of this childish pastime. I wonder what they would say if I joined in.

Winter is also a beautiful time of year with the blinding white snow shining in the pale sunshine. The icicles catch the rays and seem to be more like diamonds than the real thing. The ponds freeze over for the skaters and I must admit it is funny to see Canada geese come down and slide as though they had skates on too.

Now spring is the rebirth of, it would seem the entire animal kingdom. The birds are gathering twigs, dried grass and almost anything they think suitable for their nests. They are very particular and discard one piece of nesting material and pick up another which, to me, looks exactly like the first piece. The sheep have their lambs at this time. How joyful they seem, dancing round their mothers. How does the lamb know which mother is theirs? To me most of the sheep and lambs look almost identical. The cows have their calves, and the wild animals in the forests and wild areas of this wonderful country have their babies at this time as well.



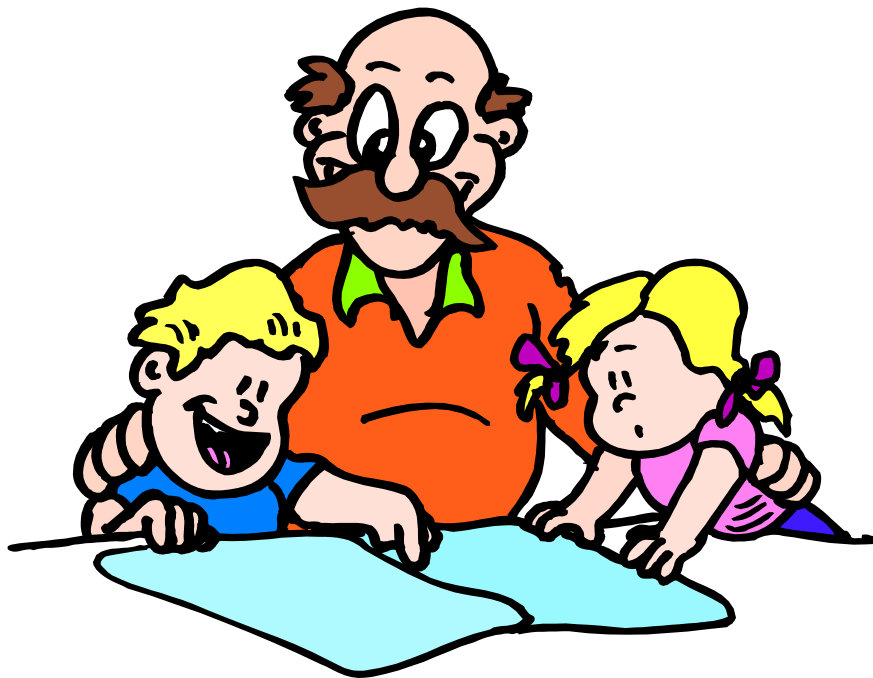
What a glorious time of the year it is when it seems that everything is being reborn. The Almighty knew what he was doing when he created the Earth and decided that spring should be the beginning. Then followed by summer and after slowing living creatures down in autumn and allowing some species to prepare for the coming winter, when most varieties have a hiatus and rest, to allow the energies to be re-charged for the coming of spring.

Now, for those a little older.....

The remaining ten stories and memories are more appropriate for older children, perhaps ages 7 or 8 and up.

These have been divided into three groups:

- Two perspectives on life in Ancient Britain
- Four stories about the travels across Britain of a 12 year old English girl and her American pen pal
- A collection of four memories personal to Doreen Bloomfield; these latter will be most appreciated by those aged 10 +



An Anglo-Saxon Story

Many hundreds of years ago in Great Britain, long before England was called England, the whole country was split up into little kingdoms. So, of course, there were many kings or rulers instead of one crowned head. There were kings of Wessex, Essex, Sussex, Anglia and Mercia.

In 55 BC, Julius Caesar had invaded and conquered Britain. His soldiers were very well trained, just as today's armies are. Their weapons were made of bronze as were their breastplates and helmets. They carried shields, spears and swords.

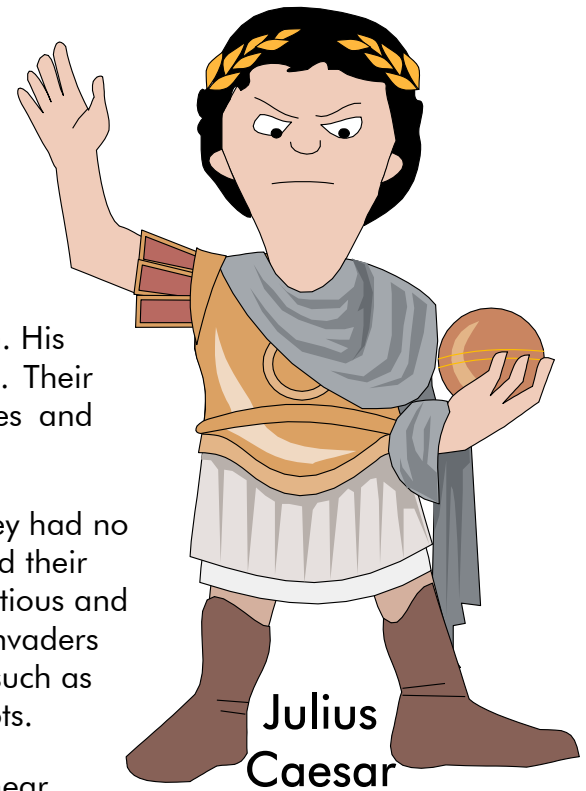
The ancient Britons were no match for this mighty force. They had no armor and they wore animal skins for clothing. They painted their bodies blue with a dye called woad. They were very superstitious and thought their painted bodies would frighten those foreign invaders away. How wrong they were! The Britons had no weapons such as the Romans; they depended on wooden sticks and sling shots.

