

THE SIGNAL

A Community Newsletter for
KINNERSLEY-SARNESFIELD-LETTON-NORTON CANON-BROBURY
STAUNTON-ON-WYE-MONNINGTON-ON-WYE-MOORHAMPTON

No 79

APRIL 1989

15p

Planning and Public Participation

There are an increasing number of applications for building on green countryside in this area, a trend which is likely to accelerate in the future. This is the opposite of what was happening a few decades ago. Examination of the 1946 RAF aerial photographs for this area show more dwellings then scattered about, than there are now. Most derelict houses from that time have been or are being renovated but many were also demolished and have now disappeared into fields. More people want to live in the country and there is a slowly rising number of young people from families already here. Clearly there is a case for some development in our parishes, but how much, what sort and where?

These are questions which should ideally be considered by the community as a whole. At present very few people are aware of applications until hearsay and rumour filter down weeks after the application was submitted, a process not conducive to democratic discussion. Local democracy is a two way process and this writer admits to not having been to a Parish Council meeting yet - this is as much his fault as anyone else's! Perhaps Signal can publicise the PC meetings and agenda?

There needs to be some objective view of local housing needs, numbers of young people coming along and some kind of environmental assessment of the group parish as a whole. Without these sort of facts it must be difficult for Parish Councils or anyone to make informed decisions. I understand Dilwyn PC has commissioned a population and housing needs survey for their parish and found it very useful - even the Archers are talking about such parish surveys!

But back to green field development: we have an appalling upward spiral of house prices - so that opportunistic and ad hoc house building on green field sites, if allowed, will result in houses that very few will be able

All contributions for the MAY issue should be sent to Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon (0544 318505) by Thursday 20th April.

to afford. However there may be a case for land release below market price to a housing cooperative scheme of the right scale and access provision. The idea is that planning permission is granted in exchange for a legally constituted housing association ensuring "sheltered" pricing for future generations as a way onto to the local housing ladder.

There is also a good case for green field development when considering village halls and playing fields. For example, now that Norton Canon school and its grounds around the village hall are being sold off a new village hall with a green playing area may well be needed on a new site.

Lastly, I wonder how many people are aware of a recent application to build six large intensive poultry units, whose roofs and concrete will covering about five acres of land in the southern part of Norton Canon parish (the land is the entire field on the Staunton side of the poplars on the road which cuts through from Moorhampton to Staunton, Grid Reference 384 460).

There are considerable landscape, pollution and lorry traffic implications in this development while local benefits in jobs (such units are highly automated), seem minimal for the scale of development involved. This application has been on Leominster District Council files for some months and follows a successful application for another poultry unit in Norton Canon near Moorhouse Coppice; again, very few people were aware of it.

Are these the sort of development this countryside needs? What do readers think?

David Lovelace

The rotund Mr. Chesterton was walking along Piccadilly in 1915 when he was accosted by a woman who gave him a white feather and asked him why he was not out at the Front. "Madame", replied Chesterton "If you will look at me from the side you will see that I am".

1839 1989

In the summer of 1839 a group of people destroyed a toll gate in West Wales. They were led by a huge man dressed in woman's clothing. Thus began the strangest series of disturbances in the history of Wales, or perhaps anywhere - THE REBECCA RIOTS. For two years Wales was in ferment as bands of people took part in outrageous nocturnal raids, destroying the hated toll gates - the symbol of their oppression. Always disguised - the men as women - often mounted on heavy farm horses, they evaded the police and the dragoons - administering justice and vengeance.

PENTABUS - the touring theatre company (among other things) - will be at Staunton Village Hall on Friday 7th April at 7.30pm to present "an historical drama/documentary based on these events... BECCA'S CHILDREN."

Tickets (£2.50 each - unwaged & children £1.50) can be bought at the door and refreshments will be available.

Through the aegis of PENTABUS three unemployed young people from Staunton have been involved in the making of a tape/slide programme called "The Lie of the Land" about the problems young people experience while trying to find somewhere suitable to live. The show draws upon the personal experience of young people who live in rural Herefordshire.

