

# BENDLOWE'S BUGLE

JUNE 2021



**SOMETHING POSITIVE EMERGES FROM 2020/2021**

**SHALFORD'S VERY OWN PETANQUE TERRAIN**

**LOCATED AT OUR PICTURESQUE**

**VILLAGE HALL**



Bendlowe's Bugle is dedicated to all who have suffered due to challenging times caused by COVID-19 especially loved ones, friends and neighbours.





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## **AN EARLY 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY CHILDHOOD**

### **Arthur Bright's recollections of an early 20<sup>th</sup> Century Childhood as told to Margaret Sparks and edited by Bill Askew.**

#### **Childhood Jobs**

Arthur recalled himself and David Root being employed by the Rev. Law to weed the garden of the vicarage at one penny per hour. During one school holiday Arthur and his brother Hubert worked for three weeks at Abbots Hall weeding the cobblestones for two old pennies per hour, double the rate he had received from the Rev Law. On the way home they would call at Killhogs Farm to collect milk for their neighbours, they had taken their milk cans with them for this purpose.

“Up at Hubbards we would go treading chaff. They would put salt on the chaff and we would go round and round treading it down. They would feed it to the cattle. After the threshing machine had been through the farmers would use chaff in this way. I also used to work at Tanners as a boy and we had two ponies and carts to take the building materials around. At this time Harry Grubb used to be the coachman at Abbots Hall and lived in the lodge house.”

“After I left school, I took a full-time job at Tanners. Mr Bridge Tanner used to go to market every Wednesday and I would have to stop at the yard to take the pony out of the trap on his return. He would always be in an amicable mood, having rounded off his day in one of the Braintree hostelries. I remember one day Mrs Tanner wanted to go to Wethersfield and I had the job of driving her and her son Eric there. Eric helped me put the pony into the shafts of the trap. When we got to Sandhills we met a steam wagon and the pony reared up and shot the lot of us out onto the road, then bolted off turning the trap over in the process. I got into a terrible row over that.”

#### **The Clothing Club**

“My mother used to pay into a clothing club run by the Rev. Law and every year after harvest she would take us children to Braintree to buy new outfits”.

#### **Our Cottage Home**

“Our home used to be one of the old cottages which used to stand to the west of the present-day Church End Shop, it had brick floors which mum would sprinkle with sawdust to keep them clean. Later on, we used cocoa nut matting. Cooking was done over an open fire with all the old iron saucepans. We drew our water from a well in one of the cottage gardens, everyone used well water in those days. I can remember

the well outside Killhogs farm cottages in Water Lane where you had to go down steps to get the water.”

## **Homemade Toys**

“When I was a child ingenious homemade toys were common, whistles made from young willow limbs, pea shooters made from the hollow stemmed elder and pop guns fashioned from the same wood with the addition of a bit of old clock spring, hoops trundled along with a stick and spinning tops lashed with a whip to keep them going on a flat surface. A really loud bang could be produced by an arrangement of a small hollow tube, a blunted nail, a piece of string and two matchheads.”

## **The Cat’s Whisker Radio**

“One year I was given a fretwork outfit for Christmas and I spent many evenings in the Winter making various things from plywood I had carefully removed from old tea chests. At one stage, having seen instructions published in a handicraft magazine, I succeeded in building a crystal wireless set, it took a lot of pocket money. I bought the parts from a shop in Braintree bit by bit until I had the set completed. I still have the “cat’s whisker” and crystal in my garden shed. The set would pick up radio signals from a 75 feet long aerial slung between the house and a pole in the garden. It served as our only radio for several years, four people could listen in if the earpieces were split. Eventually, it was replaced by a valve set bought by my brother Hubert, complete with a loudspeaker which hung on the wall. It was powered by a high-tension dry battery and a six-volt accumulator (wet battery). Every week the accumulator was collected in a van by Gibsons Garage in Hedingham where it was re-charged before being returned.”

## **Pocket Money**

“Pocket money had to be earned, and Saturday mornings were spent cleaning cutlery on an emery board and polishing my brothers’ shoes for 1 old penny per pair. During the week, each morning before school, I worked at the small chicken farm next to our home, scraping the droppings from the trays underneath the perches in the chicken houses and every evening after school I would collect and pack eggs, all for the princely sum of 2 shillings and sixpence a week, twelve and a half pence in modern currency.”

## **The Church Choir**

“Membership of the Church choir and being a bell ringer from the age of ten meant attending practice nights for both, it also meant that if our services were needed for

weddings or funerals, we were paid a small amount. I think I was about twelve when I was first allowed to take part in the tradition of ringing in the new year, an eerie experience, a dark Church, half a dozen or so ringers talking softly and the occasional creak from a beam. After fifteen minutes of change ringing, at one minute to midnight – silence.... and all but two ringers troop outside, leaving one to toll the tenor bell and one to count the twelve strokes, to strike more or less would mean red faces! Then after exchanging “happy new year” and handshakes all round, another fifteen minutes of ringing before retiring to a ringer’s house for drinks and then home to bed.”

### **The First Shalford Telephone Exchange**

“Between our council houses and the hill leading down into the village stands a row of houses known as Hill Farm Cottages and in one of these lived Miss Emily Owers who sold sweets and who dispensed the first ice cream to be sold in the village, cornets for 1 old penny and wafers 2 old pennies. When the telephone arrived in the village, Emily was trained to operate the manual exchange which was installed in her cottage. She was on duty 24 hours a day, sleeping beside the switchboard which serviced no more than a dozen lines in the beginning. Connections were made by pushing one pinned plug into sockets and winding the handle to ring the bell of the subscriber being called, sometimes when we were in the shop buying sweets we would be allowed to do this! A handset for the use of the public was available in the same room. When the second six council houses were built, Emily and the exchange moved to No. 12 and the public were then able to make calls from the privacy of a telephone box sited in Emily’s front garden. Eventually, of course, the number of people owning telephones in the village outgrew Emily and her tiny exchange”.

### **Old Shalford**

“There was a brewery at Sheering which would deliver beer to local pubs with a horse drawn brewers dray, a sort of cart. John Choate who lived at what is now called Brook Cottage used to work there, perhaps that is how he got the nickname “happy John”.

Arthur entered the first Shalford Horticultural show held on July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1946 and went on to win many prizes in subsequent shows. Like many villagers in those days, he was a superb gardener and took great pride in producing prize winning exhibits at the shows and supplying the family kitchen with vegetables for most of the year.

*Those were the days!*

# FOUNDING OF THE SHALFORD LOCAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

BY: MARGARET SPARKS



Alice has asked me to write about the founding of the Shalford Local History Association and I am pleased to do so.

When we bought our Shalford cottage in 1969 it was the fulfilment of a dream as well as a spur to my interest in local history. A Tudor building of about 1570 it evoked so many questions, who once lived there the most tantalizing. Who had sat where holes in the beams at knee height proclaimed the existence of a bench? Life and death had surely been ushered in via the twisting staircase, but by whom? A visit to the Essex Record Office seemed to beckon, so off I went to consult their holdings resulting, amongst other treasures, my introduction to the 1603 map of Shalford, a copy of which hangs in the village hall. A fascinating document, it shows field names, occupants, and other gems but I felt index was called for in order that the map could be useful to researchers. So, I set to work to make an index which is in our archives. The original map (the last I heard), is rather fragile and may not be available to study. It is intriguing to see a field named as “le hose” on the map is still there in the shape of a sock today as are many field names still in use.

The cottage had been empty when we bought it, the last occupant a Mrs. Cowell who had gone to live with her daughter in the village. I resolved to visit her. Although her knowledge of cottage history was sparse, she was happy to talk about more recent Shalford history, showing me many photos of the school, community events and the like. I believe her granddaughter still lives in the village.

Mrs. Cowell had given me ideas in that conducting interviews with the older inhabitants of Shalford might be productive. So off I went on my bicycle ready to knock on the doors of people I had never met and a little nervous about it! But there was no need to worry for after their initial surprise, I was warmly received albeit with astonishment when I asked if they had any photos of the old days. The response usually was, “oh you surely don’t want these old things”. But I did! So, a folder of

Shalford memories was built up. I involved the ERO in my scheme whereby I sent them the old photos to copy, they did so, making a copy for me and retaining one for their files, and I returned the original to the owner. The result is six albums of photos together with the index I made, copies of which are at the ERO. These have always produced much interest when shown at local events, as do our collection of Shalford mementos.

A kindly headmistress of the village school allowed me a desk and access to the school log books each week while the children went for a swim. I duly recorded the main details in each of the five books covering the period 1880, or thereabouts, to the 1940s and sent a copy to the ERO.



About this time (sometime in the 1970s), after working on my own, I was privileged to meet Brian and Iris Beard. Brian died a few years ago but Iris lives in a care home at Halstead. This couple became dear friends and were well thought of in the village. With our mutual interest in Shalford history we decided to form a group to record as much as possible and thus SLHA was born. The first members included Dorothy

Gardner, Anne Hamilton, Brian and Iris Beard, myself, and one or two whose names escape me now as they dropped out of the group later. I believe Molly Wright was a founder member too.

Our intention was to research at the ERO in order to build up a picture of Shalford over time. Dorothy discussed some of this material in her fascinating book about the village. When the ERO asked for volunteers to help index the 1851 census for Shalford, I was happy to oblige.

And the future? We are moving with the times and going digital! We “The Society” continue to thrive and new members are welcome I would like to see the Society introducing a project covering the subject of “Shalford today”, a type of time capsule, which I feel would be of interest to a future generation, but this has not been fully discussed by our members. It would mean total community involvement of course.

Perhaps readers have other ideas?

*P.S. eventually I have been able to name occupants or owners of my cottage from 1603 to the present day.*



..... IN PLEASANT PLACES (iv)

**BY: HILARY PENNEY**

Stroud in Gloucestershire was recently named by the Sunday Times as the best place to live in the UK! - but we arrived there, in 1980, almost by accident.

