

# THE SIGNAL

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

NO. 62

SEPTEMBER 1987

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In the hands of Herefordshire N.H.S.

## A Dutchman's Tribute

LAST May, seriously ill with a very severe intestinal bug, I found myself being wheeled into the Hereford County Hospital...

What was awaiting me? Until that point I had never heard a good story about the NHS...

After a serious operation in France I had recently spent some 2½ months in the American Hospital of Paris, reputedly one of the best in Europe, and following that five weeks in a convalescent clinic in Cannes. So without calling myself an authority on the qualities of hospital treatment, I feel I can consider myself to have become some sort of an 'experienced patient.'

Now, the Hereford County Hospital is definitely not an impressive place and whilst being wheeled, as I was, through long corridors from one gloomy looking barrack to the next, one's confidence sinks rather than rises...

What to expect?

Well, how can I describe the fantastic care I received?

It took not more than one day to restore my confidence in the NHS and in the chances for my recovery!

First of all and to my pleasant surprise the doctor who treated me turned out to be just that doctor whose name and good reputation was already recommended to me by my doctor in Paris... 'just in case you need good medical advice or care whilst in Herefordshire.'

But it was the nurses (I counted 24 of them who in one way or another took care of me, comforted me, did something to me, for me...) who really stole the show!

Such patience, such professionalism, such dedication and what struck me most... such marvellous smiles and fun. Nothing was too much for them to make me comfortable whether during the day or in the deep of the night.

One of them noticed that in my little room I had no TV...

PLEASE NOTE THAT COPY FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF 'SIGNAL' SHOULD REACH  
TRISANNA, STAUNTON-ON-WYE (PHONE MOCCAS 517) NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 11TH.

where and how she got the set I do not know but it was such a thoughtful gesture which made time pass quicker and more pleasant.

The two weeks I spent in the Hereford County Hospital have made me critical... of the many critics of the English NHS. And I am grateful to the Signal for providing the opportunity to express my great respect for the high standards of the English medical profession, of English hospitals and of the untiring English nurses in particular.

Barend Wolf

## A week at 'The Hill'

I was filled with barely disguised apprehension as we drove up the The Hill Residential College at Abergavenny in July where I had, some months previously, with a now regretted temerity, booked myself in for a 'Week's Colour Painting for Beginners' course.

Would the students really be all 'beginners?' Would I be the only aged crone in the midst of a bevy of young, talented artists? How would an experienced professional painter and tutor cope with a real beginner?

As we gathered in the studio after the first dinner, I was to find the answers! No, they were not all beginners; some had been drawing or painting for years as a brief look at their sketch books made very clear. But there were a few of the sixteen of us who, like myself, had no previous experience, just an urge to express themselves in paint, and a few who were persuaded to join the course because a wife or husband was attending. Nor was I the only aged P. nor the only one with some physical disability in reaching the studio up its thirty or so steps from the ground floor. And the tutor? He could not have been more helpful to someone, whose last watercolour was a bowl of roses painted for School Certificate in 1934.

Each day of the course we had five drawing/painting sessions, the final one in the evening often lasting till 10.30, after which those not in a total state of collapse retired to the bar for refreshment, chat and discussion. (We all concentrated so much on our work in the studio that it was almost as silent as a cloister crammed with monks illuminating precious manuscripts.)

Our classes began with instruction in landscape drawing and painting and went on to churches, farms, bridges, river scenes, boats, some figure drawing and especially trees. In fact I spent a whole morning painting nothing but trees until I achieved one that did not look like a cauliflower on a goal post. Fortunately the weather was good so we were able to take our cars down to the river or farm, choose a likely subject (guided by our tutor) and, sitting on our folding chairs, aim to look and paint like twentieth century Monets or Manets.

Finally, on our last morning there was the exhibition for which one or two paintings from each student had been mounted for criticism and appreciation. Obviously some students were more talented than others but even I felt I had spent an exciting and inspiring week. I returned home determined to keep my pencil, paint and brushes 'at the ready.'

