

THE SIGNAL

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

No 88

February 1990

15 p

Wintering in Spain

Joan, Jo and I are staying in a villa on Sierra Zuela, on a hill overlooking Fuengirola on the Costa Del Sol. From the patio I can see in the distance the coastal ridges running down to the Mediterranean with patches of the sea shimmering in between. Nearer, on the lower slopes of the hill, there is the bustle and noise of a building project pressing ahead. Adosados and Apartiementos appearing with great speed, a familiar sight in these parts. I must admit that I used to think of Spanish building as shoddy and jerry built, but having watched these lads toiling on the hillside below me, I am having to revise my opinions. They can show us a thing or two, work like beavers, and the construction is quite impressive. I cannot agree with the way that they squeeze the Town Houses in when there is so much space, but people buy them, most developments are sold before they are completed, so who can really blame them. Swimming pools, Tennis Courts, Golf Courses, they're all here, people come from all over Europe for their place in the sun. At the moment it seems to be the Danes, Swedes and Finns who are in the ascendancy. That seems to be where the main money is at the moment.

Over to my right as I sit here on the terrace in the afternoon sunshine, I look beyond the blue roof cupolas of the Byblos hotel and its beautiful golf course, to the green rolling hills behind Marbella. We went for a trip in the back tracks through those hills a couple of weeks ago, before the rains came. Transport was in my son's 4 w.d. Patrol. I wouldn't chance my car on those rough roads. Locals would say that I mollycoddle my car, but I hope it will get us back to England. Lets give it a chance anyway...gosh its hot here at the moment, thermometer shows 32°C, well into the 80s...move into the shade. The back tracks, the farmers who live in "Avocado Valley" as its called locally, drive in and out of their Fincas in their old SEATS and Renaults, up and over the ruts and ridges, down and through the many stream beds that cut across the track. At great speed, curtained in dust, perhaps thats the secret, the speed. But its a beautiful area in there. The vivid greens of the Avocados and Citrus trees, the grey green of the wild Rosemary, the darker colour of the Pines. The track winds up and over the smaller hills, down through little valleys with their stream courses, always giving new views and sights. In some places, the track runs right thro' a Finca, almost into the farmhouse itself, and old people pause in their labours of husking their Almond crop.

There is one particular stream that always flows in its own little hidden wild valley, that is a favourite picnic spot with my grandchildren. "Lets go to the stream, Dad", a Sunday cry. There are some tall, spreading trees at this spot, they look like Planes to me, but I forget to ask. They make lovely shade over a little sandy beach and pool. No wonder the children love it so. Picnic of cold barbecued chicken, fresh rolls and fruit is lingered over. Then Dad and Grandad are cajoled to join a scramble in the stream up its rocky course while Mum, Grandma and Auntie watch and doze. Strange to realise that the Coastal road with its constant traffic, the heaving population of glamorous Marbella are only 2 or 3 k.m. away over the intervening hills.

The rain came last week. Ye Gods, didn't it rain !! Some 18 inches in 4 days so I'm told, 8 inches in one day. Floods, mud slides, rock falls, subsidences, the lot. Malaga was the epicentre of the storms, and suffered worst. The Guadalhorce river overflowed its banks on 5 separate occasions taking out vital bridges and flooding the whole plain, including the Airport. We were not so badly affected, although our road was running 3 ins. deep like a river at one stage. Swimming pools all overflowed with rain falling in. Down in Puengirola, some roads were impassable for a time, and the onshore gales caused wave damage along the Paseo Maritimo. Large areas of the roadway stripped away. Several of the 'Chiringuites', the beach restaurants, were damaged, and sun beds etc. washed away. Wherever a stream or river reached the sea, the muddy stain spread for hundreds of metres, and debris of plants and trees was everywhere. Most of it finishes up on the beach, and there seems to be no great rush to clear it up this time of year.

The orange crop is beginning, and fruit on offer is getting better and cheaper. I'm not a great fan, but my companions are. We, I, lug home huge bags of them, at 175 ptas. per 3 kilos, thats 11 or 12 big, juicy oranges for about 90 pence. We stock up at the weekly fruit market, but the daily covered market is good too. And there's a nice bar there ! I don't mind going. Or to the Supermarket either, there's an excellent bar there. We go to Gibraltar every other week, just under two hours away, and there we can buy the "English" things we cannot get here. Being duty free means that lots of things are much cheaper there too. The Spanish Customs can be sticky on the way back, and if left till late afternoon, take a long time in the queue. If too many bags or boxes are spied in the car, it then has to be entered into the Custom's Computer with a Passport number, and if caught again within a month, tax can be levied. We try to use one of our visitor's passports.

