

THE SIGNAL

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

NO.64

NOVEMBER 1987

PRICE 12P

End of the Line for SIGNAL?

AN ACUTE CRISIS has arisen in connection with the production of 'Signal' which could well affect the future publication of the newsletter.

'Signal' is produced by means of stencils cut for each page which are then fitted on to a duplicator which runs off some 360 copies of each twelve-page issue. So far we have been able to rely for production on the duplicator belonging to Staunton-on-Wye Resources Centre which is located in Staunton-on-Wye school.

Sadly, we seem at the moment to be about the only users of the duplicator and in consequence the County Council has decided to re-locate the machine at a new centre in Canon Pyon where it is anticipated it will be utilised to a much greater extent. Only the photo-copying machine will remain in Staunton. The duplicator is scheduled to be moved to Canon Pyon at the end of October, so this will be the last issue to be run off on it in its present location.

There is a possibility that the County Council may be able to sell another duplicator to 'Signal', or perhaps to provide one for hire - and the Head Teacher of Staunton has kindly agreed that this replacement could continue to be located in the school, but its cost could well be beyond our means.

A problem has also arisen regarding the electronic stencil cutting machine at the Hereford Resources Centre on which 'Signal' stencils are produced. Access to this machine has recently become more difficult due to a shortage of volunteers to run the centre. We could if necessary cut the stencils ourselves, but this would take up extra time which is simply not available with the limited number of helpers at our disposal.

The new Resources Centre at Canon Pyon will, in addition to taking over the Staunton duplicator, have its own stencil cutting machine, and we could therefore get the whole job done at this centre, but this would take extra time and, once again, additional helpers.

Unless we can find the extra helpers needed to share the burden of producing 'Signal' there is a strong possibility that we shall be unable to continue publication. If you wish 'Signal' to carry on please come forward to volunteer to help. I can be contacted on Weobley 318306.

Rod Kilvert

THE NEXT ISSUE OF 'SIGNAL' (IF THERE IS ONE!) WILL BE THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER. COPY FOR THIS SHOULD REACH TRISANNA, STAUNTON-ON-WYE (PHONE MOCCAS 517) NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1987.

Village Life in the Good Old Days

THE rare experience of handling original documents dating back to the days of William the Conqueror was just one of the treats enjoyed by the large audience present at the talk on the history of Staunton-on-Wye and district given by the Herefordshire County Archivist, Miss Sue Hubbard, in Staunton village hall on October 14th. The talk was organised by the Staunton Ladies' Club and everyone found it intensely interesting.

Miss Hubbard brought with her a large selection of documents, maps, registers and deeds of sale from the archives which gave a fascinating insight into life in the area over the centuries.

The oldest item exhibited was a deed for lease of land belonging to the Baskerville family, the principal landowners in the district at that time, and it dated from 1130. As Miss Hubbard pointed out, it is quite possible that the fathers of some of those who witnessed the deed could have fought at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, as King Harold II, who fell in the battle, had landed interests in the area.

Another deed dated from 1220, five years after Magna Carta, and a later one involved men who could very likely have fought at Agincourt in 1415. Also on view was the register, dated 1275, of St. Thomas Canteloupe when he was Bishop of Hereford, and a document to which was attached the great seal of Edward III. The audience therefore had the privilege of handling documents which had also been handled by an English saint and an English king.

There were also parish registers for 1677 and 1740, written on parchment, an estate map dated 1780, the burial register for the period 1813 to 1877 and a copy of the 1881 census.

Much interesting information about life in the district could be gleaned from these exhibits, including the fact that Staunton had a much bigger population a hundred years ago than it has nowadays. In 1876 the total population was 675 as compared with some 350 to-day. Child mortality was very high - in one year seven of those who died in the village were under the age of 10. On the other hand, the average life span of the villagers was remarkably high for the period, many of them living well into their eighties - one of them, John Kelly, till 104, according to his tombstone in the churchyard, although it seems that his actual age at death was more likely to have been 95.

The 1881 census revealed that quite a large number of Staunton residents were not actually born in the village but came from other parts. They were mostly servants and grooms employed at the rectory or at Kilkington Manor.

The district has always been noted for 'characters' and according to the registers there were plenty of them about in former days. On one occasion a member of the congregation brought a pistol into church with the intention of shooting the vicar and another was charged with committing what the Victorians called a 'nuisance', also in church. On one occasion there was a lively scandal when a vicar was accused of using cider instead of wine at communion service, his excuse being that the communion wine had been surreptitiously drunk by the churchwardens.

