

# THE SIGNAL

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

**No 81**

**June 1989**

**15p**

**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 Tarrington 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 that could contain water, did. Fortunately it did not smell 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

time it has been in was the first winter I had the cottage, when it was empty, and the water washed it out which was a good thing as it had housed animals for several years. That was twenty-three years ago. One real flood in twenty-three years is not bad. It was quite an experience. I would not have missed it and it was fun in some extraordinary ways. I only wish I had been here when it happened instead of coming home to it.

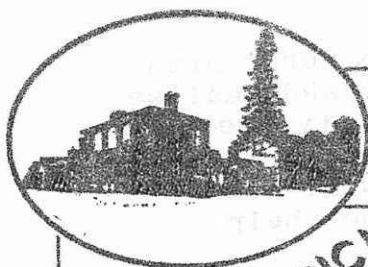
I now have carpet squares in the sitting-room. Just in case...

Then there was the young girl who didn't think much of the Ten Commandments because they didn't tell you what to do - they just put ideas into your head.

#### WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The Society held its Annual General Meeting on Wednesday 26th. April. The Curator reported that there had been a large increase of visitors, 690 being recorded over the last season. They had the benefit of a re-decorated premises and a changed and refurbished display drawn from the collections.

Mr Jim Norman followed with reminiscences of Weobley, where he had moved to as a youngster. With his involvement in the building trade, he had many comments to make on houses in the village, the demolition of Garnstone Castle and the Weobley water supply. He recalled the popularity of Weobley Sports, which took place in a meadow opposite the Castle, and drew contestants from a wide area with good prize money. There was a nice story of the vicar who was chatting to a carpenter in Weobley Marsh; 'I see you are following the trade of Our Lord'. 'Yes' replied the carpenter, 'and he soon gave it up for something more lucrative - preaching'. It was a thoroughly entertaining evening.



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JAY OR GARY, THE PROPRIETORS, WILL BE HAPPY TO DISCUSS YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

**CATERING FOR THE COMMUNITY**



## SAMARITANS - COPING WITH THE STRAIN OF RURAL LIVING

It is a sad fact of life that, out of 160 categories, farmers and farmworkers are third on the list of people most likely to kill themselves.

Looking at the seemingly peaceful and idyllic countryside of Herefordshire one could be forgiven for thinking how tranquil it all is. But what of the people living there?

Emotional isolation, financial worries, domestic problems... rural people are no less susceptible to depression and anxiety than those living in our towns and cities. But physical isolation can make that problem worse.

It is clear that this group of people perceive The Samaritans to be urban based and not relevant to their needs. Therefore efforts are being made to try and dispel this myth and anyone who regularly come into contact with farmers and farm workers is a possible link and they may be able to offer a way for someone in distress to make contact with the Samaritans. The latter will respond to a call on behalf of another person, once satisfied that it is a bona-fide request. In following up such a call, The Samaritans will make it clear that the contact has been brought about through another named individual who is concerned about the well-being of the person.

The aim of the Samaritan is to befriend the lonely, despairing, bereaved and suicidal but it is important to emphasise that many of the callers are not in imminent danger of taking their own lives and that people do not have to wait until they are that desperate before making contact. The service is available by 'phone 24 hours of every day of the year on **HEREFORD 269000** and the doors are open from 8am until 10pm every day as well for people to visit. It is to be stressed that everything said to the Samaritans is completely confidential within the organisation.

It is hoped that as many people as possible in the rural areas will get to know about the work of the Samaritans; and realise that the service is for them as much as it is for city dwellers.

We may not be able to solve your problems but we will stand by you and help you through it. Talk to us, it does help.

### **greenway gardens**

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**ALL TYPES OF GARDENING UNDERTAKEN**

Mrs May Morris of 5 Kittys Lane Norton Canon, would like to thank everyone who came to her 70th birthday party on Friday 12 May, and for all the lovely flowers, presents, and cards which she received.

Thank you again

May Morris

# SIGNAL AGM

Seventeen 'Signal' supporters attended the AGM at 'Trisanna', Staunton on Friday 19 May.