Sheila Evans

A child of five would understand this. Send somebody to fetch a child of five.

Groucho Marx

It is seldom indeed that one parts on good terms, because if one were on good terms one would not part.

Marcel Proust

## Wobley and District Local History Society

The third of our summer visits, to the historic docks at Gloucester on August 19th, was well attended by 35 members.

Although Gloucester as a port has a history dating back to the middle ages it has suffered from shipping restrictions caused by delays due to high tide ranges in the adjacent River Severn. In the late 18th century consideration was given to the construction of a canal linking the dock to Sharpness, further down the river, but it was not until 1820 that the new canal was linked to the inland canal waterway system and commercial development of warehouses and ancillary service buildings started in earnest.

The main cargoes handled at that time were Forest of Dean coal, corn imports following the repeal of the Corn Laws, export of Cheshire salt and timber imports from abroad. In spite of improvements to the port facilities trade declined considerably due to the more favourable locations of such ports as Avonmouth,

and by the end of the century many of the warehouses were in a state of decay with no repairs or restoration. An extensive rehabilitation programme is now in hand with the prospect of new uses for the buildings.

The guides gave us a very comprehensive tour of the whole complex, detailing the history of the buildings and indicating the extensions to the dock system carried out from time to time and the restoration now in hand. Some of the restored buildings will be converted to a National Waterways Museum (due to be opened next year), a museum of packaging, a leisure centre and an antiques museum. Others will be used as residences and council offices.

To round off a very instructive afternoon we boarded a narrow canal boat, the 'Gloster Packet', and went for a 45-minute cruise down the canal during which tea was served and a commentary given on the various canal features.

L.S.Dodd

### NORTON CANON LADIES' CLUB

With a combination of one of the warmest evenings of the year, plenty of food and a good measure of wine, our summer picnic could not fail to be a success. Even the storm, which threatened to end our relaxed chattering in the garden, stayed at a discreet distance, merely providing us with an impromptu 'firework display' and the evening was clearly enjoyed by all who attended.

Our September meeting on the 21st will be at the Hall and Heather Phillips will be giving us some advice on flower arranging.

Rita Kilvert

The family of Jim Morgan of Staunton-on-Wye would like to thank all his friends for their messages of sympathy after his sudden death. Also a special thankyou to Joan and Roy Jenkins for all their help.

Brian Stevenson of Moorhampton would like to thank all concerned for their best wishes during his recent illness.

## LOSE WEIGHT NOW!

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EVENINGS

## STAUNTON-ON-WYE FORGET-ME-NOT CLUB

The club was fortunate in getting a rare taste of summer weather for its coach trip to Westob-super-Mare on 28th July. Although there was a stiff breeze there was plenty of warm sunshine to give an appropriate seaside atmosphere.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and although there was a brief period of anxiety when one of the children went missing, he was eventually found happily ensconced at the police station playing contentedly with some toys.

There was a stop at Monmouth for refreshments on the way home, a convivial conclusion to a most successful day.

## STAUNTON-ON-WYE PLAYGROUP

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for the presents received as retiring treasurer and to wish all good luck to Dianna Powell who is taking over the treasurer's job.

Barbara Arthur

## **OBITUARY**

### JIM MORGAN

The largest congregation seen at Staunton-on-Wye church for a very long time was present at the funeral, on August 4th, of Mr Jim Morgan, who died very suddenly after making an apparent recovery from an operation.

Jim Morgan lived for the whole of his life in Staunton-on-Wye and was one of the village's best-known residents. In his earlier years he worked in the building trade, but in later life he was in charge of maintenance on the Garnons estate. He served in the army in World War II and was a member of the local branch of the Royal British Legion.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

## **RECIPE**

### SHORTBREAD

(In response to repeated requests)

8 oz plain flour  
pinch salt  
5 oz butter  
3 oz castor sugar

Combine all ingredients as if making pastry, then squeeze the mixture together with one hand. It will soon begin to feel silky.

