

The Corstonian

The Newsletter for Corston Villagers

Autumn Issue

(Incorporating "Neighbourhood Watch")

October 1995

Corston Parish Council

Reg Gay (Chairman) - 873639

Jim Mansbridge (V-Chairman) - 873623

Jim Radway - 872698

Kevin Ashman - 872393

Gary Breckon - 872860

Dave Freeguard - 873759

Mike Bendall - 873644

Clerk: Terry Miller - 872711

Clerk's Notebook

At last, after almost 15 months of debate and discussion, patience and persistence, the stiles on Public Footpath BA9/6 on the north end of the playing field and beyond to the BA9/8 and the A4 highway, are in their proper place. A handsome looking job carried out by contractors for the Avon Planning Office - and with the bonus of a neat little Public Footpath sign on the telegraph pole opposite the entrance to the playing field.

It took some time, too, for Avon Highways to find a contractor to level off the excessively sloping footpath in the region of "Little Bob" on the A39 which was making it difficult for walkers to avoid being 'tipped' into the road, to say nothing of the difficulties being experienced by occupants of wheelchairs. This was by far the most expensive of all the remedial work carried out on the A39 footpaths recently and while a longer run of more level pavement would have been desirable, the rest of the 'slopy' footpath has had to be listed for future work.

With the repositioning of the 30mph signs from the 'Hanging Tree' down to the bottom of Corston Lane, the entire village is now within the protection of that speed limit - and don't the yellow backing boards on the speed signs at both ends of the A39 in Corston look smart?

At the suggestion of a villager I wrote to Avon Traffic asking for something to be done to alleviate the difficulty encountered by vehicles attempting to pass each other on the 'hill' part of Ashton Hill. As a result an order has been placed for the erection of a "Road narrows" sign and "SLOW" carriageway

marking at the top of the hill. In addition, the existing "Steep hill" warning sign, at present obscured by vegetation, is to be cleared. In July Cllr. Jim Mansbridge and I were invited, along with representatives of other Parish, District and County Councils, to attend the launch of Wansdyke Conservation and Landscape Strategy at Folly Farm near Bishop Sutton. We found it a most worthwhile, interesting and enjoyable occasion (and the wine wasn't half bad). I have a copy of the Strategy which I can commend to all nature-lovers and walkers/ramblers and which I would be pleased to lend to anyone interested.

I also have details of the dates and venues for the coming year of the Avon & Somerset Police Community Consultative Group meetings if anyone would like to see them. Now that we will soon be part of the new Bath and North East Somerset District, we are entitled to free admission to all City of Bath museums. All that is required is proof of residence. (So the Commission for Reorganisation of Local Government wasn't such a bad idea after all!)

The next three meetings of the Parish Council will be on 26th October, 7th December and 4th January - all on a Thursday at 7.30 p.m. in the Village Hall. All local electors are welcome to attend. Any variations to these dates will be displayed in good time on the Parish Notice Board.

Terry Miller

Editorial

I am delighted to report that we are beginning to get (unsolicited) items from readers for publication in the **Corstonian**. Three letters this quarter and, from Margaret Brown, an occupational therapist at St Teresa's Nursing Home, a selection of poems - some remembered, one composed - by some of her oldest patients. By sheer coincidence a suggestion by Jim Mansbridge that we feature a Poetry spot regularly in the **Corstonian**. I hope that this might spur you on to submit some poems of your own, whether they be your favourites or those you have composed.....

One resident who tells me that she looks forward with eagerness to her copy of the **Corstonian** is Mrs Doreen Laverick of the Old Kings Arms, Corston Fields. Now that her husband's sight is failing, the **Corstonian** is one of very few links she retains with the village. George has been seriously deaf for many years and, now that he is losing his sight, he is unable to drive - and Doreen can't.

Our good wishes go to Mrs Sedgebeer who was admitted to the RUH at the end of August and, at the time of writing, she is being prepared to be transferred to Keynsham where she will undergo tests to assess her fitness to be able to return home and care for herself. "We do hope you will, Mrs Sedgebeer, Corston wouldn't be the same place without you."

How pleasing it was to see the children's play area put to such good use when Mr and Mrs Doug Jones had a birthday party there for one of their grandchildren. Of course there were plenty of gate-crashers, in a public place, but they were made most welcome.

The next edition of the **Corstonian** will be issued in the New Year so we look forward to lots of your articles and letters. The deadline will be December 15th.

The Editors

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Tel: (01225) 872393



The views expressed in



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Andy Thompson

Bath (420442)

Edited and produced

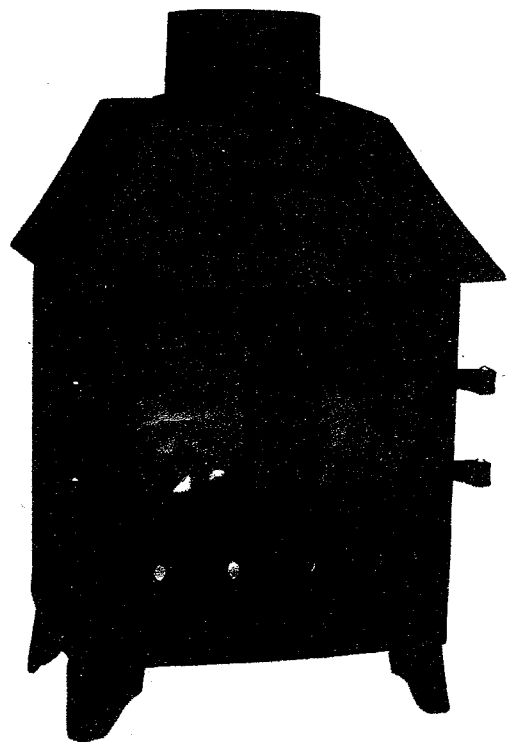
by:

Gary Breckon and

Terry Miller

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Neighbourhood Watch

Relatively speaking there has been a sharp escalation in criminal activity within the village during the last three months. Crimes reported include three house burglaries, two stolen motor vehicles (neither recovered - one burned out), theft from a motor vehicle and, most recently, a break-in at the Village Stores. In addition a senseless act of vandalism left several vehicles in Meadlands badly scratched and two further damaged by attempted break-ins. It is almost certain that none of these criminal acts was carried out by anyone living in the village.