The shops around here are beginning to look Christmassy now, window displays, decorations and overhead electric lights. Rudolph looks different somehow. We are looking forward to our Christmas out here. I'll find time to write about it later.

Roy Brock

Many women are not as young as they are painted.

Its a funny kind of month November. For the really keen cricket fan its only then when he discovers that his wife left him in May.

After an incident in Croydon involving a prison van and a concrete mixer, the police are now looking for eighteen hardened criminals.

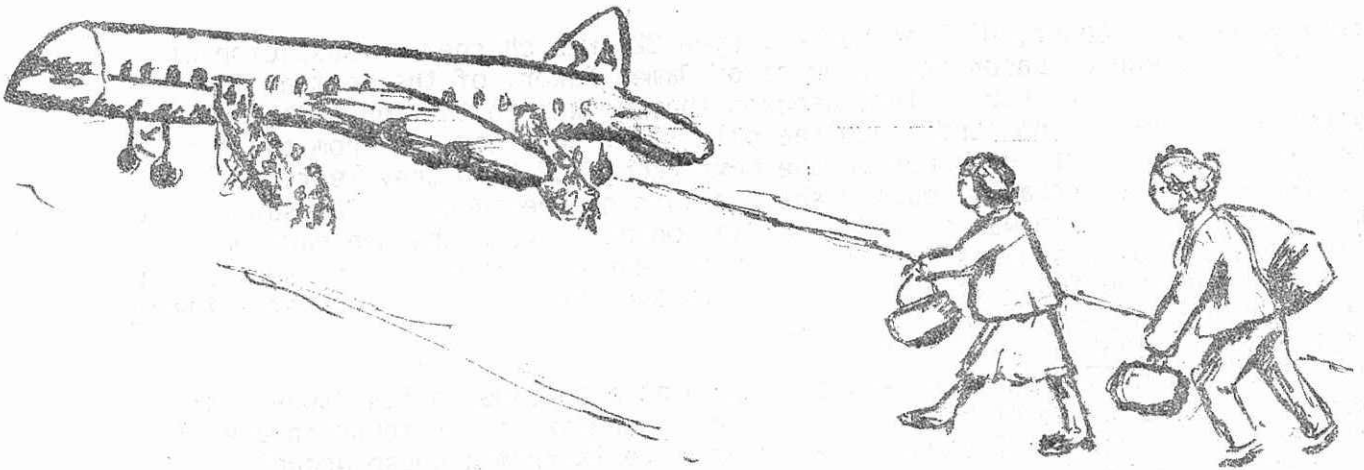
A critic is a legless man who teaches running.

Contributions for the MARCH issue should be sent to
Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon (0544 318505)
by 18th February please.

By a Whisker ..

We were going on a package holiday to Greece and flying from Luton at nine o'clock in the morning. Friend was in favour of making the journey to Luton starting in the middle of the night. I thought it safer to go the day before and stay in an hotel in case we had a breakdown or puncture. Anyway it would be more comfortable. I won.

The hotel in Luton let me put the car by the garage doors so we could make a quick getaway. In the morning friend stayed with the luggage in the front of the hotel while I went to get the car out of the garage at the back, drive round, and pick her up. I drove out of the garage into a one-way street going in the wrong direction! I did not know Luton, so spent what seemed like ages driving round, trying to get to the front of the hotel. I eventually picked up friend and luggage and we set off for the airport. Having decanted her I went to park the car. I was told to put it what seemed like miles away and get a bus back. That took ages too. We thought we had allowed plenty of time but with these hold-ups we only just made it.



It was a good holiday. We had three days of culture (quite enough) with a guide at Delphi on Mount Olympus, saw lots of ancient places, and went through the Corinth Canal. Then we spent a week on the Island of Rhodes, travelling there on a Greek ship that chugged madly and called at lovely little islands on the way. The old city of Rhodes is intriguing, especially away from the main tourist streets. Back in Athens we went to the Plaka one evening. This was the long flight of steps that went up to the Acropolis. They were very wide and shallow, taverns had their tables and chairs on them and music played from the roof-tops. It was a very popular place with many nationalities strolling up and down or sitting at the tables drinking. You could not buy a drink, you had to buy a bottle. Some of the women who were wearing diamonds and were dressed up to the nines were off yachts in the harbour. Others were wearing scruffy jeans, but many were just ordinary like us.

It would have been a pity to have missed it all and we only made it by a whisker.