So, in no time at all they were defeated. Now, at that time near the east coast in a small town there lived a brother and sister about 12 or 13 years old. His name was Cedric and his sister was called Nala. They lived with their old grandmother as they had no parents. The old lady sent the children to the market place to buy food and off they went. They had no toys but Cedric had gathered some dry grass and rolled it into a ball. This he tied together with a long piece of straw and the children threw this primitive toy to each other on their way to the market.

The Roman soldiers had been instructed by their captain to capture some healthy and good looking people from the town as they came to the market. These Britons were to be shipped to Rome on the galleons. They were to be sold as slaves to serve Senators and work in the houses of the rich. Some would toil in the ships as galley slaves pulling the heavy oars which moved the galleons when there was no wind for the sails. Some of these unfortunates were to be used in the arenas to fight lions and other wild beasts.

Many of these townspeople were of Anglo-Saxon origin. They were blond haired and blue-eyed, including Cedric and his sister Nala. But before they could reach the market they were seized by the soldiers and tied up so tightly that there was no possibility of them escaping.

Although most of the Romans worshipped mythological gods and were not Christians, some were beginning to be converted. They allowed the Christian priests to bring comfort to the people. Just as Cedric and his sister were being led towards the shore with their captors, a group of priests came by, headed by Bishop Godfrey. The bishop stopped and asked "Who are these children?" One of the priests replied "They are Angles, my lord". The bishop laid his hand on Cedric's head and then on Nala and blessed them. Then he said "No, not Angles, but Angels". He asked the Roman captain to be merciful and let the children go free, and this was done.





The townspeople fell to their knees to thank God for delivering them from slavery and Cedric and Nala ran home to tell their grandmother about their narrow escape. She never mentioned that they didn't get any food – it didn't seem to matter.

Roman Britain

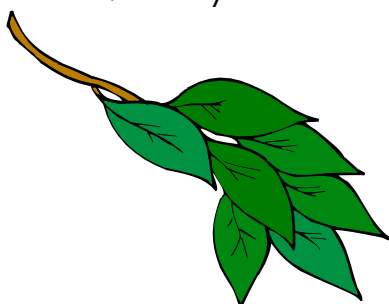
I always wanted to live 2000 years ago, about the time that Jesus Christ was born. In 55 BC, Julius Caesar and his centurions (soldiers working in a company of 100) invaded Great Britain. What an interesting time that must have been. I am English and even now in 1991 there are many buildings and roads still in existence built by the Romans. What a rich heritage they left.

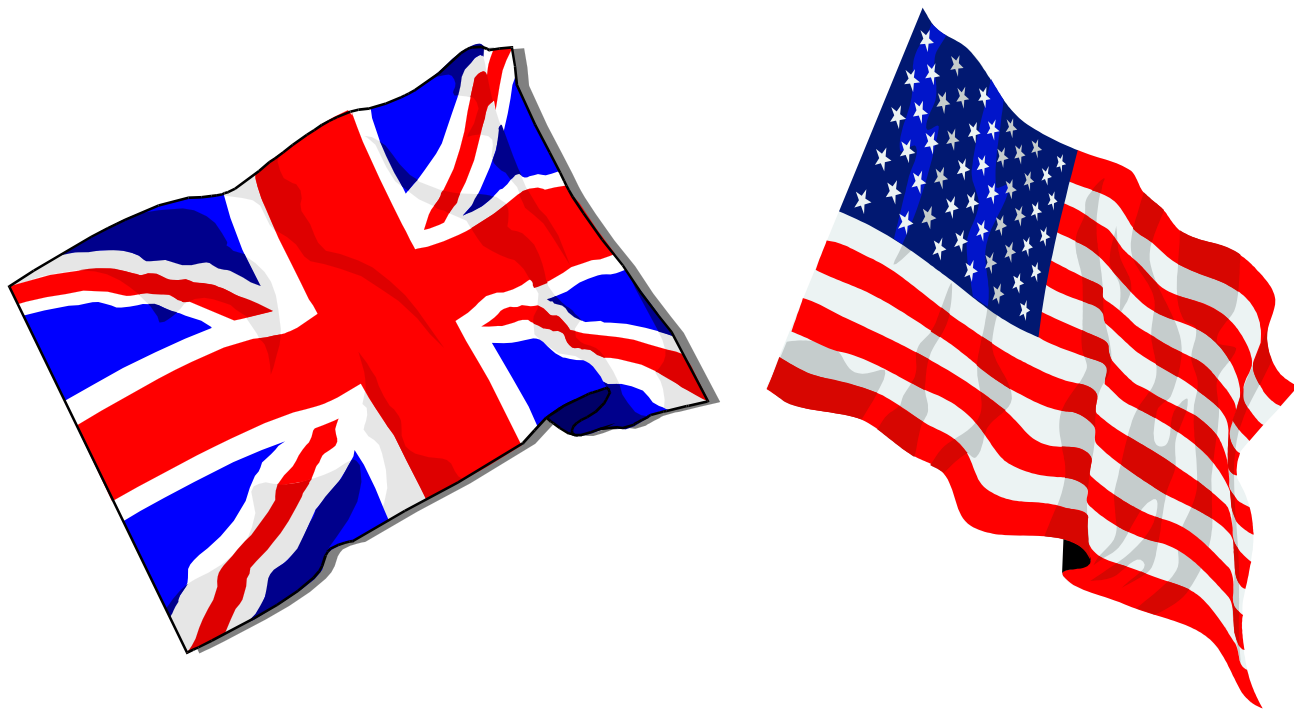
There are Roman baths in Bath, near Bristol and many roads were established then. The Great North Road is still used today. Cities and towns which have Caster or Chester in their names were Roman forts.

