

# THE SIGNAL

A Community Newsletter for

BROBURY - BYFORD - KINNERSLEY - LETTON - MONNINGTON

MANSELL GAMAGE - MOORHAMPTON - NORTON CANON -

SARNESFIELD - STAUNTON-ON-WYE

NO 105

AUGUST 1991

15p

## DEEP PEACE OF THE RUNNING WAVE TO YOU

by  
Elizabeth Moore

It is easy to remember the exact moment when I realised I had inherited what my Father used to call 'this madness'. We were sitting in a small Pembrokeshire bay watching the sun setting over the sea. We had watched countless sunsets together before but this evening was different, because we both knew he was too ill ever to come down to the shore again. His far sighted eyes were watching a local fisherman's small boat 'Megan' as she crossed the bay. She was lying low in the water and a bucket swung from her mast, (the sign of a good catch). The seagulls were screaming and wheeling in her wake. The little cove was bathed in a dazzling pink light, and the sea was streaked with long shafts of silver, mauve, blue, pink and green like the opal ring my Mother used to wear. 'I think I must have salt water instead of blood in my veins', my Father was saying, 'I don't want to be on the sea now, and certainly not in it. But I need to be near it, to smell it and hear it and see it. You will always find me here'. He died five days later, propped up in his bed by the window watching the waves thundering up the steep little bay in a Force 9 westerly gale. He had spent most of his life at sea, and I was always glad he had his last wish and died within sight and sound of it.

I now have to live far inland and as I grow old the madness has become calmer and easier to accept. It is true that seascapes cover the walls of my sitting-room and bedroom, there is a large collection of very beautiful shells in the bathroom, the garden seat is made from an old ship's timbers and there are photographs of men in naval uniform on my desk. But months go by now and I scarcely think of the sea at all; it is so far away. Then quite suddenly I hear its insistent call, it is as though I am possessed and I know that I have to go back. While the inhabitants of Brecon, Carmarthen and Haverfordwest are in bed, I drive with a curious sense of urgency in the early morning light, with a desperate longing to be there. By nine o'clock I am back in the deserted bay.

At first I look round anxiously. The grey and purple rocks are still there, the great headlands jut out seaward as they have always done, and there are sea anemones and emerald green weed in the rock pools, nothing has changed. With an immense sense of relief I can relax at last, sitting on the smooth flat rocks I have known since childhood. Then it is like being in a trance, almost as though I am in another world, as if I am someone else, and total peace descends on me. I am back; I have come home. I let the sound of the waves

break over me, needing nothing now because I have all I crave: 'a huge, consoling sea'.

Time means nothing at all to me here. When I am hungry I cross the cliffs to a small white-washed inn where I have lunch. Then I am back in the bay, smelling the fresh salty air and the seaweed, watching the tide-line and the sea birds, thinking of nothing, listening to the timeless, magical surge of the waves, the cry of the gulls and the dragging sound of the pebbles washing back into the water with the receding tide.

It is dark and very late when I reach home again. I have driven 284 miles and been away 16 hours. But I am refreshed, recharged, renewed, reborn and 'calm of mind all passion spent'.



#### CONTRIBUTORS! CONTRIBUTORS! On whom we so much depend

At our recent editorial meeting concern was expressed at the recent decrease in the amount of original material sent in by contributors. Can we therefore appeal to all of you "out there" to fill this gap and so ensure that the feature which distinguishes the Signal does not lapse and make us just a Venue for advertisements and advance publicity for local events.

Here are just some of the headings under which your contributions could fall:-

1. An unusual experience - at home or on holiday.
2. Someone you have met who has impressed you - or the reverse!  
(In the case of the latter pseudonyms and change of locale are permitted).
3. Why a book, film or play you have read or seen has a particular appeal.
4. A food recipe.
5. A hobby.

We just hope that this abbreviated and by no means exhaustive list will jog your recall buttons and encourage you to send a contribution to Signal. We look forward to hearing from you.

The Editor

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His character was such that it would take a special dispensation from the Lord God Almighty to raise him to the depths of degradation.

You had better get what you like or you will find yourself liking what you get.

Items for inclusion in the **September** issue should be sent to Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon (0544 318505) by **22nd August** please.