Throughout the 1970s Stewart and I lived in London as did some long-standing friends, I'll call them Jon and Mary. In 1980, coincidentally, Stewart's job relocated to Tewkesbury and Jon was about to take up a new post in Bristol. Why don't we buy a house together, large enough to accommodate the two families, we reasoned? They had two young children, a boy and a girl, of the same ages as our two; we would save on mortgage payments, rates, running costs and childcare. So, we stuck a pin in the map and started house-hunting along the Severn valley roughly equidistant from Tewkesbury and Bristol. After many false leads and dashed hopes, we came across "Woodlands", as it then was called, a majestic Georgian house (I've mentioned before that I have a weakness for Georgian houses!) on the north slope of the Slad Valley, about a mile from the centre of Stroud. It was currently being run as



a small, bijou restaurant by a husband-and-wife team and it was perfect for our needs. Being Georgian, it was symmetrically laid out with four reception rooms, six large bedrooms and two bathrooms, with various other smaller spaces here and there, eminently suitable for

a (virtual) division between the two families. There was over an acre of terraced gardens, a small wood and a coach-house. We all moved in mid-November 1980. We bought some of the in-situ furniture from the owners to help fill some of the echoing spaces and Mary began sewing curtains for the tall, shuttered windows. Then – consternation! In early December Jon was abruptly seconded to California for a year, with instant effect, and within a month of moving in, our friends were gone and the Penneys were left to their own devices.

"Woodlands" was an interesting house; at first, we thought that it had been built as a dower house for the next-door property but later research revealed that it was likely built in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century for a local mill-owner. Whatever its origins it proved to

be a magnificent family home for us all once we had come to terms with the dimensions and the lack of central heating. Jon, Mary and the children duly returned after a year, by which time our third child and younger son had been born and we had acquired, as lodgers, a succession of trainee nursery nurses from the local college, very handy with five children in the house! The kids had a whale of a time making dens, climbing trees (and falling out of them) and covertly exploring the coach house, a verboten exercise as it was structurally unsound. We installed central heating so we no longer had to warm up the pyjamas in the lower oven of the Aga ..... and we discovered the hidden costs of keeping up a listed building!

Stroud is technically in the Cotswolds but it is not “posh” Cotswold. The town lies in the dip where five valleys, each with its own small river, meet and in consequence there are very few streets that are not on a gradient, sometimes considerable! In earlier centuries each of these rivers powered several woollen mills along its length and so Stroud was a working-class town with no pretensions to glamour. The surrounding hill-top villages were, by contrast extremely desirable indeed and much favoured by members of the royal family. Our nearest village, Slad, was the home of author and poet Laurie Lee and as a result also firmly on the tourist map.



In 1980 Stroud was still a country market town, faintly Dickensian in character, and a bit quirky with many independent and family-owned businesses. A few woollen mills were still in operation. The Subscription Rooms, dating from 1834, was the hub of all cultural activities including concerts given by the Stroud Choral Society which was also founded in 1834 (it claims to be almost the oldest choral society in England, second only to the Halifax Choral Society). The town had two excellent grammar schools, a Leisure Centre with outdoor and indoor swimming pools, easy access to Gloucester and Cheltenham, glorious countryside on the doorstep and a through rail link to Paddington. In short, it was the perfect spot to bring up a family. However, as is always the case, Stroud has altered in subtle ways over the years. It was a

magnet for people who enjoyed an “alternative” lifestyle and the valleys were home to numerous writers and artists, as well as self-sufficiency enthusiasts before such simple living became fashionable. Only one woollen mill now remains, producing the scarlet fabric for Guards’ uniforms, green baize for snooker tables and the yellow covering for tennis balls. Nowadays the Stroud Farmers’ Market is reckoned to be one of the first and best in the country and attracts literally thousands of visitors every Saturday but most of the small family businesses have gone. And, thanks to the fast rail connection to London there has been an influx of second-home-owners and city-escapees. In short, Stroud has become “cool”!

However, back to “Woodlands”; we all lived on in that lovely house until late 1987, by which time Stewart’s father had died and his mother, living alone in Kent, was finding life increasingly difficult. Would she consider moving to Stroud? She would, but there was a major hitch; we could not accommodate her independently at “Woodlands”. So, reluctantly, we decided to sell up and relocate ourselves. Jon and Mary found a suitable house on the other side of Stroud and we came upon a large building plot with enough space for a family house and a granny-annexe in a new cul-de-sac just a few hundred yards away further up the hill. We hired a van and moved ourselves in July 1988, with many regrets for the loss of a well-loved and characterful home. Grandma P duly moved in and we all settled down to life in modern surroundings. It was something of a shock to find ourselves in a “normal” house! The noise from upstairs - (in “Woodlands” the children had been corralled in the second-floor bedrooms) - and the comparatively small outside space took some getting used to.

But we adjusted of course and life went on as normal until 2018 when Stewart and I found ourselves living in a too-big house in the West Country while all our children and grandchildren were located in the eastern half of England. (Though it says something for the appeal of Stroud that, of the nine houses built in that cul-de-sac, five are still lived in by the original owners and the other four have changed hands only once). We decided to move east while we still had the energy to do it, and spent a year trying to reduce the accumulated clutter of 30 years, not very well, and bidding lengthy farewells to our friends and neighbours. Where to move to? Well, we had visited Shalford a few times already as our son and his family were settled there, and we liked it so it seemed like a good bet. And it was. We found our house and moved here, cats as well, in late 2018 – and, as you know, Shalford is a very Pleasant Place indeed! *We are happy to be here!*

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**BENDLOWE BUGLE’S STATISTICS - A CREDIT TO EVERYONE WHO TOOK PART**

61 people contributed to the Bugle submitting 245 articles/poems/puzzles/photos etc. One copy of all the Bugles from May 2020 to June 2021 would total 391 pages – this is how it exploded - May 1 (page), June 3, July 7, Aug 7, Sept 13, Oct 22, Nov 22, Dec 34, Jan 36, Feb 44, March 36, April 46, May 56, June 64 - totalling 391 pages. All issues of the Bugle can be read/downloaded from [www.Bendlowe.co.uk](http://www.Bendlowe.co.uk) or Shalford Website.

## EXPEDITIONS

BY: DIDI CROOK

So young we were  
two children garden-playing  
Steep rockeries were mountains,  
the bamboo patch a jungle,  
the lion-like tabby cat  
skulked through bushes,  
We, hiding from hunter-parents

Later, walking through thick and thin  
across the moorland  
naming prehistoric monsters  
seen in each gorse bush.

In the domains  
of dark clustered fir trees  
we knew the witches living there,  
listening to day-time hoots of the owl

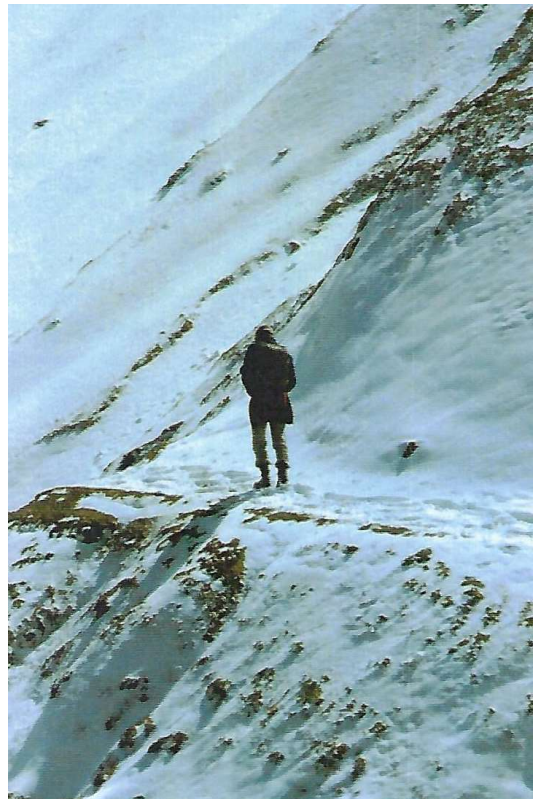
Following the grey stallion  
we watched wild horses  
and crept through leaves  
to find the woodcock.

Fighting mud and brambles  
we forged a path  
beside a running stream  
to reach our "Happy Glade"  
of open grass  
to find the Curlew in the marsh.

On and up, now sandy tracks  
to the single pine on top of the hill  
where we would sit  
dreaming of Tierra del Fuego,  
tell each other stories of how,  
when grown,  
we would make expeditions together.

Later, time passed, lives separated  
following different paths.  
One day he came  
"Get fit", he said  
"Come on an expedition".  
And so it was, like dreams come true –  
many years of journeyings:  
Himalayas, Tibet, Nepal, India  
Tierra del Fuego, Antarctica  
Seas and sunlight of Polynesia,  
Easter Island and  
Misty vistas of the Hebrides.