Hadrian's Wall, built by the Emperor Hadrian, was built between Scotland and England to keep out the fierce Scottish tribes called the Picts and the Celts. Roman soldiers, brave as they were, were afraid of these wild tribesmen. I was born across the valley from a Roman fort. It is still there and many places are named after Romans in that area.

The Romans captured the British people to send to Rome as slaves. Queen Boadicea was a warrior queen in a small part of East Anglia. She hated the Romans and she would lead her soldiers into battle. She drove a chariot and had knives fastened to the chariot wheels; these cut the Roman soldiers and killed them.

It is said that Jesus walked to England. What an honor it would have been to meet him and listen to his stories. I think that if Julius Caesar could sail all that way it would be possible for our Lord to travel to England as well. I always wanted to live and experience those wonderful times of long ago.





The following four stories recall the travels throughout Britain of a twelve year old English girl and her American pen pal. Doreen titled the first “An American in England” or “Hands across the sea”. This seems an appropriate description for the entire series.

The map of Britain on the next page may be useful in following their travels



An American in England

Marilyn was 12 years old and she lived in Buxton, Ohio. At school she got a chance to have a pen friend in England. As she lived in Buxton, Ohio, she chose a school girl from Buxton, Derbyshire. This girl's name was Margaret and she also was 12. They had written to each other for some months, when Margaret invited Marilyn to visit and stay with her for a vacation in the summer. Marilyn was very excited as she had never been to England, but had learned a lot about the mother country at school.

As soon as they, Marilyn and Margaret met, they knew they would be life-long friends. One of the first places they visited was Eyam, pronounced Eem, in Derbyshire. Eyam is a small village and like many more villages in the area, they have well dressings every summer. Marilyn was interested and very excited at seeing these age old customs. Margaret explained how they started. In 1665 in London, there was a terrible plague which was started by rats coming off the sailing ships. Many, many people died and very quickly too. Margaret and her mother knew the nursery rhyme called "Ring a Ring a Roses"

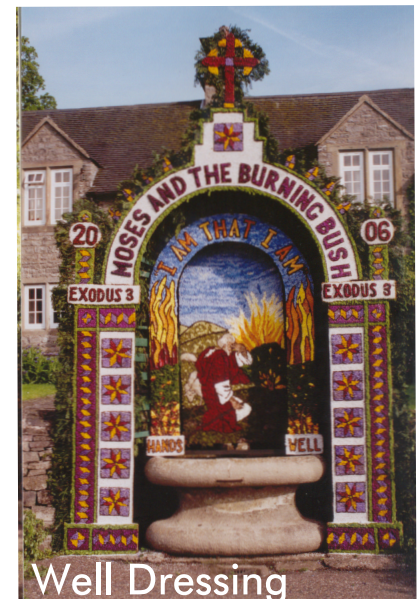
This was about that terrible plague. When a death occurred in the house, a large white cross was painted on the door and a man with a horse and cart came round the streets at night shouting "Bring out your dead", so the bodies could be buried. Marilyn was horrified at this story but also fascinated because it was true and history. Margaret went on with the story that the plague spread through the land until it reached the little village of Eyam in Derbyshire.

The Villagers had a meeting and took a vow that no one should leave the village, although some of them already had the terrible disease. They all prayed for an end to the affliction and after some time not one more person died. So to thank God for their deliverance they said forever after they would celebrate by well-dressings. These depict biblical scenes made out of beautiful flowers. It is also a feast day with Morris dancers, a Maypole and a jester dressed in bells and bows and armed with a pig's bladder on a stick. Marilyn said that she would remember her visit to Eyam and also the nursery rhyme which goes like this, and Margaret's mother began to recite:

Ring—a ring—a roses
Pocket full of posies
Atishoo, atishoo
All fall down.

Finally Margaret's mother explained that the first line described the rash that people had with the plague. The second line was the posies of flowers and herbs carried to ward off the sickness. The third line was the flu-like symptoms and the last line meant that the victims died very quickly.

How glad the girls were that they lived in the present times and that there are vaccinations, but they both agreed it had been a most unusual outing and a very enjoyable day and they had lots to write up in their journals



Well Dressing

Further Adventures of Marilyn on her Visit to England

Marilyn had a long summer's vacation from school. She and Margaret were to visit more old and historic places. It was a good thing that History was their favorite subject.

First they went – Margaret's mother drove – to Clumber Park in Nottinghamshire to see Lord George Byron's home. They weren't allowed in the house but the grounds and swan lake were very much admired. Byron was, of course, a famous poet.

They drove further into the forest; Byron's home is on the edge of Sherwood Forest. This is the place where Robin Hood hid with his Merry Men. Sadly, today there is not much of the forest left but that didn't stop Marilyn and Margaret thinking of those olden days, before automobiles and paved roads. How quiet it must have been. They saw the Major Oak, where it is reputed that Prince Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) hid from his English pursuers.

Of course, the girls were very interested to hear about the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, who the Sheriff of Nottingham could never catch. Robin was a knight – his real name was Sir Robin of Loxley. Loxley is a small village outside



The Major Oak

Sheffield. One of his band was called Little John "Little" because he was almost seven feet tall. When he died he was buried in Hathersage churchyard, another small village near Sheffield. His grave can be seen to this day. Such a lot to learn and to remember, the girls wondered how they would be able to do that. But they said they would keep a journal to look back on years later.