Miss Hubbard discussed the Jarvis Charity which has been a feature of the area for nearly 200 years. Endowed in 1793 by George Jarvis, a former cattle drover and dealer, for charitable and educational purposes in Bredwardine, Letton and Staunton, the original sum of £30,000 had accumulated through investment to some £100,000 by 1852, which was one reason why the flamboyant village school - a riot of Victorian Tudor known to generations of pupils as 'Dracula's Castle' or 'Colditz' - was built. It was a white elephant more or less from the start.

Miss Hubbard has a dry sense of humour which made her talk particularly colourful, and the whole evening was one of the most entertaining enjoyed in Staunton for a very long time.

M.B.C.

The Alternative Pub Guide to Eating Out

by

ROD KILVERT



A MEAL out at a pub with good company is a splendid way to spend an evening. Nothing difficult about organisation - just pick up friends who are staying in the area and go to pub.

Nice character establishment with candles on the tables and candles in the kitchen. Candles in the kitchen? What can be wrong?...Oh no, a power cut!... No chance of food here for some time. Suggest alternative pub some miles away in delightful rural setting. Last time we ate there it was very pleasant.

Everyone into car and off on our travels. Slight suggestion of rumbling tummy - must be well past normal eating time. A thought..... instead of travelling all that way, why not go to the hostelry which you had heard served good food at modest prices - not exactly a character pub but pleasant, and it's only a short distance away. Unanimously approved.

Park car. Strange - no lights on in pub. Can't be a power cut, as light on in house opposite. Just then, lights go on in pub. I head the way into the lounge, past a man sitting at table by door eating a meal. Looks okay....Bar's a bit dingy. Where have the lights gone? Strange place to have a fire - that's not a fire, at least not an open fire. It's a real fire with flames in the electrical consumer box and the landlord is fanning the flames with a tea cloth. He manages to extinguish flames, but smoke everywhere.

Saturday eaters out all still eating, apparently unconcerned. If you've paid for it you might as well eat it. True British reserve. With smoke everywhere the customers slowly realise something is wrong, yet again illustrate that British spirit.

When there is a tragedy at sea, tradition is for women and children first into lifeboats. Experience now illustrates that exits from pubs are made in the order of women, children, beer and men.

But this doesn't solve our problem of where to eat. Let's try the pub still some miles away in delightful rural setting..... Away we go, but time now getting on - still, should be okay.

Lots of cars outside, bit crowded inside. Tread carefully, with your luck you might cause an earthquake. There's a man reading a menu - that's a good sign. Order some drinks - ask, are we okay for food? 'No, positively no, that man's the last and this is my last night here. I'm leaving in the morning.' Sinking feeling - perhaps we could cause an earthquake in retribution.

Well, there's that pub about three miles up the road. Quick - into car, arrive at ten to ten. Hello, sorry we are late, but are you still serving food?

'No, last orders at quarter to ten, and if my wife serves you I'm leaving her!'

Technically, he must be right. (i) We are unlikely to wish to adopt his wife, (ii) If we are encouraged to stay some great tragedy may occur, and (iii) his wife is unlikely to wish to adopt us.

But where do we eat? We could try a Chinese in Hereford, but that's nearly twenty miles away and we don't want to risk further disasters. Better to play safe and eat at home. And that's how it ended - at midnight.

We send best wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr Colin Green of Staunton-on-Wye, who has recently been in hospital for heart surgery.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs Burgess of Jarvis Trust, Staunton-on-Wye is feeling much better after her holiday in the Isle of Wight.

November in the Garden

PLANT spring-flowering bulbs without delay. Spring bedding plants must be planted as soon as possible. Cut down early flowering chrysanthemums and lift the stools (roots) if you want to raise new plants from cuttings next year. Place the stools in shallow boxes in a garden frame. Keep the stools slightly moist but not wet. Lift dahlia tubers with about 6" of stem still attached, dip in a solution of a fungicide such as benomyl and turn upside down to drain. As an alternative precaution to prevent tubers rotting dust them with flowers of sulphur. When quite dry, keep them in a frostproof box of dry peat or vermiculite.

This is the time of year for tidying up. Rake up leaves from lawns and near ponds, put them in a compost heap or make a separate heap to produce leaf mould (this can take up to two years). Protect slightly tender plants that are being overwintered indoors, such as wall climbers like abutilons, ceanothus and passion flowers. Protect the base of the main stem with bracken or straw to a height of about 15". You may have to tie this in position. Agapanthus, crinums and the less hardy lilies can be protected by covering with about 6" of peat. Red-hot poker and pampas grass can be protected by pulling foliage upright, securing with ties.