In accepting the accounts for 1988/89 the meeting noted that, as a result of the General Committee in January deciding (a) to purchase a new typewriter for use by the 'Signal' typist(s) and (b) not to increase the annual subscription cost for the magazine this year, and also as a result of higher production costs, the balance in hand in March 1990 will be considerably lower than the £310 in hand in March last. Comment was also made on the considerable expense some volunteers were put to in their efforts to keep the magazine going - thanks were recorded for all those who did this with little or no financial reward.

On the editorial side it was noted that some little success had been achieved by the recent expansion of sales into Mansell Gamage and Byford. Tribute was paid to the small band of willing helpers who met monthly to produce each issue (new volunteers welcome!) and the usual plea was entered for individual readers to send in contributions and/or criticisms (don't just leave criticisms or comments to the AGM!) - without them the magazine would cease to exist.

The following were elected to the Management Committee -

Staunton: Cathy Collingwood, Lyn Stokes, Trevor Chant.

Kinnersley: Roy & Joyce Brock, Joan Bedford.

Norton Canon: Gareth Evans, May Loxston, Diana Hardman, Rod Kilvert,  
Marjorie Banks, Pat Shaw.

Letton: Gordon Valentine.

Brobury: John Phillips.

and it was noted that vacancies existed for readers in Monnington, Sarnesfield, Letton and Staunton to be co-opted during the year.

There was some discussion on the question as to whether any or all organisations in the 'Signal' area should be allowed to insert their own material into the magazine for 'free' distribution. The general principle was left to be decided at a later date, but it was agreed that in the meantime other organisations should be encouraged to use the pages of 'Signal' where possible and appropriate. The views of 'Signal' distributors would be sought before any final decision was taken.

The meeting closed with an expression of thanks to Suzanne Penny, formerly of the (now defunct) Leominster Marches Project, who had been a prime mover in the creation of the magazine back in 1981/82, and a small gift as a token of appreciation of her invaluable help over the past 8 years was approved to be presented to her later. The meeting was followed by an enjoyable social evening - thanks to Cathy Collingwood for the use of her home for the evening and the volunteers who provided food and drink in plenty.

Nearly £900 was collected for the St. Michael's Hospice at a lunch in Monnington on Sunday 21 May. The fine weather was complemented by an abundance of good food.

Many thanks to Mr & Mrs Pearson-Gregory for the use of their garden, and to them and the other volunteers who provided the food, and goods for the raffle and the bring-and-buy stall.

I would like to thank everyone who kindly sent cards and gifts, also letters during my stay in hospital - not forgetting those who came to see me after I came home.

Sincerely

Miss Evelyn Jones

## BRITS ABROAD

Norah Medcraft

What a good idea, a visit to Germany to see May's daughter and son-in-law. It took some organising for inexperienced travellers, and there were a few moments of apprehension, but lots of friends to help and advise. Although one thinks of the journey as by air, most of the time is taken up by travel to and from the airport, the most difficult bit being the awkward stairs at Reading station rather than the German customs.

Our first impression of Darmstadt was the vista of greenery, with trees and bushes lining most roads and on the central reservation of the autobahn. We understand that, to obtain permission for a tree to be felled, two trees must be planted in a designated area. Although Darmstadt is a light industrial area the industry is well screened. The general cleanliness is noticeable and the display and window dressing in the shops is of very high quality and most attractive.

Our first introduction to the people (at least the group of expatriates our hosts live and work with) was on a visit to the Wein Giest, where we spent a very convivial morning and had our first taste of the local wine, helped down with a French roll and cheese, handed round by the jolly group.

We were entertained by a Dutch friend of our hosts playing his accordion. With such company we couldn't fail to join in the sing song.

Following this we were conducted round part of old Darmstadt, where we began to learn something of the close association between the area and the English Royal Family. Did you know that Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria, married the Grand Duke of Hesse and spent most of her short life in the area, where she is particularly remembered for her charitable work?. During this walkabout we visited the ornate golden-domed Russian chapel standing at the top of some beautiful gardens which we found were completely in contrast to the town surrounding them. We were most fortunate that our visit to the chapel coincided with a service being conducted by two robed dignitaries chanting from what appeared to be a Psalter. We paused for a few moments to listen. The tiny church and melodious voices left an impression of simple worship.

Coming out of the church we were impressed by the mosaic floor to a garden pool, and fascinated by the regimentation of the trees planted and pruned symmetrically. We were to learn that this orderliness is a characteristic of the German race and environment.