After lunch they drove to Nottingham and visited the old castle. This was another of the many, many built by William of Normandy, popularly known as William the Conqueror. Nottingham Castle has dungeons, dark, dreary and damp. Spooky, shivery places and the girls didn't linger there very long.



The Robin Hood Monument in Nottingham

After a very tiring but enjoyable day, the girls returned to Buxton with Margaret's mother.

Marilyn and Margaret had looked at the map of England wondering where they could visit next weekend – which was almost here. Margaret pointed out the coast and Marilyn saw the part named "The Wash". Margaret had just learned about this at school and was able to tell Marilyn the story.

King John, in the 13th Century, was traveling back to London and had to cross between Lincolnshire and Norfolk, this coast being part of the North Sea – then named the German Ocean.

Well, somehow, King John was unseated from his horse and as he always insisted on carrying the Crown Jewels himself, to save himself he let the bag of valuable jewels fall and they were washed away by the tide. Imagine the jokes of today which say King John lost the Crown Jewels in the Wash!

The girls giggled about this and decided that it would be nice to have part of the time at the shore, where the beaches are so clean with white sand, and then on to Lincoln to visit the old city and the cathedral. They learned that Lincoln has its own devil known as the Lincoln Imp. He was thought to sit on top of the cathedral and pounce on anyone who was bad. The girls said they had been very good, at which Margaret's mother gave them a little smile.

There was so much to see so they hurried to find a café where they ate fish and chips. Then off to the canal in the hope of seeing some barges drawn by horses. But the lock-keeper said the only barges he saw these days were used by holiday-makers who sailed up and down the canals.

The friends were ready to go home to Buxton, Derbyshire after another enjoyable day visiting parts of Merrie Olde England and after supper brought their journals up-to-date with all that happy day.



A Weekend in Yorkshire with Marilyn and her Pen Friend Margaret

Margaret's mother, Mrs. Brown said that they could stay a whole weekend in Yorkshire, as there was so much to see. Margaret went to her local library to look up all the places of interest. She found many more places than she realized and said they may have to stay a month, and the two friends giggled at that. She found that Yorkshire was cut into three parts, or Ridings; the old English word is thridings, meaning thirds.

They left home very early on the Saturday morning to travel north. They reached Sheffield mid-morning and had refreshments there. Mrs. Brown said that Sheffield was world famous for silver, steel and chromium which was discovered there by Thomas Bessemer. They had a quick tour of the shops and Marilyn bought a pair of sewing scissors for her mother. Margaret said Mrs. Thomas would have to give Marilyn a coin to keep their good luck. The saying goes that if you give anyone something sharp such as a knife or scissors, it could cut the friendship, and so a coin in exchange keeps the bad luck away.

There is a lot of history attached to Sheffield which is mentioned in the Domesday Book. Mrs. Brown explained that this old book was started by William the Conqueror in 1066. He wanted a record of the population in every town and village as well as the numbers of cows, sheep, horses, and all the livestock. Of course in 1066 Sheffield was just a village built around a castle. Sheffield got its name from a field on the River Sheaf-Field.



After lunch they traveled farther north through the wild and lonely moorlands where it is so easy to get lost if you wander from the beaten path. Marilyn had been looking at the map of Yorkshire and said that she couldn't believe in such a small country there are places where you could get lost. But Mrs. Brown said that in the winter in Yorkshire when the snow comes down there are drifts over 12 feet deep. Well, the small party continued on their journey until they came to the village of Haworth. They went to the parsonage where the famous Bronte sisters lived. What a thrill for the girls as they had just started reading the Bronte novels at school. Marilyn really loved "Wuthering Heights" and Margaret said she liked "Jane Eyre". They took lots of photographs; Margaret said she would be the envy of all her school friends. Mrs. Brown said that she had enjoyed the visit to Haworth as she had been there years ago when she was at school. They found a small cafe where they lunched on chicken sandwiches and then on to the Yorkshire coast.



The Bronte Parsonage, Haworth



Neither girl had been there before, and they were surprised at how steep the cliffs were going down to the sea. They were enchanted by the small white fishermen's cottages which seemed to cling along the edge of the cliffs. Mrs. Brown asked them if they knew the name of the little town. They didn't, so Margaret's mother told them the name was Whitby. This was where Captain James Cook was born and where he sailed from when he discovered Australia and the Hawaiian Islands, which were originally called the Sandwich Islands, after the Earl of Sandwich.

After looking around the few shops and buying an ice cream, they drove farther down the coast to a small village called Robin Hood's Bay. This small place is slowly falling into the sea and every year or two another house tumbles down the cliff into the waves. The party was now ready for the drive to their hotel and Mrs. Brown said that she for one would sleep well that night.

The second day of the visit to Yorkshire, both Marilyn and Margaret were awake very early on the Sunday morning and woke Mrs. Brown so they could go down to breakfast and then off to see the beautiful city of York.

The girls had been doing their homework and had learned quite a lot about the cathedral city. They made quick time getting off, first getting the car gassed up. Margaret called gasoline petrol and she had to remember that British gallons, Imperial ones, are bigger than U.S. gallons. She told Marilyn that she would also have to convert from dollars to pounds and pence.

What a hilarious time they had, first Margaret had to convert British money into dollars and cents. She said "I don't know how you can work in this funny money" At this Marilyn could not stop laughing and

she replied "Well I find it easy, so I know that I'm going to have problems in England" But they helped one another and it all worked out fine.

