

# THE SIGNAL

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

NO. 39

AUGUST 1985

PRICE 12p

## UPPER NORTON OAKS AND WOODLAND

Leominster District Council's Planning Committee discussed the felling application on 24th June, 1985.

The applications to fell the field oaks were refused on the grounds that felling would reduce unacceptably the quality of the local environment, but it was indicated that an application to fell one tree in poor condition with suitable proposals for replacement would be favour-

ably received.

The proposal to fell part of the woodland was refused on the grounds that the area of woodland was recently replanted and is beginning again to make a contribution to the local environment. The proposal to clear-fell the greater part of the woodland for agricultural gain, represents permanent diminution of the contribution the wood now makes to the local landscape.

## Conservationists—Prove Yourselves!

HAVING been born and bred in the country over 50 years ago I have seen many changes. Farms have seldom changed hands except on the retirement or death of an owner while some cottages and other dwellings have seen many changes, both in structure and occupant. A new breed of owner or observer is now arriving who seems to object to the way the land is utilised. They are called 'The Friends of the Earth' or 'Conservationists.'

In the Eastern part of England the farms have been ruined by the vast removal of hedges and trees and I expect farmers there are

PLEASE NOTE THAT COPY FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
'SIGNAL' SHOULD REACH TRISANNA, STAUNTON-ON-WYE  
(PHONE MOCCAS 517) NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY THE 9th  
AUGUST, 1985.

learning to their cost the damage done by soil erosion. Herefordshire is a beautiful county rich in conserved wildlife; renowned for its cattle, cider and oak trees. It is therefore a pity that a small minority of farmers have started to copy their Eastern counterparts.

The 'country cousin' who wrote last month suggested a need to take over the verges and hedgerows thus allowing the remaining saplings to grow. I myself cannot imagine hoardes of cottagers out cutting the roadsides. They are usually only too eagerly awaiting the tractor and trimmer to tidy up. Loosely trimmed hedgerows are 'out' because hedge trimming is not generally carried out till August or September when all birds have nested. A neat trim keeps the sides tidy.

Not many birds nest in hedgerows because they prefer old buildings or even ground level. Now saplings as we all know can soon turn into 60 foot trees and if one day thie tree falls on to the road causing personal injury or damage to property who will be to blame? Farm owners take responsibility for their hedgerow trees and fell any that look unsafe while quickly removing those torn out by strong gales. But if these 'saplings' grow well and branches fall into the farmer's crops who will compensate him for the damage?

Most cosntry folk keep a tidy garden and some have really excellent vegetable plots using farmyard manure. I wonder how the new breed of country dweller lives who thinks he is doing a far better job than us? I made a few enquiries to find out how this shining example of how we all ought to live actually lives himself. I did not find neatly laid out lawns or large self-sufficient vegetable plots. Instead I found a mass of nettles, docks and thistles - to say nothing of the thousands of harmful aphids who love this type of wilderness.

Now before you tell us what to do and what not to do you simply must show us that your way of life is better. We certainly do not want to conserve rubbish because we know that nettles and thistles will easily kill off the small flowering grasses and plants. It is not the farmers who are the threat to our countryside because most of them are true conservationists. It is the VEGETARIAN who brings most threat with his 'Meat is Murder' alogans. Just-imagine what the countryside would look like with no cows or sheep! There would be nothing to eat the grass so most of it would have to be ploughed to increase cereals, vegetables and fruit. All our wild grasses and rare plants would go under the plough because if no animals ate it, farmers would not cut it to make hay and all would just turn into a wilderness. The natural balance would go forever.

We must be careful how we live not to spoil our environment and, in particular, restrict the use of sprays to the basic necessity. So, to the new conservationist, I must still request 'Show us that your way of life is better than ours and then we may follow.'

A Country Dweller

The observances of the church concerning feasts and fasts are tolerably well kept since the

rich keep the feasts and the poor the fasts.