Clear debris and leaves from the rock garden, scree or raised beds. Alpines with hairy leaves need protection from excess moisture and a pane of glass or plastic can be positioned to direct rain away from the leaves. Spike and aerate the lawn for quality turf and work in a top dressing - equal parts of loam, peat and sharp sand are suitable, brushing into holes made by aerating. Protect clumps of helleborus niger (Christmas rose) for clean flowers at Christmas. Use a piece of glass or plastic on bricks to cover the clump, using bricks to weight it down, or a spare cloche if one is available.

November is the best time for planting bare rooted shrubs and trees and these are usually cheaper than container-grown plants. If bought by mail order soak roots for 24 hours before planting. Shrubs such as davidias, brooms and ericas resent root disturbance and are best bought in pots. For planting trees in grass start by cutting out a metre circle of turf which can be used elsewhere. Dig out 1 foot of soil on to a sheet of plastic, break up the sub-soil and fork in some manure if available. If ground is heavy dig over as large an area as possible to help drainage. Hammer in a stake (a stake 1/3rd of the height of the trunk produces a stronger tree). Replace some of the soil in the hole in the shape of a rough cone; the soil should be well broken up and mixed with peat and bone meal. Try the tree in the hole sitting the roots on top of the cone. A can across the hole should touch the trunk at the soil mark. Hold the tree in the correct position with the roots well spread. Damaged roots should be cleanly cut back. Fill the hole in gentle stages so that the soil is around the roots, firm with your heel, mulch with compost or manure. Secure the tree to the top of the stake with a tree tie, ensuring the stake does not rub against the trunk.

Having recalled how I should have planted my trees I should be digging them all up and replanting following the correct procedure. Fortunately shrubs and trees are very resilient and thrive in spite of the methods we gardeners employ. Happy gardening.

One Green Finger

STAUNTON-ON-WYE FORGET-ME-NOT CLUB

We were fortunate to get beautiful sunshine on September 29th for our autumn outing to Cardiff.

We called first of all at Abergavenny where we planned to pay a visit to the market, but as we were unable to take the coach into the car park we only stayed for coffee and then pushed on for Cardiff.

We had lunch in the city and then a 'do as you please' afternoon

until four o'clock, after which we enjoyed a really delightful return journey over the Brecon Beacons, arriving at Bishop's Meadow for refreshments, arriving home at about 8.30 pm.

Phyllis McCann

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

Anon

I Didn't Break My Funny Bone.

WHEN I read Barend Wolf's tribute to the treatment he had received from the Herefordshire National Health Service in the September issue of 'Signal' I had no kind of premonition that within only a week or two I should be enjoying the same treatment. But that was how it turned out.

It happened because I had a serious accident in my home due to a bad fall. (Contrary to libellous rumours which have been going the rounds, the fall was in no way caused by over-indulgence in home-made wine - I merely tripped over my own feet in some way while doing some routine housework). I was swiftly conveyed to the casualty ward of the Hereford General Hospital where an X-ray revealed that I had fractured my left wrist and left thigh. I was then moved to the Victoria Ward where I was destined to be quartered for the next ten days.

For the first twenty-four hours or so, until the effect of the operation anaesthetic and various pain-killing injections had worn off, I was in a somewhat doped condition and scarcely aware of what was going on around me, but as I gradually returned to normal I became increasingly aware of the working of the hospital and of the skill and devotion of the staff. As regards the latter, my sentiments echo those of Barend Wolf and I have nothing but the highest admiration for all concerned.

I had only been in hospital once before in my life, and that was in childhood for tonsil removal, and I soon became very conscious of the fact that much had changed since then. Hospitals in my youth were regimented organisations run on almost military lines, but nowadays everything is far more relaxed. In the Victoria Ward there was a quickly-established camaraderie between patient and nurse and the whole object of the staff in general appeared to be to make the patient's stay as comfortable - in fact even enjoyable - as possible.

There was certainly plenty to appeal to one's sense of humour once one had recovered from the initial pain and discomfort of one's injury. The nurses were always ready with a quip or a joke calculated to raise one's spirits and never seemed depressed or ill-tempered by the numerous chores, many of them frustrating and time-wasting, which were so much a part of their daily routine. I remember particularly one very elderly patient - she was, I believe, over ninety years old - who was apt to raise plaintive cries of 'Nurse' at all hours of the day and night. I don't believe she really wanted anything in particular - merely a little attention and reassurance - but the nurses never showed the slightest sign of irritation or impatience.

