

THE SIGNAL

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

no 98

15p



Mr Frank Evans celebrated his 80th. birthday on November 8th, he is able to get around and visit the shop and one or two neighbours. Best wishes Frank.

Will all 'Signal' Committee Members please note that there will be a Committee meeting on Friday 25th January at Magdalen, Brobury, 8pm

Once again we are indebted to Frank Evans of Staunton for producing our Christmas cover. Our thanks and best wishes to him and his family at this difficult time.

colouring competition

for all children in the 'Signal' area. Colour in the cover picture and send it back to Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon, together with your name, address and age by 15th January 1991.

The competition will be judged in the following three age groups:-

- 3 to 5 years
- 6 to 7 years
- 8 to 11 years

and the winner in each group will receive a £2 W.H.Smith gift voucher - Get cracking !

NATIONAL CHILDRENS HOME

A Merry Christmas and many thanks to all our Collectors for the wonderful effort you made in raising a record sum of £900.23. towards the above charity. This has been forwarded to the N.C.H. and a letter of thanks will be displayed on the Methodist Chapel Board.

Ruby Norman

CHRISTMAS 1990

Free Range Poultry
Delivered to Signal Area.
Chickens, Ducks, Geese & Turkeys
Phone Anne Cole 0544 318 260
Best time 8pm - 10pm

I could do with some help

anyone interested please give me a ring on the above number. thank you. A.Cole

On Wednesday 12th. December there will be an evening of Christmas music, Carols and readings at Staunton Village Hall at 7.00pm, with the Salvation Army over-60's Band. Admission free, plate at the door. Come and sing some of your favourite carols. Refreshments provided. The evening is arranged by St.Mary's Church.

All contributions for the February issue should be sent to Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon (Tel: 0544 318 505) by Wednesday 23rd January 1991.

The 'Signal' Editorial Committee would like to wish all our readers A Happy Christmas and New Year - we hope you will keep writing to us, as your support is vital for our continued success.

THAT SPECIAL TIME

by

stephanie arthur

Christmas is special. The celebration of Christ. Village church bells ringing and choir boys singing.
Praying for love and peace in the world, children giggle while preparing for the Christmas Nativity.
Carols being sung to the highest notes by village singers as they walk by with their lanterns.
Crisp white snow on the ground crunches as the cars rumble down, making tracks for sledges to whoosh down.
The smells of Christmas cake and hot mince pies and warming rum punch to drink. The sound of crackling paper around the presents placed under the tree.
Christmas parties full of cheer, people laughing full of fun, saying to each other "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"

MY WISH FOR CHRISTMAS

On Christmas morning I would like to see lots of presents under the Christmas tree, for myself, my sister and Mummy and Daddy.

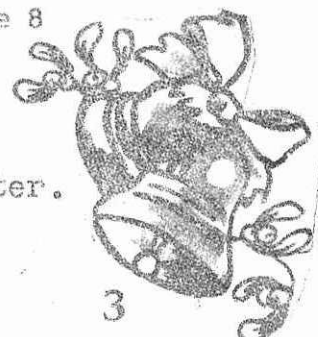
The heart of Christmas is playing in the snow on the sledge with the other children. The best part of Christmas is finding a 20p in the christmas pudding. I wish that when my friends from school and I sing for the old folks tea party it will bring them a lot of happiness for Christmas. I hope for the next year it will bring peace and happiness to the world, give love to the children and all the little babies in Romania.

Jennifer Bradshaw

The best part of Christmas for me:—

Is opening presents and hearing the paper crackle.	Stephanie age 10
Is having Christmas dinner with my family.	Gavin age 9
Is seeing my family and having Christmas dinner as well.	Ross age 8.
Is seeing my family's faces light up when they open their presents.	Gwyneira age 7
Is in the morning I get up and I feel excited. I run down the stairs and open my presents.	Ben age 7
Is when I find a 20p in a Christmas pudding.	Jennifer age 10
Is all the love and attention.	Owain age 8
Is having our presents to open.	James age 9
Is waking up and seeing presents under the Christmas tree.	Donna age 9
Is opening presents and having a look at your family's presents too.	Emma age 9
Is going up to the Black Mountains sledging.	Nicky age 8

(Remark by an 8 year old on a Quiz show)
'I prefer radio because the background scenery is better.'



TO WIN ~ whatever the cost

by Gareth Evans



I shall never forget Jan le Roux. We both worked for an international oil company in South Africa - he as Sales Manager in Johannesburg while I was in charge of the company Training School in Cape Town. Competition was very keen so, in order to "pep up" our sales force it was decided to call upon the specialised services of Dale Carnegie to stage a particularly demanding sales course.

To emphasise the competitive nature of this particular course it was decided to personalise the efforts of the twenty members by awarding points for each of the various exercises which made up the 5 day course. Gold, Silver and Bronze were the medals and Dale Carnegie insisted that they be worn at all times so that the real life competitive edge of the market place could be re-enacted in the classroom. The medals certainly excited rivalry and, as the five days progressed, course members, emblazoned by their tabs, began to look more and more like Montgomery at Alamein! Much hilarity was evoked but the competitive edge sharpened day by day.

What made le Roux finally react in the way he did were two factors. First of all, as Sales Manager, he outranked all the others who were only sales representatives and, secondly, as a South African nationalist he felt he had a position to maintain. At least, in retrospect, that is what many of us thought.

Finally, the day of reckoning arrived when prizes were to be awarded to the three highest scoring members. Because the session marked the end of a demanding course the feelings were those of relief - even hilarity - now that the days of individual competition were over. After all, from the tabs distribution, everyone already knew who the winners were. Everyone that is except le Roux.

The maximum possible score was 50 and the Dale Carnegie instructor started the count down. When he reached 41 there was a stunned silence as le Roux put up his hand. The publically flaunted tabs were proof that his claim was unfounded. On being requested to bring forward his tabs so that his claim could be officially substantiated he explained that they had already been despatched with his luggage now on its way to Cape Town airport en route to Johannesburg. Short of calling le Roux a brazen liar there was little the Carnegie instructor could do, so in a stunned silence, the former walked up to collect the first prize.