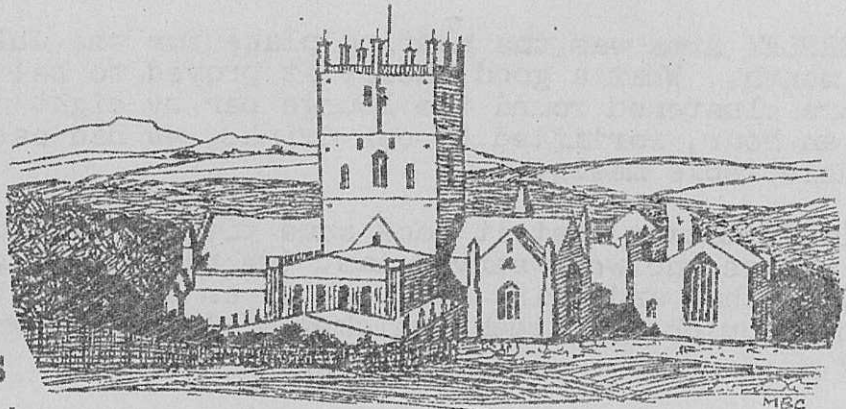
Rev. Sydney Smith



# Celtic Journey

by

GARETH EVANS



WE had been asked to attend a wedding on the Isle of Arran so what was more natural than that we should decide to go there via South Wales! There was, however, a method in our madness and the reasoning went something like this. As a Welshman (with basic roots in two places - Cardiff and New Quay, Dyfed) I had always in the past found it expedient to travel directly to either destination and to put off with regret the idea of seeing the other beauties of one's native land until 'some other time.' Well, now that 'other time' had definitely arrived.

We started with friends in the Gower - and what a happy place that is - before travelling via Kidwelly Castle and Dylan Thomas's Laugharne to a 'B and B' at a farm near Solva on the Pembrokeshire coast. Sheila had always had an abiding passion to see Solva - which fully lived up to its reputation - after seeing it displayed in the current 'Times' calendar.

We were impressed with St. David's Cathedral - especially its beautiful interior roof - and then on we went via Fishguard to New Quay, my home for so many happy years in the '20s and '30s. But it had changed so much - and why does change so invariably bring sadness? I remember once saying to a Cornish friend how much I admired Looe only to receive the inevitable response 'you should have seen it when I was a boy. It's ruined now.' Just my own thoughts about New Quay.

I had always known about the beauty of North Wales and, in the peerless weather of early May, it was at its absolute best. An American to whom we gave a lift to Bala - he pronounced it 'Bay-la' - waxed just as lyrical. We would however exclude Blaenau Ffestiniog from this eulogy!

And yet of all our experiences in our northward journey through Wales it was not the scenery, nor the Italianate curiosities of Port Meirion that caught our imaginations most but - horrors of horrors - a grave. Yes, it was the memorial to David Lloyd George near his native village of Llanystumdwy near Criccieth that left this vivid impression. Two aspects will always stay in the memory - the gaunt simplicity of the grave itself and perhaps, above all, the quiet beauty of its location in a wayside copse with the stream he knew so well running by.

Our Welsh journey was over and the following days found us running through the glorious English Fells and Lakes on our way to Scotland's west coast and Arran's fascinating isle. But that's another story.

## NORTON CANON LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB

KINNERSLEY Arms was the meeting place for the July supper <sup>outing</sup> last month. What a good choice it proved to be! About twenty of us were clustered round the lounge bar by eight o'clock and within half an hour, fortified by our drinks, we had each chosen different but delectable meals.

It didn't matter that it took some time to produce a dish for everyone. Those who were served last (we had chosen grilled trout) were happy to chat and drink and work up an appetite while the lucky ones began on quiche or steak, chicken or lasagne - whatever took their fancy.

By ten thirty the last mouthful of Black Forest gateau had been consumed, the last coffee and drinks had disappeared and we began to think of going home.