The seriousness of two of these crimes, both at night, was limited simply by the offenders being spotted by an alert 'Neighbourhood Watcher' but, on the down side, on two occasions the criminals got away scot free for the lack of a simple phone call. The Police have since asked me to stress once again that they would rather be called out on a wild goose chase than miss the opportunity of apprehending a law-breaker. If you witness what you think might be a crime in progress then dial 999 without hesitation. (Remember - Neighbourhood Watch is not a substitute for 999.) If you are suspicious of the conduct of a stranger, on foot or in a vehicle and you cannot get hold of your Neighbourhood Watch contact or Co-ordinator, then ring Staple Hill. (If you have cause to do this, don't let them transfer you to Bath - we are part of the Kingswood Watch.) To assist you in this I reproduce here the Watch set-up and all the telephone numbers you might need. If the circumstances arise please use them.

Corston (Corston Lawns to Manor Farm Bungalows)
Valery Hibbard, 4, Homestead - 874747

Barton (including Hill House, Hill House Cott,
 The Court, Orchard Hill, Mayerling, The Trossacks,
 High Gables & The Gate House)
Wendy Beckett, Walden, The Barton - 872860

Kelston (The Old Courthouse, Barn Court, Kelston
 Wood, Bay Tree House, Coppersnere, The
 Old Bakery, 24 & 25 Corston, The Village

James, Kelston View - 873731

Lower Farm (including Lower Farm area and The

4, The Paddock - 874001

Brookside and Shorts Cottages)

32 Meadlands - 873567

Church Cottage and 21 Corston)

to Walt Perry - 873778)

Brook Cottages to the old Off-

Mayfair Cottage to Little Bob.)

Garden Cottage - 873688

11-13 Wells Road, 14-19 Ashton

The Old Schoolhouse, Greystones

Wells Road - 873759

Ashton Hill (Church Farm, White Cottage, Pen-y-Bryn,
 Ashton Hill Farm, North Breach, North Breach Cottage,
 South Breach and Tree Tops)

David Butler, Ashton Hill Farm - 874711

Co-ordinator - Terry Miller - 872711

Staple Hill Police Station
01179 623000

Crime Stoppers
Confidential Freephone Number
0800-555-111

AND

999



At my meeting with the Neighbourhood Watch Contacts in July we discussed the question of how to let everyone in the village know when there was a danger from would-be criminals. I came up with an idea which I believe largely solves the problem but I would be very interested to hear from anyone who thinks they may have a better one. Our idea is to display a large red notice on those seen advertising goods in shops, any time that there was a threat to security. The notice would draw attention to the details of the threat which would be displayed beneath it. This would increase the serious likelihood of a crime being committed such as when the burglary by deception was recently operating in the village. A 'Red Alert' notice was put on the Notice Board in the village which may well have contributed to the fact that only one dwelling was robbed.

Almost on the same day the long-awaited Neighbourhood Watch street signs and notices arrived. We have put the signs where it was thought they would be most effective. If you feel your area of the village has not been covered sufficiently, please let me know. The signs are supplied, at a much reduced cost, by Morgan Insurance Brokers (Western) Limited of Bath. This firm does a great deal of work for the Neighbourhood Watch Scheme and offers a reduction on Home Insurance because you are a member of a Watch Scheme. An advertisement for this was found in this issue.

The following is taken from **The Watch** produced by Kingswood District Community Association.

"The winter evenings will soon be starting to creep up on us. They are getting darker, and now is the time to think about those security jobs that you meant to do back in the summer. Are the ones - the security light you were going to put at the back of the house; or was it broken? Is the wall to secure the ladder that you leave along the side of the garden fence. A few minutes now could save you a lot of trouble later.

Just for a moment take a look at your house from the outside. Think to yourself, "If I were a burglar, how would I get in?" If you can think of a way, so can the burglar. Are there any good locks on the shed or garage that have not been locked away? Is there a sloping roof that leans without a lock? Are there locks fitted to your downstairs windows and is there a mortice lock on the front exit door? If you have a door viewer (spy-hole) do you have a light above the door? If we take these precautions we can all do our bit to reduce the crime statistics.'

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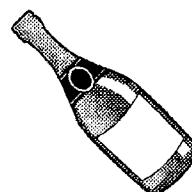
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for more information contact:

Terry Miller - 872711 or Gary Breckon - 872860



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Profile

Over the next several issues we hope to present profiles of some of the more senior members of the village community - Village Elders if you like. We begin, most appropriately, with the Chairman of your Parish Council.

Reg Gay

Born at Stapleton, Bristol, on 14th August, 1914 (just ten days after the commencement of the First World War) Reg lived and worked on the family farm until 1935, when the family moved to Bath to take up the tenancy of Twerton Farm. Four years later, at the age of 25, Reg married and he and his wife, Helen moved into Newton Farm to manage it for his father. An ideal start for a young couple, one might think, but it was to be short lived. During the Bath blitz a bomb fell in Twerton Churchyard, neatly depositing a tombstone through the roof of Twerton Farmhouse, Reg's parents' home. As a result the Gay family Senior moved in with the Gay family Junior!!!