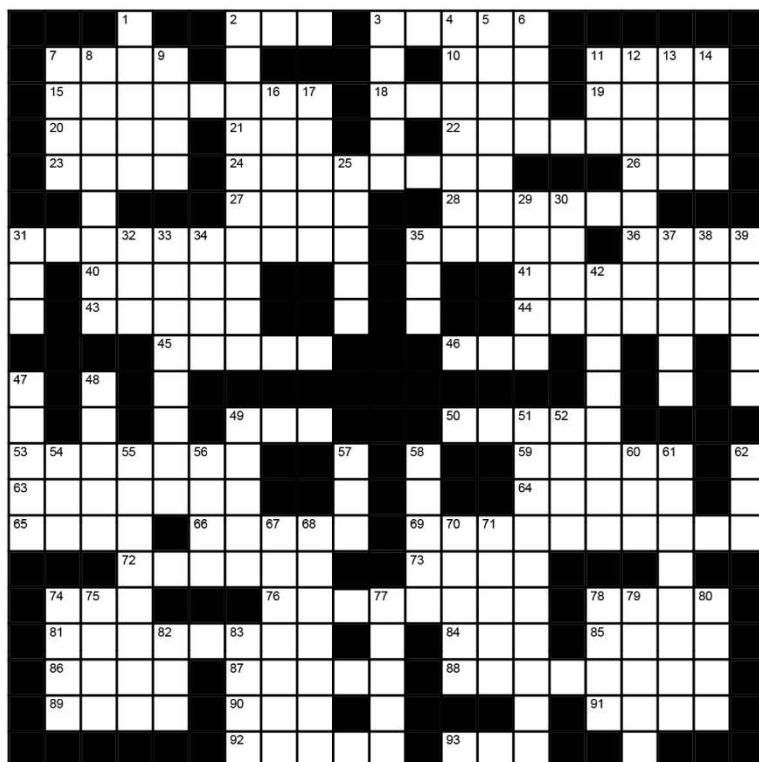
And now, in age,  
a special memory in snow –  
the top of a mountain pass –  
my brother waiting for me,  
smiling, arms outstretched



# CROSSWORD

BY: ROBERT BURROWS

## Bendlowe 11



### Across

- 2 An age (3)
- 3 Isolated hill (5)
- 7 Sound rebound (4)
- 10 Become unwell (3)
- 11 Newspaper page (2-2)
- 15 Mediterranean annual plant (8)
- 18 School study times (5)
- 19 New Zealand evergreen shrub (4)
- 20 Carbamide (4)
- 21 Hopeful arrival time (3)
- 22 Ghostly (8)
- 23 Noble woman (4)
- 24 Madness (8)
- 26 Without exception (3)
- 27 Greek goddess of the rainbow (4)
- 28 Ultimate, absolute (3-3)
- 31 Porridge like dish (10)
- 35 Terse (5)
- 36 Plunder (4)
- 40 Hawaiian porch (5)
- 41 Partial paralysis (7)
- 43 Slang for typist (5)
- 44 Expression of gaiety (3-2-2)
- 45 Tall and thin (5)
- 46 (Abev) Speed (3)
- 49 Flow out (3)
- 50 Seat (5)
- 53 Parish festival (7)
- 59 Ear passage (5)
- 63 Defiant expression (2,5)

- 64 Swiss mountain singing (5)

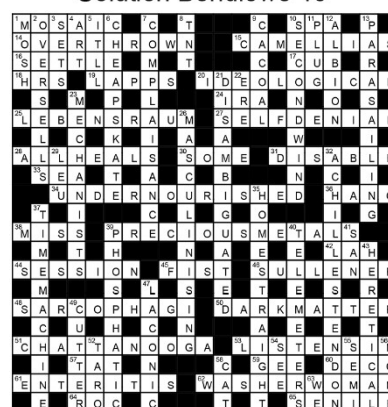
- 65 Sword (4)
- 66 Likeness (5)
- 69 Tall silk hat (7,3)
- 72 Hidden thing (6)
- 73 Damage (4)
- 74 Minnesota city (3)
- 76 Shoe protector (8)
- 78 Quick abbreviation (4)
- 81 Male pride (8)
- 84 Insect (3)
- 85 West Indies island (4)
- 86 Turkish leader (4)
- 87 Choice food delicacy (5)
- 88 Sucked out (8)
- 89 Refusals (4)
- 90 In or of the month (3)
- 91 Consumes (4)
- 92 People who change colours (5)
- 93 Curved shape (3)

### Down

- 1 Fragment (5)
- 2 Journey for a purpose (10)
- 3 Conductor's equipment (5)
- 4 Nocturnal primate (7)
- 5 Kettledrums (7)
- 6 In addition to (4)
- 7 Jewish month (4)
- 8 Coarse haired sheep (8)
- 9 Satisfactory (4)

- 11 Choose (3)
- 12 Everywhere equidistant (8)
- 13 And others (2,2)
- 14 Small valley (4)
- 16 Plural of female organ (5)
- 17 Asian nettle (5)
- 25 Prose composition (5)
- 29 Distance downwards (5)
- 30 To a distance (4)
- 31 Charge (3)
- 32 Floor covering (3)
- 33 Arouse (8)
- 34 Grandmother (4)
- 35 Where you sleep (3)
- 37 Deciduous yellowwood tree (5)
- 38 Lubricant (3)
- 39 Male emperors (5)
- 42 Clothing made for sale (3,5)
- 47 Soak (5)
- 48 Malevolence (5)
- 49 Used to stimulate evacuation (5)
- 51 Not the same (10)
- 52 Screen symbol (4)
- 54 Leap on one foot (3)
- 55 Government by gods (8)
- 56 From urine (4)
- 57 Falsehood (3)
- 58 British physicist Emil Klaus Julius ..... (5)
- 60 Untilled land (3)
- 61 Letters of a language (8)
- 62 Small active passerine bird (3)
- 67 Irregularity (7)
- 68 18th century dance (7)
- 70 Laughs (2-3)
- 71 Dissimulation (5)
- 74 Oil monarchy (4)
- 75 Indian music (4)
- 77 Rebaked sweet breads (5)
- 78 Pimples (4)
- 79 Sweetener (5)
- 80 Note books (4)
- 82 Owns (3)
- 83 Clean or scrape with a tool (4)

### Solution Bendlowe 10



## LADIES CRICKET IN SHALFORD 1931

BY: NIGEL TURNER



Ladies cricket is not that common even today so it may come as a surprise to learn that Shalford Cricket Club played against a ladies' team most years during the 1930s. The team was led by Mrs. Ellen Francis May Burden of Ingatestone whose connection to the village was that she was the daughter of the then vicar, the Rev. Alexander Solomon Kroenig-Ryan (1865 – 1935). He had been born Augustus Solomon Kroenig in Poland and quite how or why he ended up in rural Essex, I have no idea.

Although the accompanying photograph has been in my family's possession since it was taken, I have only recently been able to determine in which year it was taken. My late mother had recorded the names of the players on the reverse and these agree exactly with those listed in the report of the match in the Essex Chronicle published on October 2<sup>nd</sup> 1931.

The two captains are seated centre front. The Shalford captain was 21-year-old Frederick "Fred" James Turner of Killhogs Farm who in due course became my father. If you draw a circle with a two-mile radius from the Village Hall, then every house he lived in and every job he had would be in that circle. His commitment to the Cricket Club may be judged from the fact that his last visit to a match was less than a fortnight before his death in October 1998. He was first cousin to Albert Dawson whose story was told in the January 2021 issue of The Bugle.

Unfortunately, time constraints means that I haven't fully researched the team, however I have added biographical details where known.

The back row of the players from left to right are –

Harry Rust, born I believe in 1906.

William "Bill" Wright (1901 – 1977) was born at Belchamp Walter. He had come to Shalford circa 1930 for work after meeting Fred's eldest sister Edith "Edie" who he then married. Their grandson is "Bugle" contributor Trevor Beal.

David Root born 1907 was a member of one of Shalford's oldest families. One of his sons married the daughter of fellow player Albert Tarbin.

Vic Bright – I believe he is the Albert V. Bright born 1898 but I haven't yet connected him to the rest of the Shalford Brights.

John Carter – I think he is the John A. Carter born 1907 but I don't know any more about him.

The middle row comprises –

Umpire Bill Metson – I think he must be the William Metson born 1884

Albert Tarbin born 1908. He was married to Fred's sister Violet and they lived for many years at Ivydene opposite the gravel pit (now Stoneley Park).

Vic Franklin – Unfortunately I have no further information about Vic.

Walter Rust - born 1912. He married Hilda Marshall from Wethersfield in 1939 and they lived for many years at Barryfields.

Arthur H. Grubb born 1899 was a stalwart of St. Andrews Church for many years. A close friend of Molly Wright, he latterly lived in Clifffield.

Arthur Bright born 1906 was a first cousin of Fred as his mother was born Edith Sarah Turner. His son John, also a Shalford cricketer, lives in Barryfields.

Umpire Charlie Rust – I think this must be Charles J. Rust born 1876.

Although the ladies are named in the Essex Chronicle, I don't believe any of them had Shalford connections apart from Mrs. Burden and her daughter Joan.

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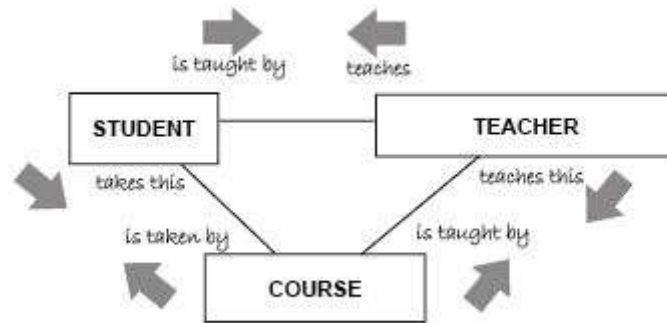
**PROPOSED VISIT TO THE HUT, FELIXSTOWE PROMENADE**

**WEDNESDAY, 18<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST, 2021**

**It is hoped that we will be able to enjoy a day trip out to Felixstowe seaside – subject to Covid – £15 including Fish & Chips. If you would like to book a place; please contact me (Alice) as soon as possible (07850 264518 or 01371 851146).**

## TALES FROM THE COLLEGE (cont)

BY: VIC GOODEY



### COLLEGE OPEN EVENINGS

As the academic year progressed new learners started to find their feet and the second- and third-year students had much more confidence.

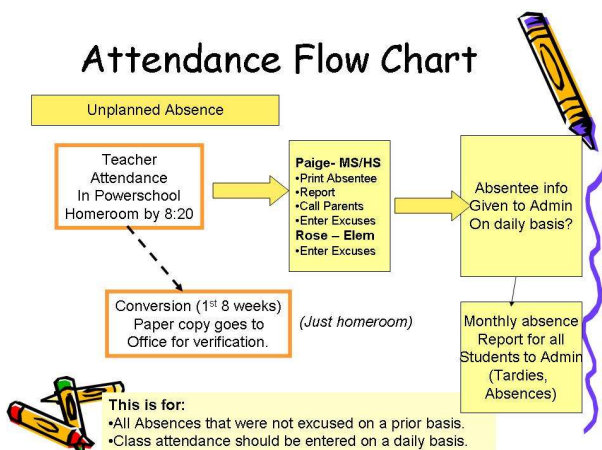
One of the highlights to the proceedings was Parents or Open night. We were on duty handling queries from mums and dads anxious to find out how their offspring were doing. This often gave us an opportunity to get the learners a kick up the backside or some well-deserved praise.