Noell Johnston

SCHOOL REPORTS

WHAT THEY SAY

Could do better
Prefers his own company
Popular with classmates
Could go far
Mature, out going personality

WHAT THEY MEAN

Couldn't do any worse
Needs a bath
Too much pocket money
The further the better
Popular behind the bike sheds

STAUNTON-ON-WYE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD OF YORE

Continuing our series of articles by RICHARD PANTALL

Herefordshire Spring Assizes 1847

Horse Stealing

William Butcher, of Bishopstone, a lad of 14 years of age, who could neither read or write, was charged with having stolen on 6th January last, one pony mare from Mr. James Baker, licensee of the Portway Inn, Staunton-on-Wye. P.C. Daniel Merewether deposed that in consequence of information received, he and Mr. Baker went to Blaenavon Ironworks, 40 miles away, where he saw the prisoner. He had a pony which he said was his father's, and when asked how much he wanted for it he said £7.10s. Mr. Baker recognised the pony as his property, and deposed to the Court he had seen the prisoner in his Inn having bread and cheese and beer the day before it was stolen. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' transportation, with the intimation he would not be sent to a penal settlement.

Before the same Court, William Waithe, aged 22, was charged on suspicion of stealing a piece of bacon in the house of James Baker, of the Portway Inn. Richard Morgan, a timber feller, deposed that he was in the Inn with the prisoner, there was no candle and the only light they had was from the fire. He heard someone cutting bacon in the next room, and then they left. Martha Davies, a servant, deposed she was cutting the bacon. She saw the two men in the bar. She was called away, and on her return the men had gone, and the piece of bacon she was cutting had disappeared. She searched outside in the shrubbery and found it on the ground in the bushes. For lack of evidence of theft the Jury acquitted the prisoner.

21st February 1852

One night recently a burglary was committed at a cottage in Staunton-on-Wye, when a flitch and ham of bacon were stolen. The bacon was found in a vault in the Churchyard, and footmarks were traced to it from a house occupied by a father and son, who were taken into custody. A Miller proved the bag containing the bacon belonged to one of the men in custody, as he had marked it with raddle to know it, when on a previous occasion it had been sent to his Mill. Weobley Magistrates deemed the evidence insufficient to convict and discharged the prisoners.

10th July 1852.

At Weobley Petty Sessions, John Bott, Toll Collector at Handmore Cross, in the parish of Staunton-on-Wye, was summoned by Richard Burton, farmer and wheelwright, for illegally taking toll from him on two occasions when taking his horse to graze in his meadow, he having to pass through the Toll Gate to get there. He was fined 4/- and 16/- costs.

Herefordshire Quarter Sessions 1852

Charles and Elizabeth Lewis, both aged 71, and Susanna Parry, aged 28, were charged with stealing six tame ducks, the property of Henry Davies, farmer, of Staunton-on-Wye. P.C. Hodgkinson said he went to Lewis' house to search it. There was a duck roasting before the fire, and another hung up in the room. On going upstairs he saw prisoner Parry who had got something bulky under her dress. She was induced to let it fall, which proved to be a duck lately killed and plucked. Solicitor acting for the prisoners addressed the Jury saying there was no way of identifying the ducks as having been stolen, and on these facts all three were acquitted.

16th April 1853

False Alarm: Some excitement was created in the City of Hereford on the night of Friday last, by an alarm of fire. Between 10 and 11 o'clock policemen on their beats observed the sky greatly illuminated in the direction of Staunton-on-Wye, with flames ascending to a great height. The fire engines were got

in readiness, the horses harnessed, the firemen mustered, and every precaution made to depart at a moment's notice, as soon as a messenger arrived to announce its precise locality. After some anxious suspense, and no tidings arriving, the alarm gradually subsided, and the Brigade returned to their homes. It is presumed that the flames arose from the reprehensible practise of burning gorse or rubbish from an eminence in the night time!

10th September 1853

At an Inquest on Elizabeth Williams, widow, aged 70, a labouring woman of Little London, it was stated she had been under treatment from Dr. P.B. Giles. Her neighbours stated that hearing some groans they went about the premises searching for her, and after some time discovered she was lying quite dead in a ditch containing about two feet of water. She was quite dead when taken out. Verdict: "Found Dead!!"

17th December 1853

Closure of a Road: Notice is given that application will be made at Quarter Sessions in Hereford, in April next, for an order for STOPPING UP the following useless and unnecessary ROAD or HIGHWAY, within the parishes of Staunton-on-Wye and Monnington-on-Wye, i.e. a Road commencing near Monnington Court Farmhouse, in the occupation of Richard Maurice James, and leading thence towards Brobury Scar in Staunton-on-Wye. The portion of which road or highway lies in Monnington-on-Wye being 766 yards, and the other portion lying in Staunton-on-Wye being in length 270 yards. A proviso, however, is that the road or highway shall be left open to the Public as a Bridleway. A Certificate of two Justices having viewed the said road, together with a plan, will be lodged with the Clerk of the Peace on the 22nd February 1854.

Arthur James, Surveyor of the Highways, Monnington-on-Wye
Andrew Maund, Surveyor of the Highways, Staunton-on-Wye.