One of the most amusing incidents during my stay concerned Violet, the elderly lady in the next bed to mine. She had sustained a bad back injury due to a fall in her garden when the clothes line broke while she was hanging out her washing, and in consequence she was in considerable pain and unable to walk. The doctors decided to fit her with a steel corset, a formidable affair which, however daunting to look at, appeared to give her some relief - at least, until it started to ride up as she moved, giving her somewhat the appearance of Hugo's 'Hunchback of Notre Dame'. It soon began to cut into her flesh causing intense pain, and the nurse was duly called and the screens put up round her bed while a detailed examination took place. 'I don't wonder it hurts you', was the nurse's verdict, 'it's been put on upside down'. This struck everyone, even the unfortunate patient, as highly amusing. It doesn't take much to raise a laugh under such circumstances.

Then there was the girl in the end bed who was receiving treatment after being thrown from her horse while out riding. She was good-looking, her charms being in no way diminished by the uncomfortable-looking surgical collar she was wearing round her neck, and she always attracted a host of male admirers during visiting hours. One of these was particularly attentive - on one occasion he went into a heavy kissing and cuddling session which the nurse had to curtail by politely informing him that the patient needed rest and quiet, not excitement. After he had departed the girl assured the whole ward that he was not her regular boy-friend. One wondered how far the regular one would have gone.

In my young days the atmosphere in the average hospital ward was one of cloistered austerity. It's very different nowadays, as I was made aware when the time came for the sheets on my bed to be changed. I was perturbed to note that this task was going to be carried out by a male nurse. He must have noted my apprehension, for he assured me 'Don't worry, dear, I'm not going to look', which was just as well as the hospital nightdress I was wearing was rather sketchy and barely adequate for modesty. (While on this subject, I understand that in some hospitals men and women are now accommodated in the same ward which, I should imagine, could give rise to interesting possibilities when patients reach the convalescent stage).

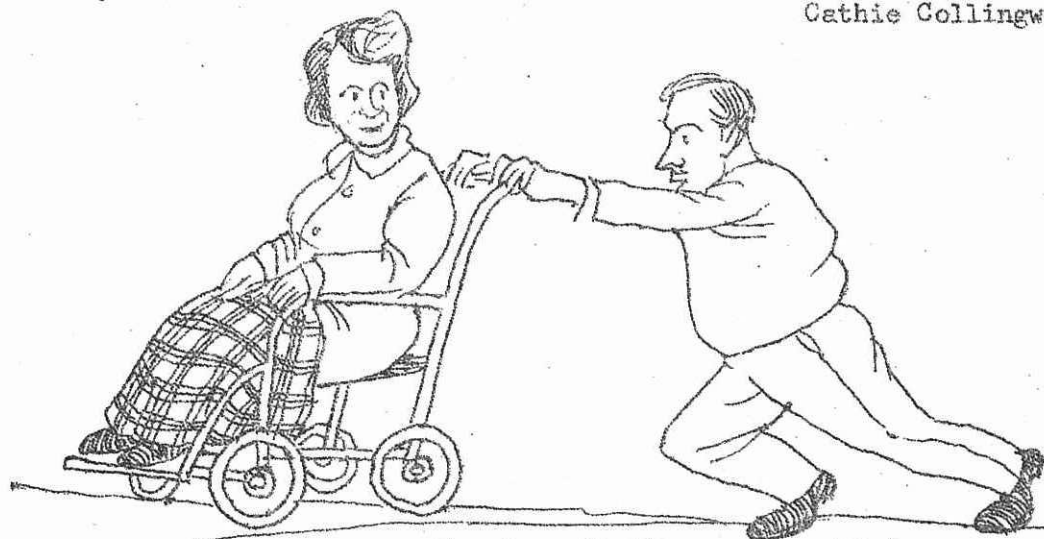
I was very taken aback to note that quite a large number of the patients in my ward were suffering from injuries - many of them quite horrific - sustained in road accidents, which made me realise more than ever how dangerous motoring can be nowadays with so many drivers in the grip of an apparent death wish. This was brought home to me very forcibly when the day came for my departure. There was no ambulance available on this particular day, so my husband Maurice fetched me in our car. He told me after we arrived home that the whole drive had been a nightmare to him in case anything untoward happened on the way, and I must admit that I was not particularly happy about it either.

But we arrived home without incident and I am now in the throes of a slow recovery which involve getting around the house on a walking frame and trying to dress, wash and cope with daily chores with one hand. Maurice had managed to get hold of a wheel chair which he hoped I would use whenever I felt I would like to get away from the confines of the house. This idea reminded me too much of Mr and Mrs Alf Garnett of 'In Sickness and in Health' fame to be attractive and I have so far managed to resist the temptation to use the chair, although I'm sure the sight of the two of us tottering along the village street would be a very entertaining one.

Looking back on it all I realise that there were times when I actually enjoyed my stay in hospital. Once you overcame your pain and discomfort you could almost imagine you were staying in a first-class hotel. You couldn't have wished for better care and attention - you were even given a menu every day so that you could choose your own meals. I purposely delayed my departure from the hospital till the afternoon so as not to miss the roast beef that was the main item for lunch on that day.