# RUSSIA •• two fleeting impressions

No.1

by Gordon Valentine

In January last I was fortunate to be sent on a business trip to Russia. This was my first visit to that country and it was to be my last overseas business trip prior to my retirement.

The purpose of the trip was to visit a major steelworks. Apart from making the comment that twenty years ago the steelworks was probably as advanced as anywhere else in the world but since then 'time has stood still' and there has been virtually no investment, my reflections for this article are confined to 'away from work' experiences.

We were based in the centre of Moscow and although from the outside the hotel appeared bleak and 'Victorian', the rooms were spacious and had been recently fitted with all 'mod cons'. Having arrived early evening our first venture was to the hotel restaurant. We were amazed to find that it was an enormous room which was packed with people of all ages. Apparently the Russian religious calendar is different to our's and these folk were celebrating New Year in the middle of January! A floor show took place followed by dancing to a group who were playing Western music. Apart from the language and some rather odd food it could have been a party at home.

Throughout the visit we were accompanied by a Russian interpreter. He was 32yrs, married with a child and spoke perfect English and Italian. Surprisingly, he said that this was the first time that he had conversed with English people. Nevertheless, he was able to translate with no hesitation and what's more was able to enjoy our sense of humor. His compulsory military service had been spent on active service in Ethiopia working as an interpreter. This had earned him 'special privileges which included a larger flat (still very small) and an occasional issue of a food parcel. He is something of a capitalist in that he has set himself up in business in hiring out sound and lighting equipment to night clubs. With the unreliability of Russian banks I suspect he has his money in dollars stored away under the bed!

One of the highlights of our 'out of work' time was to be taken to a concert in the Palace of Congresses in the Kremlin. This is an enormous modern building completely out of character with the surroundings. Thinking that we were going to an orchestral concert and that the very Russian sounding in our itinerary was the conductor, we were rather surprised to find that it was a pop concert and that the name was that of the Russian Madonna! The interior of the building was magnificent and must have held several thousand people. It was packed with people of all ages. The pop scene has clearly arrived in Russia. It was a pity about the music!

The quality of food left something to be desired. Invariably, meals started with an array of cold meats, fish and a whole variety of salad items. This was usually very nice but did tend to be repetitive. The next course would be soup of very doubtful origin - looked like yesterday's plate scrapings! The main course would be fish, meat or chicken and again of very poor quality. Nevertheless, while we struggled manfully our Russian friends ate as though they had not seen food for days!

Each day, we had a one hour mini bus ride to the works and were able to get an impression of life away from the city centre. Generally it looked bleak. Women (some quite old) really are employed clearing snow by hand. Food and liquor shops always do have queues while stocks last. There must be a bush telegraph



which tells people that a delivery is to be made and the queue develops immediately. In one town square we noticed several articulated lorries carrying food from Germany. They had not started unloading, but the queues were forming.

It was an interesting visit and one not to be missed. However, even allowing for the fact that no country is at its best in mid winter and with snow on the ground, I shall not be rushing to go back again. There are many other places that I would want to visit before returning to Russia.

Finally, we really are very lucky to live in our beautiful country.