What has etched the occasion in my memory is a kind of shocked admiration - if that is the right phrase - for someone whose utter determination to win at all costs overcame, in his eyes, all other considerations. Perhaps this insistence on winning, whatever the price, explains his later career success in the ever competitive Johannesburg market but it was a behaviour that I could never forgive or forget - all those 30 years ago.

(Editor's note: Do help us to keep the Vignette series going. Please write about someone you know (or have known) who has left with you a strong memory.)

ANOTHER FIRST FLIGHT

by

Joan Close

As 'Signal' seems to be 'going up into the air' recently, I thought I would add memories of my first flight. I was nineteen, and travelling with my father. You must remember in those far off days, there was very little flying. If you wanted to cross the Channel, you went by boat - then you took a train or hired a car.

We had gone by boat down the Panama Canal from Colon, negotiating several locks, to Panama City, where, as it was Prohibition, you could get a drink on one side of the street and not the other ! There were a number of small American seaplanes making the journey, and on the way back, my father suggested we should go on one of these. I didn't like to tell him that I was absolutely terrified. I have always had a fear of heights, and I felt that off the ground I should feel even worse. The plane had a cabin taking about six people, and the pilot sat in the cockpit outside. It was suggested that as it was the first time in the air for me, I should go and sit beside the pilot, and I always wish I had done this, but at the time I was too afraid of being sick !

Once we left the water, it was marvellous. We flew quite low, and got wonderful view of the Canal and the Gatun Lake. When we landed, two great waves of water came up each side. I often wonder why seaplanes never became popular - because it seems so easy to take off on the water. It was certainly an experience I shall never forget.



A COFFEE DAY

Everyone has heard of Coffee Mornings - but "A Coffee Day" - Open House from 11.00am to 9.00pm. Is it possible? Could we? Should we? Would it be worthwhile? Let's try. So went the discussion in September. A date was fixed - 15th November, ideas banded around and then to work.

Baking, stitching, drying flowers and petals, pot pourie making and jewellery making, all these activities were going on in various houses in the village. Cupboards and drawers turned out, bookshelves and toy cupboards raided and gardens dug up to provide bits and pieces for items to sell.

At last all was gathered in and my house re-arranged to accommodate the stalls. Would the people come? Yes you did, from all corners of the five parishes in the Weobley Group.

"It is like Wyevale" was one overheard remark as the perfume from the pot-pourie stall met people as they entered. "I have met friends I have not seen for ages" was another comment. What a happy gathering. The chatter and noise decibels rose to an alarming height around noon but who cared?

How can we thank you all? Those who provided all those lovely things for us to sell; those who helped on the day; all of you who came to support us. You will be pleased to know that a grand total of £230 was raised towards the up-keep of our lovely old church in Norton Canon.

The beautiful cake given by Mrs.Gittins for the raffle was won by Mrs.K.Anderson.

May Loxston

auntie's christmas present

by
Maggie Mott

"It's all very well" said Aunt Zillah, when I dropped in to see her in the little wool shop. "I don't like to seem disobliging, but I could really do without collecting money to keep the Children's Ward open and getting the signatures of givers on this list. Still, all in a good cause, and kids ought to be treated in our own hospital." I told Auntie I was going shopping, and would take to the Bank the money so far collected, if she wished. She accepted, and added "If you're going as far as Gadd's, dear, do look at those lovely simulated coats in the window. Between ourselves, I've got one half-reserved for me for Christmas - my present to myself ! I shan't care how it blows and snows, with that round me !"

Now Auntie's house, Rose Cottage, is over Midwich way. Her nearest neighbour is a Mrs. Marion Meredith, a young widow with two little girls of 7 and 4, Angela and Tricia. Auntie didn't see much of them, being at the shop all day, getting home on the bus fairly late, and busy with accounts when it wasn't housework. Well, a fortnight before Christmas, Angela had an accident. She had been to the village post office for her Mum. Coming back, in the narrowest part of the narrow road she met a truck. It was one of those great eight-wheelers which are scraping the corners and ruining the verges of all our lanes. Angela, it seems, tried to climb the steep bank to avoid the monster, but its rear end caught her. The driver of a following car saw the still small heap. Luckily he knew enough First Aid not to disturb Angela more than was necessary to get her off the road. A call from the public telephone box speedily brought an ambulance, and she was very soon on the way to the city hospital with her mother.

Auntie heard about this on the bus next morning. The following day the talk was that Angela's condition was worse, and she was in the intensive care ward. That evening Auntie called on Mrs. Meredith and offered to help. So on the Sunday afternoon Auntie 'baby sat' with Tricia while Mrs. Meredith visited the hospital. She didn't return when expected. Auntie remembered some nursery rhymes and saw Tricia off to the Land of Nod, and settled herself comfortably on the old sofa. Looking around, she became aware that she was in a happy place - or it had been before the present anxiety. The fire light twinkling on the brass rail of the fire-guard said so, and the bright curtains and cushion covers, and the strip of worn carpet on the red tiles, and the Teddy bear and old doll on the child's rocking chair, and the little bunch of wild flowers in the small pot on the window ledge, and the paper chains. The Christmassy paper chains, thought Auntie. Not quite in keeping with what had happened. Like as not, Angela won't return. Marion will have lost another dear one, her life doubly blighted. What a grief to carry ! She imagined how she would have felt if life had given her what Marion had had, and taken it again.

Auntie heard the last bus come down the hill, and then the sound of Marion's feet. Not slow, burdened feet, but quick, light, relieved. As soon as the door was open, Marion said "She's conscious. She's out of danger. She'll be well !" She added, through trembling lips, "Thank God." Auntie repeated those last words, and felt something wet and warm roll down her cheek.