I thoroughly endorse everything Barend Wolf said in his article, and I'm sure one could go far before receiving the kindness and care I received during my stay. The same kindness and concern has been extended to me by friends and well-wishers from near and far who have visited or phoned me and have sent flowers and 'get well' cards. It has made me realise more than ever how fundamentally good-hearted people are in an increasingly uncivilised world. My grateful thanks to everybody.

Cathie Collingwood



'You've no stamina, Maurice, that's your trouble'.

MBC

"Guess how Important I am"

ONE-UPMANSHIP AS AN ART FORM

I SUPPOSE it is just an aspect of the human spirit to wish to express one's difference from other mortals - in some form or other. We demonstrate this desire in all we do, whether as a member of a church, club, team, social enterprise - call it what you will - but never is this urge more evident than in a large commercial organisation. The larger the organisation the greater the need to differentiate the varied status of its slaving thousands. Like the one I used to work for.

Let's just choose three forms of differentiating insignia, i.e. coffee/tea, curtains and, finally, carpets. The importance of these items is illustrated by the well-known remark 'Give me just five seconds in his/her office when he/she is receiving his/her coffee/tea and I'll give you his/her salary within £100 a year'. So let's start the ascending signs of hierarchy in relation to:-

(1) Coffee/tea

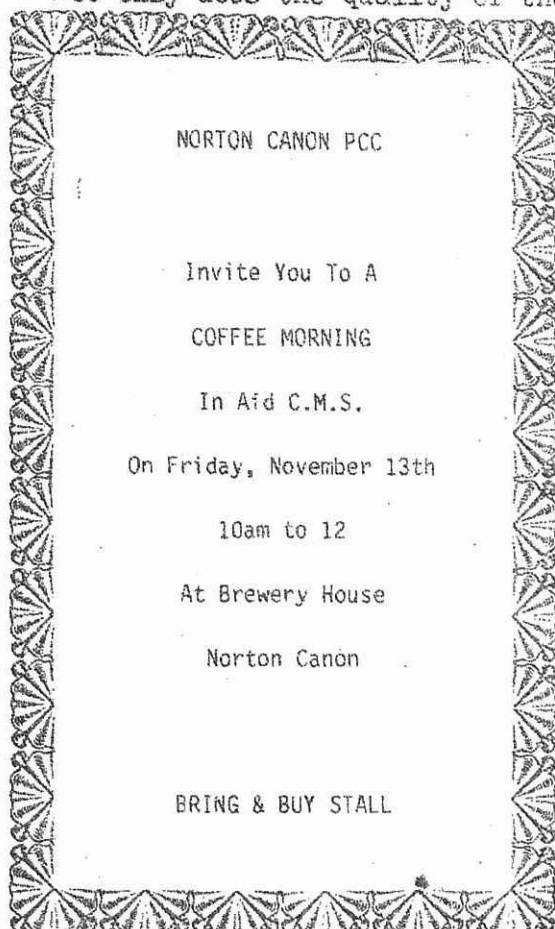
- (a) Does he have to go to the canteen and queue for his/her coffee/tea? (Real peasant status).
- (b) Is it brought to his office in a cup ready made?
- (c) Is it brought on a tray in a pot with milk and sugar to add to taste?
- (d) Does (c) arrive accompanied by biscuits?

(2) Curtains

- (a) Has he/she any curtains at all?
- (b) If there are, are they just drapes hanging each side of a single window?
- (c) Is the window area sufficiently large to justify curtains which pull to the centre - or, if even larger, curtains which pull across by only one third? (The permutations here are endless).

(3) Carpets

Not only does the quality of the carpet affect your assessment but, even



ROBERT LOXSTON

- Extensions
- Repairs
- Roofing
- General Building
- Alterations
- Chimney Repairs

Post Office, Norton Canon

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A critic is a man who would slice open a skylark's throat to find out what makes it sing.

more vitally, does it fit the floor space or not? And thereby hangs a tale.....

Some years ago it was decided to move the company H.Q. from one part of the city to another, and my friend Mr A. (who had rather dreaded the shift) was delighted to find that his new office compared more than favourably with the old one. Not only was the view better but his new office, being slightly smaller, allowed his old carpet to fit his new room wall to wall. Poor A. - what he had forgotten was that the status of owning a fitted carpet belonged to a grade above his own, so he had the chagrin of witnessing two feet being clipped off all four sides of his old carpet. So watch for the fitted carpet - or not.