In one interview a mother asked if I could tell her how her son was doing, I didn't recognise the name and asked if she would wait while I retrieved the appropriate registers.

When I returned, I had to tell her that her Jonathon had not been attending and that although he attended the first session of the first day he had not attended since. Quite rightly she asked why she had not been informed and I was able to show her copies of

the letters sent warning that Jonathan would be removed from the register if he did not attend. Mum had not received the letters and told me that she only knew of the open night because a neighbour had received an invitation. So, it was starting to make sense.

I tried to console her as she got more and more upset and told how frightening a College environment can be, I said that this situation was not unusual and as Jonathon



was still under eighteen, he could try again the following year. Her response was that



she was going home to “chastise” the little \*\*\*\*\*. It turned out that she had gone out to get evening work to pay his tuition fee and given him £10 a day spending money for the three days a week that he attended college. We were in the twelfth week by this time.

## MEETINGS

One of my roles was as a temporary manager in a few colleges, which was very interesting as I had no intention of making a full-time career in these colleges. This being the case, I was able to be more objective in the decisions I made.

At one College I was invited to attend a meeting of the managers at my level to “share” experience and good practice. A topic on the agenda was “What everyday problems do we share”. One manager said that he was having difficulty getting the students to turn up for lessons on time. There was a general agreement around the table that this was a problem until they got to me.

“I don’t have that problem anymore” I said. “Really how did you stop it?” they asked.

“Simple” I said “I get the lecturer to lock the door fifteen minutes after the start of the lesson. A note on the door instructs any late comer to go to my office where I will be able to direct them to private study for the period and instruct them to return for the next period, where they would hand in their work, apologise to the lecturer and ask if they could sit in for the next period”.



In the stunned silence that followed I was made aware that I was not going to be popular, again. “b-b-but what about their rights?” they demanded!



I responded, “what about the rights of the learners who had arrived on time and had their lesson disrupted whilst the tardy student came in and got settled chatting about why they were late?”

“What about their EMA?” My colleagues wanted to know. EMA stands for Educational Maintenance Allowance which was £30 per week available only if the learner attended regularly, was punctual and made progress on the course. I suspected that some colleges would turn a blind eye to these requirements in order to keep the learners on the books.

I replied to their question by saying quite simply that the learner would lose their EMA for that week but it stopped them being late from then on.

When interviewing learners, I found that the EMA sometimes went into the family pot rather than subsidised the learner at college. Very sad comment on our society.

## TRYING NEW THINGS

One of the most boring subjects to teach is Health and Safety. “Oh no surely not?” I hear you cry. Trust me I have had to sit in on lectures whilst observing under the preparation for an OFSTED visits and the Health and Safety sessions can easily put me to sleep.

When a friend and colleague asked if he could try something different with his group I was intrigued. What Paul proposed was rather than do a boring paper exercise where learners found Health and Safety hazards on a picture of a construction site, would I give permission to allow the class to observe a real building site in the grounds of the college that could be viewed through some windows in a corridor outside the Principal’s office? I thought this was a great idea and gave the required permission. At lunch Paul came over to say that we have a serious problem.



The students had produced a report that identified forty-two breaches of Health and Safety. I was shocked and we took the list to check. Sure enough, there they were. Poorly constructed scaffolding, workers without proper protective clothing, insufficient barriers etc.

I took the report to the premises manager who was also shocked and promised he would do something about it.

Later I returned to see if there had been any changes, only to find that the windows had been whited out. Fortunately, the windows were not the only change and the site was made safe.

## COUNSELLING LEARNERS

Young people weren’t the only people to register as students and we had learners up to the age of sixty on trade skill courses. Ted was a fifty-five-year-old completing his second year and asked the student councillors to help him prepare a CV in order to apply for work in the Electrical Contracting Industry. After some sessions with Ted, the councillor asked me to have a word and sent over his “application pack”. After reading the pack I sent for Ted and we sat down to discuss his CV and accompanying letter.

I explained to Ted that in an earlier job role I had to read letters and applications from people replying to our job adverts and the ones that impressed were usually short and to the point. I told him that employers are busy people who did not have time to read through a lot of information.

“But” he asked “how would they get to know me if they did not get all the relevant information?”

“You need to get this down to a one-page letter and a three-page CV” I said, as I handed back his application pack containing his twenty-page CV and four-page accompanying letter along with “all” of his school reports from forty years earlier.

Bless!

## NOT MORE MEETINGS!

I am sure that you have been to meetings of some sort and may have some empathy with my poor, unfortunate colleague Dave. We were at a meeting of all College managers in the boardroom, where matters unrelated to us on the Building Services team were now being discussed.



The College Principal was droning on and we were trying not to nod off. Suddenly Dave started to stretch and yawn and as he began to relax, he stated quite loudly and with some conviction “I am sooooo bored!” The droning stopped and there was a strained hush. When Dave fully

relaxed, he caught my expression and asked rather sheepishly “Did I say that out loud?” I was told later they could hear the laughter in the canteen.



### MY FAVOURITE PHOTOS

BY: CAROL  
HUSSEY

Maybe we'll  
see these  
local  
beauties  
soon at  
Wethersfield  
(2018)

### BENDLOWE'S CHRISTMAS CACTI

BY: GILL ASKEW

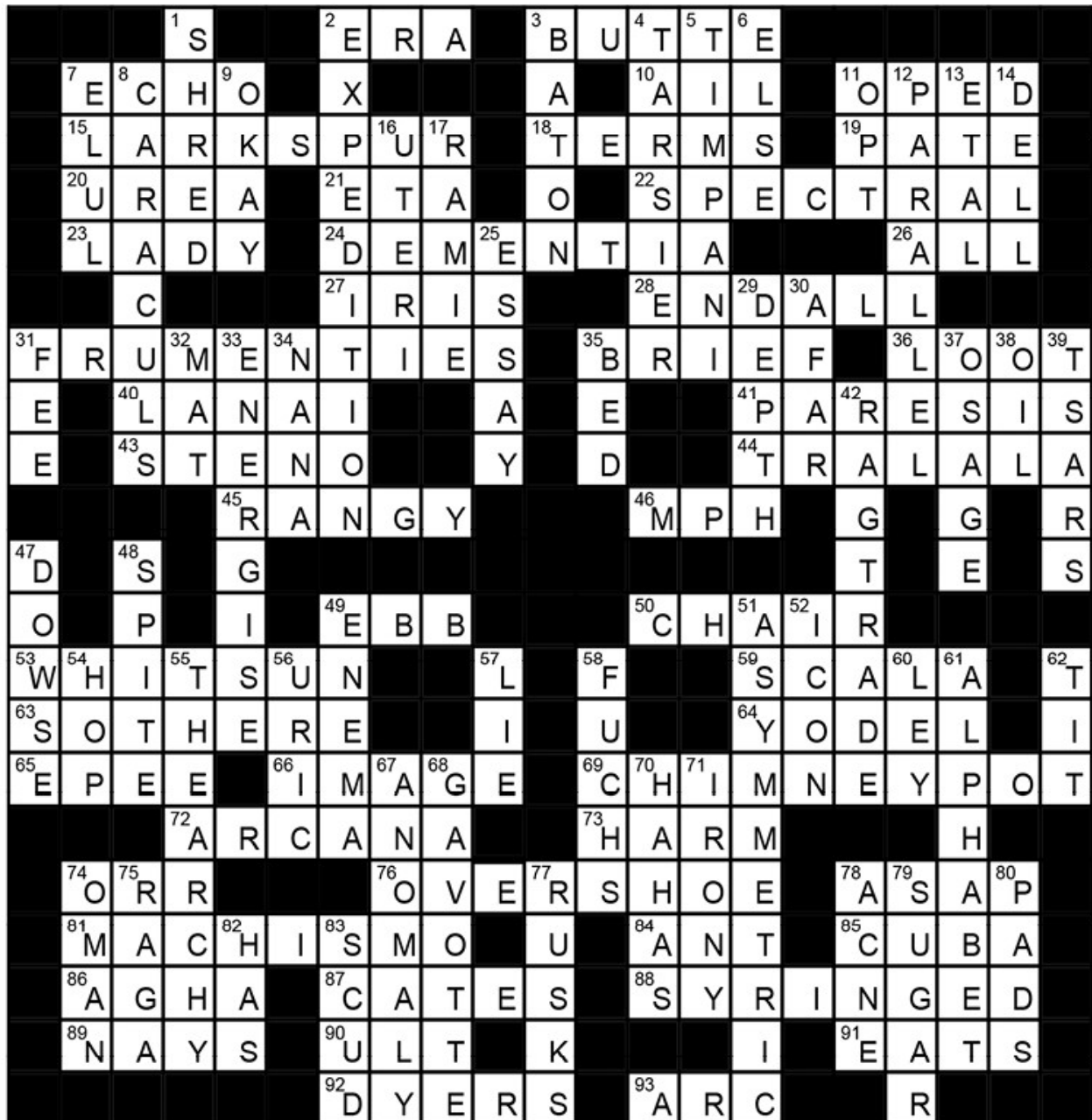
Still blooming

in April



# CROSSWORD SOLUTION

BY: ROBERT BURROWS



## A FLORIDA GARDEN

BY: MARGARET SPARKS



The temperature is mounting in Florida. Soon it will no longer be pleasant to be outside, and we will be indoors gasping for the coolness provided by air conditioning.

So, before that happens, let's take a tour of my daughter's Florida garden where she is switching from a turf lawn to one that features native wildflowers to attract pollinators. The garden is on a side street of Tallahassee, the State capital, in what is known as the Panhandle of Florida. The city is home to enormous oak trees, some hundreds of years old. Their size has to be seen to be believed.