Next morning I dropped in to see Auntie in her shop again. Happening to glance at that list of donors to keep the Children's Ward open, I noticed that the last subscriber had not written a name but had drawn a line. In the column for the amount was the price of one of the fur coats in Gadd's window. I must say I couldn't really see Auntie in a leopard skin, anyway !

Every girl should use what Mother Nature gave her before Father Time takes it away.

CHURCH SERVICES DURING DECEMBER

Byford

2nd	9.30am	Holy Communion (Gift Day for Bible Society)
16th	6.30pm	Carol Service
23rd	10.00am	Christmas Celebration (Family Service)
24th	11.30pm	Midnight Communion

January

6th	9.30am	Holy Communion
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Kinnersley

2nd	10.00am	Advent Carol Service
9th	6.30pm	Carol Service
16th	10.00am	Holy Communion
23rd	10.00am	Family Service
24th	11.30pm	Midnight Mass with Carols
25th	10.00am	Holy Communion with Carols
26th	10.00am	Holy Communion (St. Stephen the First Martyr)
28th	10.00am	Holy Communion (The Holy Innocents)
30th	10.30am	Quarterly Group Service - preacher the Rev. Trevor Jones

January

6th	10.00am	Holy Communion
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Letton

9th	11.00am	Family Service & Baptism
16th	6.30pm	Carol Service, with the Hereford Church Singers
25th	10.00am	Holy Communion

Monnington

2nd	11.00am	Holy Communion & Baptism
25th	9.00am	Holy Communion

Norton Canon

2nd	9.00am	Holy Communion
9th	9.00am	Morning Prayer
16th	9.00am	Holy Communion
21st	7.30pm	Carol Service
23rd	9.00am	Family Service
25th	9.00am	Holy Communion
30th	10.30am	Holy Communion for the Weobley Group

January

6th	9.00am	Holy Communion
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Sarnesfield

9th	10.00am	Holy Communion
25th	9.00am	Holy Communion

Staunton-On-Wye

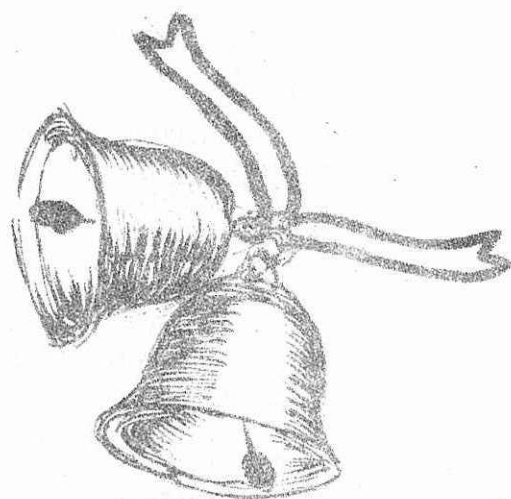
2nd	11.00am	Holy Communion
9th	11.00am	Morning Prayer
16th	11.00am	Holy Communion
25th	11.00am	Holy Communion

January

6th	11.00am	Holy Communion
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The A.G.M. of the Norton Canon Village Hall Committee will take place on Thursday 13th December, 1990 at 8.00pm in the Village Hall, Norton Canon

Staunton-On-Wye playgroup
Christmas fayre
December 10th...8.00pm
in Staunton -On-Wye school
Wide variety of stalls
Coffee & Mince pies
Everyone very welcome



LETTON CAROL SERVICE

A service of lessons and carols will be held in Letton Church on Sunday 16th December. 6.30pm
The choir will be the Hereford Church Singers under their conductor Mr Richard Taylor.
A warm welcome to everyone.

BRING & BUY SALE in aid of ST. MARY'S CHURCH STAUNTON ON WYE

Mr & Mrs Anderson would like to thank all those who responded so splendidly to their request for support on 27th. October, by helping in organisation, by bringing contributions and by buying. Everyone who came and some who could not come, but sent good wishes and donations contributed to the happiness and success of the occasion.
The sum raised was £332.41.

CHURCH SERVICES DURING JANUARY

Byford

6th 9.30am Holy Communion
20th 11.00am Morning Prayer
27th 10.00am Family Service

Kinnersley

6th 10.00am Holy Communion (opening
Service for the Decade
of Evangelism)
13th 10.00am Mattins
20th 10.00am Holy Communion
27th 10.00am Candlemas Family Service

February

2nd 10.00am Holy Communion (presentation
of Christ in the Temple)
3rd 10.00am Holy Communion

Letton

13th 11.00am Family Service
27th 6.00pm Evening Prayer

Monnington

13th 9.30am Holy Communion

Norton Canon

6th 9.00am Holy Communion
13th 9.00am Morning Prayer
20th 9.00am Holy Communion
27th 9.00am Family Service

Sarnesfield

13th 10.00am Holy Communion
27th 10.00am Morning Prayer

Staunton-On-Wye

6th 11.00am Holy Communion
13th 11.00am Morning Prayer
20th 11.00am Holy Communion

A Big Thank You to all the kind and generous people of Staunton On Wye who gave to the **Help The Aged Appeal**. Over **£90** was raised, which, apparently, is a bit of a record in a local village house to house "collection".

Barbara Cobden Cox

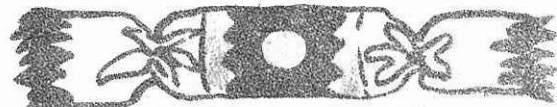
STAUNTON ON WYE GROUP PARISH COUNCIL

Thursday 13th December

Staunton Village Hall 7.30pm
Open to the public - planning,
recreation ground, budget for
1991/92

Craft Classes with Mrs Needham
Bredwardine Village Hall, starting
in January.
Cane and Rush work, Lampshade making,
Tapestry, Quilting and Patchwork,
Upholstery and Curtain making and
much more !
Phone Rosemary on Moccas 470
for details.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.



Hear ye! Hear ye! All ye good citizens.