Turn out on floured board and roll out to required thickness. Cut into shapes and prick all over with a fork.

Place on greased tray and cook for about 25-30 mins (300°F 150°C)

When cool sprinkle with castor sugar.

Cathie Collingwood

The residents of Jarvis Charity almshouses, Staunton-on-Wye, would like to send grateful thanks to Mr and Mrs Pearson-Gregory of Monnington House Farm for their generous gift of vegetables.

The way to fight a woman is with your hat - grab it and run.

John Barrymore.

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### NORTON CANON CHURCH

The very successful Cheese and Wine evening held on 24th July in aid of necessary electrical alterations in the church raised £234.49.

The PCC thank all who attended and especially those who so generously gave items for the various stalls.

Special thanks are given to John Worle who made it possible for the function to be held at Bulmers Lake.

### NEWCOMERS TO LETTON

Welcome to two families who have recently moved into Letton.

Anne and George Rosewell are the new owners of the Swan Inn which they will run together with their son Stephen, the chef, and daughter Sharon and her husband Steven. The family lived previously at Sunbury-on-Thames.

Derys and Don Maddox from Hay-on-Wye are now living at The Old Forge, Letton.

## **ARROWVALE WINE CIRCLE**

### THE SUMMER SUPPER

It is not often that one of our events evokes unanimous approval but this one certainly seems to have done. At least, no one has expressed to me a different point of view and our members are not normally reluctant to hold back adverse comment. So three cheers for the 6th August, 1987.

The food (by Beacon Caterers of Kington) was first class, the humorous wall decor by Dorothy Johnson much appreciated, and as for the post-prandial communal singing with its linked arms ceremonial.....!

The success of the last named owed much to the happy pianoforte skills of Maurice Collingwood and Steve Gilling, who gave their all. So another three cheers for all concerned.

Gareth Evans

## **BIRTHDAYS**

A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

### Norton Canon

Julian Lane	9th Sept
Jonathon Meredith	10th "
Mark Ridge	16th "
Thomas Absolam	23rd "

### Moorhampton

Jack Jay	2nd Sept
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### Monnington-on-Wye

Jeni Cook	17th Sept
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We extend a warm welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Miles who have recently moved to Woodlands, Norton Canon.

Congratulations to Jonathan Absalom of Norton Canon, whose success in his A-levels has enabled him to read for an Honours course in Environmental Biology at Nottingham University. All the best, Jonathan.

### FOR SALE

FARM GATE

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Now I lay me back to sleep,  
The speaker's dull, the subject's  
deep.

If he should stop before I wake,  
Give me a nudge, for goodness' sake.

(At a public dinner)

### STARLIGHT

Jewels on a cushion of velvet  
Poured out from the mines of the night;  
Glittering, glistening, gleaming  
In a mighty galaxy of light.  
Rubies, sapphires and diamonds  
Outrival the sun at noon;  
And see, there's a necklace of pearls  
Encircling the throat of the moon.

Frank A. Evans

In response to our invitation in the August issue for readers to detail some of their foibles, fetishes or peculiarities, the following has been sent in by 'Old but Not Wise':-

I have looked up 'foible' in the dictionary and it says 'weak point in character - quality one mistakenly prides oneself on'. So.....

I believe I am truthful, but I often tell people what I think they would like to hear.

I hate crowds.

I like things to be tidy, with the result that I throw away articles which I (and sometimes other people) later want.

I always keep a window open in the car - even if it's snowing.

I am easily hurt by people's remarks, but I pride myself on not showing it.

I can't stand heights, snakes, custard, 'pop' music and being called 'dear' by strangers.

.....and from 'One Thick Plank':-

It gives me the shivers to see anyone rub their hands up and down a brush.