No visit to Germany is complete without the traditional beer and sausage, with which we finished our afternoon tour.

A full day was completed by a supper party for the same group, and just in case we hadn't heard all the songs, the repertoire was repeated. A charming Irishman contributed an amusing rendering of "If only you knew her like I do" from the show "Cabaret".



Being two English ladies with no German language we had to face the challenge of the tram and the train. The trams are another highly efficient and convenient feature of life in the area, they were not so difficult to negotiate, the train to Heidelberg was a little more complex, but with the help of friendly Americans we solved that as well. Heidelberg is a beautiful old town, we were lucky to choose a bright sunny day for our visit. The famous castle stands at the top of a hill overlooking the river Neckar valley, we reached it via funicular railway and a steep walk. It was worth it for the view from the top.

One of the highlights of our visit was a trip to the river Rhine, which we crossed by ferry and then enjoyed a glass of the local wine whilst watching the river traffic - enormous barges carrying a variety of loads up and down this great river.

Mostly our attempts at 'Sprechen sie Deutsch' were met with friendly smiles, but at least we were not taken into custody, and managed to purchase our few souvenirs, not to mention one or two tasty cookies washed down with the German version of cups of tea!

They may not be regular readers of our magazine, but many sincere thanks to our hosts, Margaret and Frank, for the invitation, warm welcome and a few words of assistance in German.

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## PARISH COUNCIL

The first meeting of the Council in 1989/90 commenced with the re-election of Dave King as Chairman and Roy Jenkins as Vice-Chairman.

Arising from the previous discussion on local footpaths it was agreed to wait until the publication of the new definitive map showing designated paths before taking any further action - the new map is expected to be available this summer.

On planning it was noted that applications to erect one dwelling at the rear of 'Standale', two adjacent to 'Hempridge' and three adjacent to the Post Office had all been refused by the LDC Planning Committee.

Dealing with Parish Council observations on the Leominster Marches Local Plan it was agreed to query why land at the rear of 'Standale' had been excluded from the proposed areas to be designated for future housing. It was also agreed to emphasise the need for improved water supply and sewage facilities before any new development takes place and also to encourage the District Council to use legislation available under section 52 of the 1971 Planning Act for the creation of low-cost housing for local people.

It was reported that the County Council has proposed to site a litter bin on the A438 lay-by which would be emptied weekly by the District Council. After a discussion on the merits of this proposal - bearing in mind the litter that had been dumped there in the past when there was a litter bin - it was agreed by 4 votes to 3 to inform the CC that the lay-by should be left as it is, without a bin.

A proposal, discussed at the Annual Parish Meeting, for a number of street lights to be erected in Staunton (outside the school; the village hall; between the pub and the post office) was considered and it was agreed to obtain

information on the cost, and who would pay, before discussing it again - the possibility of a questionnaire in 'Signal' was suggested.

Traffic congestion caused by visitors to the area sightseeing or using the river amenities on either side of Bredwardine Bridge was commented on and the PC agreed to ask the CC to take appropriate steps to restrict parking there so as to allow local traffic to cross.

JOHN PHILLIPS

'Taint wot a man don't know  
wot hurts him - its what he  
knows that just ain't so.

Abstract art is a product of  
the untalented, sold by the  
unprincipled to the utterly  
bewildered.

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### AN ODE TO COBBER, OUR SPANIEL WHO DIED AGED 14.

He was linen and white  
With a heart full of gold  
He learnt very quickly  
To do what was told  
He learnt how to swim  
And eat picnics to boot  
But this was not liked  
By the rest of the shoot  
He dug holes on the banks  
Of each river in turn  
From the great River Wye  
To the tiniest burn  
His catches of rabbit  
And fowl were unique  
For when no one was looking  
Then off he would sneak  
To a pen full of game  
Even hens on the lay  
It was only the feathers  
That gave him away  
He loved to chase rats  
Through the barns late at night  
Till one day his antics  
Turned quickly to fright  
For he fell from the top  
Of the loft on his head  
Twas only the wheelbarrow  
Saved him from dead  
In the eve of his life  
He never gave in  
To the sickness and pain  
That he suffered within  
But he's happier now  
As he's back on the Wye  
Or more the equivalent  
Seen from on high

Julia Hopton



We are pleased to print this article in 'response' to Gareth Evans' "Never Go Back" which appeared in the last issue.....