In this short disquisition on the intriguing theme of status and differentiation, have I left out anything that comes to your mind? Will, for instance, the ever-increasing commercial influence of the Japanese help to erase the old status symbols listed above? Are they becoming 'old hat' or not? What do you think?

Gareth Evans

(Note: Whatever influence the Japanese may or may not have on British business methods, I feel that the old traditions will die hard. I happened to work in the same organisation as Gareth Evans and can recall several other insignia of rank. One indication was whether you travelled first or tourist class on a business trip by air. It was also a sign of advanced status if you were asked to co-ordinate something. And, of course, there was that most common hallmark of the senior executive - the briefcase, which ostensibly contained classified documents but so often, in actual fact, sandwiches. M.B.C.)

Church Notices

SERVICES DURING NOVEMBER

Byford

1st 9.30 am Holy Communion
15th 11 am Morning Prayer
22nd 10 am Family Service

Kinnersley

1st 10 am Holy Communion
8th 10 am Morning Prayer
(Remembrance Sunday)
15th 10 am Holy Communion
22nd 6.30 pm Concert by Vale of Arrow Choir
29th 10 am Advent Carol Family Service

Letton

8th 10.45 am Family Service
22nd 11 am Holy Communion

Monnington-on-Wye

8th 9.30 am Holy Communion

Norton Canon

1st 9 am Holy Communion
8th 9 am Morning Prayer
15th 9 am Holy Communion
22nd 9 am Family Service

Sarnesfield

8th 10 am Holy Communion
22nd 10 am Morning Prayer

Staunton-on-Wye

1st 11 am Holy Communion
8th 10.45am Morning Prayer
(Remembrance Sunday)
15th 11 am Holy Communion
29th 10.30am Holy Communion
(Group Service for Weobley Group of Parishes)

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, NORTON CANON

The P.C.C. would like to thank all who contributed so generously to the Harvest Appeal. The excellent sum of £216.62 was raised. Thanks also to those who helped decorate the church, gave fruit, flowers and vegetables for decoration and cakes and sandwiches for refreshments.

It was a great pleasure to have Staunton schoolchildren and parents join Norton Canon schoolchildren for their Harvest Festival service on October 12th, the collection at which raised an additional amount of £17.

Norah Medcraft

P.C.C. Secretary

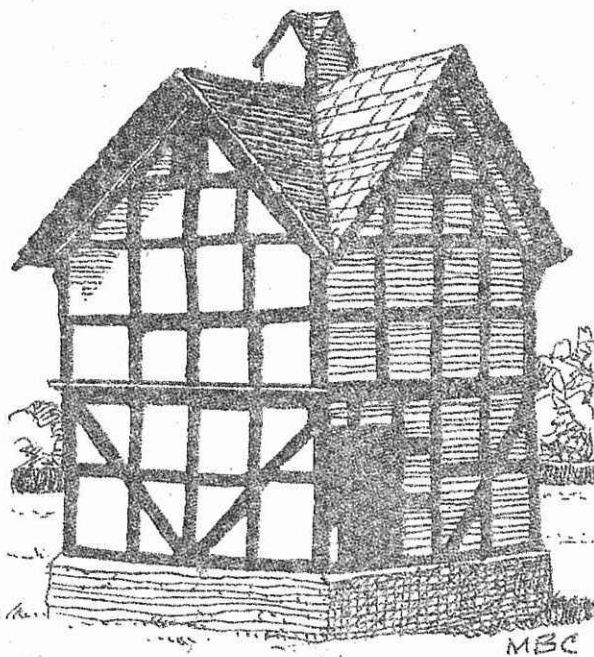
STAUNTON-ON-WYE PLAYGROUP

The residents of the Jarvis Trust cottages would like to thank the Playgroup for the gift of fruit and vegetables from their Harvest Festival.

Pigeon Pie for the Squire

by

M. B. COLLINGWOOD



Dovecote at Luntley

EVERY gardener who aspires to grow his own fruit and vegetables is only too well aware of the fact that he has to contend with a multitude of garden pests lying in wait to harvest his crop before he can get around to doing so himself. During the ripening season he is compelled to wage unceasing war against the blackbirds which strip his raspberry canes and currant bushes, the blue tits which bite lumps out of his pears and the wasps which bury themselves in his plums at the time best calculated to give him a painful sting when he tries to pick them. Perhaps the biggest menace of all are wood pigeons, which tend to eat just about everything that grows. If you get wood pigeons in your garden you might just as well give up.

As pigeons are recognised everywhere as the farmer's and gardener's enemy their numbers are kept down to a large extent, but in earlier times things were very different as they were considered a table delicacy and actively bred in dovecotes for the purpose.