STAUNTON-ON-WYE OF YORE

Richard Pantall

In response to requests to stimulate some local interest into The Signal, I propose to provide a series of contributions of just a few of the many happenings in and around Staunton-On-Wye over the last two hundred or so years. Starting way back in the 1770's, it is intended to cover some of the items considered news-worthy then, eg thefts - particularly of horses, the odd murder, breaches of the peace in plenty, fires and a variety of other incidents, courtesy of the old Hereford newspapers, which I hope readers of the Newsletter will find equally newsworthy to-day.

February 23rd 1771

Horse Stealing: Whereas William Jenkins, of the parish of Staunton-on-Wye, stands charged upon Oath before one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, with having sold a mare, which appears to have been stolen, and a warrent is issued for apprehending him for the same. Whoever will apprehend the said William Jenkins shall upon his conviction, be paid the sum of FIVE GUINEAS, by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins of Letton.

The said William Jenkins is about five feet ten inches high, of a dark complexion, long visage, down-cast look, and thin make, having his own hair, and a remarkable swelling upon both his shins, and an impediment in his speech. He had on when he went away a dark Surtout Coat, a Fustian Frock, Stripped Waistcoat, and new Leather Breeches. He was last seen in Letton.

April 25th Saturday last, William and Thomas Jenkins, were committed to our County Gaol, charged with having stolen two mares, the properties of William Rowland and John Whitney.

August 1st At our Assizes, Thomas Jenkins was tried for horse-stealing, and received sentence of death, but was afterwards reprieved, inevitably to serve a life sentence in prison or to be transported to America.

May 28th 1772 Last Sunday divine service was performed in the parish church of Staunton-on-Wye, to a numerous congregation of that and several adjoining parishes, by the Rev. Mr. Lloyde, Curate of Winforton; a gentleman who has been deprived of sight above nine years. He took his text from 2 Cor. Chapter iv, verse 18: "Whilst we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." His sermon was a very masterly composition and gave the highest satisfaction to his hearers. This gentleman whose integrity, talents and misfortune render him worthy of the patronage of the powerful and benevolent, is unprovided for.

December 21st 1775 A fire broke out in the dwelling house of Anne Morgan widow, in the parish of Staunton-on-Wye, which entirely consumed the same; together with the whole of the household goods, wearing apparel, etc. The now helpless woman and her distressed family, whose loss amounting to upwards of £40, is irreparable without the assistance of the opulent and humane, which it is hoped will not be wanting upon this occasion. The above incident happened by two children, one about five, the other three years of age, setting fire to some hay adjoining the dwelling house.

August 1st 1776 Once a week from Hay to Hereford, and return the same day, Hill's "Flying Diligence" (Neat Post Chaise and able horses). sets out from his house, the Swan Inn in Hay. Fare: Five Shillings each passenger each way, 10 lbs baggage allowed. Those going and returning the same day to pay Eight Shillings only.

June 8th 1777 Following the Inquest into the death at Staunton-on-Wye of Elizabeth Owens, a little orphan girl of nine years, the Jury returned a Verdict of Violent Suspicion of Murder, and that the same was perpetrated by Owen Davis, labourer, of the same parish. She had been hit over the head causing severe contusion and concussion of the brain. He had fled from justice, and the following description of him it is hoped may soon lead to his being apprehended: He is between 30 and 40 years old, about five feet high, thin made, pale complexion, and wears his own hair which is short and of a light brown colour. He had on when he went away a pair of leather breeches, and a white flannel waistcoat. He speaks with a Welsh accent, and is supposed to be a native of Glasbury.

When Davis fled he enlisted in the Welsh Fuziliers. Rather belatedly, perhaps being loose of tongue, he was identified, and ordered to Ross with an escort party of that Corps, where once inside the county borders he was handed over and taken into custody. On May 20th 1778, he was committed to the County Gaol by Sir John Cotterell, Knt. Davies appeared at Hereford Assizes on August 16th 1778, charged with murder, and was sentenced to be hanged, his body to be dissected and anatomised.

His behaviour on the way to and at the gallows, was described as decent and affecting, but until the last he declared himself innocent.

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From the concurrent testimony of his neighbours it appears he had repeatedly treated the poor girl, who was of a remarkably mild and engaging disposition, in a very barbarous way; all her winning little arts to conciliate his affection, being unhappily exerted without effect.