## THE RETURN *Ben Emrys-Roberts*

I went to two schools, both boarding, with two boys who inevitably became very close friends, but unfortunately parted company when it came to exploiting our respective talents. (I ground to a halt!).

Nevertheless we kept in touch from a distance, and when John kindly made the effort to ring me several years later, we enjoyed an evening of self indulgent reminiscing about our "Tom Brown" schooldays.

So amused were we by each others anecdotes, we decided to revisit our Prep school in Sussex, and knowing already that it had been sold privately we intended to ask permission of the new owner to perhaps stroll the grounds where we had fought battles in the 'trenches' of the Goose Field, frozen on the wintry windswept playing fields, and best of all, played dams on the stream through the woods. This activity involved literally damming the stream near its source and releasing water in such quantity as to flood or knock down the next dam built a few yards further down. Senior boys had the top dams which were of marvellously intricate construction with overflows and tunnels, and would release several days capture of water by destroying the entire edifice. You can imagine the mud that flew and the state of the small boys after such a cataclysm, so the school had invented an effective way of cleaning small boys by the dozen, and this was nicknamed the 'Sheep Dip'.

A tiled trough, about eighteen foot long by three foot deep was sunk into the floor of the changing room, filled with hot water, and batches of muddy urchins were immersed to clean themselves.

So John and I set out one sunny Sunday morning, to drive down to Sussex to see again these archaic forms of 'education', and on the way, as we were reminding each other of even more ridiculous antics we had enjoyed, John suddenly said, "I bet they've knocked the whole place down". We laughed and continued on our merry way.

We turned off the main road and down a narrow rutted tree-lined drive which skirted the playing fields. "Oh look, the cotton tree, and the old cricket pavilion we helped to build", and smiles of gratitude festooned our eager faces, that so much was still recognisable.

"And there's the house where Stathos (the French Master) used to live, oh, and there's the chapel, so the school is just over..."

To our horror, John's prediction had come totally true as we were confronted with the biggest pile of rubble either of us had ever seen.

We stopped the car and got out in silence, gazing horrorstruck at the tomb of several years of childhood. Now we would never find out if all the cod liver capsules John pretended to swallow, but instead secreted under a loose floorboard, were still there !

As there was no-one to ask, we took a slow walk round the school and grounds. We found the spring and its stream, and where we built the biggest and best dam ever. The Goose Field was very overgrown, so we just stood and gazed across the tall waving grass in fond memory.

As we returned to the car, we walked around the back of the rubble to see if anything was recognisable, and to our amazement we found, at the foot of a vast pile of bricks the tiled "Sheep Dip", still intact. I have a photograph in front of me of John sitting on the side, but now it only comes up to his knees!

We drove away down the cool leafy lane, past the sun-drenched playing fields in silence, both lost in thought about a time gone by. In our memories it will never change, it is encapsulated by the smells, sounds and feelings of an eleven year old boy; and you cannot change those memories, even if you wanted to. But as two young men we had gone back to find out why we had felt that way, and despite the cataclysmic changes, we remembered with fondness how it had been, and were content.

### I'VE BEEN CONVERTED

I mean of course my jalopy to lead free. I've renewed my sprays etc., with ones that will keep the air we breathe pure. I'm using slug pellets that won't harm the birds or cats - I'm stopping now because this halo I'm wearing is getting a bit tight.

I never knew what real happiness was until I got married - and then it was too late.

It is strange that men should take up crime when there are so many legal ways to be dishonest

(Groucho Marx)

cc

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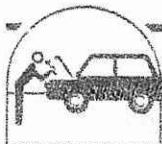
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## Staunton-on-Wye and its Neighbourhood of Yore