I cannot bear to see knives crossed - I have to put them straight.

And why does anyone ever point at a rainbow? They must know it's unlucky.

Finally, I can't abide people who keep repeating the words 'this is it' in their conversation.

A great many people have come up to me and asked how I manage to get so much work done and still keep looking so dissipated.

Robert Benchley

Why should people go out and pay money to see bad films when they can stay at home and see bad television for nothing?

Samuel Goldwyn

## WILD LIFE FILMS

On 17th September at 7.30 pm at Hopelands, Weobley, Mr. Harry Williamson will show two of his beautiful films.

The first is about butterflies. The second, his most recent production, shows the making of a new farm pond in Herefordshire. It goes through all the stages from choosing the site, excavating and filling up with water to the gradual colonisation of the new habitat by plants and animals.

Mr. Williamson has been making his natural history films for many years. They combine lovely photography with an attractively presented well-balanced commentary which brings out the producer's love of the Herefordshire countryside which he knows so well, and his concern for the well-being of its woods and rivers, plants and animals. Often local people and those concerned

with the management of the land put their points of view so that conservation issues are explained and discussed.

These films have been a major influence in drawing attention to the richness of the wildlife of the county which the Nature Trust exists to protect and preserve.

There will be a display about the different aspects of the work of the Herefordshire Nature Trust, and the Reserves which it owns, manned by members to give you more information.

Should sufficient interest be shown it might be possible to set up a local branch of the Nature Trust in Weobley.

There will be a sales table and refreshments. Do come along and enjoy an evening about the Herefordshire countryside and its wildlife.

A.D. Brian

# Readers' Letters

## LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT

In vain I searched the August issue of 'Signal' for a reply to the article, in the previous issue, on low flying aircraft.

Could it be, I wondered, that most people agreed with the sentiments expressed in the article? Am I alone in not feeling that the 'fearsome noise' and 'cataclysmic roar' is a 'threat'?

During a recent two week convalescence at home, I had the opportunity to put this 'threat' into perspective, by carrying out a survey of the number of low flying aircraft passing through the area. In this 14 day survey the average was 3.8 aircraft per day - hardly an onslaught since they arrive, pass over and are gone within seconds.

I cannot comment on the tales of children preferring to play indoors except to say that generally the aircraft activity is limited to the hours when the children are mainly in school and is non-existent at the weekends. A more appropriate pointer might be to watch the animals in the fields when the aircraft pass over - the noise is totally ignored by the contentedly grazing cows and sheep.

Whilst there can be no easy solution for those who are unhappy about the noise, perhaps a small step in the right direction might be to consider mowing the lawns at the weekend rather than expect Fighter Command to re-arrange its 100,000 hour training schedule.

Perhaps I am somewhat biased because as an engineer I am fascinated by the sight of these sleek and graceful machines and the obvious skill of their pilots.

More to the point I too 'regard it as the found of freedom.' Far rather the occ-

asional sound of screaming Allied aircraft in our skies, than the constant rumble of enemy tanks in our streets.

Brian Stevenson  
Moorhampton.

(Editorial note:-

As the flight path of the aircraft is mainly along the Wye valley it is obvious that the nearer one lives to the river the more frequent is the occurrence.

In Staunton-on-Wye, for instance, on a recent selected August day, I counted no less than eighteen low-flying aircraft. The first one came over at 7.45 am and the last at 6 pm, well outside school hours. It looks as if Moorhampton residents are getting fringe benefits only!)

Never argue with a fool because others listening may not always be able to tell the difference.

One of Murphy's Laws

## **WANTED!**

'Signal' is in urgent need of somebody who could take over one of the most vital stages in the production of the magazine - its design, makeup and layout.

This involves planning the contents and layout of each page and pasting into position each typed article to best advantage. Article heads also need to be positioned, either by the use of Letraset or any other method.