The mediaeval dovecote was a perquisite of the lord of the manor, and only he was allowed by law to have one. It was a strictly practical structure which ensured a supply of fresh meat in the shape of the young pigeons lifted from the nesting compartments. In the middle ages dovecotes were a familiar feature of the landscape and it is estimated that at one time there were some 25,000 of such buildings, providing homes for around a million birds.

Although the dovecote enabled the lord of the manor to enjoy pigeon meat in some shape or form at any time of the year, his perquisite was not looked on with any great favour by the villagers outside his gates. Much hardship was caused to them by the doves, as they naturally didn't confine their appetites to the lord of the manor's own crops and it was illegal to kill them. The dovecote alongside the church at Garway in our own county, which still exists, had nesting boxes for no less than 600 birds, so it seems fairly certain that crops for several miles round must have suffered in consequence.

Dovecotes in most cases were buildings of considerable attraction and many of them have been preserved. There are at least eighteen of them in Herefordshire, all well worth seeing, although it must be pointed out that most of them are located on private land and may not be readily accessible. Here are brief descriptions of them:-

Bidney Farm, Dilwyn. One mile north of the village. An 'adorable' (Pevsner) black and white dovecote of the 17th century. Square-framed with attractive cut-out semi-circles.

Brook House, King's Pyon. Close to the church. An attractive black and white building with a glazed lantern.

Byford Court. Black and white, with lantern.

Cowarne Court. Much Cowarne. A circular stone structure, probably mediaeval.

Court House, Richard's Castle. Near the Shropshire border. Stone, perhaps mediaeval, with an early 17th century cider mill adjacent.

Eardisley Park. About a mile west of the village. A square structure, with a cider house nearby.

Garway. South of the church. A circular stone building with a truncated conical roof. Noteworthy in that it bears an inscription recording that 'istud columbarium factum fuit per Ricardum' in 1326.

Hellens, Much Marcle. Octagonal, of brick. Built in 1641.

Hill Court, Walford-on-Wye. Brick, octagonal with lantern, of about 1700.

Luntley, near Dilwyn. Perhaps the most attractive of Herefordshire dovecotes. Black and white half-timbered, gabled, with a small lantern. Standing in a field by the roadside, it makes a charming composition with half-timbered Luntley Court in the background.

Old Manor House, Eardisland. One of the most attractive features of what is perhaps Herefordshire's prettiest village. Of brick, tall, with four gables.

Old Sufton, Mordiford. About a mile north-east of the village. 18th century, of brick, with lantern.

Pigeon House Farm, Weston Beggard. Half a mile north-east of the village. Octagonal, 18th century, of brick.

Pontrilas Court. Square, timber-framed.

Shobdon Court. Octagonal, of brick, close to the stables which are all that remains of the former house.

Stockton Bury, Kimbolton. Circular, of stone, with conical roof. Perhaps mediaeval.

Wellington. In a farmyard south-west of the church. Octagonal, of brick.

Wormbridge Court. 18th century, of brick.

I have not been able to visit all of Herefordshire's dovecotes and am indebted to the Herefordshire volume of Nikolaus Pevsner's 'Buildings of England' series (Penguin, 1963) for much of the information regarding them.

VILLAGE HOMES FOR VILLAGE PEOPLE

The Country Life Media Group - evolved from the Hereford Video Group and concerned exclusively with rural issues - is in process of making a tape slide show about village life in Staunton-on-Wye, where the group is based.

Considering the rapid social changes taking place in rural areas we are concentrating on housing and young people. It is interesting to note that more than three million people live in villages with populations of less than a thousand throughout England but that housing problems in rural areas are somehow ignored. With young people the problem may not be leaving home but the likelihood of there being no housing for them when they do.

We are getting some technical assis-

tance and equipment on loan from Pentabus Arts and we also have funding from Sun Valley Poultry and Bulmers. The final product will we hope be shown at a social evening in Staunton nearer Christmas. If you would like to know more about this project and the Country Life Media Group do not hesitate to contact Caroline Becker, phone 09817422 or Christine Morgan, phone 09817531.

CHRISTMAS POULTRY

Please order early

Chickens - 5lb-12lb

Ducklings - small, medium, large

Geese - 10lb-18lb

Free delivery

Mrs A.Cole, phone Weobley (0544) 318260

A Day at Stratford on Avon

(Or, From Bond to Verse)

A CENSORED ACCOUNT

Twelve ladies set out on September 26th to see 'The Taming of the Shrew', and what a super day it turned out to be. The journey was quite hilarious. We each took a packed lunch and a bottle of wine, which we planned to enjoy by the river before going into the theatre, but as we were out for the day and had no time for refreshments we decided to start on the plonk. It's no easy task to open wine bottles and sip daintily from a wine glass on a minibus, but where there's a will there's a way.