In 1947 Reg obtained the tenancy of Church Farm in Corston.

A short time after settling into the village, whilst attending church, Reg and Helen found themselves seated in the same pew as Mr Alexander Blackmore, the then Churchwarden and Chairman of the Parish Council. He mentioned that there was a casual vacancy on the Parish Council and persuaded Reg to take it up. I doubt whether he suspected then what a keen recruit he had enlisted. From that day to this, a period of 45 years, Reg has been a regular and committed member of the Parish Council and, for the last twenty-nine years, its Chairman.

This alone would represent a monumental feat of public service. In addition, however, around 1957, again at the suggestion of Mr Blackmore and upon the retirement of Mr Richard Tippetts, Reg fought and won a seat on the Bathavon Rural District Council of which he remained a member until 1973 when it was abolished. In the last year in the life of that Authority, 1972/73, he was Chairman.

In the same year Reg gained a seat on the new Wansdyke District Council, his constituency, as before, comprising Corston, Newton St Loe, Priston and Marksbury (including Stanton Prior). He straightway became a member of Wansdyke's Planning Committee and served on it, without pause, until 1992. During the last seven years of this period he was its Chairman. He has served on many other Committees during his time as a Wansdyke Councillor and, for the last few years has been a permanent member of the General Purposes Committee which deals with the District's finances and most other major matters.

An avid interest in rural matters and their proper management is the spur that has sustained Reg over so many years of public service; an interest in the good local government of his constituency in particular and the District at large. This interest was greater, perhaps, in the days when the Committee was made up largely of farmers and landowners, professionals in their expertise of land management. "Then there were no politics to spoil it" says Reg. "Everyone was there simply out of interest." With the demise of Bathavon U.D.C. this happy state of affairs ended and, since the inception of Wansdyke District Council, politics has pervaded everything. Reg is at present the only farming representative on the Committee. Now, in his 82nd year, while happy to continue as Chairman of the Parish Council, Reg will not be taking a seat on the new North East Somerset Authority, although he will be staying on until March 31st, 1996, to assist with the establishment of the new Council.

Terry Miller

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Wartime Reminiscences

Malta to Italy by way of Sicily - 1943

After a refit in the U.K. the "Warspite", with other units of the Mediterranean fleet, arrived in Malta. Although the siege was over, food was still scarce and Malta continued to be bombed by enemy planes based in Sicily and the toe of Italy. With the arrival of the fleet our Anti-Aircraft guns succeeded in shooting down some of the offending aircraft, ultimately dissuading them from their activities.

By now Rommel had been defeated in North Africa and the Axis forces driven out of that continent, so it was logical that the next step would be the invasion of Sicily and Italy. Preparations were soon underway for 'Operation Husky' which Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Andrew Cunningham, described as "The most momentous enterprise of the war, striking for the first time at the enemy in their own land."

"Warspite" and our sister ship, H.M.S. "Valiant", along with the Aircraft Carrier "Formidable" were to cover the landing in Sicily, support the army ashore and deal, of course, with the elusive Italian Fleet.

My action station was on the bridge where I passed on the orders to the 15" guns through a voice-pipe. From this vantage point I had a great view of the operation although the noise of those massive guns was deafening as they dispatched their lethal charges at unimaginable speed.

To the disgust of everyone the Italian fleet failed to materialise except, that is, for a few submarines which were quickly pounced upon by our destroyers. Nevertheless, a U Boat damaged one of our Cruisers and the Aircraft Carrier "Indomitable" was hit by a German Aerial Torpedo. As a result we were delegated to escort the "Indomitable" back to Malta.

I was delighted to receive a visit from two old shipmates from H.M.S. "Good Hope", who were now officers on Motor Torpedo Boats. Being a mere Able Seaman and they officers, it

was necessary to borrow some civvies before we could socialise and, thus rigged, we were able to enjoy an evening dancing beneath the stars with some attractive Maltese lasses.

Malta was a fun place for a run ashore and where the sailors enjoyed frequenting the "Gut", a notorious district, where could be obtained additional favours from the so-called "Barbers". This 'landmark' was pulled down some time after the war ended.

The landing in Sicily had been quite successful and with the minimum of casualties. However, in early July, the advance of the 8th Army was held up at Catania and we were ordered to set sail immediately to bombard the defending troops. With a deadline to meet to commence the onslaught, it was full speed ahead for the "Old Lady". This meant twenty knots - tops. We reached twenty-two and a half. The boiler didn't blow up but we jammed our steering gear. Ever since 1914 the "Warspite" had had trouble with her steering and, despite numerous refits, the fault had never been fully corrected. As a result of this jamming we sailed round in a vicious circle and lost a precious ten minutes while a repair was effected. Notwithstanding, we arrived at Sicily on time and, after being attacked by submarines (quickly dealt with by our destroyers) and enemy aircraft, we carried out a successful bombardment enabling the army to recapture Catania and, subsequently, the whole island.

Once more we withdrew to Malta, where we received a signal from Admiral Cunningham: "Operation well executed. When the Old Lady lifts up her skirts she certainly can run." We were quite proud that we were the only one of the 'Big Boys' to have blazed at the enemy.

Our Skipper, Captain Parker, happened to be married to Joy Parker, the famous South African writer who had many contacts around the world. One of these was Noel Coward who was visiting Malta to entertain the troops. As a result we were

treated to a special showing of his recently completed film "In Which We Serve" as well as a sample of his particular brand of humour. I shall never forget the wonderful sound of laughter as we sat under the Mediterranean stars on the upper deck of "Warspite" thoroughly enjoying this magic respite from wartime routine. We were the only ship to receive a visit from the great man and, as you may imagine, we were the envy of the fleet.