14th October 1854

At Weobley Petty Sessions, Mr. C. Dalton summoned Thomas Burton, Cider Shop Keeper, of Staunton-on-Wye, for rescuing a horse which he had seized for rent. The case was proved, and defendant was fined 5/- and costs. Several waggoners were fined 10s. and costs, for riding on waggons without reins.

23rd December 1854

A collection was made in the parish of Staunton-on-Wye for the Patriotic Fund to benefit Widows and Orphans in the present War, to the amount of £10.19.1d. [Crimea War 1854-56]

30th December 1854

Seasonable Relief - Staunton-on-Wye: The Rev. Henry Phillott, Rector of the Parish, distributed amongst his poor parishioners on Christmas Eve, a quantity of prime mutton, with which they were highly pleased.

31st March 1855

Burying in Churches: A Rescript has been issued to the Rural Deans of Herefordshire, requiring them to exhort the clergy to restrain as much as possible the pernicious practice of burying in churches, on account of the serious injury done to the buildings, and the evils which may result to the health of their parishioners. They are to allow no new graves to be made without a faculty obtained for the purpose, and not to permit old ones to be re-opened unless under peculiar circumstances, remembering that "the House of God is not for the dead, but for the living."

23rd August 1856

Toll Case: At Weobley Petty Sessions, Mr. Williams, of Cusop, was charged with illegally claiming exemption from toll at Handmore Cross Turnpike Gate. Having travelled deviously from Brobury to the side-gate of the Toll-Gate, he claimed exemption on the ground he was only going to cross the road. The Collector obtained proof he had used the turnpike road for more than 100 yards, which rendered him liable to toll. Williams admitted his error and the case was settled by his paying the toll and 12s.6d. costs.

1856: In the whole country only 1,261 persons have an income over £5,000.

STAUNTON-ON-WYE
8 YEARS' RAINFALL (in inches)

	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	Monthly Average
January	2.67	2.55	4.80	2.07	3.60	0.50	4.35	0.90	2.69"
February	1.04	0.90	1.72	0.08	0.37	1.38	2.04	2.80	1.29"
March	3.42	2.60	2.08	0.93	1.58	2.55	1.33	1.75	2.03"
April	0.75	4.50	0.13	2.37	3.25	2.47	1.00	2.66	2.14"
May	0.75	4.10	2.60	2.60	1.45	0.67	1.92	0.64	1.84"
June	5.58	0.92	1.92	3.47	1.85	2.88	1.57	0.64	2.35"
July	1.06	0.86	0.40	1.65	1.20	1.34	3.56	4.28	1.79"
August	2.70	1.13	2.03	3.19	3.23	0.82	1.05	1.60	1.97"
September	3.40	3.12	3.14	0.52	0.54	1.70	1.37	1.48	1.91"
October	3.10	2.30	2.62	1.62	2.24	5.72	3.08	2.68	2.92"
November	3.30	1.04	6.06	2.14	3.06	2.65	0.88	1.96	2.64"
December	3.40	3.90	2.28	3.67	3.92	1.36	0.78	6.81	3.27"
	31.17	25.32	29.78	24.31	26.29	24.06	22.95	27.17	

Contributed by Richard Pantall

I hav'nt spoken to my mother-in-law for eighteen months - I don't like to interrupt her.

He was a man who had such respect for the truth that he only used it in emergencies.

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countryman

Now that the new year is with us, and your house plants are all back in their rightful places (aren't they?) we can consider our gradens and make plans for the summer.

For those lucky enough to have a greenhouse or conservatory bulbs and tubers are a good buy. Most of the growing has already been done for us and it is really just a matter of potting them up and keeping them watered. Like most greenhouse plants they will appreciate dilute liquid fertiliser once they are established, but remember the word DILUTE. Plants just can't soak up strong liquid feed - you wouldn't offer a friend a glass of undiluted Ribena would you? The large tuberous-rooted begonias and gloxinias are very easy to grow; they can be started off this month in pots or even in trays of peat if space is at a premium. Like most plants, once they have started to grow it is important that they don't dry out. Achimenes are easy too but you must plant five or seven to a pot otherwise they look rather thin. Among the greenhouse plants generally grown from seed Aralias or Futsias as they used to be called, Asparagus ferns, Grevilleas and Coleus are easy foliage plants; don't leave it too late before sowing though, as they tend to be slow starters. Browallias, dwarf pomegranates and the campanula called Blue Basket are all reliable flowering plants.