by **Richard Pantall**

November 1st 1810

### THE JUBILEE - (GEORGE III. Fifty Years).

A Splendid Feast given in celebration of the day, at Garnons, the seat of Sir J.G. Cotterell, Bart., one of the members (of Parliament) for this County, to several thousands of the neighbouring peasantry. At five o'clock on the preceding evening, a large OX was set down to roast, in a temporary building erected for the purpose, with more than a bushel of potatoes in his belly, which being ready by one o'clock on Wednesday, was distributed with great quantities of plum pudding, many other articles of provisions, and five hogs-heads of cider (550 gallons! - RWWP), among the crowd who assembled to partake of the bountiful and hospitable fare on the lawns, in front of the mansion house, every room of which, was at the same time full of guests, consisting of the principal tenantry and farmers of the neighbourhood, and their families, here the lively dance was kept up with great spirit. tar-barrel mounted on a May-pole was set on fire, and the house brilliantly illuminated, and it was with reluctance the company separated at a very late hour, most highly gratified with the obliging attentions and unbounded hospitality of their kind host and hostess, and their amiable family.

At Letton. J.Freeman Esq., gave a donation of money to 50 poor families in the parishes of Letton and Winforton, to the amount of one shilling for each individual in every family.

October 31st

To Be Let By Auction for a Term of Years, by William James, at



the Swan Inn at Letton, the thirteenth day of November. Lot 1. All that ancient and well-accustomed Inn called the SWAN INN, situate at Letton aforesaid, upon the great road leading from Hereford into South Wales, and through Eardisley to Kington, together with the Offices, Stables, Buildings and about Forty-seven acres of arable and meadow land of the first quality, and tithe-free, thereto belonging and now, for many years past, in the possession of Mrs. Saltmarsh. N.B. The meadows are divided into several Inclosures, for the more convenient reception of Welsh droves of cattle, sheep, etc., which pass through Letton in great numbers at the usual times of the year.

1811.

September 18th

**Notice to Debtors and Creditors:** All persons having any Claim or Demand on the Estate of Mr. William Hollyoak, late of the Parish of Staunton-on-Wye, Butcher, Deceased, are desired forthwith to deliver Statements thereof to Mrs. Mary Hollyoak, his widow and Executrix, or Mr. James, Attorney, Bewell Street, Hereford, in order that the same may be adjusted; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are requested to pay the amount of their respective debts immediately to the said Mrs. Mary Hollyoak. (Special Note: See Debtor Notice January 18th 1815. Believed deceased, he has been hiding himself for three years!! - RWWP)

1815.

January 18th

**By order of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors.**

William Hollyoak, late of Staunton-on-Wye, Butcher, but now a prisoner confined for Debt in His Majesty's Gaol at Hereford, will be examined before His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the purpose of determining whether the said William Hollyoak is entitled to the benefit of the Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors in England, when all Creditors are required to attend if they shall think fit. Notice is ordered to be given by Advertisement. (Amongst a List of names of Creditors were Walter Baker, Blacksmith; William Baker, Farmer; John Maybery, Butcher; James Dairs, Farmer; and James Powles, Farmer - all of Staunton-on-Wye).

July 3rd

Inquisitions lately taken by William Pateshall Esq., Coroner. On the 3rd instant at Staunton-on-Wye, on the body of Richard Payne, age 38 who died of a fracture of the skull, occasioned by his falling from a beam upon a barn floor Accidental Death.

October 30th

On Wednesday died, at Staunton-on-Wye, after a long and painful illness, occasioned by sleeping in a damp bed at Gainsborough in Yorkshire, whilst on a journey, in the 32nd year of his age, Mr. John Griffiths, age 31 druggist of London. His amiable manners and goodness of heart will long render his early loss a subject of regret to his afflicted family and numerous friends.

Son of Mr. Charles Griffiths, Yeoman, Church House Farm.

**WEOBLEY GROUP OF PARISHES  
CHURCH SERVICES FOR JUNE**

**SARNESFIELD**

11th. 10am Holy Communion  
25th 10am Morning Service

**NORTON CANON**

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

**STAUNTON ON WYE**

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

**BYFORD**

4th 9.30am Holy Communion  
18th 6.30pm Evensong  
25th 10am Family Service

**MONNINGTON**

11th 9.30am Holy Communion

**LETTON**

11th 11am Family Service  
25th 6pm Evensong or  
Holy Communion

**CHURCH SERVICES  
KINNERSLEY -- JUNE**

4th. at 10.00am Holy Communion  
11th. at 10.00am Mattins  
18th. at 10.00am Holy Communion  
25th. at 10.00am Family Service

**JULY**

2nd. at 10.00am Holy Communion

Staunton Playgroup wish to extend their thanks to all who attended the Spring Fair in the Village Hall which was most enjoyable and a great success. The sum of £200 was raised and will be used to take the playgroup children on their summer annual outing.