They had stayed the night at Filey, a pretty little seaside town built on top of the cliffs. Mrs. Brown said it wouldn't take them long to get to York. The girls looked at the map of Yorkshire to make sure



that Margaret's mother found the right road, and they did a good job as they didn't get lost once. They would only have time to tour York as they had to return home to Buxton, Derbyshire by nightfall. Both girls were amazed at the beautiful buildings and to find the city was surrounded by a high wall, which they climbed and proceeded to walk on. Margaret's mother said they would not have time to walk the whole way around the city so when they reached the cathedral, which is known as the Minster, they followed a tour guide who explained that the church was built many years ago and that part of it was wood and that a few years before part of the cathedral had burned down. Mrs. Brown had told Margaret that she, Mrs. Brown, wanted to see the beautiful leaded window dedicated to the Royal Air Force air crews. Mrs. Brown's father had been a pilot flying with bomber command. They all decided it was a very nice tribute to the gallant men who lost their lives in World War II.

After they left the Minster they headed for the museum. They saw so many exciting things that Marilyn said "I shall remember this time in Eng-

land all my life". The museum is really a street of shops just like they were in Queen Victoria's day. There was an old fashioned candy store, which Margaret called a sweet shop. There were bull's eyes, marry-me-quick, humbugs, mint rock, aniseed rock, ogee-pogoe- eyes, licorice laces, jelly babies and so many mouth watering goodies that the girls wished they could buy some. But sadly they were only for show. So they went on to the tobacconist shop to see the old fashioned pipes and boxes of matches, called in those days lucifers. They had a quick look at the baker's where there was a replica showing the long-ago goodies, such as treacle scones, parkin and fruit cake. There was an old coal oven and Mrs. Brown remembered her grandmother baked in one very similar. Margaret said to Marilyn "Imagine having to light a coal fire to get the oven hot before you could start baking." After leaving the baker's, they wandered down the cobbled street, and Margaret said "get off the road, there's a horse". Then she felt so silly as it was just a life size replica, just like real life. It was pulling an old fashioned hansom cab.

By now it was time to leave for their long journey home and they all climbed into the car, with the young friends in the back busy writing in their journals.

More Adventures of the Pen Pals

Margaret's father, Mr. Brown, worked for a large oil company; he was an engineer and worked most of the time on an off-shore rig.

Robert Brown had some vacation time and he suggested that it would be a shame for Marilyn to come 3000 miles to visit England only. So plans were made to go to Scotland. Mr. Brown was born in Aberdeen and he called Scotland "Land of the Brave".

They were undecided whether to fly, go by train, or drive. But, as Mr. Brown pointed out, they would need a car in Scotland to get around, so it was decided to drive. The girls were very excited and Marilyn said "I want to buy a kilt"; I wonder what tartan I shall get".

Now Marilyn's last name was Lindsay and Robert Brown said "I think there is a Lindsay tartan, so that is the one you should get"

They left home early in the morning almost before the sun was up. Mrs. Brown said "I think I woke before the birds were up this morning". Well, after the luggage was aboard, not forgetting the picnic basket (which Margaret and Marilyn thought was a very important item) they set off.

Once they got on the motorway, which Marilyn called the thruway, they made good time to Carlisle. Margaret said "This city has been invaded many times by the Scots hundreds of years ago. Carlisle is



just south of the border between Scotland and England. Mr. Brown said the Scots would go across the border into England and steal the English cattle. The next night the wild English would creep into Scotland and steal them back.

By this time Marilyn and Margaret had both looked at the map in which they had found they were on the road called the A1. Margaret's mother told the girls that the A1 was built over the remains of a Roman road.

The group traveled on and drove through Carlisle,

seeing many castle-like buildings. The streets were very narrow and had not been built for motor cars.

Mr. Brown said they were leaving the A1 to head east towards the River Forth and the famous Forth Bridge. The girls were told that a team of workmen spent all their time painting the spans and girders of the huge bridge and when they are finished it is time to start at the beginning again. Mr. and Mrs. Brown watched the men walking on the narrow steel beams hundreds of feet in the air over the River Forth.



Margaret said "I feel dizzy just watching them". Marilyn replied "So do I; imagine doing that all day and every day".

The party journeyed on and came at last to Edinburgh. They parked the car and, taking the picnic basket, walked to Princes Street Gardens which is opposite Edinburgh Castle. It was just 1 o'clock and suddenly hearing a loud bang they all jumped with fright. Mr. Brown said "I hope that isn't my car tires exploding". But no; it was the gun on the parapet of the castle which is fired every day at the same time.

Marilyn said "What a funny way to tell time".



After lunch they walked up the esplanade to the castle gates where they saw the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on guard, looking very smart wearing the kilt. Marilyn said "I thought the kilts were the Black Watch colors". Mr. Brown replied "It is really the Argyll tartan which the Black Watch Regiment wear.

They visited the chapel where Mary, Queen of Scots, used to pray. They also visited the rooms of the castle. Mrs. Brown said "I am glad I put on my walking shoes". The girls

were interested in the room where Queen Mary's baby son was born. He was to be James VI of Scotland and James I of England. Of course that was when Scotland and England were to be ruled by one sovereign.

Mr. Brown, Margaret's father, was particularly interested in the Armory where the ancient rifles and shields and spears were kept. Also, there were many old uniforms going back many years. Mr. Brown's father and grandfather served in the **Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders** and fought abroad in different wars.

After leaving the castle it was time for refreshments and both Marilyn and Margaret chose ice cream cones topped with a chocolate bar. They then headed for the Princes Street shops. Marilyn was anxious to buy herself that kilt that she had set her heart on. She found the store which sold kilts, sporrans and other items of Highland dress. She asked what a sporran was and was told that it is only worn by men and is a Gaelic word for purse.