Of the multitudes of half hardy annuals, I would especially recommend the Castor Oil plant Ricinus, the very fragrant purple heliotrope, lovely Lavatera in pink or white, the beautiful pansies Joker and Eclipse, and the handsome golden Rudbeckia Goldilocks. However, for that forgotten corner, I wouldn't go any further than scattering some Nasturtium seed. A plant came up in my garden last year (and nobody sowed the seed) which covered four square yards. I admired it daily; it bloomed and bloomed until one day I pulled it out because it was smothering everything else. Ungrateful of me wasn't it?

In the vegetable garden we are again spoiled for choice, although I must say that I favour the older varieties of most plants. Parsley, Aubergines, Capsicums and Parsnips are best sown early; February is not too early in this part of the world, as they are all slow starters. I like to sow the whole packet of Parsley seed - it's easy enough to hoe away any unwanted plants and it is such a useful herb. A few of the slightly more unusual vegetables such as golden beetroot, Chinese cabbage, golden zucchini courgettes, and the wonderful yellow dwarf French bean called Mont d'Or are well worth trying too. If you haven't grown it before put in some "tomato sweet 100" - the small tomatoes ripen by the dozen and they really are delicious.

I made a note before Christmas to include a few words about lilies and herbaceous plants this month. The next few weeks really are the best time for ordering these plants from the specialist growers.

Lilies are very popular now, and rather than buying them in flower from the garden centre, plant a few bulbs now and forget about them (except for a handful of slug pellets now and then). You'll have a beautiful surprise when they bloom in the summer. If you haven't grown them before try a few of the hybrids such as Apollo, Enchantment, Rosita or Connecticut King. These are all around three feet in height, but if you want something taller the trumpet shaped flowers of African Queen, Black Magic, Green Magic or Pink Perfection will really bowl you over. These last four all come as 'strains'; the blooms may vary slightly in marking but they are all basically the same colour. They appreciate well prepared soil and prefer a little shade; this latter preserves the flowers for longer. The best way to plant lily bulbs is to dig a hole and put two handfuls of grit or sand in the bottom. Push the bulb slightly into the sand then cover it entirely with more grit before replacing the soil and marking the site with a short cane ore golden red stem. This operation is a lot quicker than it sounds and will keep slugs at bay, below ground anyway. Don't forget the slug pellets for surface marauders though. Remember that lilies are perennials and a little care spent now will be amply repaid over the years.

Finally, a brief mention of the herbaceous perennial which has undergone a great revival in the past few years. The range is vast and providing you buy from a reputable grower the quality is excellent. Get hold of a good catalogue and order your plants quickly - the best varieties often sell out! But you won't be caught napping, will you?

Those of you who heard the recent news item about the Prince of Wales' remarks on the decline of modern english usage, may be interested in the comparison he made between a rather well known speech and how it might be written to-day.

HOW THE PRINCE OF DENMARK PUT IT

To be, or not to be: that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep
To sleep: perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause

Hamlet, Act III, Scene I

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES PUT IT

Well, frankly, the problem as I see it
At this moment in time is whether I
Should just lie down under all this hassle
And let them walk all over me
Or, whether I should just say: "OK
I get the message", and do myself in
I mean, let's face it, I'm in a no-win
Situation, and quite honestly
I'm so stuffed up to here with the whole
Stupid mess that, I can tell you, I've just
Got a good mind to take the quick way out
That's the bottom line. The only problem is
What happens if I find that when I've bumped
Myself off, there's some kind of a, you know
All that mystical stuff about when you die
You might find you're still - know what I mean?

Prince Charles yesterday

To accept this world as a destination rather than a staging post and the experience of living in it as expressing life's full significance would seem to me to reduce life to something too banal and trivial to be taken seriously or held in esteem.

("Chronicles of a wasted life" by Malcolm Muggeridge).

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The concert held at the Good Templars Hall was a great success ...Special thanks are due to the Vicar's daughter who laboured the whole evening at the piano, which as usual fell upon her.

South African paper

It appears to us that Mr Dewey would have been wielding a double-edged sword in the shape of a boomerang that would have come home to plague him and beat him by a large majority.

New Hampshire paper

At a special meeting held in December the Parish Council met to consider the financial position and to decide what amount to levy on the Leominster District Council for the 1990/91 financial year.

Having been informed that there are 363 community charge payers in the combined parish it was agreed to ask the District Council to levy £3 for each charge payer - a total of £1089 for the year. £726 of this is to be spent on issuing bus tokens to pensioners, maintaining the recreation ground and equipment, and general running costs; the remaining £363 to be paid to the Clerk, as recommended by the National Association of Local Councils.

Mr Bromilow of Little Hurstley spent Christmas in hospital and we send our best wishes to him and wish him a speedy recovery.

Mrs E F Jenkins

It was a beautiful sunny and warm afternoon as we gathered at St. Mary's Church to say our good-byes to Nana, as we stood outside the church we all remembered her in different ways, but they were all that she was a happy lovable person a kind Mother, Grandmother and Great Grandmother and friend. The respect was shown by the number of people who attended the service.