The job normally takes about two or three days each month and the ideal operator would be someone who has had experience in newspaper or magazine design and makeup. But this is not essential, as anyone with an eye for what would make up an attractive layout could pick the job up very quickly.

Anybody who would be willing to take over would be cordially welcomed by M.B.Collingwood, Trisanna, Staunton-on-Wye, phone Moccas 517.

## SEPTEMBER IN THE GARDEN

HAVING returned from a very enjoyable holiday in the sun I am now in the throes of repairing a fortnight's neglect in the garden and all that it entails. If I succeed in clearing the debris; regaining some semblance of order; cutting the grass; finishing all the jobs I should have done in August; I may have time to contemplate the tasks that I ought to complete by the end of September.

September is the time for sowing annuals such as poppies, calendulas, nigellia in the sheltered part of the garden for early flowering next year. Transplant spring bedding plants to their final flowering position. In a cold frame, sow quick maturing perennials such as delphiniums and lupins for flowering next summer, alternatively the seeds could be started in a heated greenhouse next February. Save seed heads from flowers you would like to sow next year.

Take shrub cuttings (semi-ripe) of conifers and other deciduous types of shrubs and root in the cold frame. Insure against loss through bad weather by taking tip cuttings of hebes, penstemons, hardy fuschias and any other shrubs which may succumb to frost, keep them in the greenhouse or cold frame over winter.

Autumn is the traditional time for raking out thatch and scarifying lawns but this can be done any time the grass is actively growing. It is also a good time to repair holes in lawns. It may be worth your while to pregerminate the seeds as follows: Mix the seed with damp sharp sand, seal it in a clear polythene bag and keep it warm for approximately five days. Once white tips emerge scatter the seed and sand mix over the bare patches in the lawn. New lawns can be turfed or seeded in September.

Mildew can be a problem on michaelmas daisies, pulmonarias and solidago. Remove infected leaves and spray with benomyl. Feed dahlias fortnightly with tomato fertiliser.

In the rock garden remove all dead material. Divide perennials that are becoming invasive.

Continue to deadhead all spent blooms and do not forget to keep weeding. Every weed that seeds means more weeds to remove later.

If you intend to buy spring flowering bulbs do so early whilst there is a good selection available and store them in a cool place until you are ready to plant them out in the garden.

Happy gardening.

One Green Finger

### THE CHINESE REJECTION SLIP

We have read your manuscript with boundless delight. If we were, however, to publish your book it would be impossible for us to publish any future work of a lower standard. So, as it is unthinkable that, in the next thousand years we shall see its equal we are, to our everlasting regret, compelled to return your divine composition. Finally let us beg you a thousand times to overlook our short sightedness and timidity.

When your friend holds you affectionately by both hands you are safe, for you can watch both his.

Ambrose Bierce

A man's friend likes him but leaves him as he is: his wife loves him and is always trying to turn him into somebody else.