Next came the invasion of the Italian mainland across the narrow Messina Straits. We carried out a bombardment of Reggio and the following day Canadian forces landed virtually unopposed. The 8th Army's long trek up the Italian Peninsular was under way.

By Peter Finnegan

In the New Year Edition:

*The Surrender of the Italian Fleet -
The Battle of Salerno.*



Congratulations !

To **Gareth and Helen (Thorburn) Thomas** who were married at all Saints Church, on Saturday, 1st July. Gareth, only son of Trevor and Shiela Thomas of 25 Meadlands, works in the Personnel Department of the MOD (Royal Fleet Auxiliary) at Portsmouth. The couple met when Gareth was on detachment at Swan Hunter Ship Builders and Helen was living at Whitley Bay, Newcastle-upon Tyne. Gareth and Helen spent their Honeymoon in Toronto before returning to their home in Fareham, Hampshire, where Helen works as a stewardess on H.M.S. Collingwood.

To **Fraser and Sylvia (Keen) May**, formerly of 29 Meadlands, who married at Bath Registry Office on Saturday, 8th July. Currently working as Deputy Headmistress in a school in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Sylvia and Fraser returned there on 1st August for their Honeymoon. (Where else?)

To **James and Naomi (Hibbard) Strachan** who married, in full Scotts regalia, at All Saints Church on Saturday 29th July. Naomi, formerly of 16 Meadlands, and James have a cottage in Newton-St-Loe which, by pure coincidence, is the house where her grandmother lived and where Naomi herself lived as a baby. The Honeymoon was spent in Exmouth.

To **Jason Ford and Lindi Merrill** who were delivered of a baby son, Jake Aaron, at 6.45 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September at the Royal United Hospital, Bath, weighing in at 6lbs. 8ozs; to his parents unbounded joy and the delight of his Corston grandparents, Fred and Muriel Ford. Word is, he is the very image of Jason (even down to the sideburns!).

(Sorry! Maureen)

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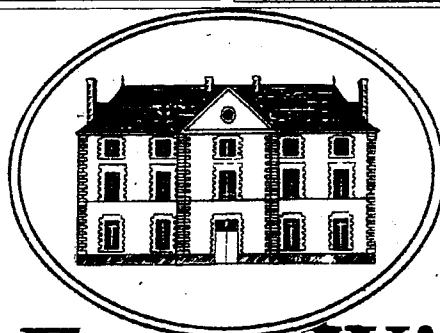
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What does a Voluntary helper do for

Send A Cow

This year marks the seventh anniversary of the Send A Cow charity that was started locally at Corston Fields Farm by Ros and Gerald Addicott. With other West Country farmers they organised the very first batch of dairy cows to Uganda in 1988. At this time many people doubted that giving a cow to a poor family in East Africa was a sensible thing to do, but it was done as a Christian response to need; a need for milk to nourish babies and children, a need to have an income and a need to restore confidence and self-respect to people who had suffered several years of civil war. When people respond so positively to God's call for action, the word 'sensible' doesn't usually come into it in the early days.

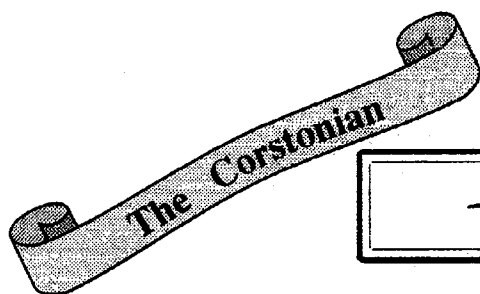
However, here we are seven years later, able to say that this was always a most sensible and practical idea. Trustees, who visit the projects in Uganda, return with pictures of four generations of cows. Each cow's first female calf is given to another family, so the benefit goes on growing, branching out to more and more people. Health has improved and many more children are able to go to school, now that their mothers have money from the sale of surplus milk.

The small, slow maturing African cow yields, perhaps, a litre of milk a day - a purebred Friesian gives an average of fifteen litres. Send A Cow ensures that numbers go on increasing by running artificial insemination programmes and by placing 'village bulls' in outlying areas.

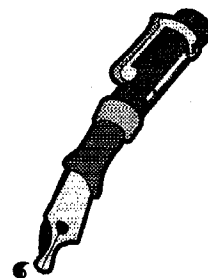
In the UK, support for Send A Cow's practical projects comes from all over Scotland, Wales and England. There is a great deal still to do, so help is always very welcome. The office is located at :

Unit 4, Priston Mill, Priston, Bath. BA2 9EQ Tel.(01225) 447041

Georgia Clarke



- Letters -



Dear Editor,

I was pleased to read in the **Corstonian** Summer Issue of the persons responsible for the dropped kerbs that recently appeared at the entrance to the Convent.

Ah! What Bliss!

Thank you, Mr Miller, for such prompt action - and thank you, Mr Payne, for risking all to make a girl's dream come true.

Susan Charles

.....Great interest has been shown in the **Corstonian** at the Saltford Doctors' Surgery and Eunice (receptionist) has asked me to see if it is possible to let them have a copy each time.

Mary Rodger

Dear Editor

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Dear Editor,

At school most of us are taught some poetry off by heart - in many cases it was a chore, but some verses have stuck with us through life. Poems like "If" by Kipling and opening words with a stirring ring such as "I must go down to the sea again" by Masfield.

Perhaps we could have a section of the **Corstonian** devoted to people's favourite verse. It would be interesting to see the variety of feelings and interest in a beautiful part of our language - can I start with one of my favourite verses.