But back to our garden: It is not a large plot, perhaps fifty by one hundred feet. By the back door is a huge mound of Jasmine - the perfume is overwhelming. The garden is home to many species including Hydrangea, Elephant Ears, Salvia, Iris, Canna lilies, False White Indigo, Mimosa, Yaupon, Fig, Calamondin, Buckeye chestnut, Florida anise, Sunshine mimosa, Sumac. On the front of the house lies the pollinator garden which includes a Passionflower (a host plant for Gulf fritillary), as well as Milkweed to attract the Monarch butterfly, Monarda punctata (dotted horse mint), Fire bush, Fire spike, Butterweed, Indian Pink, Columbine, Angel Trumpet, Crepe Myrtle, Lance Leaf Sunflower, Gardenia, Camelias, Banksia rose. A Banana tree displays odd-looking red blooms which gradually reveal small green bananas.

And then there is Tradescantia, otherwise known as Spiderwort. Here it grows along the verges of motorways, a lovely blue presence. The mowers have been told to avoid cutting it, part of a scheme pursued by the Florida Wildflower Foundation which supports reduced mowing of roadsides to create corridors of pollinator habitat. How did this plant get its name? John Tradescant was gardener to King James the first. An early plant hunter, he brought back to England specimens from the New World. His story

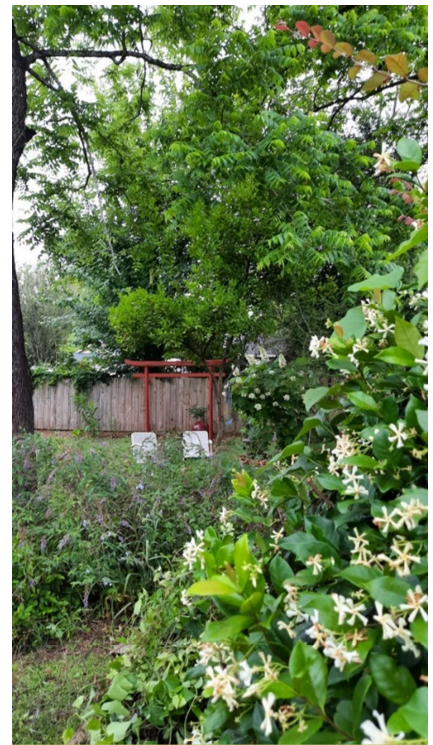


Tradescantia or spiderwort  
beautiful blue plant



appears in a book by Phillipa Gregory as well as the Garden Museum on the south side of the Thames in London.

In the bog garden is a native Blue Flag Iris, and Blue-eyed grass. To those who are beginning to think the garden is overcrowded, rest assured there are only small samples of each at the moment and room for more. Trees, either in the garden or growing



nearby, include a lemon tree heavy with lemons, Ashe Magnolia, Florida holly, olives, Cabbage Palm, Sago Palm, and more. British gardeners will no doubt recognise plants that will thrive in their own gardens too. At the end of the garden is a dead, but still stately, tree, a perch for birds, Cardinals, and the cheeky little Wren.

*This is Nature at its best!*



**MY FAVOURITE PHOTO**

**BY: CAROL HUSSEY**

“I’ve finished isolating, now I can come and join in whatever you’re doing .....

## **DO YOU NEED: A FINANCIAL PLANNER OR FINANCIAL ADVISOR?**

**BY: STEPHANIE McDONALD, Bsc (Hons) FPFs**

### **CHARTERED FINANCIAL PLANNER**

Having written three articles now for Bendlowe's Bugle regarding 'Doing the Right Thing' by engaging in Later Life planning, we would like to explain the other side of the HarperLees business, which involves Lifestyle Financial Planning.

Having frequently been asked what my job title is, followed up with a response of 'you mean you are a Financial Adviser', I often found myself getting quite defensive over my title of Financial Planner not Financial Adviser and there are many reasons around this. More recently, I have realised the job title doesn't matter, what does is educating and informing people about what their financial future looks like and where changes can be made to either keep everything on track or improve things for them.

There is a difference between Financial Planning and Financial Advice and it can be difficult to describe at times. The best definition I have heard, and the one I like to use, is that financial advice is like getting a prescription for medication or a plaster for a cut, it is the end solution to your problem. But how do you work out what your problem is in the first place to understand the treatment needed? Now don't misunderstand, please don't list off your medical problems to me and expect me to have a clue how to help, the only answer I can ever give in my house is 'Calpol will fix that'! On the other hand, as a Financial Planner, it is my job (and my privilege) to help you with your course of treatment for your financial problems, once we have completed a full check up and run all the tests required.

Let's talk about some of the solutions you may have been offered in the past with the traditional form of financial advice. At some point in your life, I am sure you have invested in a pension plan, put money in an Individual Savings Account (ISA), or bought a form of life insurance. These are so important, as we all know that we need money to live and for that 'rainy day' pot, but this is the easy bit and the least exciting bit of what we do. To be honest, it is something many can now do on their own if they feel brave enough, via the internet. The really complicated bit is in the 'why' and 'how much'?

Lifestyle Financial Planning is a holistic solution, a client can walk in to HarperLees asking for a pension plan to be shown they don't need one at all, actually they should consider retiring early on what they already have and enjoy their lifestyle. You absolutely might need a pension plan but before getting carried away, let us consider

why you need it, what do you want retirement to look like and therefore how much do you need to save...you could already have enough? For many clients, we have redefined retirement for them or allowed them to help their children onto the property ladder, rather than leaving inheritances until their children are in their 60s or 70s and no longer need the help. For some, their current position looks really comfortable, until you consider what happens if one income turns off overnight. We ask a lot of questions and dig deep to try and really understand you and what life means to you. What do you enjoy? What is most important to you? What would you do differently if life changed? We feed all of this detail, factual and informative, into our cashflow planning software which shows you visually what the finances look like i.e. if you carry on as you are today, do you have enough money to live the life you want to live, without the fear of running out of money? The important thing to remember is everyone's plan is individual, what I need for my planned future could be very different to what you might need. Once this bit is done, the magic really happens, not only do we explain what this means, but we stress test your plan, does it work if the worst happens? If the plan goes into a deficit, we discuss and work through where changes need to be made, do you need to save more or spend less? If you have a real surplus, what could you change? Could you retire earlier, give money with warm hands rather than cold ones, or just spend more?

Your financial plan will constantly evolve, we all know that life doesn't stand still and at points there will be hurdles in the way, but that is the beauty of having a Financial Planner by your side at all times, to readjust the plan, show you what the changes mean and coach you through any changes needed or decisions that need to be made.

At the heart of what we do is a simple idea...

- Having a great time
- Making a difference
- Helping people we like find out what they really want to do with their lives, and
- Living it in full, without the fear of ever running out of money.

It is never too late to have a really good check-up done, to enable us to provide a financial treatment plan no matter what the cause is. As the saying goes 'life isn't a rehearsal' let us help you really live it with the full backing of a financial plan that shows you that you can, and takes the stress out of it all for you.

Steph McDonald, HarperLees

[www.harperlees.co.uk](http://www.harperlees.co.uk)

01277 350560

[steph@harperlees.co.uk](mailto:steph@harperlees.co.uk)

*HarperLees is a trading style of HLSFM Ltd which is authorised and regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority (409034)*



## SQUAREWORD PUZZLES

BY: ROBERT BURROWS

Bendlowe Squarewords 4-1

1	2	3	4
5			
6			
7			

### Clues Across

- 1 Decades
- 5 Dutch cheese
- 6 Malay rice dish - goreng
- 7 Struck

### Clues Down

- 1 Decades
- 2 Dutch cheese
- 3 Malay rice dish - goreng
- 4 Struck

Bendlowe Squarewords 5 - 1

1	2	3	4	5
6				
7				
8				
9				

### Clues Across

- 1 Jewish festival
- 6 Useful
- 7 Angers
- 8 Intestinal obstruction
- 9 Untidy

### Clues Down

- 1 Jewish festival
- 2 Useful
- 3 Angers
- 4 Intestinal obstruction
- 5 Untidy

**BY: ROBERT BURROWS**

<u>Bendlowe Quiz 1 - 2021</u>		<u>Answers</u>
1	Alphabetically which is the first creature in the dictionary	
2	Which Cornish village claims to be the birth place of King Arthur	
3	How many stars are there on the EU flag	
4	What is the subject of Landseer's painting "The monarch of the glen"	
5	In which country is the city of Dakar	
6	Which sport includes sculls, strokes and slides	
7	What was the nickname given to V1 flying bombs	
8	What was Acton Bell's real name	
9	Which Roman Road linked London to York	
10	Which travellers met at the Tabard Inn	
11	Anagram: Celtic throb	
12	From which language does the word "verandah" originate	
13	What is the only English anagram of "Crouton"	
14	Which sea surrounds Heligoland	
15	What was the nickname of Julius Marx	
16	In which county is Wigan	
17	The slave of duty is the subtitle of which light opera	
18	Which ocean liner became a hotel in Long Beach	
19	If "A" is alpha, and "B" is bravo, what is H	
20	Where would you find the Doggerbank	
21	Which birthstone is linked to July	
22	When is Lammas Day	
23	Who was the first female presenter of Blue Peter	
24	Who wrote "The tenant of Wildfell Hall"	
25	Which country signed the Waitangi treaty with Britain	

**BY: ROBERT BURROWS**

<u>Bendlowe Quiz 2 - 2021</u>		<u>Answers</u>
1	How many pieces are on the board at the start of a game of chess	
2	Richard III died at which battle	
3	In which country is the Spanish Riding School	
4	Anagram: Find his chaps	
5	What part of the body is known as the thorax	
6	Which part of the anatomy shares its name with a punctuation mark	
7	What night is Burns night	
8	Who was the last wife of Henry VIII	
9	Herm is one of which group of islands	
10	Which house in England may not be entered by the Queen	
11	Anagram: Snug shimp addict	
12	Shakespear character on small settlement	
13	Which element has the atomic number 1	
14	Which birthstone is linked to October	
15	How many valves does a bugle have	
16	If "A" is alpha, "B" is bravo, what is "R"	
17	What do you save in order to win the Albert medal	
18	Who called the English a nation of shopkeepers	
19	What word can go after "heat" and before "on"	
20	In which county is Whipsnade Park Zoo	
21	Anagram: Filter	
22	How many edges does a cube have	
23	Which was the largest continent before the discovery of Australia	
24	What is Margerete Steiff famous for making	
25	Which Russian succeeded Lenin	