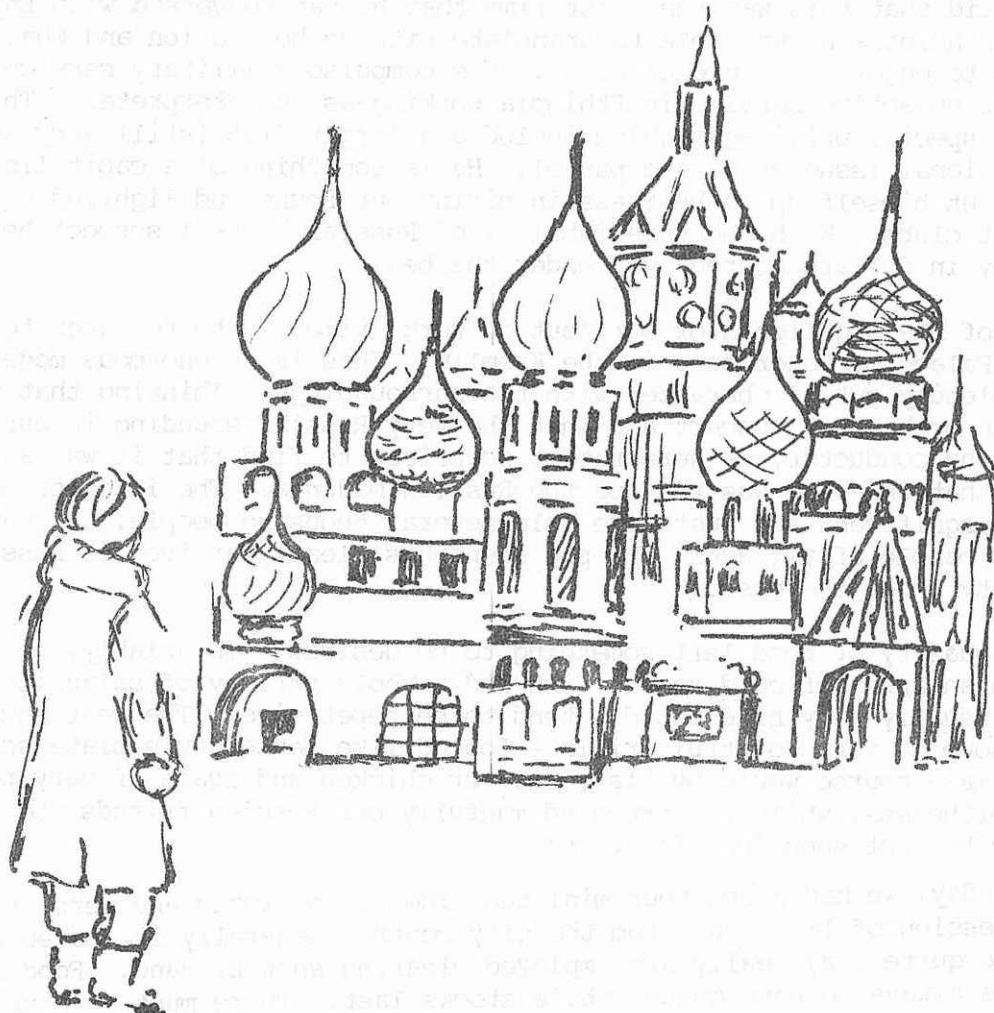
## **(2) the Plus and the minus**

by Gareth Evans

Just in case you should think that the following ruminations are the thoughts and careful considerations of a seasoned Russophile let me say at once that they are but the fleeting impressions of one who has just returned from a 10 day tour the ostensible purpose of which was to study "Operation Barbarossa" Hitler's attack on Russia - with special reference to Leningrad, Kiev and Moscow.

1. **The Russians we met.** Nearly all the news coming out of the USSR these days is so much concerned with gloom and strife that I was conditioned to expect these unhappy facts to be reflected in how the people dressed and how they would react to foreigners. Not a bit of it. I found the half dozen I spoke to (including our guides) to be cheerful, neatly dressed and not a bit afraid to voice political criticism. They did admit however that, in the arctic temperatures of winter, attitudes could be somewhat different!

2. **The Hermitage, Leningrad.** This was breath-taking. In how many places on this earth all world famous pictures displayed in conditions of such grandeur



that ones' eyes are more attracted to the fantastic glory of the staircases, walls and ceilings than the pictures themselves - and so many of the last named were world famous. It is said that if you examined each picture in the Hermitage for 3 minutes it would take you 9½ days! And we spent just 2 hours there.

3. **By Aeroflot from Leningrad to Kiev.** I had always thought that the flight I took by China Airways from Canton to Guilin was the most nerve racking ever - and so it was until I flew this time to Kiev. As we climbed aboard, a friend grabbed my arm and hissed "Look at the tyres. No treads - all as smooth as billiard balls". And as for the seating arrangements the rows were jammed so close together that our knees were under our chins. But, packed like sardines, we made it. The Aeroflot flight from Kiev to Moscow was, by contrast, well up to international standard.

4. **The size of everything.** This was demonstrated by the impressive width of the streets; the majesty of so many public buildings which even lack of repair could not disguise; the splendour of vastness so well illustrated by the Kremlin and Red Square. Quite unforgettable - especially the gold encrusted domes. And then there was the calibre and size of the countless images in stone and metal of famous Russians. I'll not soon forget the statue of the mother figure above Kiev. The sword she flourished was 20 metres in length and all else in proportion! Really majestic but surely also an aeronautical hazard?