February 1st 1781 The late fall of snow and the rain that succeeded it, have been productive of several inconveniences and losses. The London Coach, which should have come in to Hereford on Tuesday night, was two days late. Some loaded barges have been sunk and others much damaged in the Wye, owing to the river's extraordinary rise.

April 18th 1782 Whereas John Morris, who had lately hired himself as a servant to Samuel Pantall, of Pound Farm, Staunton-On-Wye, did elope from his said master's service early in the morning, and took with him a light coloured great coat, single-breasted and almost new, a pair of shoes, and a pair of black buckles. He is about 25 years of age, five feet eight inches high, pitted with the small-pox, a downcast heavy look, and dark brown hair. He had on when he went away a dark threadbare coat, and an old pair of leather breeches with straps at the knees. Anyone giving intelligence of him to the above named, by which he may be brought to justice, will be well rewarded.

Mrs Williams and John, wish to thank everyone, for your kind help, enquiries, messages and cards received during John's illness, also for remembering them both in your prayers, may God Bless you all.

I & J Williams

The family of the late Mrs. Rolph, wish to thank everyone for their letters and Cards of Sympathy.

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PERUVIAN PICTURES by June Smith

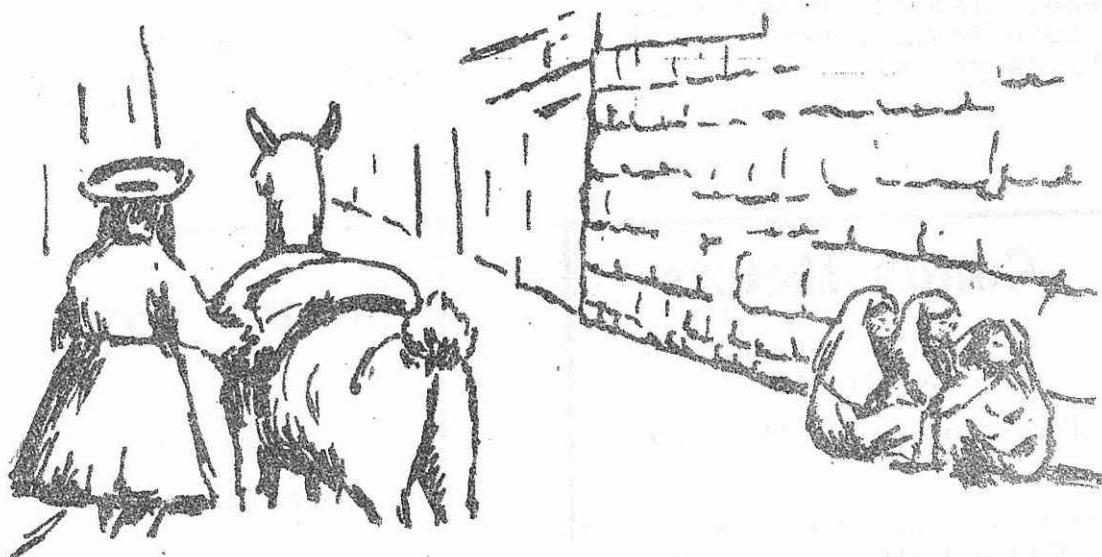
Monday, August 24th, 1987. The day I was most dreading in the whole of our trip. A seventeen hours' coach journey from Lima to Arequipa was in prospect.

Why, oh why, had the enterprising Mr. E. Wong chosen this one day to close his chain of supermarkets? Supermarket shopping is the same in any language: identify the goods, load the trolley and pay what the check-out registers. Instead we struggled in a local shop to buy enough food for seventeen people for the next twenty hours. Are all gringos as mad as these, they must have thought. Having well depleted their stocks, we trailed to the fruit-market.

The coach was scheduled to leave at 2 p.m. No reservation, even if paid for, is guaranteed in Peru. We hailed a series of taxis from the youth hostel, all in various stages of 'clapped-out-ness'. We insisted on roping our luggage to the roof-racks; we didn't want it 'lifted' in the unlikely event of the driver stopping the car. Fifty intis (£1 last August) paid for five of us to make the 25 km. journey. Inflation has risen by 800% since that time. The same taxi would now cost 12½p.