**BY: ROBERT BURROWS**

<u>Bendlowe Quiz 3 - 2021</u>		<u>Answers</u>
1	In which language were the first words spoken in space?	
2	Which i naturalist visited the galapagos Islands in 1835?	
3	Palestine soup is made with what type of artichoke?	
4	What Nigerian city gets its name from the Portugese for “lakes”?	
5	The name of which Indian soup means “pepper water” in Tamil?	
6	A shroud, traditionally said to be Christ’s burial garment is named after which city?	
7	What nationality was political activist Steve Bilko?	
8	What type of canoe was traditionall made of sealskin by the InnuIt people?	
9	What animals run through Pamplona in the San Fermin festival?	
10	In what country did Howard Carter make a historic discovery in 1922?	
11	The International Criminal Court is based in which Dutch city?	
12	What name did the Archbishop of Buenos Aires take when he took up a new position in 2013?	
13	The Bank of England Governor, Mark Carney, was born in what country?	
14	The name of which piece of sporting equipment comes from the Old Norse for “snowshoe”?	
15	What famous Australian monolith is 2.2 miles long and 1.2 mile wide?	
16	What South American country is larger in area than the next 6 combined?	
17	The King of which country uses the title “Custodian of the Two Holy Mosques”?	
18	What area of Romania features inb a Bram Stoker horror story?	
19	What is the only European Union member country with the letter “X” in its name?	
20	What ABBA No. 1 is named after a place in Belgium?	

## **POLICING THE RAILWAYS**

**BY: PETER WHENT**



Today, the British Transport Police has responsibility for policing the railways in England, Scotland and Wales; the Eurostar services from London to Paris and to Brussels; the London Underground; Docklands and some tram systems: for example, Croydon and Greater Manchester. Additionally, it has responsibility for the security of the Royal Train, and V I P travellers.

Initially, in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, various private railway companies required policing services. In 1833, for example, the Liverpool and Manchester railway had a police establishment that had police station houses at intervals of about one mile along the railroad; to guard the railroad; to prevent or give notice of any obstruction, and to render assistance in the case of any accident, and keep up an effective and continual line of communication. These officers wore a tailcoat, tight trousers and a top hat with a reinforced crown.

In these early times, when someone wished to travel by train, they had to provide their full details, and their reason for travelling to the station booking agent or 'booking constable'. If it were considered that the travel was for a 'just and lawful cause', a ticket would be issued.

The Great Western Railway (G W R) had constables in chocolate brown uniform, whereas the London to Birmingham line, and the London to Brighton had officers in green uniform. These police officers had key roles in controlling railway movements, especially freight trains, and had to have red and white flags and a lamp at night. A signalman was called a 'bobby' and, in those times, they were a police officer.

By 1844, there were over 15,000 route miles and police forces were introduced to address the thefts from freight trains and thefts of mail. Many docks had their own police force.

Over time, and following a Royal Commission on Policing, railway police forces were amalgamated and eventually became the British Transport Police. They held responsibility for policing docks, railways and canals, although, today, this has been reduced to railways and trams. Their cap badges still show train wheels, dock gates and water lines for canals.

Initially, British Transport Police was viewed as a private police force, albeit not to the standards of the Home Office police forces. Today, that has all changed. Today, it has an Independent Police Authority, with officers attending similar training, annual inspections by

Her Majesty Inspector of Constabulary, and the same standards, with the development being led by transference of Home Office senior ranks into the B T P. Their profile has also been raised from its counter-terrorist approach.

On promotion, in February 1991, I transferred from Essex Police to Detective Chief Superintendent, British Transport Police. At that time, B T P had 3,069 officers with 46,000 crimes recorded annually, whereas Essex had 3,600 officers and 160,000 crimes per year.

At the time, there were about four million passenger journeys per day on the British Rail network with over 2,500 rail stations, and about two million passenger journeys daily on the London Underground with over 250 stations.

The crimes on the rail networks are similar to offences in the counties but there are a few additional unique ones. These include pickpocketing on the London Underground where there are groups of people coming from abroad; such as, Chile to commit these offences during the summer tourist time. There are also trespassing offences on the railway lines and, and endangering safety offences where items are placed on the tracks.

Seven days after I arrived at B T P Headquarters, a bomb from the I R A detonated at Victoria rail station, killing two people and injuring over 40. Over the next seven years, there were 8,000 bomb threats, with over 100 from the IRA. This led to the development of a bomb threat computer that assisted in the decision whether to close railway stations. One of my roles was bomb threat assessment deciding what action to take. To close all London stations, was estimated to cost £43 million pounds economic damage. It was a risk management decision based on reasoned judgement. Out of 8,000 threats over the seven years, the railways were only closed 1.6% of calls. In the height of the threat, I recall having to sleep on my office floor in London for at least three separate nights.

During my service, the Eurotunnel opened with B T P having the responsibility for policing the trains to Paris and Belgium. I was given French-speaking lessons, paid for by B T P, in order to converse with the French police.

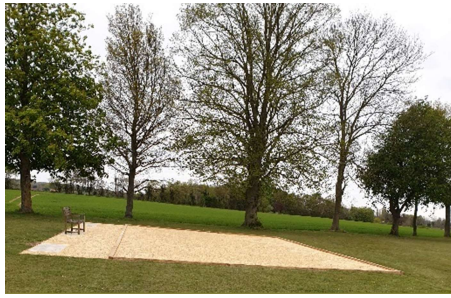
It was a privilege to work in policing the railways during which I made many good associations with the security services, the anti-terrorist squad and other police forces nationally and internationally.

In my view, railway policing will continue in order that there can be a unique tailored police service for the rail networks.



# PETANQUE

BY: PETER SHORT



After much discussion and debate the petanque pitch, or terrain or court, whichever term you prefer to use, is up and ready for use. Many thanks to Andrew Hull for the hard work and time he has spent on the project; also to Alice and the Bendlowe's and Village Hall committees for making it possible.

Petanque is, in essence, a very basic and enjoyable game. Play commences with the toss of a coin, the winner of the toss then stands in a ring approx 30 inches in diameter and throws the cochonnet (a little round ball) up the pitch then throws one boule (a steel round ball) to try and get as near as possible to the coch. The other team then tries to get one of their boules nearer. If successful, then play switches to the other team. They keep trying until successful, then the other team do the same until they too are nearest. When all boules have been played (thrown), then a count is made of how many of one teams' boules are nearer than the other team for example if one team has two boules nearer to the coch than their opponents nearest boule then two points are scored. Play then continues from the other end of the pitch with the winner of that end tossing the coch up the pitch to their chosen length. The first team or player to reach 13 points is the winner.

At its basic level, this is a very sociable and enjoyable game and can be played by adults and children alike as no great strength or skill is needed. At the other end of the scale, it is very competitive with teams playing in leagues and at county level.

Hopefully this new facility will be fully used and enjoyed by everybody, you never know there could be a Shalford Boules Team ???

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*Funding for Shalford's Petanque terrain was raised by William Bendlowe's Charity. This funding came from every individual who purchased Bendlowe's 2021 calendar, Essex County Council, both District Councillors and Shalford Parish Council. The project was chosen for its versatility, being an outdoor sport which can be played by all ages and enjoyed purely on a "pleasure" basis or by the highly competitive. We are now looking forward to seeing Shalford's Petanque terrain being in full use by as many villagers as possible and inter-village matches being held regularly – Enjoy!*

Alice

## ONE OF MY TREASURED POSSESSIONS – THE PICTURE

BY: MICHAEL B SMITH – (SMUDGER)



Following on from my article ‘The Story of My Life as Best as I Can Remember ‘ last month, I’d like to tell you about a Picture which is very important to me. A few weeks ago, the London Retired Members Association of the London Fire Brigade posted on Facebook a copy of a picture that they would be selling copies of to raise funds to keep the Roundheads going. The Roundheads organise outings to keep active (not sitting in a chair watching TV and dribbling – ha,ha).

The picture is of the archway entrance to the training school and the drill yard at LFB Southwark, London. The first day of

the training programme was the proudest moment for most new recruits. It was so impressive. Recruits would have to go through the archway to get to the locker rooms to get ready for the daily parade. The Instructors would call the name of each man, who would reply “Here Sir”. After a quick inspection the parade went about to the first task of the day. This could be: ladder drills, pumps and pumping, hook ladders carry down (carry a person over the shoulder down three floors to the ground), take people to safety from a fire, rescue from a river, rescue someone trapped in a car following a collision, to name but a few. These were some of the tasks that we were prepared to meet during our service. Some would most likely never have to undertake all these tasks throughout their years of service – called the luck of the draw!! Not one of those men that walked through that ARCH, would ever forget the first time they made that walk.

As soon as I saw it on Facebook, I just knew I had to have one. In case anyone cannot read the inscription, it reads:-

**‘NEVER FORGOTTEN, THOSE FOOTSTEPS WE FOLLOWED’.**

Unfortunately, the Council in Power, chose to close the Fire Station and the Training School and convert the complete complex into luxury apartments, priced in excess of £500,000 - £750,000 each and in the process destroying a large part of London’s history.



**DAVID ISBELL – LOCAL BOBBY (as told by Maggie Isbell)  
FROM EARLY 70's TO LATE 80's**

**BY: MARIANNA MARRIOTT**



As many of you know, David moved into a home due to his Alzheimer's just before the pandemic appeared. His wife, Maggie, thought she would tell us about an interesting story regarding David which occurred recently.