John the driver dropped the giggling, happy bunch outside the theatre and we sauntered down to the river, where we ate our lunch in the warm sunshine and finished off the remaining wine.

The play began at 1.30. The only available seats were in the gallery, and we were at the top. I felt extremely dizzy when we at last got there - I hate heights and wondered whether I would be able to look down on the stage - but we at length got settled and watched the play, which really was a great production and very enjoyable, although some of the party did nod off from time to time!

We clambered into the minibus at 4.30 and as we were all dying for a cup of tea we decided to get out of Stratford and find a reasonably priced tea room.

We chose Dormy House Hotel. I had slight misgivings as we chugged up the splendid drive to this grand establishment, but one must throw caution to the winds sometimes. We parked amidst an array of affluent-looking cars. Yes, we could have tea, so we filed into the sedate panelled room and waited. Pots of coffee, tea, scones, cream and jam arrived with freshly-starched napkins and, suitably relaxed, we settled down to enjoy them.

The arrival of the bill, £22.50, changed the relaxed dozen into a gibbering, hysterical bunch of protesters. I am very cowardly in such a situation and left my dear friend to collect the money while I fortified myself with a gin and tonic.

Next, we had to find a suitable place to have supper and after about an hour's began to think about stopping.

'That's a nice-looking Berni', said one.

'I've got a voucher for a free bottle of wine at a Berni', said another, but the general verdict seemed to be that we should try somewhere else.

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EVENINGS

'John, I think we want to turn back to that Berni', (after we were a good half-mile past it) - 'No, John, don't bother, we'll go on. I know a really nice little pub near Tewkesbury - we'll go on'.

'Right', said John, through clenched teeth. Did I catch a glimpse of his knuckles whitening on the steering wheel?

The pub was very busy for that time of evening when we arrived, but we settled down and ordered drinks. What a menu! All sorts of mouth-watering things, but to our consternation all the meals were served in baps.

'I don't want a ---- bap, thank you, I want duck and orange. Can't we have a look at the other menu?'

'No, you can't,' came the curt reply from the jolly landlord, 'the dining room is fully booked and my wife has only one pair of hands. If it helps, you don't have to have it in a bap'.

'Oh, all right then, but that isn't a bit what I wanted. Could I have my steak rare, please?' I enquired.

'Sorry, you can't - it all comes out the same way, and it's absolutely delicious'.

We had a very jolly time there, nevertheless, for the food was good, if not perhaps what we had envisaged.

The journey home was a bit silly. 'What shall we sing?' someone asked, and one could imagine the long-suffering John saying 'Oh, hell' to himself.

There was a ring of rugby trip in the atmosphere, but as we didn't know too many rugby songs all the way through we decided to sing hymns. One of the party unfortunately knew all the words - she is an avid follower of 'Songs of Praise' - and this strident hymn-dinging voice kept us going all the way from Tewkesbury to Norton Canon. We sang everything from 'The Umbrella Man' to 'Fight the Good Fight'.

I wonder where that little blue minibus will be taking us next. Who can tell?

Lin Goodwin

STAUNTON WIVES GROUP

An illustrated talk by Sue Hubbard of the County Records Office attracted a large crowd at the October meeting. Many old maps were available to be studied as were the parish record books for several hundred years, one conveyance dating back almost to Domesday Book.

The next meeting will be a visit to a candle making establishment at Ross-on-Wye on Wednesday November 11th.

BINGO

There will be a bingo evening at Staunton village hall on Friday 13th November, starting at 7.30 pm. Proceeds will go towards the pensioners' Christmas tea to be held on Saturday 12th December. Prizes or donations for the Bingo will be gratefully received.

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION (Eardisley and District Branch)

This year's Remembrance Day Service will be at Staunton-on-Wye church on Sunday November 8th. Parade, with bugler at 10.30 am for service at 10.45.

FRIENDS OF NORTON CANON SCHOOL

Our very successful fete on September 26th was opened by Mr Noon, Weobley Comprehensive School headmaster, who also judged the fancy dress contest.

There was a car boot sale, interesting stalls and games and the parachutists also dropped in, much to the children's enjoyment. Everyone had a very good time in the perfect weather and nearly £400 were raised for school funds. Many thanks to all who helped it such a successful afternoon.

STAUNTON AIR RIFLE CLUB

A new season has started and meetings and practice take every Tuesday at 8 pm in the village hall. If you haven't tried shooting before come along and try your hand. Rifles and pellets are supplied.

Staunton has two teams and belongs to the North Hereford Air Gun League, and competes in cup and league matches and individual and pairs competitions.

New members are very welcome, also ladies and boys and girls who are able to hold a rifle.