5. **Food quality and living standards.** The food was only average but who were we to complain in only a 10 day visit? We witnessed none of the TV famous bread queues except for one for ice cream which stretched away endlessly and forever in a temperature of 94°. I was personally struck by the very poor quality of goods on display in Moscow's famous GUM store; the sameness of what was on offer in the Arbat street market eg. nothing much else besides endless "Gorbi dolls" and painted trays. A Gorbi doll is one with Mr. Gorbachov on the outside with four neatly fitting inside ones of previous presidents dating back to Lenin.

6. **The lasting impact.** This is one of pleasure at the friendliness and optimism of those we met and a desire on my part to go again to this remarkable country which I hope will master the problems that currently beset her. So cheers to the USSR.

Who loves not wine, woman and song. Remains a fool his whole life long.  
Martin Luther

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I would like to offer my thanks and appreciation to Mr. Richard Pantall for his help, when my brother David and I spent some time during June in Staunton-On-Wye and surrounding villages re-searching our family's roots.

Through the information Mr. Pantall was able to let us have, it has been possible to place together further pieces of the jigsaw. We would be very grateful for any further information in the future.

We have established that our Gt. Gt. Grandfather - John Lewis the blacksmith in Staunton-On-Wye is buried under the Yew tree in Staunton church, lived at the time of the 1851 census in Little London, with his wife and four children. We should be delighted if it were possible to find out at which cottage they lived in there.

Once more our sincere thanks to Mr. Pantall and the villagers of Staunton, who knows, eventually one or the other of us may come 'home'.

Men compromise only 1.5 percent of the South's nursing students.

The Atlanta Journal

They thought she was 99 but are now convinced she is a centurion.

Leicester Evening Mail

Wherever God erects a house of prayer  
The Devil always builds a chapel there  
And 'twill be found, upon examination  
The latter has the largest congregation

Daniel Defoe

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## STAUNTON-ON-WYE & DISTRICT BETWEEN THE WARS

Continuing our Series of Articles by RICHARD PANTALL

13th January 1923

The Post Office in Staunton-on-Wye, situated at Portway, is to be removed to fresh premises at the other end of the village, consequent upon the resignation of the present sub-postmaster, Mr. C.J. Prosser. The Post Office has been at Portway ever since it was established in the parish nearly a century ago, and Mrs. Prosser's family (the Preeces) have held the appointment since it was first opened, she being the third generation Mr. Prosser has himself held the appointment for the last 26 years. The question of the proposed removal to Handmore Cross came before the Weobley District Council at their recent meeting, when a resolution was passed asking the Post Office Authority to reconsider their decision. Sir Geoffrey Cornwall said it was centrally placed in a large area embracing not only Staunton-on-Wye, but Mansell Gamage, Byford, Monnington, Moccas and Brobury, and a more suitable spot could not be found. He added it would be of great inconvenience to most people, and a hardship to old age pensioners. (The Council's letter did not influence the Authority, the Post Office was moved on 3rd March 1923).

3rd February 1923

A Well Attended Whist Drive & Dance was held in the Men's Club last week, the proceeds were for the Piano Fund. Prizewinners were: Ladies 1. Mrs. Markham (silver chain purse); 2. Miss Watkins, (silk scarf); 3. Miss Mary Davies, Moccas (bag). Gentlemen: 1. Mr. Oliver Talbot, Moccas (box of cigars); 2. Mr. Smith, Hereford (silver cigarette case). Mystery Prize: Mrs. T. Jones (box of chocolates). The iced cake in the Draw was won by Mrs. C. Richards of Church House. The Organising Committee were Mr. & Mrs. Markham, Mr. & Mrs. H. Whiteman, Mr. & Mrs. C. Richards, Miss Davies, Miss Watkins, Mrs. Trumper, Mr. C. Eckley, Mr. C. Green, Mr. W. Pantall and Mr. F. Pantall.

2nd June 1923

Advertisement headed "Holidays in Hereford and the Wye Valley," include the following premises in Staunton-on-Wye: New Inn - Bedroom and Sitting Room suitable for two gentlemen, or lady and gentleman, Terms moderate. Apply Mrs. Strange; Portway Hotel - Good accommodation for tourists on main Hereford to Hay road. Apply J.G. Edwards; Louvain Villa - Bedroom and Sitting Room. Quiet village. Terms moderate. Apply Mrs. Bulpit.