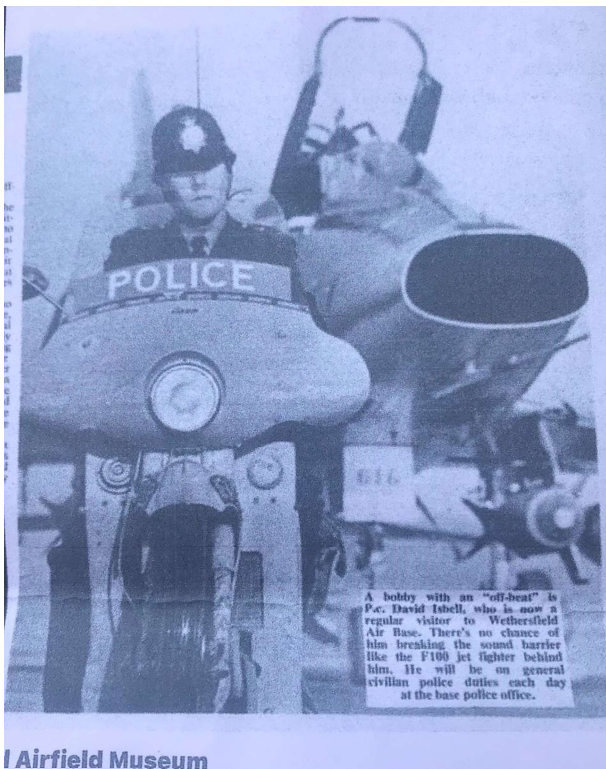
David was the local bobby for Wethersfield, Shalford and Panfield for 17 ½ years during the early 70's to the late 80's. He was one of the old-fashioned bobbies who

knew everyone and everyone knew him. He was stationed in the Police House in Wethersfield. Part of his 'patch' was the American Airbase at Wethersfield. He was the first serving British Police Officer to be attached to an American Airbase.

A few weeks ago, Maggie received a call from David Eversden who was on Shalford Parish Council and is responsible for the Parish website. Norman LaPorte from the USA had been trying to contact David as he was a sergeant on the air base and wanted to make contact with his friend David Isbell. Next thing, Maggie received a call from Norman and sadly had to report that her husband was no longer living in Barryfields, Shalford and was unable to converse with him. Maggie



had a long chat with Norman who had fond memories of his time in Wethersfield. Norman emailed some photos and newspaper cuttings which



The cutting left reads:-

“A bobby with an “off-beat” is P.C. David Isbell, who is now a regular visitor to Wethersfield Air Base. There’s no chance of him breaking the sound barrier like the F100 Jet Fighter behind him. He will be on general civilian police duties each day at the base police office.”

included David. What a small world we live in and many thanks to modern technology. Maggie says it is a shame that David is not well enough to acknowledge this new contact as he would have loved it.

Following on from his career as a bobby, David and Maggie ran a coach business called Pan Valley Travel for 15 years. They arranged holidays in the UK and abroad. Following an accident, the coach was written off so the business ceased. They then did taxi work for several years, including school runs. David was also on the Parish Council for many years. He loved the area he lived and worked in and was a pillar of the community.



**SQUAREWORD PUZZLES - SOLUTIONS**

**BY: ROBERT BURROWS**

Wordsquare 4-1 Solution

1	T	2	E	3	N	4	S
5	E	D	A	M			
6	N	A	S	I			
7	S	M	I	T			

Wordsquare 5 - 1 Solution

1	P	2	U	3	R	4	I	5	M
6	U	T	I	L	E				
7	R	I	L	E	S				
8	I	L	E	U	S				
9	M	E	S	S	Y				

**JACQUES LOVES THE ENGLISH**

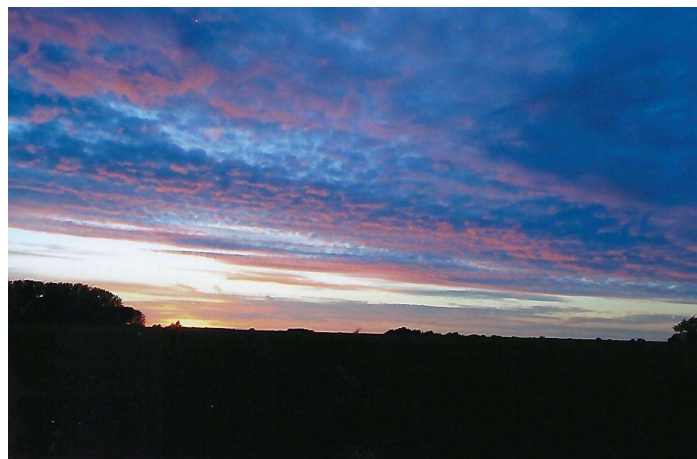
**TONGUE**

**SENT IN BY: HILARY PENNEY**

Jacques loves the English tongue,  
 although  
 He finds the spelling tough.  
 So, when he does not really knough  
 He does a little blough.  
 Spelling the termination sough  
 Making the queerest stough.

For when he tries himself to plough  
 His way with trouble through  
 The words he jotted down, but nough  
 He finds it will not dough.  
 He gazes stupid as a cough  
 And fails to find a clough.

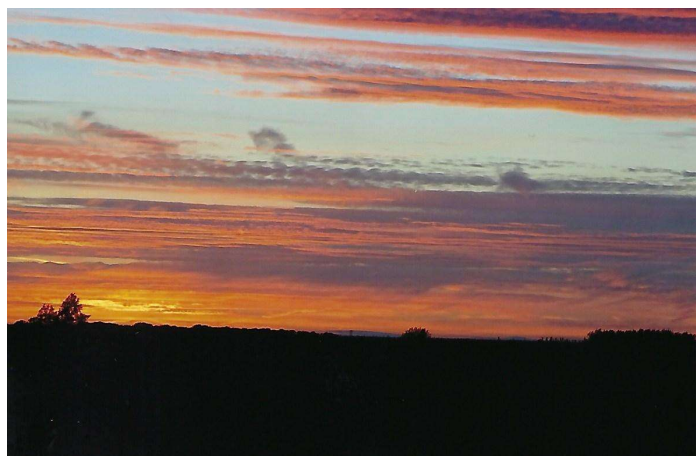
When back across the Channel's  
 trough  
 He sails, as pale as dough;  
 He fears his countrymen will scough  
 To see his spelling gough.  
 Even in France a little ough  
 Is hardly comme il fough.



**MY FAVOURITE PHOTOS**

**BY: CAROL HUSSEY**

**SUNSETS OVER GREAT BARDFIELD**



## A LITTLE PAGE OF NONSENSE

BY: CAROL HUSSEY



### Summer Reading

A Tumble from the Bridge by Eileen Dover

Special Toys for Baby by Justin Casey Howells

The Litter Problem by M.T. Kanns

Basic First Aid by Nat Byte

On Guard by B.A. Lert

Weightlifting by Ben Janees

Keeping Hidden by Bob Downe

Make Do and Mend by Fred Bare

Ignore the Truth by Edinna Bucket

Speed Demon by L. Forleather

The Smash & Grab Raid by Eva Brick

Perfect your Parking by C.A. Gapp

Shocked! by Dai A. Bollical

Homemade Soft Toys by Kay Pock

Sound Investments by Ivor Nestegg

~~

Help me to be careful of the toes I step on today

As they may be connected to the feet I may have to kiss tomorrow.

~~

I thought I saw the light at the end of the tunnel.....

But it was only some sod with a torch bringing me some more work!

~~

**BY: ROBERT BURROWS**

**Q**    Quiz 1  
Answers

- 1 Aardvark
- 2 Tintagel
- 3 12
- 4 Deer
- 5 Senegal
- 6 Rowing
- 7 Doodle bugs
- 8 Anne Bronte
- 9 Ermine Street
- 10 Canterbury pilgrims
- 11 Scotch broth
- 12 Indian, but will accept Portuguese
- 13 Contour
- 14 North Sea
- 15 Groucho
- 16 Greater Manchester
- 17 The Pirates of Penzance
- 18 Queen Mary
- 19 Hotel
- 20 North Sea
- 21 Ruby
- 22 August 1st
- 23 Leila Williams
- 24 Anne Bronte
- 25 New Zealand

**Q**    Quiz 2  
Answers

- 1 32
- 2 Bosworth
- 3 Austria
- 4 Fish and chips
- 5 Chest
- 6 Colon
- 7 January 25<sup>th</sup>
- 8 Catherine Parr
- 9 Channel Islands
- 10 House of Parliament
- 11 Christmas pudding
- 12 Hamlet
- 13 Hydrogen
- 14 Opal
- 15 None
- 16 Romeo
- 17 Someones life
- 18 Napoleon
- 19 Her
- 20 Bedfordshire
- 21 Trifle
- 22 12
- 23 Australia
- 24 Teddy bears
- 25 Stalin

**Q**    Quiz 3  
Answers

- 1 Russian
- 2 Charles Darwin
- 3 Jerusalem
- 4 Lagos
- 5 Mulliga Tawny
- 6 Turin
- 7 South African
- 8 Kayak
- 9 Bulls
- 10 Egypt
- 11 The Hague
- 12 Francis
- 13 Canada
- 14 Ski
- 15 Ayers Rock / Uluru
- 16 Brazil
- 17 Saudi Arabia
- 18 Transylvania
- 19 Luxembourg
- 20 Waterloo

## **MONKEY NUTS – REFLECTIONS OF KANHA**

**BY: GRAHAM BRACE**

Kanha in Madhya Pradesh is Kipling country. One of the most beautiful and largest national parks in India, famous for the Sal and Bamboo forest and the lush open grasslands and lakes. And, of course tigers...

We have spent long and happy hours there on our many trips with Nature Safari India. Our favourite guide and friend there, Sanjay Thakre, knows the park intimately; exactly where to go and at what time. We miss his gentle smile, his quiet demeanour and inexhaustible knowledge. One afternoon, deep in the forest, we had not had many sightings that day, but no problem really as driving slowly there is just a delight anyway.