**THE COURTS OF HEAVEN**

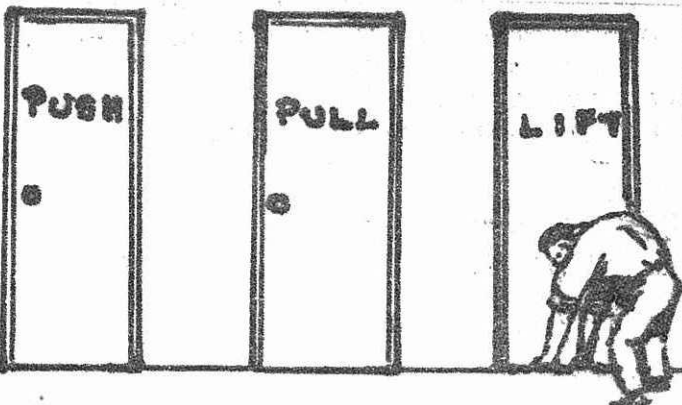
by F A Evans

We stood upon that lovely hill  
Just you and I alone  
And watched the passing of the sun  
From out his fiery throne  
He swept across the courts of heaven  
And hastened to the earth  
And there he seemed to pause awhile  
To watch the night give birth

We looked again, but he was gone  
And all the western skies  
Were covered with a majesty  
That seemed to hurt our eyes  
For that immeasurable space  
Was lighted with a fire  
That swept the heavenly palaces  
And touched each dome and spire

Along through endless courts and halls  
The empty throne room blazed  
And we two tiny mortals  
Looked on and were amazed  
Then gradually some unseen hand  
Put out each glowing light  
And every hanging chandelier  
Was dimmed before our sight.

And then night passed along the courts  
At first she was alone  
Until her starry courtiers  
Crept nearer to her throne  
When silently we crossed the ridge  
And wandered down again  
The night had conquered all the realm  
And had begun her reign



**Home Visiting Service**

**Mrs. S. M. Bennett**

M.S.S.Ch., M.B.Ch.A.

**CHIROPODIST**

22 Breinton Road  
Hereford HR4 0JX

Tel. 0432-268099

## FORGET-ME-NOT-CLUB

Yet again we were favoured with a good day for our trip to Bristol Zoo.

We left Staunton rather cold at ten in the morning, but by the time we reached the Severn Bridge, the sun made a slight appearance which seemed to warm us all and encouraged us for the day. We got to the Zoo and we had beautiful sunshine and there were so many things to see, the flowers and shrubs were a delight and we all felt that the animals although caged were in very nice surroundings - so clean and well cared for that they were quite happy. We made our way back through the forest into Cinderford with a call for refreshment at Monmouth and home for eight-thirty.

P. McCann

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In your last issue you report a letter to 'The Times' about daffodils pointing away from buildings - in fact towards the moving source of light - the sun. There was an interesting reply to that letter from someone spending an early summer north of the Arctic Circle, who decided to take some daffodil bulbs with him. These flowered during the arctic summer, and because the sun never sets, the daffodil heads continued to rotate following the sun and eventually strangled themselves.

B. Beach

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### **UNFAIR COP (From "Bedfordshire on Sunday")**

A house awaiting occupation in College Street, Kempston was stripped last night by burglars. Radiators were ripped off the walls, the hot water tank taken and even the lavatory stolen. A police spokesman said "We have nothing to go on".

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### **WEOBLEY AND DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY SUMMER PROGRAMME 1989**

**Wednesday 7th June**

**Saturday 17th June**

**Saturday 8th July**

**Wednesday 16th August**

**Thursday 14th September**

Foxley Estate (Evening visit)  
(Whole day)

Annual Day School

"The people of Herefordshire"  
(Whole Day)

Helen's Castle, Much Marcle  
(Whole Day)

The Country Archaeological Section  
Worcester and Hartlebury Castle  
Staterooms and Museum

(Afternoon visit)  
Bitterley Court, near Ludlow

All details from:- Brian Redwood  
The Old Cider House  
Sallys, Kinnersley

Tel: 054 46 489