Phil McCann

DONALD PROSSER

We shall all greatly miss Donald Prosser who died just before Christmas after a long illness. He was 78. Born at Kinley Letton, he was the youngest of 4 children. He had lived at Norton Canon for about 47 years. As a young man he had suffered badly with polio but he bravely overcame this and led a very active life. He worked for many years in service for Mrs Drew of Letton Court until her death and then went to the RAF camp at Credenhill until he retired.

Being a bachelor he looked after himself very well and was very independent Saturdays were his busy days, always a roast lunch and various fruit pies or pastries. He always had a good cook-up and anyone calling was always invited in to join in the spoils. He also liked a social evening out with anyone who could take him.

As one of the few remaining established residents of the lower part of Norton Canon the village has now very nearly changed completely with two-thirds of new residents in the last five years. Whoever buys Donald's house will always have to live with the name "Donald's Place".

**KINNERSLEY & DISTRICT PARISH COUNCIL
HOUSING SURVEY**

Survey forms are being delivered in early February by the Parish Councillors from Kinnersley, Letton, Norton Canon and Sarnesfield. They will be calling to collect completed forms. If you have any difficulty in completing the forms you can ask your Parish Councillor for help or telephone the Parish Clerk on Eardisley 484. This is an important survey and whilst you may not have a need of housing, your assistance in completing the form will be of great value.

Margaret Chant of Staunton is now home from hospital and feeling much improved. She wishes to thank all those who visited her in hospital and who sent cards and gifts - it was very much appreciated

Our condolences to the family of Mrs Law of Highfield, who died on December 14th.

WHAT'S ON....

An appreciative crowd of 40/50 attended Sue Hubbard's discourse on local history on 12th January at Chase House, Monnington.

She outlined the many and varied document sources held at the County Archive - where she works - and, through each one, gave us a fascinating glimpse into the lives and conditions of local people from medieval to Victorian times. Those present were able to handle some early maps and documents, the earliest dating from 1120.

Following Sue's talk we heard a recording made by a niece of Francis Kilvert, recollecting her childhood at Monnington Rectory in the 1890's. The evening was concluded by a splendid buffet, provided by the ladies of Monnington, and a raffle.

Grateful thanks are due to Sue Hubbard for an evening of rare entertainment and to Lt.Col. and Mrs Phillips for kindly acting as hosts for the occasion. Just under £250 was forwarded to The Samaritans as a result.

We are happy to print details of when and where all local clubs and organisations meet.

Please send details to Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon and we shall be delighted to publish.

Because we didn't produce an issue in January we were unable to print details of the Weobley Further Education classes which started in January - if you want details of vacancies in courses already started ring Mrs A Baker on 0544 318773

A lie can go half way round the world before the truth has time to get its boots on.

The honeymoon is over when he phones to say he will be late for supper and she has already left a note to say that it is in the refrigerator.

An intelligence test sometimes shows a man how smart he would have been not to have taken it.

Fortunately the wheel was invented before the car, otherwise the scraping noise would be terrible.

STAUNTON PARISH COUNCIL

BUS TOKENS

will be issued in February - pensioners who have not had them before please contact the Clerk (John Phillips on Moccas 470) right away.

FOOTPATHS

Display of maps and schedules - make your comments on the footpath network - Wednesday February 7th - 4pm to 8pm
Staunton Village Hall

PARISH COUNCIL MEETING

to discuss footpaths and other matters

Wednesday 14th February - 7.30
Village Hall - open to all.

CHURCH SERVICES DURING FEBRUARY

Kinnersley

4th	10 am	Holy Communion
11th	10 am	Mattins
18th	10 am	Holy Communion
25th	10 am	Christingle Family Service
28th	10 am	Holy Communion (Ash Wednesday)

March

4th	10 am	Holy Communion - preacher the Archdeacon of Hereford
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WHIST DRIVES

BYFORD VILLAGE HALL

Friday 2nd March and
Friday 30th March

at 7.30pm

Admission 75pence.

Proceeds in aid of Byford & District W.I.

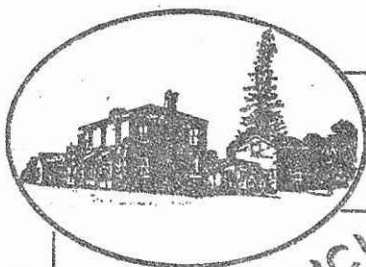
Anyone interested in viewing the Secretary of State for the Environment's modifications to the Hereford and Worcester County Structure Plan can do so at Lion House, Broad Street, Leominster or at Kington Library.

EASTERN PROMISE ?