The decibel rate dropped for a while as we all signed a card wishing Mrs. Brookes every happiness in her new home in Eardisley. We missed her at the Kinnersley Arms but hope that when she is settled she will come to the meetings again.

A most successful evening and our thanks to Nora Medcraft who arranged it.

On 5th August (FIRST MONDAY this month) there will be a barbeque in Barbara Ridge's garden, starting at about 7.30 p.m. Cost £1 each and bring your own garden chair if possible. If it rains the barbeque will be cancelled.

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ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS OF NORTON CANON  
VILLAGE SCHOOL

April 1st is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other 364. *Mark Twain*

### SIGNAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

At the Signal's AGM held at Norton Canon Village Hall on the 18th April, 1985 the following were confirmed as full committee members:

Norton Canon	- K. Childs
	G. Evans
	D. Hardman
	R. Kilvert
	M. Loxston
Kinnersley	- R.W. Brock
	C. Childs
	S. Higginson
Staunton	- T. Chant
	M. Collingwood
	A. Hamilton
	L. Stokes



## STAUNTON PLAYGROUP

We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who helped make our Wine and Cheese Party such a success. Our thanks also to Mr. and Mrs. Cowap who not only allowed us into their beautiful home, but also put a lot of effort into ensuring the evening ran so smoothly. The total raised from the evening was £350.

This, added to the grants received from the Community Development Scheme (£500,) Leominster District Council (£50,) Jarvis Trust (£25,) Longueville Trust (£25,) and the Parish Council (£25) makes a total of nearly £1000.

We are most grateful to Mr. Dennis Price of Staunton who put in a lot of time and effort to completely redecorate the room (which no longer resembles a kitchen!)

The Autumn term begins on Wednesday 4th September. Sessions will be on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings from 9.15 to 12.15. If your child is between 3-5 or even rising 3 do please bring him/her along to see some of the things we do. OR contact Jame Bryan (Supervisor) Moccas 498/ Joy Trumper (Assistant Supervisor) Moccas 511.

Welcome to Mr. and Mrs. F. Bennett and their daughter who have recently taken over the New Inn in Staunton-on-Wye.

Welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and family now at Upper Norton Farmhouse.

Experienced general farm worker available. Casual or full-time.

Phone Bridge Sollers 317 evenings or weekends.

## BIRTHDAYS

A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

### Norton Canon

Alexandra Wrixon	1st Aug
Elizabeth Drew	16th "
Paul Ridge	23rd "
Rebecca Leighton	16th "

### Moorhampton

Benjamin Jay	22nd Aug
Kevin Evans	25th "

### Sarnesfield

Anne Williams	6th Aug
Laura Synock	30th "

### Kinnersley

Sarah Probert	3rd Aug
Harriet Jones	4th "

### Monnington-on-Wye

James Trumper	13th Aug
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### Staunton-on-Wye

Rebecca Kendall	22nd Aug
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## CANON MOTORS

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Sunday 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

## READER'S LETTERS

In his article 'Men of Herefordshire' in the July 'Signal' M.B. Collingwood refers to the composer E.J. Moeran as having lived somewhere in Herefordshire.

Readers may be interested to know that he was the brother of the Rev. (later Prebendary) Graham Moeran who was successively at Leominster, Ledbury and Brampton Bryan. Their parents retired from Norfolk to Gravel Hill House, Kington (behind the Esso Garage in Victoria Road) and the composer was a frequent visitor there, particularly when he needed the solitude and stimulus of this part of the world. He was an inveterate walker and would disappear into the Radnorshire hills with little more than a notebook to jot down his musical thoughts, often living rough.

Rather late in life he married the cellist Piers Coetmore in Kington church in July 1945, requesting an entirely musicless service, saying that 'if the music was good he would find it a distraction, and if bad he would feel obliged to go across and thump the organist!' He died in Kenmare, Ireland, in 1950, having fallen into the

river estuary there after suffering a heart attack.