We do hereby humbly beg thee to hasten along to Ye olde Primary School on Saturday, 8th of December between 4 and 7 of the clock to partake of the merriment and morsels provided by the P.T.A.

"Dickensian Christmas Fayre"

Santa Claus will be there in his Woodland Grotto, and you will find many a tempting home-made sweetmeat on the Victorian Cake and Sweet Stall and at the hand-made gift and produce stall.

Hot potatoes, hot chestnuts hot mulled wine and mince pies will be served for your delectation and to warm the cockles of your heart.

Have your portrait sketched or have a go on the Tombola, Bottle Stall, Bran Tub or Children's Raffle.

Prizes to be won for the most authentic Chimney Sweep, Matchstick girl, Scrooge or Artful Dodger.

Come hither and join in the Yuletide fun!

Weobley Primary School P.T.A.

Another Tunnel

by
The Rev. Bryn Rees

The recent breakthrough in the Channel Tunnel reminds me of another tunnel in Jerusalem, called Hezekiah's Tunnel or Conduit. Hezekiah was a King of Judah around 700 BC. In order to safeguard the city's water supply in the event of enemy attack, he had a tunnel constructed from the spring of Gihon, outside the city walls, to the pool of Siloam, inside the city. The tunnel is still there and winds to follow faults or fissures for over 1700 feet. Over a hundred years ago a boy bathing in the Pool of Siloam found an inscription in the rock just inside the tunnel, which ran "This is the story of the piercing through. While the stone-cutters were swinging their axes, each towards his fellow, and while there were yet three cubits (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet) to be pierced through, there was heard the voice of a man calling to his fellow for there was a crevice on the right... And on the day of the piercing through, the stone-cutters struck through each to meet his fellow, axe to axe. Then ran the water from the Spring to the Pool for 1200 cubits". The amazing thing was that both sides of the tunnel met within less than a foot. The tunnel is between $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 feet high, and in places it is less than 20 inches wide.



When I was chaplain to a Holy Land tour in 1975, I had the privilege of attempting to walk through the tunnel with two other men in our party and an Arab guide. We made arrangements to change into bathing trunks near the Gihon spring, and for the ladies to take our clothes round by taxi to the Pool of Siloam.

There had been some showers early and there was some water in the tunnel - about 4 feet deep and very, very cold. We had no torches, but were supplied with tapers, and as there was a stiff current of air it blew out our tapers from time to time, so the guide re-lit them with the matches he had brought. The rock above us got lower and lower, and the water got higher and higher, till there was less than six inches between the water and the roof. Eventually the guide went ahead and swam through where the tunnel was completely full of water. He came back and said that to get through one would have to swim under water for 20 metres (65 feet). By now we were shivering in complete darkness and not willing to be heroic, so we turned back. On the way we heard what sounded like the seven dwarfs singing "Off to work we go" but it was about eight Americans singing their way towards us. When they arrived we told them it was impassable, but they were determined to get through and with much difficulty they squeezed past us.

By now the ladies at the Pool were getting a bit worried about us, but when our guide came out he sent an Arab boy round to ask the ladies to bring our clothes back. Meanwhile we ran up and down to get warm and drank some turkish coffee which had half an inch of "mud" at the bottom of the cup. At last our clothes arrived. Somewhat later the Americans arrived - they too had been unsuccessful.

I was grateful for the warm bath when we got back to the hotel, but it was an experience I wouldn't have missed for anything. And what a marvel that those workmen nearly 2,700 years ago, having only the technology of pickaxes, could make those twisting tunnels meet within a foot !

STAUNTON - TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

by Olive Weinert (daughter of Harry & Sybil Morgan)

I have just returned to Staunton-On-Wye after 26 years in Australia so let me tell you of some of the changes I have noticed.

First of all there are the roads. They are even more narrow than I ever remember but I do so like the black and white houses which are kept in such good repair. And I was particularly impressed, for instance, with the old world charm of Weobley.

Then there is Weaver's Orchard where we used to play cricket and soccer and which is now full of houses. The school, however, hasn't changed where Tony, my brother, and I started our education.

But it is the people that really matter and they are still just as friendly as they have always been in my memories. I had a splendid day out with the Forget Me Not Club - full of laughs and helpful reminders of places I had long forgotten. Thank you Cyril and friends. The photos we took will now always keep you easily in recall.

West Mercia Police

(and Hereford Crime Prevention Panel)

If you have any information that may be of help to the police phone

Hereford 275555

All calls received in the strictest confidence

greenway gardens

'growing with enthusiasm'

Christopher Greenway
1 Court Farm Cottage
Mansell Gamage

Tel: Bridge Sollars (098122) 366

just moved in ? inherited a jungle?
give me a ring !!!

A drama critic is a man who leaves
no turn un-stoned.

Bernard Shaw

Having the critics praise you is
like having the hangman say you've
got a pretty neck.

Eli Wallach

Critics are like eunuchs in a
harem; they know how its done;
they've seen it done every
day but they are unable to do
it themselves.

Bernard Beham

Kangeroo (to mate) Gee, I hope it dosen't rain to-day. I just hate it when the children play inside.

A NEW VENTURE

A trip to Spain to our new home

by

Joan Bedford

Sunday August 26th.

Got up early and packed all we could into Roys & Jo's room. Panic set in when the key of the garage was lost, my car had to be put in. After searching everywhere including a leap over the wall into the field without success, padlock cut off and Ron came to the rescue with a new one. Jo came and collected keys and at 1 pm. we were ready for take off, last minute trip to Ailey Cottage with Money plant for safe keeping and we were away.

Having tea with Jo's cousin Fred near Wellington made a pleasant break. We did hope a cup of tea would be provided, but the tea in a delightful garden was beyond our wildest dreams, after 3 hours we were on our way to Plymouth where we stayed overnight.