'Hiawatha's Wooing'

As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other.

I hope I have started something and verses will follow from other 'Corstonians'.

Jim Mansbridge

(I think you may well have started something, Jim. In fact it wouldn't surprise me if you haven't properly put the cat among the Mini Hahas! Ed.)

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Poets' Corner

As if by prior knowledge and to our delight, other poems arrived for publication in the **Corstonian**. Some were sent to me by Margaret Brown of whom I spoke in my Editorial. The first was **composed by** a resident of Kingsley House Residential Home, Oldfield Park, who once belonged to the Bath Writers Circle. She is now 92 years old. It is entitled "Dreams Catch Up".

The second is composed by a resident of St Teresa's Nursing Home, Corston and is called "December".

Dreams Catch Up

When I was young I had a dream
Just one dream all the time,
That I might create beauty
In picture or in rhyme;
Or maybe make grand music,
P'haps though a dancer be.
'Twas just a dream
Beyond the reach
Of ordinary me.

When growing up I had a dream,
A dream that seemed so fine
Of little home and children fair
To call just his and mine.
Not much to want from this big world,
But we can't reasons see.
The dream came near
Then went again
From ordinary me.

Now older grown, I do not dream
I really haven't time.
For dancing I have medals
In print my words in rhyme,
Anf things of greater value
Come unexpectedly.
So dreams perhaps
Catch up with folk
Like ordinary me.

Ella Rhyme

December

Rejoice again in the Christmas Rose,
The blue wood smoke and the trees' brown lace,
The Robin's song on the frosty air
And Shepherds and King in a lowly place.

F.T.

Well, if these ladies can manage it, surely others can. Why not send us your poetic efforts, past or present, or just verses that you have come to know and love and, if there is one, the story behind your choice?

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Beginners and Improvers
Corston Village Hall
Wednesdays 7.15 p.m.
Also friendly social Bridge :
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Centenary Congratulations !

Mrs Ethel May Barnes
Born 25th October, 1895

My mother, Mrs Ethel Barnes, was born 100 years ago on 25th October, 1895. A resident of Corston for well over sixty years, she was a Londoner by birth. Born in the borough of Acton where she lived until the age of 14, she moved with her parents to Dorset, her mother's home county and settled in the little village of Morecombelake, where her father became Landlord of "The Sun Inn" (now no more).

She often spoke of her early London days and the little sweets and tobacco shop that her parents kept in Acton; of the sad occasion of the death of Queen Victoria and how she watched the train pass through Acton Station bearing the coffin of the late Queen to her final resting place at Frogmore, near Windsor Park, Berkshire where she was buried by the side of her beloved Albert.

My mother married Mr Charles J. Barnes of Wanehouse Farm, Morecombelake, where she quickly became proficient at cheese and butter making as well as hand-milking the cows. With the onset of the 'slump' in the 1920's and a family of four children to support, it became necessary for my father to find work elsewhere as a Dairyman. We eventually moved to Corston when Mr Gillingham, from Wiltshire, took over Church Farm.

My mother was a founder member of the Corston W.I in 1935, a keen and active Old Time Sequence Dancer, an avid Whist player and a member of the Thursday club from its beginnings during the war. She is now the head of a family of five generations. She bore five children, three of whom survive and she has twelve grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren. We feel sure that hard work and contentment with her home and family have contributed to her long life.

My father died in January, 1955 and my mother continued to live at 'Homestead', Corston, until a year ago when ill health necessitated her move to "Sunnymead Nursing Home" at Keynsham. She looks forward to receiving a telegram from the Queen when the big day comes - 25th October, 1995.

Muriel Kerr

I thought it appropriate here to reproduce a piece of prose that I came across in a hotel in Beer, Devon, this summer. It was entitled:

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life;
It is a state of mind....
It is the freshness of the deep springs of life.
Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years;
People grow old by deserting their ideals....
Whether sixty or sixteen
Every human being may experience wonder....
The undaunted challenge of events,
The unflagging, childlike appetite for the future,
The joy in living.

For you are as young as your faith,
As old as your doubt.
As young as your self-confidence,
As old as your despair.
As long as your heart receives messages
Of beauty, hope, cheer, courage
And power from your God and from your
fellow men,
You are young.

Anon



T.M.

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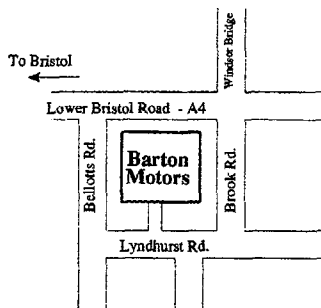
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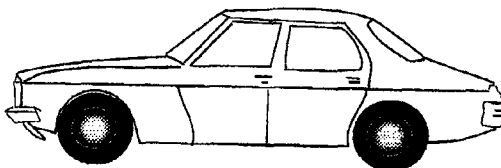
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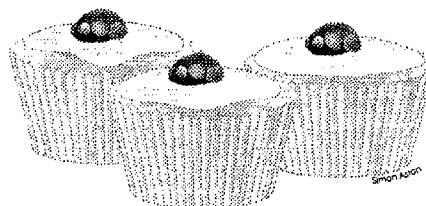
I am delighted to have been asked to start off this cookery section and I hope you will enjoy making this cake. My recipe is based on one from my first serious cook-book. Over the years I have amended the ingredients to make what I think is an excellent cake. Always welcome whatever the time of year.

