



THE SIGNAT

A Community Newsletter for

KINNERSLEY-SARNESFIELD-LETON - NORTON CANON - BROBURY
STAUNTON-ON-WYE-MONNINGTON-ON-WYE-MOORHAMPTON

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Noell Johnston

A Letton Flood

It was drizzling when Puff, my cat, and I left London after Christmas, raining hard at Oxford and Tewkesbury was nearly awash. I began to wonder if I would get home to Letton. At Farrington there was a river of water across the road. I drove into it and hoped for the best as I did not want to spend the next few days there, especially as I had Puff with me. The water came into the car but we got through. There was flood water at Garnons and I had to spend the next few days in Hereford with friends.

On the third day, Ken, the husband and I made a detour and drove through Kinnersley and down the Letton road as far as we could. There we found my next door neighbours, Sarah and Mick. Mick, who had stayed in their cottage, had brought my little boat to pick up Sarah, so we had timed it well.

We had to push the boat to start with through the shallow water. When it was too deep for our wellies, Sarah, Ken and I got in and Mick pushed us as he was wearing waders. When it was too deep for waders Mick had to climb in too. We had no oars and pushed along with sticks, except Sarah who had a long handled shovel which she used to some purpose kneeling in the front. When the road rose a bit and the water was shallower we got out and pushed the boat. At one point we had to carry the boat to the next deeper water. It was quite hilarious. We travelled like that for several hundred yards, all the way home to Waterloo.

All contributions for the JULY issue should be sent to Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon (0544 318505) by Tuesday 20th June.

My cottage looked the same as usual. It was the kitchen floor, which is normally red but was brownish that told the tale. The water had been in to a depth of 21 inches. I still have the mark on a cupboard.

The sitting-room floor is cement and there were three carpets on it, one on top of another. Getting these out from under the furniture in their sodden condition was a devastating job. The armchairs and divan were soaked and so were a chest of blankets, towels, covers, cushions, mats etc. I did not know that I had so many things that could get wet, and everything but everything was covered in light brown. We spent days cleaning up and draping things on hastily erected clothes lines and on the hedges in the garden. It looked like a gipsy encampment. There was no hope of their drying in December but we had to put them somewhere. All the mass of things in the big shed had to be dealt with too.



My daughter, Marlie, came down from London to help me. She had to come up the lane in the boat as it was still flooded, which pleased her. The cat came at the same time which did not please him much.

One of the nastiest things we had to do was turn out the chest freezer in the shed. It had floated and tipped and was half full of water. We found a whole leg of uncontaminated lamb which we lived on for a few days. The rest of the stuff was quite disgusting.

We sat on armchairs draped in plastic and had blow heaters to try and dry the place. The Raeburn still worked which was a blessing.

Marlie and I saw the New Year in lying on my bed with a bottle of wine and the T.V. It was more comfortable than downstairs.

For months afterwards I found signs of the flood and some things in the shed are still brown.

That was the worst flood we have had since I have been here. There have been a couple of near misses, but the only other