Marilyn found a kilt which fitted her and just the right length too. It was in the Lindsay tartan, a pretty shade of dark red. She said she couldn't wait to wear this beautiful garment. She said "I'll be the envy of all my friends at home in the US".

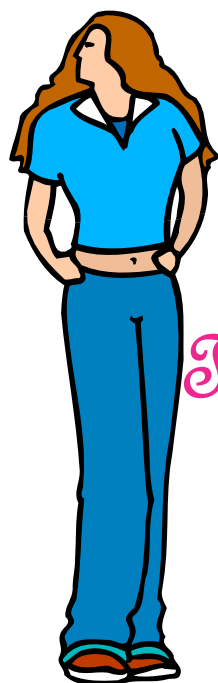


They wandered down Princes Street towards Holyrood House where Queen Elizabeth II stayed when she visited Scotland. Just then they heard the sound of the pipes and down the road marched a pipe band. Goodness me! Didn't they look smart with their kilts swinging in the breeze? The drummers were making music although Margaret heard a tourist passing by saying "I'm not sure if I like bagpipe bands or not".

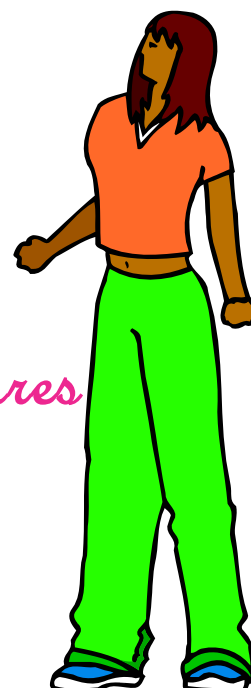
The group was not allowed in Holyrood House; the House was closed because the Queen was to stay there in a few days.

Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh

What a pleasant day they had had but it was time to go back to the car and drive to their hotel for dinner and a well-earned rest. Both Marilyn and Margaret had lots of writing to do to keep their journals up-to-date. But tomorrow was another day to enjoy; to travel, see the castle, the quaint cottages and the beautiful countryside.



The end of the Pen Pal Adventures



Personal Reflections

A Selection of (mostly) Childhood Memories

I started life at my grandparents' home. My mother was one of seven daughters and only two married. Imagine my grandfather living with six women and me!

My memories go back to my third year when one of my aunts died. She was only nineteen and had been an invalid. Of course I don't remember everything when I was three; just some things come back to me.

The annual vacation to the seaside. I had a bucket and spade and paper flags to put on top of my sand castle. I wore rubber waders (something like knickers) to pull over my dress. I wore a vest, a liberty bodice (fleecy lined), a flannel petticoat and cotton underslip, and bloomers with elastic legs. My aunts and my mother wore mob caps to bathe and heavy cotton tops with long sleeves and trousers down to the ankles. It wasn't respectable to show arms and legs when you were grown up. Then, to get into the sea, you entered a bathing machine pulled by a cart horse into the water. A door opened at the front and you were right into the sea. I don't think anyone could swim; my aunts and mother just jumped up and down. I also remember the Punch and Judy show and the pierrot concerts on the beach.



All my family (except my grandfather) sewed and I never remember not being able to sew or knit. I'm told that at three years old I would empty grandma's button box and sew buttons on tablecloths, towels, anything I could find. These had to be examined before any use in case Doreen had struck again!

Thoughts of silent movies with a little old lady playing a piano in time with the action on the screen. Going home to re-enact Cowboys and Indians; I was always the Indian maid tied to the clothes post. The games we played as children then are probably not played today; whips and tops, battle boards and shuttlecocks; marbles played in the gutter! Those were happy days – but only in later life do we realize it.



When I was a teenager, I was coming home from work and was riding my bicycle (which I was proud of as I won it in a competition). It was pouring with rain and where I lived we had streetcars (electric) which ran on rails. Clever me, I decided to cut in front of the tram, skidded, fell off my bike and SLID in front of the tram. My guardian angel was working that day and I escaped with bruised knees and a soaking wet coat. The tram driver jumped off and said "Are you OK?", after he'd used some "Latin", which is

what we called swear words. My bike came off better than I did and I didn't dare tell my mother. I must admit that I took the street tram to my office for some weeks after that.

Many years later after my husband and I came to the USA, we were out driving. As you know, we drive on the right hand side of the road in America but in England we had been used to driving on the left. Well, my husband and I were out one day and we came to a left turn. He turned down this road and got onto the LEFT side. I said to him, very quietly, "You're on the wrong side". He looked daggers at me and said "You want car to drive?", so I shut up. Just then, a car came towards us and Richard said "My Godfathers, I'm on the wrong side of the road!" But I wisely still kept quiet.



came to the USA, we were out driving. side of the road in America but in the left. Well, my husband and I were turned down this road and got onto "You're on the wrong side". He to drive?", so I shut up. Just then, a Godfathers, I'm on the wrong side of

After I Left School

After leaving school, I was allowed to take a job in an Office. This was my only ambition. I went to Business College for business methods, shorthand and typing. I didn't need shorthand, so I dropped that. Typing by school methods wasn't fast enough. The class had to type in time to a gramophone record. How silly that seems now. So I dropped the typing class – speed was necessary working for the Daily Independent.

I really liked office work although the hours were long, plus Saturday mornings. While there, I worked as an office girl until someone left and then I was promoted.

One autumn when I had been there some time, I was asked to take a collection box to the local theater to collect money for a Christmas treat or party for poor children. The evenings I spent doing this were unpaid; my employer did not pay overtime.

One night there I was shaking the collection box when a handsome young man walked into the theater where I was collecting. I thought at first that he was a soldier as he was dressed in a black and white uniform. I found out that he was a First Aid man – called St John's Ambulance Brigade, which is something like the Red Cross. He was on first aid duty in case someone was taken ill.