The geriatric Greyhound coach passed through shanty-town after shanty-town on its way to the Pan American Highway - a grand name for a class C road through several hundred miles of desert. The driver stopped periodically to give lifts to friends - no reservations needed for this service.

Hour after hour in the scorching sun, as we travelled through the desert, dozing fitfully. The miles of sand-dunes were relieved only by the occasional hovel, and by a view of the sea. The once-thriving fishing industry is virtually dead. Gross over-fishing and a devastating current have wiped out large fish stocks, once the source of considerable revenue.



During the night, one of the team started to heave. The driver kindly stopped for us. The coach headlights shining on those vast sand-dunes deluded me temporarily into thinking they were covered with snow. We knew we were approaching Arequipa when the shanty-towns and volcanoes appeared. The time? 7 a.m.

Without doubt Arequipa, in spite of its shanty-towns, was the cleanest and most prosperous of the four cities in which we stayed. Our hostel had showers, hot running water, a shaded courtyard and a sun-roof. No longer did thick red dust settle on our washed clothes, which dried in half an hour. At last the boys could wear shorts, a culturally unacceptable practice in the remote mountain pueblos (villages). We spent our few days' holiday 'doing' Arequipa: bargaining in the market for leather and woven mementos; visiting



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old Arequipa, with its narrow streets and traditional 16th Century Spanish and Moorish architecture; eating in a fast-food restaurant, where the food was appetising and served in less than an hour; sharing a meal with a team led by friends from Ross-on-Wye who were building a health clinic in a shanty-town; being too close to a student demonstration and having to make a detour to avoid well-aimed bricks. Gringos have been responsible for so much of Peru's desperation that it was best to make ourselves scarce. The banks were nationalised in that same week, and feelings were running especially high.

Friday saw us up at 6.30 a.m. The hostel landlady rejoiced at a present of English tea-bags. The statutory wait for transport lengthened to nearly four hours before we boarded the Fawcett plane. A short but turbulent trip followed. Cusco, 11,000 feet up in the Andes, is dogged by hot air-currents as the land heats up during the morning. No flights are possible in or out of Cusco in the afternoons.

Vive el Peru glorioso is carved in the mountainside overlooking Cusco. (Long live glorious Peru). Not since the days of the Incas, when Cusco was the capital of the vast Inca empire, has Peru been glorious in anything, save scenery and football!

Our economy hostel was in the poor quarter of town, on the edge of the fruit and vegetable market and next to the railway station. The noise and stench were all too familiar. We were beginning to flag at this stage, a combination of weariness and high altitude. It took a good ten to fifteen minutes to walk to our meals - most of the cafes were in the main Plaza.

Sunday morning brought another dimension to our breakfast. In his book 'Road to Elizabeth', John Ridgway describes the same scene, re-enacted every Sunday. "There was a military parade in the Plaza de Armas. The troops goose-stepped past the front of the cathedral, but it was no church parade. A general hoisted the Peruvian national flag, and the communist mayor hoisted the Cusco flag. When the Peruvian flag was hoisted, two machine-guns opened up from among the bushes, to support the anthem and the government. I suppose everyone knew they were firing blanks, but it made the point that military fire-power controlled the country. There were extravagant speeches by both men and women, and some half-hearted singing. Hundreds of civil co-operative workers marched past.

We dared not take photographs, and moved from the Plaza as quickly and inconspicuously as we could. It was a relief to get to the evangelical church for the second service. Both Quechuan and Spanish-speaking services were full to overflowing, and the joy radiated by those lovely people was in marked contrast to the ugly scene we had left.

At the first opportunity we went in search of anything Inca. Sadly, anything transportable has been transported to Lima or America. We contented ourselves with walls.

It is difficult to envisage how the walls were built. There was no written Inca language, so there are no written descriptions. The wheel was unknown to them, as were the horse and donkey, before the Spanish came. How were those massive stone blocks, weighing many tons, transported? How were they cut? How were they lifted? How were they fitted together without mortar or cement of any kind? Whatever the questions, the answers lie with the Incas. We only speculated and marvelled at their ingenuity. Their handiwork will long outlast the narrow Spanish-style streets and old Spanish houses with their wooden doors and balconies. We passed beggars and drunks (drinking, we were told, is the next most popular national sport to football) as we toured the city. We found part of an Inca temple and the remains of a massive fortress overlooking the city. Time marched on.