Among the many works written in the tiny music studio at the rear of his parents' house was what many people consider his finest composition, the Sinfonietta, many parts of which mirror the breezy uplands that saw its birth.

For a number of years I have been tracking down and recording people who knew the family. This 'Kington connection' will eventually be incorporated in a larger volume which a West Country biographer, Barry Marsh, is in the process of writing. He has already chronicled Moeran's upbringing in East Anglia and this led to a Radio Norfolk broadcast entitled 'My friends call me Jack.' We would be very pleased to hear from any of your readers with personal recollections of the Moeran family.

Finally, moving to another artistic personality, can anyone solve a question which has perplexed me for many years, i.e. why is the famous organ case designer G.F. Bodley buried at Kinnersley? The case in Kinnersley church, designed by Bodley, is a poor example of his work, and carries a lot of gothic script like most of his other cases (and indeed his tomb!) A letter posing the same question was published in 'The Organ' earlier this year, but I have so far received no correspondence.

My anticipatory thanks,

Stephen Gilling,  
'Tai-Lu'  
Coronation Road,  
Kington.

M.B. Collingwood replies:

Grateful thanks to Mr. Gilling for so comprehensively detail-

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ing E.J. Moeran's connection with Herefordshire. It is most interesting to learn that the Sinfonietta, despite its strong Irish flavour (Moeran was of part Irish descent,) was actually written in Kington and was inspired by the Radnorshire hills.

As regards G.F. Bodley, the reason why he is buried at Kinnersley is because his wife, a Miss Reaveley, was the daughter of the then owner of Kinnersley Castle. He was also a friend of the rector, the Rev. Frederick Andrews, and is buried next to him to the west of the church. His tomb is an ornate horizontal slab with its inscription almost obliterated by weathering. I am indebted for this information to Mrs. F. Brown and Mr. A. Barnett of Kinnersley.

George Bodley (1827-1907) was, in addition to being a Royal Academician and designer, one of the leading Victorian church architects. He was a pupil of Gilbert Scott and went into partnership with T. Garner. Perhaps because of his Herefordshire connection he carried out much work in the county, including the building of three churches (Long-Grove, one of his earliest, Canon Frome and Hom Green near Ross-on-Wye) and additions to many others, including Kinnersley where, in addition to the organ case, he also designed the nave and chancel decoration which was carried out by the Rev. Frederick Andrews.

'GOING to the Pictures' in last month's 'Signal' reminded me of some of my early experiences. 'The Pictures' were quite a regular part of life - from the age of twelve onwards, I suppose I went on average about once a week. We used to go to the Regent in Brighton - where one danced on the top floor, dined on the second, and the latest films were

shown underneath. I remember being very upset, when my mother would not let me go to see Rudolph Valentino in 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' as she said I was too young! but I saw Ramon Novarro, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and many others of that era, although I can't really remember the films they were in. Somehow the 'Stars' were more important then!

After I left school, I stayed for a short time in a small Sussex town, where I was taking a course in dancing. There was not much to do in the evening, and the local cinema was very small. Someone played the piano, and just when you got to an exciting part in the film, it would stop, and a notice on the screen would say 'continued next week.' Very cunning!

I remember going to my first 'talkie' with a friend. I think it was Al Jolson in 'The Singing Fool'. It upset her so much we had to come out in the middle! The funniest thing was a film I went to where the sound and the picture had somehow become separated, and never

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- Coil and distributor, including electronic systems
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- Cylinder compressions
- Carburettor adjustment

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really got together at all!  
During a very tense love scene,  
there was suddenly a terrific  
crash of breaking china - the  
audience became quite hysterical.

television, you wonder why you  
were so enthusiastic!

Joan Close.

I suppose I must have seen nearly  
all the Fred Astaire-Ginger  
Rogers films, and thought them  
marvellous. Now when you see  
one of these 'oldies' on the

I think that the whole subject  
of Surrogacy is degrading to  
women. It seems money will  
buy anything nowadays.