He asked me if I would like to see him after the show. Mrs. Stephens in the box office sent me through the entrance without having to pay. And to cut a long story short – things snowballed from there. I was already walking out with a step-cousin but after seeing John I was really blinded or mesmerized.

I had to leave the Independent after eventually John and I wanted to marry. So I looked around for something else. I ended up at a steel manufacturer training to be an engineer. What a difference from a newspaper office to a grinding machine – having to learn and memorize specifications of steel; how to set up a huge machine (as big as a house). But I learnt a lot, although from sitting at a desk to standing in front of a machine was quite an education. I worked there some time, before going back to my first love, office work – in the steel business. But that time I was an accountant, which I was when I came to the United States. In this country I got work first of all in New Hope!! I'd never heard of the place!

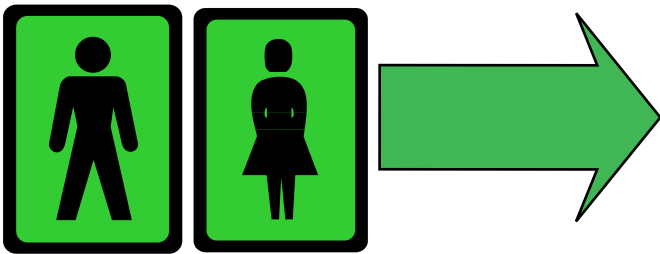


Apartment Life

I moved into my first apartment with John, my new husband, immediately after my wedding. The apartment (called a flat in England) was on the third and top floor of an old Victorian house. The house was in a row of big houses in which once lived well-to-do families. But time had marched on and all these buildings had been sold and converted into lawyers' offices. One had been used as a private hotel.

The other tenants in the remainder of the house in which we lived were business people. My home consisted of one large room used as living room, dining room and kitchen. We had a separate bedroom. I imagine the bedroom was once used as a maid's room.

I was very happy in my new home; it was mine and my husband's, even though it was only rented. We learned that the house used to belong to a doctor, who died, so the house was sold. I also learned that the people on the floor below us borrowed but never paid back! Mrs. Appleby would come to my door asking what I was baking. I enjoyed baking bread, scones and cakes (chocolate, as that was my favorite). I soon discovered that my neighbor's interest in my baking was a ploy to borrow – two eggs, a cup of sugar – but she never returned anything!



Now, our apartment didn't have a bathroom; we had to share with another flat. The bathroom was on the next floor down. The first time I walked into the room I thought I was in prison for the windows were barred and you could have held a dance in the space there was. The bathtub would have easily held four grown

people! The water was heated by a gas geyser which needed a penny for each bath. But sometimes you were lucky if there was enough hot water and you saved a penny. Oh joy! A penny saved.

I imagine many newly married women keeping home. Mine..... My job was to knead the dough. We pounds. This made three or four husband John but, not thinking, I bread for almost three weeks.

have made mistakes and done funny things in mother always baked her own bread but my always made up ½ stone of flour – 7 loaves. Well, I decided I'd bake bread for my made up 7 pounds of flour! We were eating that

We only lived at that address for Strangely enough, of all the eight that first house is the only one still

six months but it was a happy time. houses where I lived in England, standing.



Memories of World War II

A sinking feeling September 3, 1939 when war was declared.

How funny the old men looked trying to guard England armed with sweeping brushes and garden rakes. They were given the name of Local Defense Volunteer – LDV. The local wags nick-named them Look, Duck and Vanish. So the name was changed to Home Guard.

The many nights when the German bombers were in the skies in droves, bombing anything and everything.

The warm feeling at the thousands of British bombers flying towards the coast.

The friends we made while standing in line for two hours at the fish shop, hoping they wouldn't be sold out before you got there. The struggle to get children to wear gas masks.

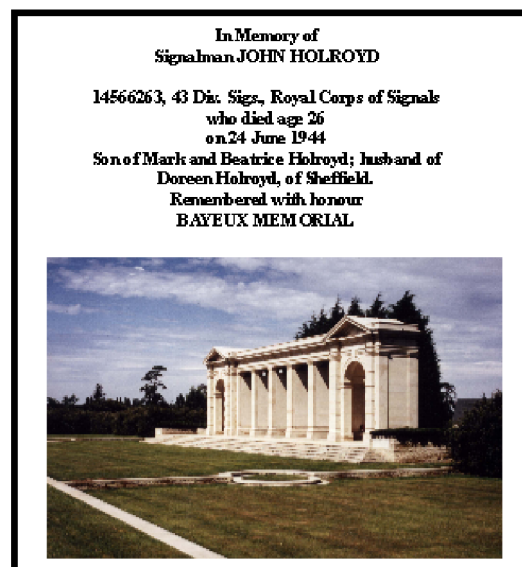
The despair when the list of missing and dead was published. My husband was posted "Missing in Action" in June 1944. His body was never found.

The fun we had cutting up old clothes to make new ones. How many army blankets turned up as winter coats?