We found, according to my diary, a grotty supermarket on the Avenida de Sol, and a patisserie for rolls. We made our packed lunches, went out for a meal, and finally crawled into bed for a few hours, before our great day at the lost city of the Incas, Machu Picchu.

ARROWVALE WINE CIRCLE

Twenty three members, guests and some members of the Wye Valley Beekeepers Assoc. were present to hear a most interesting talk on "The Making of Mead" by Mr. G.W. Knowles.

With an empty hive for demonstration we were taken through all the steps necessary for the making of mead from the keeping of bees, the making and collecting of the honey to the final bottles of golden liquid, several bottles of which were waiting for our tasting. We learnt how Mead was one of the earliest home-made "Brews" in this country long before foreign holidays gave us the taste for the Grape.

After the tasting some of our members were seen leaving with jars of honey but whether this was for eating on toast or Mead making remains to be seen.

At the next meeting Mrs. J Smith will give an illustrated talk on her visit to Peru.

CENTRAL AMERICA WEEK 1st - 9th April 1989

The high point of this year's programme in Hereford is on Saturday April 8th. A World Unity Workshop on Central America will be held from 10am to 4pm, led by Jean Harrison, Christian Aid's Secondary Education Adviser, recently returned from El Salvador, and Tomas Tellez, a prominent church leader from Nicaragua. Venue: Royal National College for the Blind, Venns Lane, Hereford.

Also on April 8th, at 7.30pm in Hereford Cathedral, the Vasari Singers, winners of the 1988 Sainsbury's Choir of the Year competition shown on BBC TV, will perform the Palestrina Nissa Papae Marcelli and the Durufle Requiem, in a benefit concert for Christian Aid and Oxfam, who fund development projects in Central America. Tickets for the concert are available at £3 (concessions £2) from Hereford Bookseller, High Town, and Capriole Music, Broad Street, Hereford. Further details from Judy Dixon (Hereford 269998), Grace Young (Hereford 270944) or Derek Winter (Moccas 424).

old adam

Planting nowadays is an all-the-year-round activity. But it is at its height this month. The call today is for instant gardening and more and more plants are being sold in containers which is convenient since one can choose the moment for planting as long as it is not delayed too long and as long as the plants are kept well-watered. If they are left in their containers too long they will get pot-bound and the slow-release fertiliser will be used up or leached out. Sometimes there is an indication on the label or on the sales bench, of the conditions in which the plants are likely to flourish, but if there is not, look it up! This means the acquisition of a few basic reference books which will save you a great deal of disappointment.

You need to know whether the plant requires sun or shade, damp or dry conditions and shelter - the modern term is ambience! The provision of these conditions is usually a matter of choice rather than creation, but the consistency of the soil you can alter.

Some plants, such as roses, rejoice in Hereford clay, but most prefer a texture which does not require their roots to work so hard - drainage and aeration are important if growth is to succeed. A useful mixture for your barrow is one third of garden compost, one third peat (sphagnum or sedge or a mixture of both) and one third of coarse sharp sand or grit. To this should be added a couple of handfuls of bone meal or four ounces of John Innes base fertiliser. The plant roots will probably develop several times the present container size so it is a good plan to excavate with a spade or trowel a fair-sized hole. Line the base with your mixture, thoroughly wet the container before shaking out the plant which is then settled in the hole at the correct level of the soil. Partially infill with the mixture and complete the operation with a mix of original soil and your prepared mixture. Water thoroughly immediately and continue this until the plant is obviously established. It is advisable to water a plant frequently during its first season if it is a perennial.

Labels do not add to the beauty of your garden, but if you are liable to forget the names of your plants or where you put them, they can be a life-line - not for you, but for your plants! The official name of the plant is convenient for reference. The origin of the plant and the planting date can be very helpful.

Wind and rain can play havoc with growing plants. The only remedy is to stake and this is laborious. The usual staking is with hedge trimmings which become invisible or by canes and stakes which are difficult to conceal, but which are essential for plants such as gladiolas, delphiniums and lilies etc. If you can afford to build up a collection of Westray Link Stakes the whole business of staking becomes easier and less time-consuming. They are green plastic covered and quite invaluable.