Ingredients:

6 oz butter
6 oz muscavado sugar
8 oz plain flour
1 ½ tsps. baking powder
3 large eggs
2 tablespoons brandy
2 oz candied peel
6 oz sultanas
5 oz currants
5 oz raisins
2 oz flaked almonds
2 oz glace cherries (quartered)
2 teaspoons mixed spice
Grated rind of one lemon and one orange
Blanched almonds (whole)
and glace cherries (halved) to decorate.

Preparation:

Pre-heat the oven to Gas Mark 2, 300F (150C).
Grease and line with greaseproof paper an 8 inch round tin.



Method :

Place all the fruits, nuts, rind and peel in a bowl with the brandy.

Stir well and cover tightly.

Leave in a cool place for a few hours or preferably overnight.

Put the butter and sugar into a mixing bowl and beat until soft and light.

Whisk the eggs together (reserving a little white for the glaze) and beat them a little at a time into the butter and sugar.

Fold in the sieved flour, baking powder and mixed spice followed by the fruits etc., which have been soaking. This should give you a mixture that is moist and of a soft, dropping consistency.

Spoon the mixture into a prepared tin and smooth the top evenly.

Decorate with the whole almonds and half glace cherries.

Whisk the reserved egg white and lightly brush the almonds and cherries to glaze.

Place the cake in the centre of a pre-heated oven and bake for one hour at Gas mark 2, 300F (150C) reducing the temperature to gas mark 1, 275F (140C) for a further hour or until the cake is firm to the touch.

When cool, splash a table spoon full of brandy over the cake, wrap it in aluminium foil; and place in an airtight container.

Keep for a few days before cutting - it will be worth waiting for!

If you have a favourite recipe or cookery tip, why not send it in and share it with us all?

Mary Rodger

Eating Out

Readers who indulge in the occasional meal out will be interested to learn of fascinating happenings at The Globe at Newton St Loe.

From Sunday, 22nd October, the Restaurant of the Globe will close for a complete refurbishment. The operation will take approximately four to five weeks but, during the whole of that period the bars will be unaffected and, although the kitchen will be partially closed down, a wide range of bar food will be available and the snack bar will be upgraded to provide many of the grills at present on offer in the restaurant.

The refurbished restaurant will be designed in the style of a Country House. Diners will find themselves ensconced in the Drawing Room, the Library or even the Kitchen or the Stable. There will be new furniture and equipment and, during the closure, staff will be sent for retraining in order to achieve an upgrading in the quality of the food and the waitress service. The addition of a Carvery, to be used mainly on Sundays and over the Christmas period, will further enhance the new restaurant.

Additionally, some cosmetic changes will include new bar furniture, improved lighting in the car park and some re-signing on the exterior of the building. The toilets will be refurbished and baby-changing facilities will be added.

The 'Globe' has already been awarded a 'Children's Certificate' which establishes it as a place fit for children under fourteen years until nine o'clock in the evening, while, of course, children have always been permitted in the Restaurant.

Meanwhile, a little further down the road at Hallatrow, plans are afoot to add to the already existing state of eccentricity at the "Old Station". Once given the blessing of Wansdyke's Planning Committee, licensee Miles Davies intends to install a converted railway carriage in the garden of his pub to be used as an a-la-carte restaurant, with a bar and seating for thirty diners, for wedding receptions or as a conference centre.

With the help of volunteers the 62ft long coach will be refurbished in the Burgundy and Gold of the "Flying Scotsman" and, given the necessary permission, it is hoped to have it installed and ready for use by February of next year.

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Deadline for New Year Issue - 15th December 1995

(contact Gary Breckon or Terry Miller)

"Thank You!"

Doug Jones for getting the Neighbourhood Watch signs from Morgans after several unsuccessful journeys.

David Butler, Hugh Thompson, Jim Mansbridge and Jim Radway for providing the money for them and **Gary Breckon** for putting them up around the village.

Reg Pearce for watering the beautiful Petunias in the alcove of the Old Court House wall.

Mary Taylor from Joyce Pearce. A very big 'Thank you', this one, from Joyce and the other dozen or so ladies who are royally entertained for coffee at 'Little Bob' every Tuesday morning. "She is absolutely wonderful" Joyce told me. "There are always cakes and biscuits and, whenever it's anyone's birthday, there's always a bottle of wine." Tuesday 12th of September marked the 4th Anniversary of this delightful activity and, I am told, there was a table fit for royalty!

Elizabeth McMartin and Martin Seymour who have lovingly tended the 'Hanging Tree' green for several years now and **Mary Kinnaird** for planting and replanting the tubs at the entrance to the Village Hall as Jim used to do.

Mabel Davies and everybody else who kept a keen eye out for Dave and Brenda Freeguard's cat. It was all very exciting when Mabel spotted a cat in the churchyard, alerted the Freeguards and, after a little chase round, the cat was caught. It appeared much thinner than when it had gone missing three weeks previously so Dave and Brenda took it to the vet for a check-up and, after forking out twenty-six pounds, returned home delighted that their pet was none the worse. (They had pointed out during the visit that two odd patches of white fur had appeared where there was none before but the vet had assured them that this was probably caused by the great stress the cat had endured during its absence.) To reduce the chances of the same thing happening again they wisely put an identity disk on the cat's collar. They kept it indoors for almost two weeks then, on a Saturday morning, they let it out. Almost immediately the telephone rang and a puzzled and somewhat cross voice complained "My cat's been missing for nearly a fortnight and, now it's come home, it's got your name tag on it."

I understand that a rather long and complicated explanation was, ultimately, graciously accepted but, sadly, the end result is that Dave and Brenda Freeguard's cat is still AWOL! If you have taken pity on a 'stray' black cat recently, or if you think you have spotted one, perhaps you would give them a ring on 873759.