We were sitting comfortably with our West German hosts on the evening of Christmas Day when they had a visit from a young friend of the family. He told us he had spent the day with his father across the border, into the East, to see the town his father grew up in. It was the first day the border had been open for unrestricted travel by West Germans virtually since the end of the war, and his father had seen his old school and some schoolfriends for the first time in over 40 years. His excitement was infectious and it was not long before our hosts decided that they too would take a trip across the border, the following day - "would we like to come too?". "Of course, but we have no visas and may be stopped." "We'll try..."

So, on Boxing Day we left early in two cars to cover the 30 or so miles to the nearest crossing point where the border had been opened. After making sure our petrol tanks were full we encountered increasingly heavy traffic on roads hardly used for years. A short delay in a traffic queue and the frontier came into view. Our friends in the front car stopped, waved their passports at the guard and were quickly waved through. Our turn - the guard saw our unfamiliar number plate and stared bleakly at our strange blue passports. He pointed to the side - where he obviously intended to give us closer inspection. I pointed frantically to our friends' car - by now across the border and several hundred yards ahead of us - and shouted that we were with them. A brief glance at the line of cars building up behind us and he shrugged resignedly and waved us through. We were there, in the land of the 'evil empire', and not quite legally either!

Catching up, we sped through miles of nearly empty countryside (it was the former regime's policy to de-populate the area 10 miles to the east of the border to discourage potential escapees). Coming towards us in a never ending stream were hundreds of Wartburgs (evil smelling, 1940's styled,



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garish 2-stroke monuments to bureaucratic bad taste) crammed with cars heading for the border to visit the west - without exception each one flashed his headlights and waved at each West German car (or, in our case, a German car with funny number plates). We responded, and soon our arms ached with waving, flashing our headlights and hooting our horn, caught up in the fervour, of what? - the simple joy of being able to travel from A to B without physical or ideological barriers. At every small town or village we passed there were banners of welcome, flags (with the hammer and sickle emblem ripped out) displayed, and stalls offering free coffee and cakes for anyone who wished to stop. By the roadside groups of children waved and offered apples (how I wish we had taken our bag of tangerines to give in return), but such was the volume of traffic behind us we dare not stop.

When we did, at the first large town, we were struck by two things - first the huge crowd of people emerging from church, where a service had just finished and, secondly, itching eyes and throats. Looking around reminded us of any industrial town in the 1940's - coal smoke everywhere, and poor quality coal at that. When the traffic thinned out away from the border we stopped for a 'pub' meal (2 beers, 3 coffees, 2 teas and 6 large and tasty pork 'burgers' on bread - cost £3) and spoke to some of the older locals, who explained that the younger ones were not used to talking with strangers. Finally we managed to stop at one of the many 'free coffee and cake' stalls and had a chat (in broken English.) with one of the many local people celebrating another hole in the barrier between east and west.

As Enid Blyton used to say 'we arrived home tired but happy' - even though we had sore throats and aching arms long after we got back to the west - the whole experience was so emotional and euphoric it is something we shall never forget. Even though the fervour will surely die down and their future will not be easy, our day was certainly far removed from a quiet English Christmas - but in many ways closer, we think, to what Christmas ought to be about.

JOHN PHILLIPS

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HANDY HOMEOWNERS

Painting

Are your brushes in good condition - or are they all solid in the stock with a short length of soft bristle at the end? Perhaps they are languishing in a dried-out jam jar on a shelf in the garage with the bristles firmly cemented to the bottom? I find the best technique is to rinse them in turps substitute or white spirit immediately after use and then work them round in the corner of the sink with a little washig-up liquid and warm water. When the water comes up all frothy, shake the brush and leave it to dry. With this technique, your brushes should virtually last a lifetime.

That half-used tin of paint will almost certainly have a thick dried-out skin on top when you come to use it again some months later. Carefully cut round the edge of the skin, lift it out and stir well. Then strain the paint through a section of discarded tights into a separate container. This technique will give you a good finish on your work without all those little bits which look so unsightly. And, before refitting the lid, clean all the surplus paint off the top and underneath the lip; this will prevent bits of dried paint falling in when you next open the tin.

Do you have trouble getting paint to stick to galvanised metal? I have tried all the recommended primers but none seem to give a good enough key. Ordinary aluminium paint applied straight on to the metal works better than anything else, in my experience. Also, it is cheap and easy to apply.

Harry.

I'M FINE THANK YOU

There is nothing the matter with me
I'm as healthy as I can be
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to be on the street
Sleep is denied me night after night
But every morning I find I'm all right
My memory is failing, my head's in a spin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent ?
Well, my "Get up and go" has got up and went
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my "Get up" has bin.

Old age is golden I've heard it said
But, sometimes I wonder as I get into bed
With my ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on the table until I wake up
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself
Is there anything else I could lay on the shelf ?