COMIC RELIEF

Many thanks to the customers of the New Inn, Staunton who raised a magnificent £100.32p on the night to help others.

Peter & Barbara Clarke

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STAUNTON PARISH COUNCIL

At their March meeting the Parish Council devoted a great deal of time to the vexed question of local footpaths & rights of way. We were grateful for the assistance of two Hereford & Worcester County Council officers who attended the meeting to explain where the legal and administrative responsibilities lie for maintaining the footpath system - which was mapped and codified some years ago. Problems exist with some paths which have been reported as being blocked, and the PC agreed to take all possible action - in concert with the County Council - to resolve these problems - initially by agreement with the land-owners concerned if possible.

.....

Details of the Leominster Marches Local Plan have now been published. This is a consultative document suggesting areas of preferred housing and industrial growth over the next few years. As far as Staunton is concerned the document contains detailed proposals for some housing growth. Full details of the plan will be on display at the Village Hall on MONDAY 24TH APRIL from 3.30pm to 5pm and 6.30pm to 8.30pm. District Council planning officers will be present to explain the details of the plan and to take note of your comments about it.

In addition the Annual Parish Meeting in May will have this as the main item on the agenda. So - if you want to find out more and express your opinion come to the Village Hall on 24th April or the Annual Parish Meeting in May - or both!

Other planning items - the PC approved an application for the conversion of a barn at Lower House, Staunton for use as holiday accommodation and expressed reservations about a proposal to erect two houses on land adjacent to Hempridge as it would appear that the proposal would not result in low-cost housing favoured by the PC.

.....

As a result of representations from Monnington the PC agreed to seek to have the existing telephone box and postbox at Monnington listed so that they can be preserved.

John Phillips.

Make a note in your diary
SIGNAL ANNUAL GENERAL
MEETING & SOCIAL

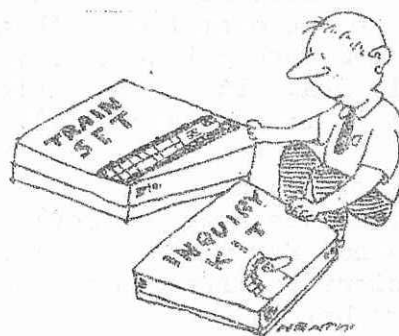
Friday 19th May at
'Trisanna' Staunton On Wye
at 7.30 pm.

Refreshments and wine

CHURCH SERVICES Kinnersley

April

2nd	at 10.00am	Holy Communion
9th	at 10.00am	Mattins
16th	at 10.00am	Holy Communion
23rd	at 10.00am	Family Service
30th	No service at Kinnersley. Please attend instead. the Quarterly Group Service at Eardisley Church at 10.30am.	



The Portway

STAUNTON
(now under new management)

- restaurant open Friday eve to Sunday lunchtime
- traditional 3-course Sunday lunch £5.25
- bar snacks during the week

Moccas 267

JOYS OF LIFE Ida Lange

When you live abroad, however much you like your new country, it's good to maintain ties with England (and youth).

Here this need is filled through a sewing club with five other British-born wives who live in the same district. We do a round of meetings at each other's houses and each hostess makes a special lunch. Quite often one or other has just been in England and brings back small, nostalgic presents for the rest of us, such as seaside rock (which goes to the grandchildren), marmalade, crumpets or Yardley's Lavender.

The sewing is for the Christmas bazaar of the English Church in Oslo. We are not great church-goers, but the church does a lot in the way of social gatherings for British-born wives so we thought we could combine business for the church with pleasure for us.

The English church in Norway has no economic support from England and has to rely on a small grant from the Norwegian government and the efforts of its members. We are a motley collection: three English including myself, one Highland Scot and one half-Greek, half Norwegian who was brought up entirely in England. She is much younger than the rest of us and good at all kinds of needlework. She inspires us all, even to do homework.

Needlework has always given me a lot of pleasure. In youth it gave me the satisfaction of a few more clothes. Now it banishes restlessness on cold evenings in front of the fire, when there's nothing on television. And, again, as a cosy get-together with other expatriates.