Everyone who contributed to the cost, construction and siting of a park seat in memory of her late husband, Brian, from Gwen Dunning. A large number of his friends donated money but, sadly, great is the cost of such an exercise and the amount raised fell short. Not to be outdone, one, skilled in ironwork, made the frame; another, a carpenter, made the bench and on it beautifully carved Brian's name and dates; another supplied the paving stones and a number of village men made sure that it was firmly and permanently put in place on the grass verge just below "Brookside". Gwen, has asked me to pass on her sincere thanks to all those concerned.

Terry Miller

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In Memoriam

DANNY BAILEY
1926 - 1995

Along with many more people than the Chapel of the Crematorium at Whiteways could seat, I went to pay my last respects to Danny Bailey. I can do no better here than to reproduce the address which was given by the Rector, Richard Hall, during the Service:

Danny was born in the Rhonda Valley sixty-nine years ago. One of a large family, Danny vowed he would never work down the coal mines. (It was the mines that took the life of his father when he was only eighteen months old.) Nevertheless, for a time, he was reluctantly obliged to do so. Upon the birth of their eldest son, however, Danny and Sylvia moved to Corston where they were to have one other son and a daughter. Once here Danny worked mainly for the Bristol and Bath Bus Company before, in his latter years, he took a job as a porter at the Royal United Hospital.

Danny was always a keen sportsman, playing football before managing the old Corston Football Club. He loved watching his sons play and run and, of course, Valerie, being the youngest, was the apple of his eye.

Danny was very much a family man. When he finished working early because of ill-health, he spent his time with Sylvia and the family, taking great delight in his six grandchildren and they took delight in him. He was a keen gardener and, in his younger days a good musician, playing, as he did, in a brass band.

Danny and Sylvia enjoyed many happy holidays abroad, especially in Italy and Spain, but they also returned many times to "home" in South Wales. Of course, over the years, Danny saw many changes but, having experienced the heartaches, he, for one, never regretted the closure of the pits.

So Danny, the family man, the hard working, generous and loving husband, father and grandfather, will be missed by many."

T.M.

N.B. Information for New Year Issue in by
- 15th December 1995
(contact Gary Breckon or Terry Miller)

Around the Clubs and Societies

Corston Social Club has been in operation now for nearly six months and it was unanimously agreed by members that our September meeting should take the form of an afternoon trip out. Berkeley Castle was decided upon and so, with a one o'clock departure on Tuesday, 12th September, our members, plus some very welcome visitors, set off. It was a very pleasant afternoon and, for the first hour, some of us paid a visit to the 'Butterfly House'. This was most interesting, there being some very exotic butterflies and lovely plants and flowers.

The Church was another must, being so unusual in that the Tower is quite separate from the Church itself. Then came a guided tour of the Castle which is lived in by the Berkeley family. This was quite an adventure. We saw the Dungeon and heard all about the murky past and cruel 'goings on'. The furniture, tapestries, china and so much more was well worth viewing and, at the end, after toiling up and down many stairs, we were all ready for a welcome cup of tea in the comfortable tea-room nearby.

We had time to take a quick walk round the gardens, which were really splendid. We could have done with more time but, alas, it was time to take the coach home.

Unfortunately, only a few had time to visit the famous Jenner Museum. Perhaps, for the rest of us, another time.

Seven o'clock saw us safely back in Corston after a most enjoyable afternoon. A special "Thank you" to Mr Terry Miller and Mrs Andrea Oldfield who organised the outing for us.

Muriel Kerr

All Saints Church - some dates:

October 29th: 6.30 p.m. "Songs of Praise" with Bishop Tim Dudley-Smith.
"The Church Year in Hymns".

November 4th: 10.30 - 12 noon Village Market in the Hall.

December 2nd: 10.30 - 2 p.m. Christmas Market. As in previous years, light lunches will be served.

December 10th: 6.30 p.m. Advent Carol Service.

December 17th: 11.15 a.m. Christmas Family Service.

December 24th: 11.15 p.m. Midnight Communion

December 25th: 10.30 a.m. Family Service for Christmas Day.

December 31st: 9.30 a.m. United Service for all three villages in the benefice, with carols.

We hope to arrange an evening of informal carol-singing in church, which has been so enjoyable in past years. Please see the December Parish Magazine or Church notice board for further details.
(N.B. No Village Market in January)

Margaret de Jong

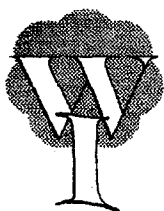
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Women's Institute. Don't forget your W.I. in Corston. We have a strong, vigorous unit and join in many meetings, etc. throughout Avon, covering a wide variety of subjects. Would you like to join us for a Ghost Walk in October. Anyone interested can get in touch with me, the Secretary, on (01225 425441)

Why not come along to the meetings -

2nd Tuesday of each month in the Village Hall at 7.30 p.m.

See you there!

Cynthia Williams

The Playing Field Committee organised the Village Fete on Saturday, 12th August, with their usual efficiency and expertise. The result was a fabulous day out for the village and hundreds of visitors. It was extremely successful financially, netting a huge profit of over nine hundred pounds; the best ever. The Chairman, John Brownrigg, expresses his sincere thanks to Beryl Miles, Angie Carter and Cath Wynne by whose enormous efforts the event was made possible. They, in turn, have asked me to thank the great help they received from many others, too numerous to mention here, with an extra special "Thank you" to Jane Brownrigg. The Youth Club is still going strong and is happy to welcome new members between the ages of nine and sixteen. With the return to action of Kevin Ashman, now that he is recovering from his terrible knee injury and the promise of an additional Club Leader in Collin Williams from Goold Close, things are looking rosy. There is a Ten Pin Bowling trip being arranged - look out for the date and don't miss it. The Club meets every other Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. in the Village Hall.