16th June 1923

Byford Fatality: A poignant story of how a young farm labourer, respected and esteemed throughout the neighbourhood, met with a shocking fate, was told at an Inquest at Byford Court. The unfortunate man, Alfred George Mills, a son of Mr. Abraham Mills, of the Reading Room, was in charge of a horse and cart in Green Lane, when the horse bolted. Mills caught the rein and in his plucky effort to stop the horse he fell, and the cart wheel passed over him. The deceased, who was 19 years of age, was employed by Mr. Trotman, of Byford Court. Evidence was given that the cart was empty, and the rattle it was making was contributory to frightening the horse.

26th April 1924

Another Byford Fatality: Charles Taylor, of Cleeve Cottage, a journeyman/blacksmith, was cycling to work at The Smithy, Portway, on the Hereford to Hay road. At the same time a Midland bus was travelling in the same direction, and as Mr. Taylor turned to the right to enter Mr. Williams' forge there was a collision, in which he was badly injured. The Inquest Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death," with a Rider there was negligence on the part of the bus driver.

6th September 1924

Letton Court Gutted: The beautiful home of Mr. & Mrs. T.W. Dew lay in ruins in the space of two hours last week, reduced to ashes by fire. The cause of

the outbreak was an unusual one. At the time work was in progress repainting the exterior of the house, the contract being undertaken by Hereford Builders, Beavan & Hodges. It is believed the painters were using a blow-lamp stripping old paint off window frames.

15th November 1924

Staunton-on-Wye Women's Institute: At the monthly meeting an interesting lecture on Africa was given by Mr. Markham, with Mr. Thomas manipulating the lantern slides. This was followed by tea, after which Mrs. C. Jones and Mrs. E. Williams each gave a recitation. In the evening a successful Whist Drive & Dance was held in the Men's Club to raise money towards Christmas festivities for the children.

Mrs. T. Trumper, Rhyddwr, last week arranged a successful Dance at the Men's Club which broke all attendance records. She was able to hand over to the Women's Institute, the Men's Club and the Nursing Association, the sum of £2.2s. each after all expenses. The M.C. was Mr. Ronald Blenkin.

9th January 1926

Staunton-on-Wye Presentation: At the New Inn, the presentation of a clock in an oak case was made to Mr. T. Williams who, for the last eight years, resided in and served as Police Constable of the Parish and district. Mr. Ronald J. Blenkin, in the Chair, said Mr. Williams had to retire due to ill-health, but during his time amongst them he had made many friends through the courteous and tactful manner he had carried out his duties.

New Year's Night 1927

A Fancy Dress Dance was held in the Men's Club, Staunton-on-Wye. Miss H. Jones as "The Turkish Lady" won first prize, and Miss Joan Bethell as a "Gipsy," was second. Mr. W. Thomas as a "Shepherd" took the gentleman's first prize, and Mr. W. Hicks as "Blotting Paper," was second. Other prizes went to Master Dan Roberts as a "Golliwog," Miss Joyce Bethell as "Columbine" and Miss Phyllis Price (Mrs. McCann) as a "Fairy."

9th October 1927

Dangerous Driving - Sheep Killed: Roland Phillips, a Postal Clerk, was charged at Weobley Police Court, with dangerously driving a motor-cycle at Staunton-on-Wye on 14th September. Alfred and Edgar Morgan, of The Mill, Eardisley, were driving a flock of 94 sheep on the road from Eardisley about 9.30 p.m. when they saw a motor-cyclist coming up very fast behind them. Alfred, who was carrying an acetylene lamp, ran back towards the machine, shouting and waving his lamp, but the rider went past him taking no notice, and crashed into the sheep. Several were knocked down, some died, others had to be slaughtered. The A.J.S. 2½ h.p. motor-cycle was examined by P.C. Arrowsmith, who found the front forks very badly bent. The Bench fined Phillips £5, with 30s. costs.

26th February 1927

Cycling Without a Light: William Henry Price, of Duke Street, Staunton-on-Wye Postman, at Weobley Police Court, admitted riding a bicycle without a light at 7.10 p.m. P.C. Arrowsmith proved the case and defendant was fined 5s.