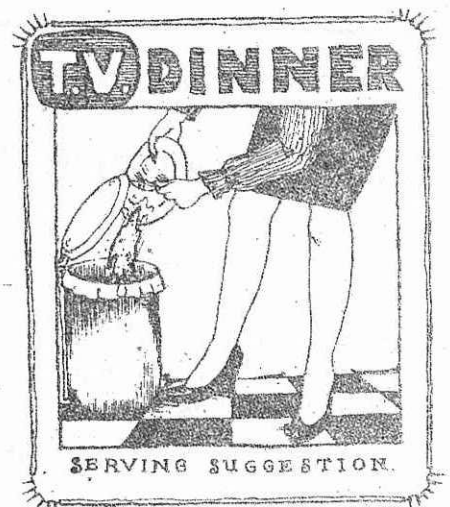
One of the most satisfying branches of needlework is patchwork and so many things can be made of it or improved by a motif. I wouldn't have time or energy to make a bedspread or a large Christmas tablecloth by myself, but the five of us have made them by joint effort and given them as prizes in a draw. There are other opinions of patchwork though, as expressed by Maggie in *THE MILL ON THE FLOSS*: it's foolish work" said Maggie with a toss of her mane, "tearing things to pieces to sew 'em together again".

I don't seem to have made up my mind as to which joy of life I am writing about Needlework or British friends. And concentration here on British friends is no depreciation of good Norwegian friends who are needed just as much.

I WANDERED IN THE TEMPLE COURTS
THRO' HOLY SHRINES THAT MAN HAD MADE
BENEATH CARVED ARCH ANCESTRAL VAULT
I SEARCHED FOR GOD IN HOLY SHADE
PERHAPS THE GRANDEUR DIMMED MY EYES
FOR IN THAT PLACE I FELT NO SIN
AND YET MY THOUGHTS WERE IN THIS WISE
NO GOD OF MINE I FOUND THEREIN

BUT WHERE THE HOUSES CLUSTERED ROUND
I FOUND A TINY GARDEN PLOT
AND THERE MY GOD HAD TROD THE GROUND
AND PLACED HIS HAND UPON THE SPOT
HAD BREATHED HIS LIFE INTO THE EARTH
CARESSED THE TULIP INTO BIRTH

Frank A Evans



surprise, surprise

And that's just what it was - you see I had rather special birthday one day in February. I had reached a land-mark so to speak.

I was sitting watching TV, awaiting the arrival of my son who was coming for the week-end. The door bell went and thinking it was him, went off to answer it - well this is where the surprise came in. I opened the door and there were most of my friends from the Wine Club, they burst into "Happy Birthday to you" and my legs just turned to jelly and the tears were not far behind.

Well in they all came and in no time at all the table was laid with all the lovely food they had prepared including the birthday cake, wine, glasses the lot they had thought of everything.

We had a lovely evening, certainly the best birthday I had had in a long time.

My thanks to all of you who took part in this conspiracy what a grand crowd you are and I am so pleased to be living among you.

C C (Senior Citizen)

THE ARTHRITIS & RHEUMATISM COUNCIL FOR RESEARCH

Leominster & District Branch

Jean Tucker

Publicity Officer

There will be a Coffee Morning on Thursday 27th April 1989 in aid of the above charity at the home of Mrs Margaret West, Chairman, Luntley House 10.30am - 12 noon to which all are cordially invited. The usual stalls - Bring & Buy, Cakes, Plants and Nearly New would be glad of any offerings and would be grateful if members and others would noise our good cause abroad. Money raised voluntarily provides us all with a new lease of life through the research of ARC. Please help.

For your diaries we are having another flag day in Leominster on FRIDAY 2nd June and would welcome any offers of help for half an hour or longer from members or friends. Names please to Margaret West 05447-376 or myself 05447-8847.

HOW ABOUT A CLEAN-UP FOR SPRING?

greenway gardens

'growing with enthusiasm'

Christopher Greenway
1 Court Farm Cottage
Mansell Gamage

Tel: Bridge Sollars (098122) 366

ALL TYPES OF GARDENING UNDERTAKEN

SPRING FAIR

Staunton Village Hall

SATURDAY at 2 P.M.

22nd APRIL

Variety of stalls:

White elephant; cakes;
children's clothes; plants;
books; refreshments;
tombola; raffle; etc.

In aid of summer outing
for Staunton Playgroup.

WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

At a meeting on 22nd. February, Mr. P Baldwin, of Russell, Baldwin & Bright, used a recording of Handel's Oboe Concerto to set the mood of the period when he gave a fascinating talk on 'Georgian Furniture'.

The Georgian period in furniture is considered to be from 1720-1820 though furniture as late as 1850 is often referred to as Georgian, particularly in country peices. He brought a nice selection of small items of furniture to illustrate changes of style which took place under the influence first of Chippendale and later of Sheraton and Hepolewhite. These styles were not only a matter of fashion but were greatly dependent upon the introduction of new woods. Furniture designed by Chippendale and illustrated by his 'Cabinet Makers Directory' relied heavily on the so-called 'Spanish Mahogany'. This in fact came from Cuba and was brought back as ballast from the flourishing slave trade !

Mr. Baldwin's examples included a torchere, a chest of drawers which was an apprentice piece, tea caddy, knife box, wig box and stand, and two trays - one typically Chippendale in design and the other equally typical of Sheraton. He used these to demonstrate the high quality of craftsmanship of the period, which were compared to a typical modern chipboard and veneer reproduction table top, but showed some hope for the future by showing two examples of high quality work by a young local cabinet maker.

Barbara Cartland was being interviewed on TV and was asked if she considered that the social revolution of the '60's and '70's in U.K. had resulted in the effective abolition of the English class system. "Of course it has" she replied "How else can you explain that I am here talking to a person like you ?".

AN ENGLISHMAN'S WORD..... (From "Plain tales from the Raj")

The "Pax Brittanica" did indeed bring uninterrupted peace - but not prosperity - within India's borders and in those days an Englishman's word was indeed his bond.

Kenneth Mason, while exploring deep in the Pamirs, ran out of money and was lent some by a Yak owner. He recalled "I wrote out on half a sheet of note-paper to Cox's Bank, Karachi "Please pay bearer on receipt the sum of fifty pounds sterling".

It must have been eight or nine months later that I heard from Cox's that a greasy piece of paper had arrived and been presented in the Peshawar branch and was said to be worth fifty pounds sterling.

That piece of paper had gone from hand to hand all over Central Asia. It had the marks of people who couldn't sign. It had thumb marks that had been dipped in ink. It had been to Samerkand, Kiva and God knows where and had come back over the Khyber Pass and was presented at Peshawar - and was still worth fifty pounds sterling.

a young mind

I have been giving thought, Lord - you have a minute? -
to getting old.

Natural enough, as the years pass

Do the years pass more quickly, Lord?

Whatever happened to those longer years we used to have?

Did you discontinue them? To speed up the process, sort of?
To replace us faster?

Hoping for improvement in the product?

Understandable.

However, getting old. Subject for to-day - and I'm not
talking about staying young

Indeed not: I was young once and wasn't mad on it. But
to continue

Getting old, a fellow said, is all in the mind

True. It's also inclined to get into the joints, the
digestion and the poor old feet

Spectacles appear, then a second pair

Certain powers wane. Expected; allowed for

But the fellow's right, or nearly right

Now, Lord, to the point

What if the mind gets stiff in the joints?

Where are you then?

What if the mind goes lame, needs two pairs of specs?

Then, it would seem, a person's got trouble

I mean, if the mind is in charge and starts talking days
off, loses grip

Where are you then?

Seems it's time for a person to shut the office

So lord, please keep me young in the mind

Let me enjoy Lord, let me enjoy

If creaky I must be, and many spectacled, and morning-stiff
and food-careful

If trembly-handed and slow-moving and breath-short and head-noddy

I won't complain. Not a word

If, with your help, dear Friend there will dwell in this
ancient monument

A Young Mind. Please, Lord?

(From "You have a Minute Lord?"
by David Kossof, published by
Robson Books Ltd)

BACK NUMBERS OF 'SIGNAL'

WANTED

nos. 1 to 8, 10, 14 (if
there was one) 18 & 61.

OFFERED

nos. 16 (July 1983)
(no page 4)
16 (August 1983)
(no pages 6 & 10)
24

Aldhous, Moccas 300



'SIGNAL' SUBSCRIPTIONS

ARE DUE IN April ----
please pay when your
distributor calls.

Remember, the price has
been held at £1.30 for
11 issues for the next
year.