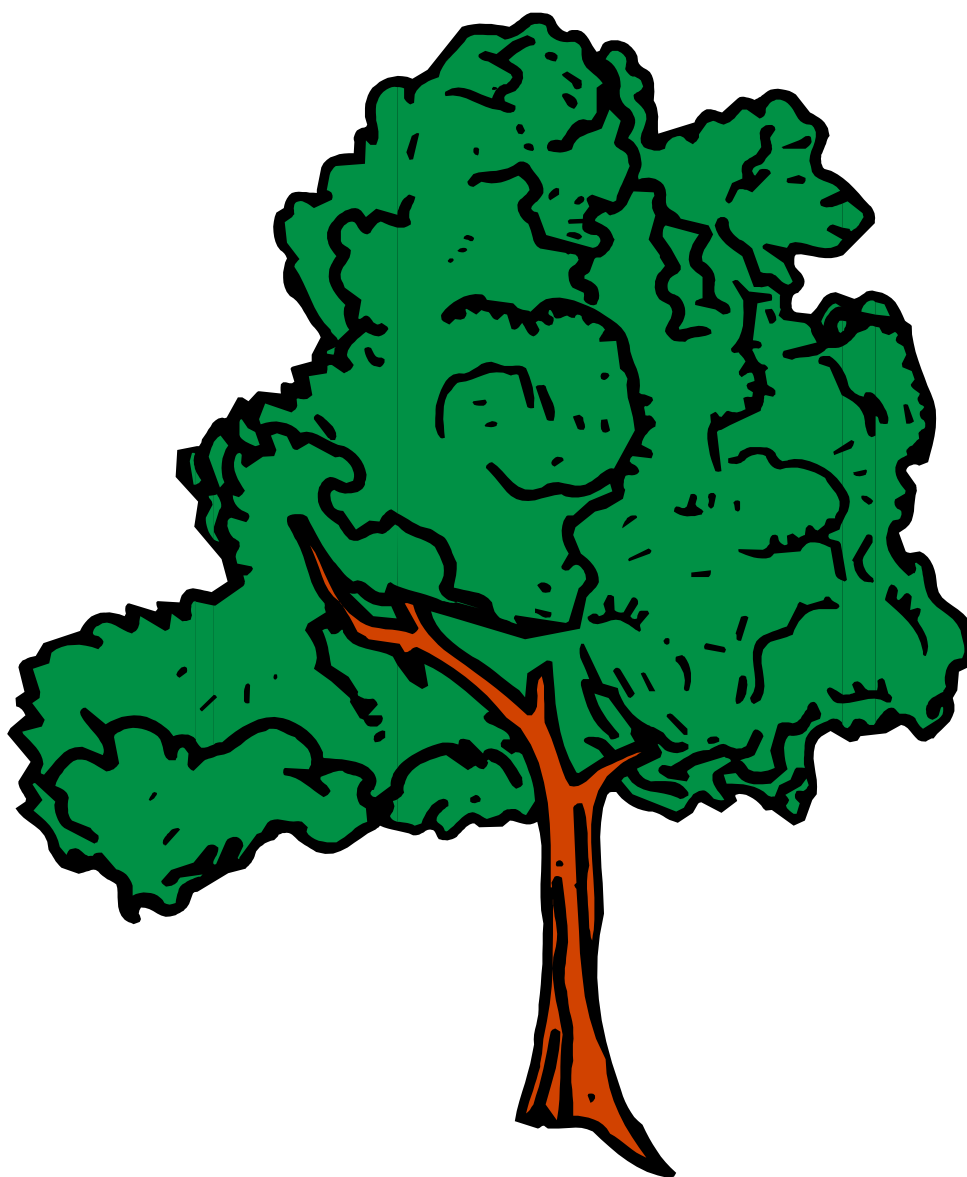
The rush of neighbors to the shops to stand in line because someone said they have combs to sell. Buying children's shoes even if they weren't your children's size (someone would take them). The planning to make 8 ounces of meat, the week's ration, eke out. Making meat and potato pie without meat.

The thanks to God when in the morning we were still alive and our homes were still there. And six years later the street parties to celebrate VE Day.

The vows made that there be no more wars.



*On the opposite page is the
Family Tree showing the descendants
of Doreen Shaw to the Present Day.
Can you find your own name?*



Doreen Shaw

m. (1) John Holroyd

m. (2) Richard Bloomfield



Doreen Bloomfield was born in Sheffield, England on August 15, 1920. She lived in Sheffield through her childhood, through World War Two and until 1968, at which time she and her second husband, Richard, immigrated to the United States. Doreen had lost her first husband, John Holroyd, in the D-Day landings of 1944 and had re-married shortly after the War. She and John had two children (Molly and Frances) and Doreen and Richard ("Jock") had two sons, Richard and Robert. After Jock's death in 1989, Doreen began to write short stories, primarily for young children, and even took a series of writing classes. Her stories are the result of her vivid imagination, her personal recollections and her quite extensive interest in British History.



After Doreen Bloomfield's death in 2002, just two weeks after her 82nd birthday, Molly and I came across the notebook and papers that contained her writings. At that time, having taken only a cursory glance at the product, I thought that it might be appropriate to – some day – put them into a form that might be enjoyed by her great grandchildren. Four years of procrastination later, this booklet is the result of that initial commitment. With five great grandchildren now aged ten and under, I don't think we are too late, although clearly any additional delays would result in diminishing returns on her investment – at least as far as this generation is concerned.

Most of the "manuscripts" were hand-written in a grade school "Compositions" notebook but a few had been typed. The latter I was able to scan into the computer and, following optical character reading and conversion to "Word", I could easily manipulate into their current form. The handwritten stories I typed directly as Word documents. In both cases I attempted to retain the original form and format that Doreen had used and permitted myself to "correct" only the most obvious of "typos" and handwritten shorthand where clearly her thoughts were outpacing her pen. I do not, therefore, make any editorial claim and believe that the text faithfully reproduces Doreen's thoughts, style and feelings, hopefully without introducing too many mistakes of my own. The "illustrations" of clip-art and photographs are mine and were added with the sole purpose of adding a little color to the project.

I hope that her great grandchildren (and perhaps theirs) enjoy the result.

Robert Hillery, November 2006