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
And pick up the paper and read the "Obits"
If my name is still missing I know I'm not dead
So I have a good breakfast and go back to bed

Anon

At the Lincoln County picnic at
Vineland, Ontario, the rolling pin
throwing contest was won by Mrs
Upsall who threw the rolling pin
67 feet. Mr Upsall won the 100
yards dash for married men.

Canadian paper

HANKY PANKY

Do you recall the good old days
Before the paper hanky craze ?
A man's breast pocket carried then
A handkerchief more fit for men -
Perchance of linen, ironed stiff
Unyielding to a snort or sniff
And standing up to nasal storms
Surviving colds in all their forms
Compare the life of paper hanks
That can't withstand a nose's pranks
And can't support the gentle breeze
Engendered by a modest sneeze
And soon becomes a soggy hole
A nasty handfull, 'pon my soul
To be disposed of as one may
But preferably flushed away
I've spilled some cocoa as I drank
Please pass me, dear, a paper hank

Maggie Mott

Pip & Harold Aldhous are grateful
for twenty good years spent in
Staunton-on-Wye.

(And we are glad that Pip &
Harold have been such good sup-
porters of 'Signal' for the last
8 years - our best wishes to
them both. Ed.).

Barrie was till in the water and
swimming strongly when Annal aban-
doned his attempt. He had still
about four miles to swim as the
crow flies.

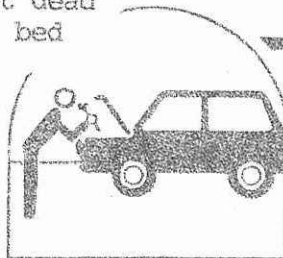
Scots paper

Bachelor (40), non-driver, would
accompany same on car tour of
Ireland.

Belfast Newsletter

The font so generously presented
by Mrs Smith will be set in
position at the East end of the
Church. Babies may now be baptized
at both ends.

Surrey paper



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WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The Restoration and the Marches by Dr.R Fenn and Mr J B Sinclair.

A large turnout of members on 22nd November was rewarded by an entertaining and learned talk on people and attitudes current in the Marches before and after the restoration of Charles II to the throne in 1660. Dr.Fenn's talk was illustrated by an extensive range of slides operated by Mr.Sinclair, which linked modern views of buildings and places and portraits with the 17th century narrative. An extreme result of this practice was to illustrate the second profession of the principal subject of the talk, Roland Watkins, as a physician to a slide of Drs.Davies' and Beach's brass plate.

The central characters through whom the Restoration was viewed were the local poets Roland Watkins and Henry Vaughan, one an undistinguished but effusive versifier, born at Longtown, the other a poet well represented in anthologies who practiced medicine in Newtown by Usk. They were strongly royalist, and so the period was described mainly through the experiences of their patrons, friends and kinsmen who suffered sequestration of their estates or were evicted from their livings by the parliament men.

There were particularly attractive slides of the interior of churches whose 17th century fittings still survived substantially unchanged such as Clodock with its three-sided communion rail, three-decker pulpit and box pews, and of churches in which the chancel screen had survived from pre-reformation time such as Patricio, showing that in this period, when so much was destroyed or defaced on grounds of idolatry or superstition, the Marches were something of a backwater.

Dr.Fenn ended with a reminder that with the Restoration came the definition of Nonconformity, by a contrast with the Act of Uniformity, which by strengthening the Established Church of England, forcing independents, presbyterians, baptists and quakers to develop their own societies. By your buildings you shall be known, and the simple domestic buildings which were the early meeting houses, of which a delightful example stands at Almeley, make a significant contrast of the affluent Gothic style adopted by so many Non-conformists in the 19th century.

To my dentures I'm accustomed
To my deafness I'm resigned
I can manage my bi-focals
But how I miss my mind!

The Society's meetings for the next few months are:-

28 February	- Victorian Tiles by Mr M J Smith
28 March	- 17th Century Iron Making in Herefordshire by Mr J van Laun
25 April	- A G M

and are held at the Willow Gallery, Weobley at 7.30pm

I have just got the bill for my surgery so now I know what all those doctors were wearing masks for.

Middle age is when you can do just as much as ever, but would rather not.

A small girl was brought in to meet her parent's dinner guests. Among them was a Bishop. She looked at him admiringly and said "I do like your frock. Have you got knickers to match?".

Action on Dogs

The District Council has resolved in principle the provision of additional services in 1990/1991 to cover the kennelling of strays for holding purposes with the costs being recoverable from the owners reclaiming the animals. In addition, the Council has considered provision for the disposal of unwanted animals and the introduction of a check on the requirement that all dogs in public places should have a collar with an identity tag bearing the name and the owner's address.