Monday 27th. Chester House

Had a very good cooked breakfast at 7am. More panic, Jo had left her special pillow at Kimmersley, asked the owner if she would sell her one, as she found hers ideal. The owner said she had many requests but never one for a pillow, she had a delivery of some new ones the day before, so Jo was lucky.

Complete with pillow at 8am, we boarded the Breteque, a super ship. We had a very spacious 4 berth outside cabin. We soon found comfortable seats on one of the decks and wrote some letters between eating and drinking. Made regular visits to the shops and Duty Free. We went out on the Helicopter Deck during the afternoon and had a lovely view of the Brittany coast and beaches, the bay was like a mill pool. Time to go up and have afternoon tea with French Pastries. Roy having booked us a table for dinner at 9.15pm. Jo and I played cards for a while. Now all ready for a snooze in the cabin before changing, I had taken the remains of some very old Brandy which we had, then made our way to the restaurant. The dinner as always was excellent, main course was served at table, starters and sweets and cheese also fruit, you served yourself from a wonderful display, all this topped with a Rothschild wine, no better and not so alcoholic as Roy's homemade. Then we went out on deck for a breath of air before retiring.

Tuesday 28th.

A wonderful calm night and berthed at 7am. had tea and cereal in our cabin and were called to our cars at about 8.30am Spanish time. Got through Customs without any problems, they assumed we were camping as the car was complete with covered trailer, they were surprised when 3 passports were given them as they could hardly see me for luggage. It was now 9.15am and we were on our way, 600 miles or so across Spain.

The day was to prove very hot, our first stop was our usual place a very sumptuous Landa Palace outside Burgos for coffee and pastries (the weight is creeping up) Another two hours driving and a further stop to stretch our legs, at 4.45pm we reached Oceana our destination for the night, we were now half way on our journey across Spain. We have stayed here before and are now known, the main reason for staying is that there is a locked parking place for the car and trailer, however the owners do not live there, so Roy phoned the landlord and he said he would be there in half an hour, put the car into the courtyard. We took our luggage up and selected our rooms each with their own bathroom, and went to another local for a long drink (gosh it was hot) and some tapas. By the time we returned the landlord was on his way, he was a bit surprised to find us installed with our luggage in our rooms. We also met his son who remembered us and speaks quite good English, his father only speaks Spanish and French.

Later we went out for a walk in the very interesting small town which centres round a beautiful collonaded square not unlike St.Marks, Venice. Guess, our first shopping was shoes, where we all three bought a pair, Roy also got a pair there in June, we were sure the owner of the shop remembered us, not many English call there, then on to a bar for a welcome Gin and Tonic.

We went into a stationers, for me to get a book to start a diary, and the owner and his wife spoke to us in English, said they were closing in ten minutes and would like to buy us a drink at one of the bars in the square. It was most entertaining to watch the children playing all beautifully dressed and riding their very shiny and colourful bicycles, the children always seem to be dressed very smartly and prettily, in the poorest towns one sees beautiful childrens clothes in the shops and the prams are very grand, the children always stay up very late. Gasco Pedraze teaches English, his wife Carmen was his first pupil, their daughter and son joined us having been to their music lessons. Lucia the 15 year old daughter spent 10 months in America last year, and is just going again for three weeks. Gasco had compiled a beautifully illustrated guide in Spanish and English of the town and gave us each a copy. At about 11pm they wanted to take us to see some friends across the square who owned a bar - three brothers, two did the cooking. By now we had given up hope of having a meal so settled for very nice fish tapas and olives. At midnight we walked back to our Hotel and the Pedraza family showed us their home complete with two dogs and seven cats. We enjoyed the company of the local family and hopefully on our return next year will spend longer there, see them again and visit Toledo, a very old Spanish town.

Wednesday 28th.

Left Ocana at 8am, the road to the coast is excellent so we made good progress, we diverted and went to Valdepencas the home of the famous wine. Huge pots or urns lined the road into the town, we parked, had coffee followed by a glass of the white wine (only me!) wanted rolls for a picnic so Jo and I walked to the other end of the town before we found a Supermercado, Roy followed with the car and trailer. Off again, the heat was tremendous, had difficulty in finding any shade for our lunch stop. The fields of sun flowers were looking very sad, in June they were brilliant. The whole journey we saw range after range of mountains and between it was so parched it looked like the Prairies. Ahead of us miles and miles of Olive Groves and after Granada Almond trees. I should have said the Motorway goes through the centre of Madrid. We were on our last lap and one more stop to stretch our legs and a drink at a hill-side village bar, then down to sea level and our first glimpse of the Mediterranean and Malaga. The rest of the journey was a coast road by the shimmering sea. Our most interesting drive was over and we reached "Magnolia" at 4.45pm, thanks to Roy's excellent driving.

ST.MARY'S CHURCH STAUNTON ON WYE

We the Churchwardens wish to thank everyone who helped in anyway to make the success of the Coffee Morning held at 'Fenmore' the home of Mr & Mrs Anderson of Weobley. We are happy to announce the grand total of £332.41p. We think it was a wonderful effort and are truly thankful to you all.

P.McCann & F.Bing

It is with great sadness that we have to report the passing of Rose Carr. Our sympathy goes out to you Ron.

Mr. Ron Carr and daughter Jean wish to express their sincere thanks to friends and neighbours for kind messages of sympathy. Attendance at funeral and donations amounting to £182 for the Hill View Unit at Kingswood Hall, Kington were gratefully appreciated.

Mrs G Winney has sadly passed away, she was the oldest inhabitant of Staunton. We shall miss her.

countryman

The wife finally dragged me into the garden with the hoe - and then it broke ! Well it never was very strong anyway !. Yes, it does have its funny side, but really it demonstrates the folly of buying cheap tools that are designed down to a price. Far better to pay more money for a piece of equipment that is made to a standard. As with practically all working tools, you get what you pay for, and the more you pay, the better the chance that your equipment will be looked after, and not left in the garden to rust away. With Christmas looming on the horizon, I thought that I would mention a few old friends and potential gifts for next season's horticultural onslaught.