O.A.P.

## The Visitors' Book

NINE years ago when Gareth and I moved into Lanzerac, the postman arrived on our first morning when we were surrounded by unpacked crates, a damp course still being inserted into bricks which shed dust inside and outside the house, and a central heating system which demanded constant feeding and attention. At the bottom of a pile of what we call 'gunge mail' - catalogues and advertisements, bills and reminders - was a thick, heavyish parcel. Normally the thought of a new novel or biography would have thrilled us but quite obviously there was not going to be time to read anything for the foreseeable future, so what was it?....

A Visitors' Book! Our first reaction was to consign it to the waste paper basket with the rest of the gunge mail. Unfortunately the gift had come from one of our oldest friends who would be on the lookout for her present at every visit, so we decided to use it religiously for everyone who spent a night under our roof.

How glad I am now that we kept it up! The book contains comments from the children (and grandchildren) which vary from the cheeky 'a bit short on parking space' to the appreciative 'same quiet relaxing time with plenty of liquid intake,' and (a grandchild this time,) 'I am aloud (sic) to stay up late in the night time,' or 'I came here for half term as I had nowhere else to go!' Luckily this last remark was followed by 'I had a very good time and all my thanks to my grandparents.'

Then there are the old friends from overseas who visit us perhaps once a year or even more infrequently and leave with happy

## JUMBLE SALE

at STAUNTON-ON-WYE VILLAGE HALL  
on SATURDAY 17th AUGUST at 2.30p.m.  
Proceeds in aid of Football Club.

## BINGO

at STAUNTON-ON-WYE VILLAGE HALL  
on THURSDAY 22nd AUGUST  
and thereafter every fortnight  
EYES DOWN 8p.m.  
Proceeds to Football Club.



memories of their stay with us: 'Thank you for \*\*\*\*\* treatment' or 'Probably our best visit yet.' There are those who write in rhyme, those who draw a picture, toddlers whose hands are guided by anxious parents on one visit, yet five years later they can write a beautiful and sensible comment and giggle over their previous efforts. And of course there are the jokers like a friend who forgot to write in the book so sent us a 'thankyou' letter containing five comments and asked us to choose which to insert. We thought his last comment 'One reads of people burying themselves in the country. Lanzerac is a good example except that the bodies remain above ground dur to the high water table' very apt and very funny, but we glued all five remarks into the book.

About five years ago we decided to use our now treasured present for recording major household events as well as for visitors' comments. So each year there may be a flood to record, a marriage, a wedding anniversary, sadly even a death. More prosaically, we note too the excavation of the pond, the date we supplied it with fish, the first fire each autumn, the first grass cutting each spring.

As well as being a book full of nostalgic memories there can be no argument about who visited us in any one year or how long it has been since our friends last penetrated the Heart of Britain. We can in fact now face the donor of our Visitors' Book and her inspection of it with a feeling of real satisfaction and pleasure. As a gift to someone moving house I can recommend it wholeheartedly.

Sheila Evans

## A HAPPY COINCIDENCE

Many years ago in the course of duty I visited a young mother who had just had her first baby. The family lived in an attic flat and the husband worked on the London underground. She told me how frustrated he felt on both counts because he had just left a cavalry regiment after years of service and was homesick for the horses and the life-style.

That evening whilst visiting my sister I picked up her paper and opened it at random. 'SITUATIONS VACANT' met my eye and three lines of print seemed to hump out at me. 'WANTED. Man experienced with horses. Able to ride and drive. Good refs. essential. Write Box ???' I

removed the page and slipped it into the family's letter box the following day.

A few weeks later a radiant young lady came to see me and presented me with a gorgeous bouquet. Her husband had applied for the job which turned out to be postillion for the royal coaches. He was too tall for that but as he had such excellent reference for farriery a job was made for him pending the retirement of one of the senior men. They had been allocated a cottage in the grounds of Buckingham Palace and my flowers were from the gardens.