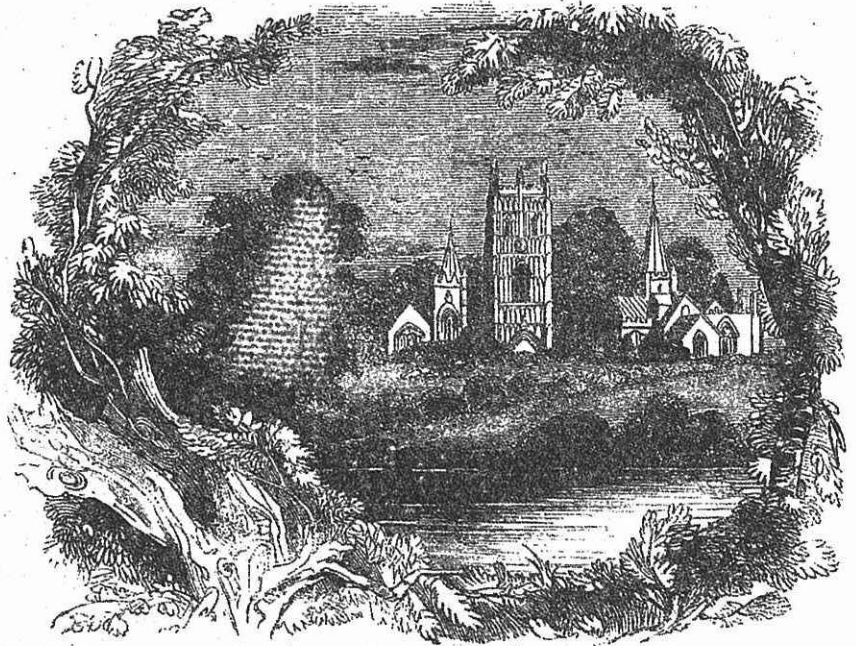
G.K.Chesterton

If you resolve to give up smoking, drinking and loving, you don't actually live longer; it just seems longer.

Clement Freud

## FROM HEREFORD TO EVESHAM

---on mutton  
and milk  
but no bread



Evesham, from an early Victorian print. The battle was fought on the hilly ground to the north of the town.

It is a curious fact of English history that a county and its capital city can seen, for a long period of time, to shun the national limelight and then, suddenly, to take the very centre of the stage. Such was the state of affairs in the months of April, May and June 1265 when England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales and even considerable parts of France were governed from the city of Hereford.

Perhaps it will be helpful to recapitulate. During his civilised but inglorious reign, Henry III, son of King John, had squandered his patrimony on foreign relations and adventurers, many of whom came from central France. Inevitably he had antagonised the more English of his barons who had had recourse to civil war under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, brilliant in his abilities and in his far-reaching concepts. On May 14th 1264 Henry III and his son Edward, the future Edward I, had been outgeneralled by de Montfort at the battle of Lewes.

During the winter and spring of 1264-65, the king and the prince were his prisoners. Wherever de Montfort went, they went also and, as the fount of government was the king, the power lay with de Montfort. Incidentally, the Lord Chancellor at this brief time, respected by the king and a friend of de Montfort, was Thomas Cantilupe, the future saintly Bishop of Hereford.

However, the opponents of de Montfort were regaining their strength. Henry's queen, whose sister was the wife of St. Louis, king of France, was waiting at Boulogne with an army of mercenaries for a fair wind to cross the Channel, while certain nobles planned an invasion of Pembrokeshire, and other nobles again, with their huge estates in the Marches, plotted insurrection on their own account. De Montfort, accompanied by the king and the prince and the court, moved across the south of England towards Worcester to see what parleying would do. The outcome seems astounding in its ingenuous oddness. The marcher lords agreed to go to Ireland for a year and a day but, unfortunately for de Montfort, they subsequently changed their minds. This episode helps to explain why

de Montfort, as he moved down to Gloucester and then up to Hereford, was lulled into a false sense of security. A hostile army was forming behind him in the Forest of Dean under its young and war-like leader, Gilbert de Clare. Nevertheless the court settled at Hereford which then became, for two months or so, one of the centres of the western world.

On May 28th 1265, the fragile truce was torn apart when Prince Edward, out hunting in the direction of Lugwardine, suddenly broke parole and galloped away. One can imagine this very tall young man with his straight, black hair lifted by the wind and his long legs gripping the flanks of his hunter. By the next day he was safely inside Roger Mortimer's hilly, wooded castle at Wigmore. By the 30th they were both at Ludlow where they were joined by de Clare and the earls who had invaded Pembrokeshire.

Edward and de Clare marched down the Severn valley to take Gloucester and then de Clare pushed north-westwards towards Hereford. De Montfort, now seriously concerned and partially deserted, formed a pact with Llewelyn of Wales near Hay-on-Wye, but he had to abandon Hereford. Taking the king with him, he made for Abergavenny and then for Newport where he barely held the bridge against his enemies. Seeking the help of Llewelyn, he marched up the west bank of the river Usk and so into central Wales.