First and foremost in the gardener's armoury is the spade. Absolutely indispensable, so you need a good one. I've had a Spear & Jackson treaded spade for almost 17 years now; well used and somewhat worn down, but it's a real joy to handle. A stainless steel spade would be one better, but oh why don't the manufacturers put a tread guard on them ?

Second in importance I would place the humble pocket knife. My choice was a Tina budding knife; bought in 1973, it has prepared thousands of cuttings, budded roses, pruned endless shrubs and cut I don't know how many pieces of string ! It's been sharpened on an oilstone frequently but still has years of wear in it. If you can't stretch to buying one of these (and they are expensive) how about a long-lasting and robust Victorinox swiss knife ?

Thirty years ago I would never have said that a Lawn rake could possibly be so useful, but now I regard it as highly as a hoe ! The Bulldog Springhook is an amazingly versatile tool, light and easy to handle yet strong when it comes to raking up leaves, gravel paths, flowerbeds and even lawns to remove moss ! So good, that in fact I seldom use a garden rake outside the vegetable patch - I find the Springhook is much easier to use. Of course, for such jobs as preparing areas for lawn seeding, or vegetables, a traditional "iron rake" is necessary, and I would say that one with 14 or 16 teeth is better than a smaller one.

My Dutch Hoe is incredible. I've had it for almost forty years now it's still good for half a million weeds ! (The wife says that's one weeks supply in our garden) This year I purchased a Wolf push-pull hoe and I must say that the blade has an excellent cutting edge. A draw hoe may be handy too, if you have a lot of weeds or a vegetable patch, but for the one-hoe family the S & J Dutch Hoe takes some beating.

Then come the secateurs, and here I shall throw in my lot with the country's rose-growers, who practically all use Felco swiss models. When I started work with Harry Wheatcroft in 1963 I paid £1 for a pair (admittedly subsidised by the firm) but I still use the same pair everyday. I'm afraid that like most things imported, the price has shot up since, but when you consider the life expectancy of such equipment, it is not prohibitive. I also bought at the same time a leather holster (now I'm afraid made in plastic) which clips to your belt and is clear and very useful. A very similar looking secateur is now made by CeKa - this is very much cheaper and I suspect much less of a bargain.

Twenty years ago I paid 7/6d. for my stainless steel trowel. Again, it's in daily use and I find it marvellous to use - a true extension of my hand. Of course, they are more expensive now, but I reckon that the use of stainless steel for these tools really pays for itself. It slips into the soil of its own accord when planting bulbs or bedding out. You can buy trowel and handfork sets now which make a very acceptable present.

Looking down my list I see that my knapsack sprayer occupies 8th place, but there are times when I would rate it as highly as a spade ! When I purchased it

some fifteen years ago it cost £30; although a lot more now it still is one of the real gardening bargains. It holds 15 litres which is quite enough (3 gallons to you and me) to lift onto your back although of course you don't have to fill it so full. Fungicides, insecticides, weedkillers, winter tar oil wash and even creosote for fence spraying - this sprayer does the lot! Needless to say, it's very important - nay vital, to clean it out thoroughly after each use (warm water and detergent) but you know that it will work next time.

Lawn edging shears make a good present for anyone with an untrimmed lawn. Here again, regular maintenance is essential - smear the blades with oil occasionally and take them in to be serviced every two or three years - it'll cost three or four pounds but it keeps the cutting edge perfect.

You may find it surprising that I've relegated to 10th place the ubiquitous garden fork, but really, unless you have a heavy clay soil, you won't need it too often. I find my narrow border fork is more useful than the wider type; often known as a Ladies fork it is very handy for tickling up the surface in a border. Incidentally, if you handle a lot of muck, it's well worth buying a proper manure fork; it has round tines specially designed to let the stuff slip off. Still, we won't go any further into that.....

Then, there are the "occasional use" tools. Hedging shears come to mind and CeKa make very fine ones. Loppers and bow saws are invaluable at this time of year, as is the winter tar oil wash I mentioned earlier, for roses and fruit trees. A lawn edging knife is nice for the man who has everything else; if he's going to be mixing concrete a humble shovel will be invaluable and not too expensive. A riddle or sieve for greenhouse compost or indeed a builders wheelbarrow - it can always be painted! A can of WD40 from the ironmongers is a really useful and inexpensive present.

And finally, a plea for cleaner air, please don't burn polythene or plastic of any sort while your neighbours are in the garden. They won't enjoy the very unpleasant fumes. Put it in the dustbin instead.
Good gardening for 1991!

THE WEOBLEY PHYSIOTHERAPY CLINIC

In September 1981 an appeal was launched for funds to purchase equipment for a District Physiotherapy Clinic to be established in the then new Weobley Surgery. A Committee was formed on the initiative of Miss Patsy Miller (Chairman), Mrs. Barbara Warburton (Secretary) and Mrs. Anne Saunders to raise the £1,000 needed to open the Clinic, but to maximise the treatments available it was decided to set a target of £3,000. In the event over £4,000 was raised and with the accrued Bank Interest nearly £4,500 was made available for the purchase of equipment and fittings. The Clinic opened in 1982 with Mrs. Anne Saunders as Physiotherapist and from time to time as the need arose, the equipment was supplemented.

For the past three years there have been no further calls on the balance of the Fund, but our District Nurses badly needed a special cushion for patients and it was felt that the Fund ought to meet that need. The Nurses now have the cushion and the Balance of £18.67 in the Fund has been accepted with gratitude by the Trustees of the Kington Locality Trust Fund which is used for the benefit of the patients of the District Nurses.

The Weobley Physiotherapy Clinic has been a valuable extension to the work of the Hereford Hospitals and has been a boon to patients from a very wide area. The cheerful sympathy and skill of Mrs. Saunders and the homely atmosphere of the Clinic have comforted and relieved patients, both old and young, of pain and the tensions of anxiety. All of us who have benefited from her work owe both to her and to the vision of the initiators, a great debt of gratitude.