19th March 1927

Live & Dead Stock Sale at Hinton Farm: Edwards, Russell & Baldwin are favoured with instructions from Mr. Thomas Roberts (who is retiring) to sell on the premises: 80 well bred Hereford Cattle, 137 excellent black-faced Sheep, 6 Horses & Colts, 10 Pigs. Implements, Gearing, Furniture etc. The Luncheon will be at 11 a.m. and the Sale will start at 12 noon.

7th May 1927

Household & Effects Sale at Chadnors Gate: E. Hammond & Son have been instructed by the late Mrs. Ann Maund, to sell by Auction on the premises, the whole of the Household Furniture & Effects. Also about 20 hogsheads of cider. At the conclusion of the Sale, the black & white Freehold Cottage at World's End, Staunton-on-Wye, containing two kitchens, living room, four bedrooms, and large garden, now in the occupation of Mr. Thomas Gladwyn, will be offered for Sale by Auction.

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Ladies and gentlemen are permitted to have friends in the Kennel but not in the Kitchen.

Shaw



## WEOBLEY & STAUNTON SURGERIES

Thank you for your 'pennies' in aid of the Crack Cancer appeal; a grand total of £685.11 was raised here, at Weobley Surgery.

However, now that the appeal has closed could we please ask you to continue putting your pennies in the jar? We require a piece of equipment at the Surgery - A CRYOJET - which will enable the doctors to perform more minor surgery on the premises. This equipment will cost £1200 but with YOUR help we're sure that the money will be raised.

Dr. Oliver Penney started the ball rolling with his triathlon and has given us £80.90 of his sponsorship money; (the remainder being given for Cyclists Crash Helmets for Children).

Our next event:-

### A COFFEE MORNING

at Court House Farm, Wormsley (next to the Church)  
on TUESDAY AUGUST 13th, 10am - 12.30pm.

The gardens at The Hafod and Upper House Wormsley will also be open by kind permission of Mr & Mrs J. T. Davies and Col. & Mrs P. B. Winstanley.

If you are unable to come please could you give us a bottle or a cake for the stall?

Another date for your diary - Wednesday October 2nd - when there will be an event at the Hopelands. Details will be announced in the next edition of Signal.

Some people will believe anything if you whisper it to them

Conscience gets a lot of credit  
for what really belongs to  
cold feet

Diets are for those who are thick  
and tired of it

When he dances he is all feet and  
when he stops he is all hands



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# THE NEW INN

## Staunton-on-Wye

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## WEOHLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Visit to Pitchford Hall near Shrewsbury on 17th. July 1991

Thirty-one members travelled to Pitchford Hall near Condover to see a magnificent Elizabethan half-timbered mansion, which had only become open to the public last year. The tour of the house, inside and out, was conducted by the owner, Mrs. Caroline Colthurst, with happy informality and plentiful information. The house, built on an 'E' plan (surviving as an 'F'), was the work of Adam Ottley, a Shrewsbury wool merchant, and completed in 1575. It incorporated earlier buildings of which the West Wing shows signs of being a medieval hall. Of many interesting architectural features, one reflecting the family's sympathies with the old religion was the creation of a priesthole. An important feature has been the continuity of ownership within the family, the estate never having been sold since acquired by Thomas Ottley in 1473. In consequence the contents and decoration of the house reflected a very personal element, of which a pair of Cary globes, one of the world, the other of the heavens, particularly caught my eye. Paintings included family portraits by distinguished artists, and there was a strong interest in heraldry, including the arms representing the present owner's marriage, and a funeral hatchment in the church for the last owner.

Outside was that great curiosity, a Tree House, built in the crook of a large-leaved lime, dated back to 1694. This retreat had been somewhat gothicised in the 1760's, with fine decorative plaster work inside, now recently restored. A quite surprising feature to be found by the ford over the Row brook was a pitch well, thus giving name to the village and estate. It was lined with stone, about 2ft.6in. deep. From its grassy interior, Mrs. Colthurst picked up before our incredulous eyes pieces of turf saturated with bitumen. She reckoned a current production of two jam jar's full a year. The church, which formed a part of the group of houses there, was again full of interest, with Norman features, nox pews, and fine memorials to the Pitchford family, including an effigy carved in oak, and finely incised alabaster slabs. Altogether a thoroughly rewarding afternoon. The Society's next visit is to Eye Manor on 14th. August.