The Thursday Club maintains an attendance of 15 to 20 members and can usually be assured of four tables of whist. It meets on the 1st Thursday afternoon of each month in the Village Hall and warmly welcome new members.

Corston Olde Tyme Dance Club looks forward to its Skittles Evening trip at the end of October/early November and the magnificent Christmas Party it holds every year. While it has excellent attendances at its dances of thirty-five to forty every Monday and up to fifty when it meets on the 3rd Saturday of each month, it still welcomes new members. Interested? Then give Mr. & Mrs. Kerr a ring on (01225) 873584.



The Men's Club is the place if you fancy a game of billiards or snooker. There is a full-size table in excellent condition and the cost is minimal. Ring Dean Miles on (01225) 873947.

The Sunday Club enjoyed an excellent turn out on the first day of the Autumn Term (10th September) when more than 20 young children attended. Soon will begin preparations for the part they will play in the joy of Christmas which will include a visit to the residents of St Teresa's Nursing Home on 21st December.

Think On This

Julie Miller is a teacher at St George School, Bristol, where are sent almost all the young refugees of Secondary School age from war-torn regions of the world. They arrive in this country traumatised, timorous and untrusting of anyone in authority. Some of them have seen their parents killed, some are themselves wounded. A few have some spoken English, most have none and many are illiterate in their own language.

Julie's job is to welcome these bewildered, though proud children, ease their fears and, although she has no knowledge of their language, teach them to read, write and speak in English so that they are able to take a full part in the life of the school.

Said (pronounced Saeed) was born into a Somali family with twelve brothers and sisters. Only now, at fourteen and-a-half, has he mastered enough English to tell his story. Only now has he been able to find the words and, equally importantly, to find people that he can trust enough to tell them to. I was recently privileged to read Said's story. I here share it with you:

Said's Story

"When a child is five", Said says, "you must leave the shelter and sleep outside. It was real scary to sleep outside away from mother and with the animals and keep them safe.

"When I was three years old people were afraid of the soldiers. My older brother was fighting in another group so my dad and brother were fighting each other. My mother was on the same side as my dad.

"We ran away from the trouble. My father killed four people and took their guns. My little sister died of starvation and one of my older brothers died of an illness.

"Now there were ten children. I was three years old and too small to walk fast. They wanted to leave me behind but I kept up with them for many miles until my mother became very ill.

"I stayed in the jungle trees with my mother. We were alone but my mother is clever at finding good things to eat in the earth without cooking them.

"When we all found each other again I was bigger and I went to live with my sister in a big town. My sister told me to go to school but I didn't go. Then she found me a little job when I

was seven years old. I was a guide for French tourists. Some Americans and British too. I showed them the jungle and the animal life and they gave me money. That was when I learned a little bit of English. Then I got a different job as a shoe-shine boy and so I had a little bit of money.

"When that job finished I stole a great deal of money from a house. I spent the money on food but, because I bought a pen, my sister knew that I had been bad. I was running wild. A very wild person. I did everything bad until my legs were badly injured. I was working with soldiers who gave me bullets to empty. I had to break them open and get the gunpowder out then I would make a long path of gunpowder to a grass hut. People would run inside their homes when they saw the soldiers. The soldiers lit the end of the gunpowder path and the homes would catch light.

"The soldiers would shout 'Come out and dance' and they made the women wear uniforms that were too long for them and dance around. Everybody would laugh. There was much fear.

"The fighting went on in Somalia. All the time, until I was nearly thirteen, I was living wild. Doing different jobs with tourists. I was completely free. I pleased myself. Sometimes I had food - sometimes I had no food. I slept at

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night with my sister who would go to another town to buy guns for our soldiers. She was caught by my uncle who was a soldier on the other side.

"My uncle would kill anyone. He was always the boss. Usually they kill people who carry guns but, because she was a young woman, they shot her in both hands. Now she cannot climb a ladder because she cannot hold on. She can hardly hold a book or a newspaper or a cup of tea. Her hands are curled up.

"My sister tried to care for me but sometimes I stole things. I went into an empty house and I stole two hundred pounds from a top shelf of a cupboard. My sister did not want me to steal but because I bought a pen as well as food she found out. She did not see the food because I ate it, but she saw the pen and she was very very angry.

"There are many young children now in Somalia who are not looked after by a family. The war has caused many deaths and it is hard for families to stay together. Many children die.

"My mother sent another sister to find me. I was working with animals. I know about camels. Male camels go wild if they eat too much of the long grass. They have to have their legs tied together because they are so angry. They hiss and bite and they are very big animals. My father was bitten on the shoulder. It was a bad hurt and it took a long time to get better.

"My other sister found me working with animals and running wild. I ran and jumped everywhere. I tore my leg open jumping on a car. It never really got better. My leg is still bad. Today I showed Mrs Miller my left leg and she is nearly crying. Her eyes were full of water.

"My family said I must go to England and live with my sister in Bristol. They said I would die if I stayed in Somalia. I had no papers but my dead sister had papers so I was dressed as a girl. My head was covered. I had lipstick on the mouth and two apples in my dress to look like a girl. Part of my name is Habib. They made the name Habiba and I made the officers in Ethiopia think I was a girl. I got on the plane at Adis Ababa and I came to England as a girl.

"My sister had to explain in England that I was a boy. The documents were changed. I had to go to the girls' toilet at London Airport. That was very bad for me but now it is sorted.

"I am at this school now and I am learning fast. Many people are kind but I would like to see my mother again.

"I will go to college. I will learn many things. When I am a man I will see my mother again."

T.M.

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