Kenneth Anderson

Electrical Safety

You can't be too careful with mains electricity in the house and garden. The risks of fire and electric shock should never be ignored.

For example, how sure are you that all the fuses in your 13 amp. plugs are of the right value? It is often tempting when wiring up a new electrical gadget which should have a 3 amp. fuse, to leave the original 13 amp. one in place because you can't lay your hands on a fuse of the correct value, meaning to change it later. To illustrate how widespread this practice is, I have purchased in the last few years a colour TV, a hi-fi and a video from one of the major specialist suppliers in Hereford. All came fitted with 13 amp. fuses when 3 amp. would have been correct. So always keep a few low rating fuses in stock. One always has a surplus of 13 amp. units - if you have a friendly electrical supplier, he may exchange them for ones of 3 amp. rating. As a broad rule-of-thumb, any appliance with a heating element should have a 13 amp. fuse and anything else 3 amp.

While on the question of plugs, it is worth making an earth continuity check on all items fitted with 3-wire cords. It is surprising how common it is for the connection screws in a plug to loosen over a period of time, with the risk of a serious electric shock. All that is needed is a torch bulb, battery and two wires. Check that the bulb lights when connecting between the earth pin of the plug and exposed metal parts of the appliance.

Why not have a check round your house to see if there is anywhere a mains lead running under a carpet to a reading lamp or other device. This is a dangerous practice and a fire risk. And while you are at it, check for frayed cable covering - especially on the electric iron.

When using a mains-powered device outside the house, always use an RCD. These initials stand for Residual Current Device. (They are sometimes known as ELCBs - earth leakage circuit breakers). These units, which can be purchased for about £15, plug into the wall socket and then accept the plug of the appliance. If, for any reason, there is a leakage of electricity from the appliance to earth, as would occur with an internal fault giving rise to a shock, the supply would be instantly interrupted. Some houses are fitted with RCDs safeguarding all the sockets in the installation. All homes should have these but it is amazing how many buildings constructed in the last ten years are not so protected.

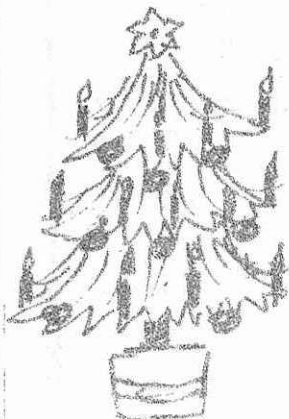
Harry.

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My wishes for Christmas : —

For my family to live happily and well.

Zoe age 10

On Christmas morning I would like to see lots of presents under the Christmas tree, for myself, my sister and my Mum and Dad.

Jennifer age 10

For our world to be well and for my village to be safe, and for my grandad to be happy too.

Gwyneira age 7

Seeing the world in peace.

Stephanie age 10

To have lots of snow for the rest of the year.

James age 9

Sitting by the fire with a hot cup of tea.

Ben age 7

That we had so much snow we didn't have to go to school and the snow was 3 feet deep.

Luke age 11

To see all my family together. My family would like to see us too. Our village to see other peoples happiness. Our school would wish everyone a Happy Christmas. That our world would be happy, even the people in Romania who have no Christmas. My friends would like to see everyone warm and safe. My Nan to have a nice Christmas and wish everyone a Merry Christmas.

Lesley age 10

That everybody would think of people who have no homes.

Donna age 9

That my family are cheerful and are well.

Erina age 9

Christmas is a time for joy when everyone is happy. Christmas is a joyful day when Jesus was born. Christmas is a time when there is Mistletoe and our stockings are full of toys. Christmas is the time when the children enjoy themselves - because they get presents.

? ?

For a mountain bike.

Nicky age 8

For the world to be a better place to live in especially Romania where men and women and children are without food.

Laura age 7

My wish for Christmas

The thing that I would like for Christmas is for my family to live happily and well.

My best wish for the world is to hope that there are no more wars.

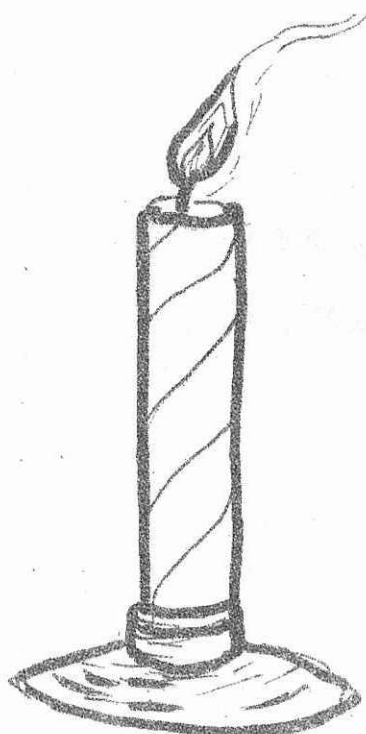
For our village I would like to have a community centre built for the young and old

The heart of Christmas is seeing my family opening their presents and seeing them well.

The best part of Christmas is all the family sitting round the dinner table.

My wish for me is to be clever at maths and english.

Zoe Gittoes



THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS IS ~

Sitting by the fire with my family.

The heart of Christmas is being by the fire.

Playing in the snow on the sledge with the other children.

Jesus being born.

Meeting all my family and knowing that they are all O.K.

Is playing in the snow with the other children.

Seeing my family opening their presents and seeing them well.

Jesus' birth.

I think the heart of Christmas is seeing people joyful and to see people warm and not lonely.

Seeing all of my family together.

The birth of baby Jesus.

That old people who have bad health, to feel no pain.

Jesus being born.

My family, cheerful and well.

Playing snowball fights with the other children.