Diplomacy is the art of saying "Nice doggie!" until you can find a stick.  
(Wynne Catlin)

### GROWING CREATIONS AT LETTON

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In Aid Of Norton Canon Church  
GARDEN FETE  
7th. September 1991  
STALLS, SIDE STALLS ETC.

BREDWARDINE VILLAGE BAR-B-Q  
Bank Holiday Monday  
August 26th - 6.30 pm onwards  
Barbeque - disco - bar  
opposite Red Lion

The Forget-me-not Club enjoyed their outing on 9th July to Burnham On Sea. There was a fresh breeze to blow the cobwebs away but no one seemed to mind. The usual stop for liquid refreshments was made at Whitchurch, then we wended our way home.

S Morgan

ART AND GARDEN PARTY  
Sunday 18th August  
2pm Brobury House 6pm  
in aid of Home Farm Trust

#### OUR CHURCHYARD

Staunton churchyard is looking so spick and span. May we express our grateful thanks to all who worked so hard to make it so.

The Churchwardens

Congratulations to Angela & David Blandford of Brobury on the birth of daughter Emily Alice.

#### PRESENTATION TO BRYN AND MARGARET REES

This presentation will be made on the evening of Sunday 27th October when Evensong will be sung at Staunton Church at 6 pm. It will be followed by a gathering in the Village Hall at 7.30pm. Contributions towards the presentation should be given to the churchwardens at your local church by the end of September.

Thanks to some help from the weather and wonderful help from numerous friends in the area the 'Punch & Nibbles' evening for Romanian Children's Aid on 11th July raised a total of £520 with over 100 people paying up to join in the evening's activities. Rosemary and John Phillips would like to thank all those who worked so hard on the evening and generously contributed by way of food, produce and raffle prizes - all of which made the evening such a success.

The trouble with him is that he lacks the power of conversation but not the power of speech.

(G B Shaw)

A critic is a legless man who teaches running.

(Channing Pollock)

#### CHURCH SERVICES DURING AUGUST

##### Byford

4th. 9.00am Holy Communion  
11th. 6.00pm Evening Prayer  
25th. 10.00am Family Service

##### September

1st. 9.00am Holy Communion

##### Kinnersley

4th. 10.00am Holy Communion  
11th. 10.00am Mattins  
18th. 10.00am Holy Communion  
24th. 10.00am Holy Communion

(St. Bartholomeu the Apostle)

25th. 10.00am Family Service

##### September

1st. 10.00am Holy Communion

##### Letton

11th. 11.15am Family Service  
25th. 6.00pm Holy Communion

##### Monnington

18th. 11.15am Holy Communion & Baptism

##### Norton Canon

4th. 11.15am Family Service  
11th. 9.00am Holy Communion  
18th. 9.00am Morning Prayer  
25th. 9.00am Holy Communion

##### September

1st. 11.15am Family Service

##### Sarnesfield

4th. 9.15am Morning Prayer  
18th. 11.15am Holy Communion

##### September

1st. 9.15am Morning Prayer

##### Staunton-On-Wye

4th. 11.15am Holy Communion  
18th. 11.15am Morning Prayer

##### September

1st. 11.15am Holy Communion



Gracious Lord, please bomb the Germans  
But spare their women for Thy sake  
And if that proves not too easy  
We will pardon Thy Mistake  
But Gracious Lord what e'er may be  
Don't let anyone bomb me.

Think of what our nation stands for  
Books from Boots and country lanes  
Free speech, free passes, class distinction  
Democracy and proper drains  
Lord, put beneath Thy special care  
One eighty-nine Cadogan Square.

Although, dear Lord, I am a sinner  
I have done no major crime  
I swear I'll come to Evening Service  
Whenso'er I have the time  
So Lord reserve for me a crown  
And do not let my shares go down

No I feel a little better  
What a treat to hear Thy word  
Where the bones of leading statesmen  
Have so often been interred  
But now, dear Lord, I cannot wait  
Because I have a luncheon date.

in  
westminster  
abbey

ladies & gents

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Heaven is where:-

The French are the cooks  
The British the policemen  
The Germans the engineers  
The Italians the lovers  
The Swiss the organisers

Hell is where:-

The British cook  
The French engineer  
The Germans police  
The Swiss make love  
The Italians organise

Confidence is the feeling that  
comes over you when you do not  
understand the problem.