A. Aldhous

The first half of life consists of the capacity to enjoy without the chance; the last half con-

sists of the chance without the capacity.

Mark Twain

## Church Notices

### The Weobley Group of Parishes

#### Services during August

##### Sarnesfield

11th 10 am Holy Communion  
25th 10 am Morning Prayer

##### Norton Canon

4th 9 am Holy Communion  
11th 9 am Morning Prayer  
18th 9 am Holy Communion  
25th 9 am Family Service

##### Staunton

4th 11 am Holy Communion  
11th 11 am Morning Prayer  
18th 11 am Holy Communion

##### Byford

4th 9.30am Holy Communion  
18th 6.30pm Evening Prayer

##### Monnington

11th 9.30am Holy Communion

##### Letton

11th 11 a. Family Service  
25th 6 pm Holy Communion

### KINNERSLEY CHURCH SERVICES

#### August:

4th 10 am Holy Communion  
11th 10 am Mattins  
18th 10 am Holy Communion  
25th 10 am Family Service

#### September:

1st 10 am Holy Communion

TED MORRIS would like to thank all friends and neighbours for the gift of a greenhouse presented to him at a Surprise Party at Norton Canon Village Hall on his recent 70th birthday.

Plump oven-ready ducklings.  
Tel: Anne Cole, Weobley  
318260.

Make love to every woman you meet; if you get five per cent on your outlay it's a good investment.

Arnold Bennett.

All the things I really like to do are either immoral, illegal, or fattening.

The scenery in the play was beautiful, but the actors got in front of it.

Alexander Woolcott  
American Dramatic Critic

"My poor fellow, why not carry a watch?"

(Actor-manager Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, to a man staggering under the weight of a grandfather clock.)

## RECIPES

### ROWANBERRY WINE

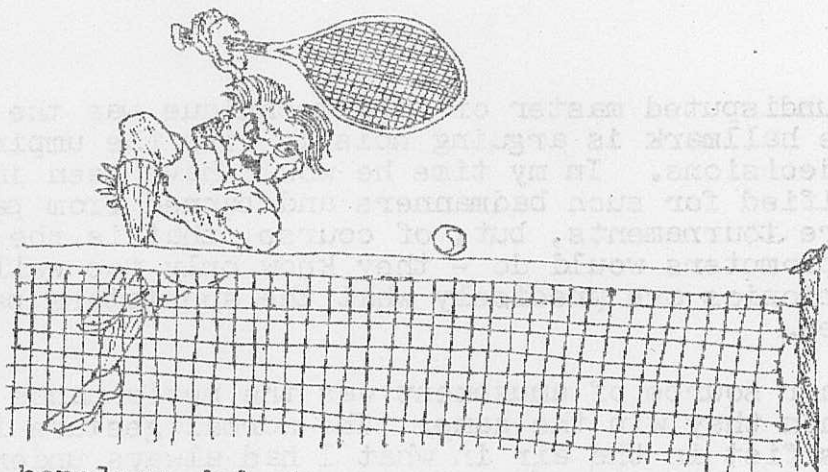
When the berries are perfectly ripe is the time to make this delicious wine. To each quart of berries, add 1 quart of boiling water and a small piece of bruised ginger (whole.) Let them steep for 10 days; well stir each day, then strain and to each quart of liquid add 1 lb. of loaf sugar; when dissolved, bottle up. Do not cork tightly, until fermentation has ceased.

### PARSLEY WINE

To every pound of parsley add 1 gallon of water (boiling.) Let this stand for 24 hrs. then strain and boil the liquor for 20 mins. with 1 oz. of lump ginger. The rind of 2 oranges and 2 lemons. Then pour the liquor on to 4 lb. of sugar and add the juice of the oranges and lemons. When nearly cool put  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. yeast on to a slice of bread or toast, and let stand for 4 days. Strain and bottle but do not cork down until wine has stopped working. This wine improves with keeping.