Ross age 8

Gavin age 9

Jennifer age 10

James age 9

Luke age 11

Gwyneira age 7

Zoe age 10

Owain age 8

Lesley age 10

Donna age 9

Laura age 7

Stephanie age 10

Ben age 7

Emma age 9

Nicky age 8

My Christmas Poem

On Christmas day we get up early
to find sweets like a curly wurly
And wake up to find the toys
That Santa has brought
For the girls and boys.

We ask mum if we can
Go over the field and play in the snow
Mum says yes, you can go over
the field to play in the snow.

As we go down the hill
Full of joy and with a shrill
It's a pity we have to spoil our fun
But we have to go it's coming one.

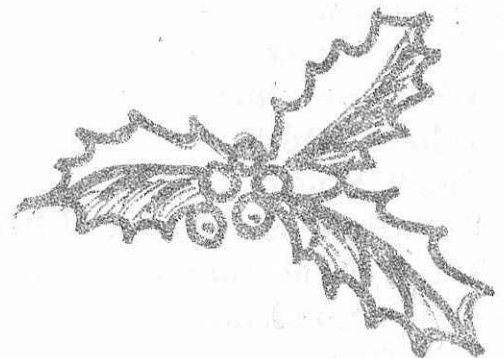
We go down the hill for one more go
We'd better run we mustn't be slow
Through the gate and off we go.

We put our feet up near the fire
We put on some coal and the fire goes
higher

It was so cold out in the snow
But in the house its warm, with a
bright red glow.

Zoe Gittoes

Nice to have you home
again Biddy. Hope you
will soon be out and
about.



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NORTON CANON LADIES CLUB

At our meeting on Monday 19th November, 1990 we enjoyed a most interesting and informative talk by Mr. R. Pantall of Staunton-On-Wye. Copies of Hereford newspapers (dated 1896), Parish Registers, Wills and other old documents were brought for us to see.

Mr. Pantall started by telling us how he became interested in researching his family tree and amazed us with the amount of time and work involved in this research, travelling to Worcester and Hereford and spending hours searching through innumerable registers and newspapers in the course of this research going back many generations.

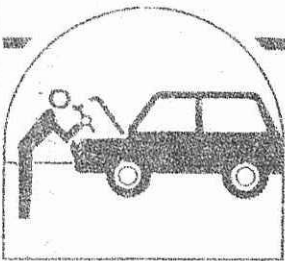
Interesting snippets of local news gave a personal touch to his talk.

The ladies club meets on the third Monday each month in Norton Canon Village Hall at 8.00pm. We start the New Year with a party and are each taking a "plate of food" and extend a very warm welcome to any lady who would like to join our friendly group.

Weobley & District Agricultural Improvement Society will hold it's Annual Christmas Whist Drive, at The Hopelands, on Saturday 8th. Dec, at 7.45pm prompt.

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Old creaky the spider was tall
His legs ached the worse for his fall
He rubbed his joints daily
And carolled so gaily
That Algipan Rub's best of all.

A dainty young Wood-louse or slater
Was taught how to dance by her mater
Her four dozen feet
Broke up solid concrete
In solos arranged by her pater

The Bank told a damsel of Gwent
Her money was much overspent
She said on the spot
"Here's a cheque for the lot
And don't be so impertinent".

Maggie Mott

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There was an old man from Lyme
Who married three wives at a time
When asked "Why a third?"
He replied "One's absurd
And bigamy, Sir is a crime"

WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Talk on "Garnstone" by Major Philip Verdin, 24th October.

A packed Willow Gallery spent an entertaining evening with Major Verdin giving a personal view of the family's history and their years at Garnstone.

The Verdin ancestry had been traced back to pre-Norman times, and a connection with royalty through one lady of the house being taken as mistress to King John. A Verdon was one of the barons witnessing Magna Carta at Runnymede, and one speculated whether there was any connection between these two events.

The founder of the present family's fortunes was Joseph Verdin, a merchant of Liverpool in the 18th century, and their wealth in the 19th century came from the mining and exploitation of salt in Cheshire. It was at the turn of the century that the Garnstone estate was purchased from the Peploes, and they came to reside at the Castle. This castle was the work of Sir John Nash, built in 1805, apparently on the site of, and perhaps incorporating parts of the earlier building, of which a 17th Century sketch was shown. If Nash could be described as a jerry-builder, then the castle may rightly have come to an end by demolition in 1955. Certainly Major Verdin's description of the discomforts and high cost of living there gave support to that decision.

An attractive feature of the talk was a display of slides taken from the family photograph albums, and showing the building and interior, and of events and parties taking place at Garnstone and Weobley. Pictures of Conservative rallies, a bishop enjoying local golfing facilities, the local contingent of Red Cross (a fine body of women) marching up Broad Street, the children when Garnstone was used as a children's hospital in the last war, and opening of Weobley's bus shelter, brought back many memories amongst the long-standing residents, including past employees of the estate. The whole talk was illuminated by Major Verdin's sense of fun which gave added pleasure to the evening. And the Society benefitted by receiving a set of slides for its collections.

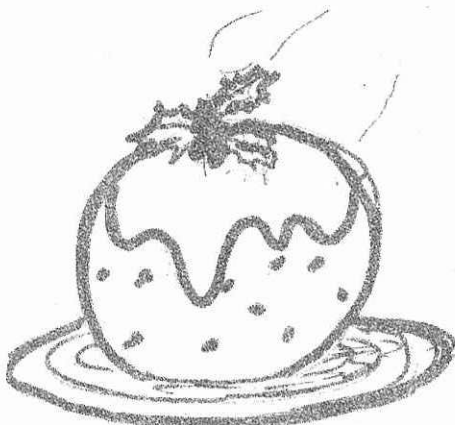
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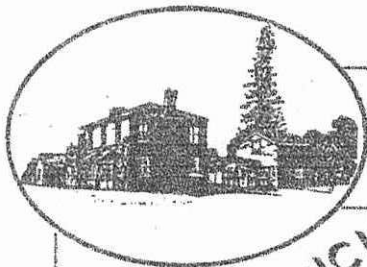
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