In retrospect, regret is  
more wounding than remorse.

Then there is the Scotsman who  
died of malnutrition on a "pay  
as you leave" bus.

My husband keeps telling me to go  
to hell. Have I a legal right to  
take the children?

letter to Dorothy Dix

We are privileged to include the following article by a dyslexic boy of 10. Considering the disadvantages he has had to counter, we consider his description of a visit to America a noble effort indeed.

Editor

## A Trip to the USA

We left home at half past 4. Off to London we went. It was a long way, I slept half the way. When we got to the hotel where we eat. Then we went to bed. Then in the morning we got up at half past 5 and left to the airport. We were there for a few hours, then we got on the aeroplane. Unfortunately we were sitting in the middle and my Dad was not too pleased because it was cramped, at last we landed at Bangor Maine there it was the same height as here. But they were very nice people, then we got back in the aeroplane.

At last we were in Orlando. The time in Orlando was 4 in the afternoon and in England it was 8 at night, so I was a bit tired but not that bad. So we went to get the car. It was big just like the ones. The first day we got used to the weather. So on the second day we went to Walt Disney World which had lots of rides extra. The next day we went to Disneyland where we saw all the Disney characters and we went on all the rides. And on the day after we went to Universal Studios where there were different studios and rides based on the films that they made, which were good fun. That night we went to a show called Arabian Nights where we ate and saw some Arab horses what they did tricks. The next day we went to see the Epcot centre to see the Aquarium but mum was ill so she didn't come but we showed her the aquarium the next day. But before that we went in the helicopter and in the afternoon we saw MGM Studios what was like Universal. The next day we went to water country what was a big lake with some rides. That night we went to Fort Liberty where we ate and were entertained like real Indians and fire throwing. The next day we went to the Bahamas where we stayed for a week and we had a big rest on the beach and did some snorkelling and we went to the straw market. On Friday we went home via Miami Orlando Bangor London which was a very long journey.

---

Squire : If I had a son who was an idiot by jove,  
I'd make him a parson.

Smith : Very probably, but I see that your parent was  
of a different mind.

Man is the only beast who walks on two legs, mates all the year round and  
kills when he isn't hungry.

Anon

### UPHEAVAL IN THE FAMILY

(from Colin Middleton-Murry's "One hand clapping")

Family rows soon became the most dreaded events in our lives. There was something almost supernatural about them. They could appear like a cloud out of a completely clear sky. One minute nothing; the next, Jove's thunderbolts were crashing about our ears. When she was in full spate Betty was awe inspiring - a truly elemental fury. To attempt to reason with her was impossible. She despised reason. To try to follow her line of thought when she was working herself into a rage was to risk permanent dislocation of the intellect. And not only that. At such times she exuded a sort of black demonic force of pure annihilation like a psychic miasma. Confronted by it the strongest men became mere straws. I recall once seeing a neighbour of ours who stood 6 foot 2 and had won the M.C. at the Somme emerging grey faced and trembling from a brief encounter with her. "Ye Gods!" he muttered as he caught sight of me peeping apprehensively from the shelter of the stairway "Your poor bloody father".

I am broken hearted because my daughter wants to marry a boy who is not of our religion, who hasn't a job or a penny to his name. How can I stop her from marrying him, and on which side does the bride's mother sit?

letter to Dorothy Dix

At the end of the two-hour itinerary refreshments were provided by Ready-Mix Concrete Ltd.

Eastwood & Kimberley Advertiser

No authenticated case has been known in which sterile parents have transmitted that quality to their offspring.

letter to The Times

"We saw 26 deer come down to feed" sighed Helen Bowman, and added that they were wearing warm sweaters at the time.

Miami Herald

- A bore - is a man who when you ask him how he is, tells you.  
- is one who is here today and here tomorrow.  
- is someone with a cocktail glass in one hand and your lapel in the other  
- is someone who lights up a room simply by leaving it.

A bore is a person who talks when you wish him to listen.

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Congratulations to Countryman (and Mrs) of Mansell Gamage on becoming grandparents - grandson is doing well but sadly daughter is still seriously ill. As a consequence no Countryman column this month or next. Best wishes to the family for a speedy recovery.

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