# On Watching the Tennis



ALL my life I have been a hopeless dud at games. For this reason I have always done my best to avoid taking part in them and have very little interest in sport of any kind. During my schooldays, when forced to turn out for a game of rugby, my sole object was to dodge having to handle the ball, as I was only too well aware that I would not have the remotest idea what to do with it if it were passed to me. My performance at cricket was equally deplorable. When fielding I inevitably dropped every catch that came my way and, as last man in, my batting average for each innings was 0 or, on an exceptionally good day, 0 not out. In short, I invariably let down every side I played in.

Because of my lack of interest in sport I very rarely trouble to switch on my TV set during the summer months, because I know only too well that about ninety per cent of the summer programmes are made up of sport in one form or another. But one evening a week or two ago, there was a programme I particularly wished to see and I accordingly switched on at the advertised time, only to find that the previous programme, a tennis tournament at Wimbledon, was over-running its time (this seems to be standard procedure as far as sport is concerned on television, and the whole evening's schedule is dislocated in consequence.)

The only thing to do in such cases is to keep the set switched on until the scheduled programme finally commences, and on this occasion I watched the game, firstly with impatience hoping it would soon end, and then, after a few minutes, with increasing fascination, not because of the programme's intrinsic interest, but because it was the best piece of comedy I had seen for quite some time.

In my young days, people took part in games purely for the enjoyment they got out of playing. Looking at this programme it was immediately obvious that little or no enjoyment exists among present-day players. With every shot they grunted, groaned, gasped or grimaced and in general made exceedingly heavy weather of it, and the expression on their faces was invariably grim. In fact, it was obvious that the only object was to win at all costs, and the reason was plain - the prize money which would be the champion's reward. All the time one was aware that this alluring cheque was dangling in front of their eyes, and every dodge was resorted to which could be calculated to disconcert their opponents, the most common gambit being to change their position just as their opponent was about to serve.

The undisputed master of this technique was the American MacEnroe, whose hallmark is arguing noisily with the umpire and disputing his decisions. In my time he would have been immediately disqualified for such badmanners and banned from participation in future tournaments, but, of course, that is the last thing present-day promoters would do - they know only too well that such histrionics are precisely what the spectators pay inflated prices to see.

Another source of amusement was the performance players indulge in when they win the game. The normal gesture is to brandish one's fist in the air in what I had always understood was a communist salute. (In football this is accompanied by a kind of ballet dance in which the other players leap towards the goal scorer and give him slobbering kisses.)

Most amusing of all, in this tennis tournament, was the expression on the losing player's face when, at the end of the game, he realised that the longed-for cheque, which would have kept him in affluence for several years, had once again eluded him. His crest-fallen expression, as he shook hands with his opponent, gave way momentarily to a mirthless smile which expressed his lethal feelings only too plainly.

By the time the tournament was finally over, and the commentators had indulged in the inquest which inevitably appears to follow such encounters, the evening's programmes were running over half-an-hour late. But I didn't really mind, as I had found the whole thing remarkably entertaining, - in fact, as W.S. Gilbert said of Henry Irving's 'Hamlet,' it was funny without being vulgar. I shall certainly watch it again next year.

M.B. Collingwood

#### STAUNTON-ON-WYE PLAYGROUP

Held in Staunton-on-Wye School kitchen (which has been redecorated.)

Monday, Wednesday and Friday  
9.15 a.m. to 12.15 p.m.

Autumn term begins Wednesday, 4th September.

For further information please telephone:

Jane Bryan - Moccas 498  
Joy Trumper - Moccas 511

Fees: 80p per session.

Please come along and see us.  
Member of the pre-School Playgroup Association.

When you're down and out, something always turns up - and it's usually the noses of your friends.

Orson Welles

#### **CAR BOOT SALE**

at

STAUNTON-ON-WYE  
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on

25TH AUGUST

11 a.m.-3 p.m.

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after 6 p.m.

Proceeds to  
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Club