Even then, things went awry. His heavily-armoured knights could not emulate the rough riding of the light Welsh cavalry while his troops had grown tired of the Welsh mutton and milk and clamoured for bread which the Welsh considered superfluous. In view of their complaints, de Montfort moved eastwards along the upper Severn, through Llanidloes and Newtown and then perhaps across the hills to Knighton and Presteigne.

He decided to summon to his aid one of his sons who was at Pevensey, guarding the Cinque Ports against the threat of invasion; but his son was unaware of any urgency and marched slowly, reaching London on July 8th and Kenilworth on the 31st. Once there, he was too thoughtless to provide guards and he and his troops were surprised by night and routed by Prince Edward.

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(Brian Robbins)

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continued to march eastwards and his army forded the Severn at Kempsey, a few miles south of Worcester. (This spot on the river has apparently been quite shallow for centuries and it was only during the Second World War that it was dredged to allow petrol barges up to Worcester.) Another reason, perhaps, for the choice of Kempsey was the fact that the lord of its manor was Walter Cantilupe, bishop of Worcester and uncle of Thomas, who was with de Montfort and the king and his court. The bishop entertained them to dinner on the evening of August 2nd and, on the morning of the 3rd, he said Mass for them in the church, which still bears on its tower the traces of soldiers' target practice. After breakfast, they set off again and reached Evesham by nightfall on the 3rd, closely pursued by Prince Edward.

It is only his ignorance of this fact that can explain de Montfort's error in shutting himself up in this death-trap; he saw his mistake on the morning of the 4th. 'By the arm of St. James', he declared, 'they come on cunningly. Yet they have not taught themselves that order of battle; they have learnt it from me. God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are theirs.'

The Warwickshire Avon forms a horseshoe round the south of the town with a single bridge at the time at Bengeworth. Prince Edward sent de Clare to seal this bridge and then advanced from the north with his heavy cavalry in the lead. In the midst of a sudden August storm and under a darkened sky, de Montfort's English and Welsh troops were cut to pieces in the woods above the town.

De Montfort's body was with difficulty taken to the church for burial but his head had been hacked off and sent, surprisingly, to the wife of Roger Mortimer. His own wife, the sister of the King, was banished the kingdom and another son killed. As for Walter Cantilupe, he died in 1266, bequeathing his hair-shirt to his nephew Thomas, who betook himself to Paris meanwhile to study theology.

The king had been wounded in the battle and barely escaped with his life. 'Slay me not,' he is said to have cried, 'I am Henry of Winchester, your king!' Reunited with his wife, he continued to rule in his inefficient way until his death. Dante, a generation later, was to relegate him to the limbo of ineffectual souls. 'A man with a heart of wax,' said the chronicler.

As for Prince Edward, he went on crusade, firstly with St. Louis in Tunisia and then separately in the Holy Land.

With his accession to the throne in 1272 a new age was to begin.

M.J.

#### ADVICE TO BUDDING POLITICIANS (from 'The Listener')

When the situation clamours for the pardonable lie  
Please begin your observations with 'As no-one can deny....'  
With a modest little bashful effort to deceive  
Kindly use the introduction 'We have reason to believe....'  
When the information's doubtful be no whit disturbed thereat  
Finding refuge in the sentence 'It's an open secret that....'  
You may search the very marrow of your controversial foes  
With that phrase of cool disparagement 'As every schoolboy knows....'  
So by paying close attention to a few such rules as these  
You will speedily be able to prevaricate with ease.

# FLOWER FESTIVAL

AT

WEOBLEY PARISH CHURCH

THURSDAY 3rd SEPT/SUNDAY 6th SEPT.

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● Games

● Cake Raffle

● Parachute Display

● White Elephant Stall

● Ice Cream

● Hot Dogs

● Bottle Stall

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