However, Sanjay was on an undisclosed mission. Gradually we slowed down, and to the left-hand side of the track was an artificial watering hole made for all the denizens of the forest. There, in complete serenity, was a beautiful 4-year-old tigress half-submerged in the water. Bliss!



We stayed at a respectful distance, and she was not in the least perturbed by our presence. Clearly, she was habituated with humans and those strange ‘jeep’ things we travel around in. But, she was a little agitated. If it wasn’t us, what was it? Then we

noticed that she kept flinching; small things were splashing and popping in the water around her... then we saw and heard the Langur Monkeys in the tree directly over her head; they were pelting her with nuts! We stayed and watched her for some time whilst she became increasingly annoyed and frustrated, but could do nothing about it. It was fascinating for us to watch the interaction between two totally different forest dwellers both vying for dominance.

Eventually our tigress had to give in and vacate her afternoon siesta. She started sauntering down the track in front of us, giving us great photo opportunities. She kept stopping and looking back to see the monkeys who had now taken over the watering hole. They were having such fun themselves.



Who would have thought monkeys could see off a tiger?!



**WHO ME?**

**BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT!**

## EARLY MEMORIES OF BLACKMORE END

BY: RICHARD WEBB

A slightly different story this time .....

I was born 87 years ago at Blackmore End right opposite the school which later became a motor garage, then into apartments!

My father Ernest Webb worked at 'Summers Hall Farm', one of three. The other farms were the 'Waver', now a living home, and down the lane to 'Shimbers'. The farms were owned by the Barron family. It was the only farm in the area at that time to own a Combine, which was an 'International No.22' pulled by a Fordson tractor model N which



my Dad drove. It was a 'bagger' model combine, bagging the corn up after it cut the corn. It had its own petrol engine to drive the machinery of the combine. The combine had a platform and a seat. It filled two sacks at a time.

When full of corn, the bags were laid down on the shute, ready to be released at the top of the field by treading on a foot lever.

Sometimes there were more than two sacks, often four or five,

according to how good the yield was or how big the field was of course! I was not heavy enough to work the lever – just trying to help!! I was only 5 years old!!

The combine harvester caused a great deal of interest to folk and of course to local farmers. This model of combine filled sacks of corn, where these days most combines have a so-called 'hopper' that the corn is held in. Then when full, a tractor and trailer pulls up level with the combine and without stopping, the hopper on the combine is emptied into the trailer alongside.

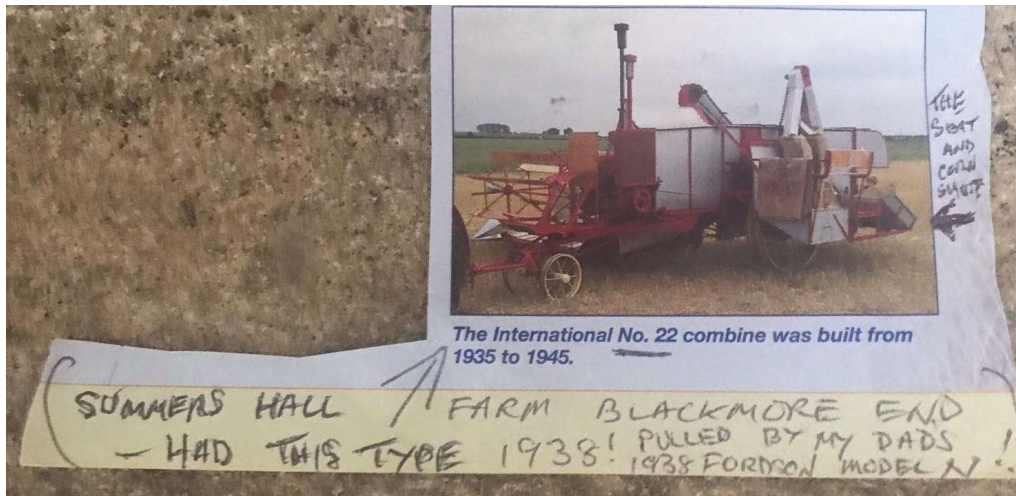
Ian Barron was one of the owners – he was always in a hurry, jumping off his combine before it stopped! Which always amused my Dad and others, so they nicknamed him 'Sticky' because he didn't stop anywhere long, just to see if the job was going OK.

The standard Fordson model N tractor was a very popular make. The model





my Dad drove was a 1938 orange painted Fordson. The Ford factory changed the colour to dark green so not to be easily spotted by enemy aircraft during WWII.



In the village of Blackmore End there was no mains water (late 1930's). My father had a galvanised tub on wheels, so it was filled with water from the pump near the village hall. There was 'Jarvises' off licence which also sold sweets and tobacco/cigarettes, etc. There were two public houses, The Bull and The Cow. There was also a post office, a bus that ran twice a week to Braintree – Wednesdays and Saturdays. We often rode our bikes to town. I had a small red bike with fourteen-inch wheels. We used to park our bikes at the Co-op Hall, top of Bradford Street.



My father's two brothers lived at 'Readings' Farmhouse. Both worked all their lives down the lane at 'Baker's Farm' for Mr & Mrs Todd. Dad's two brothers Tom and Joe both received long-service awards at an Essex Show. Nowadays, farmers don't need the man-power because mechanised farming seems the way to go. Some tractors and combines are now guided BY SATELLITE!!!!

## SHALFORD MILE

**BY: ROB SHORT**



Like many ideas it started with three men in a pub, two talking about duathlon split times and the third claiming “I can run quicker than that” and so the seeds for the first Shalford Mile were sown.

A timeline was set, bets were placed and the “then landlord” of the George, Steve, kindly offering a bacon sandwich to the few people who were up for running and watching whoever lost their bet, hand over their cash.

After that first run it seemed like a good idea to keep it going for the following year - but doing something for the village - how could this be turned into an event? Happily, with the pub onboard and the offering of some free beer from Nigel of Shalford Brewery it was obvious. People would pay to take part with the temptation of a free beer for everyone. Why? You’re just paying a little extra for your pint at the end of the day!!

A mile seemed to be the perfect distance, long enough for those taking it seriously and wanting some “bragging” rights for the following year but short enough for those just happy to turn up, walk the mile, and take part in a village event.

So, with a slight alteration to the original mile that was run on the first Sunday morning, deals were done, dates were once again set and the persuading of people to take part began. Pitting family members against each other and barmaid against barmaid; it is surprising how competitive people can be, with bets coming in left right and centre all with the knowledge that any and all bets placed along with the entrance fee would be going to charity.

The mile has now been going for 9 years I believe, averaging approx 70 villagers turning up on a Sunday morning in December to run their mile, some in fancy dress, some running to win and others just to take part, walk and have a friendly chat, always smiling.

The money raised goes back into the village but for a few times under specific requests, Braintree Mencap and Danaher being the exceptions.

Throughout the years I have managed to persuade bands and musicians local and from afar (the furthest being Blackpool) to give up their time to play a little on the afternoon and donations come in from others in the form of raffle ideas, cakes for the morning before the run, prizes for the winners or help with the free drink post run, because not everyone drinks beer - right? The flowers that are supplied by Neil Birks year after year are something to behold and always with the support and back up of Nigel and Fiona (Shalford Brewery) who not only continuously supply the beer but deal with the majority of the logistics on the day.



Hopefully with the easing of restrictions coming around, we can continue on this year

See you on the start line.

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## **AS ONE DOOR CLOSSES – ANOTHER ONE OPENS!**

**BY: ALICE COX**

Just recently, I was approached and asked if I would be willing to take on the role of editor for the Parish Magazine. Big shoes to fill, I thought, as Barry Vincent has been doing an excellent job for the past 6 years or more; but he now feels that it is the right time to put away his editor's cap and fill the hours he will gain exploring pastures new and I would like to thank him on behalf of all of us for the hours, patience and skill, he has given the community over the past years.

So as the Bugle closes, I find myself (having said 'yes') facing a very different and perhaps daunting challenge. The main difference being that the Magazine has a far wider reach than Bendlowe's Bugle as it is delivered free of charge to all households in the village. The second significant difference is that it has to be self-financing and is reliant on the amazing generosity of our local businesses who provide the funding by way of advertising in the Magazine.

So, if all goes well in securing funding etc, my first Magazine will be issued in September 2021. It will be called Shalford Village Magazine and will naturally incorporate all the current news from St Andrews Church (Vicar's/Church Warden's letters/times & dates of services etc).

I would love to receive your feedback as to what you would like to see in your new Shalford Village Magazine. Just let me know either by emailing me: [alicecox53@btinternet.com](mailto:alicecox53@btinternet.com) or by telephone: 01371 851146.

# MEMORIES OF BANDHAVGARH NATIONAL PARK – MADHYAR PRADESH

BY: GRAHAM BRACE



Serpent Eagle

My wife and I have been on many wildlife trips to India over the last 12 years. We have a small travel company in Delhi who organise and plan for wildlife photographers. They are not wholly different from most, but we do like to be in control. That is to say, we are all round mammal and bird enthusiasts, in fact the whole of the animal kingdom. We wish to dictate how long we stay in any one place, and what animals to prioritise at any one time. Thus, we always arrange our tours on a bespoke basis. It is surprising how cheaply you can do this when you use a local company. Asking someone to duck out of the way so we can take a photograph, and quite often miss the best shot in the process, is not what serious photographers want.

Whilst we try to vary each trip with different national parks and cultural highlights, we always end up at, or include, the beguiling Bandhavgarh National Park, set in the small village of Tala, right in the middle of India. A two-hour drive from Jabalpur Airport, which is a relatively short distance by Indian standards, so the anticipation is short lived. But, every time we reach the outskirts of the town, we feel a tingle down our spines, and smiles broaden on our faces..... We are almost there!

We have many great memories both in the Park and of our favourite lodge, The Tiger's Den. Gyanendra Tiwari and his team are dedicated to making your stay as pleasurable as possible. Nothing is too much trouble for them. Then there are the naturalists who help to make your dreams come true: the wonderful Sanjay Gupta and Jagat Chaturvedi. When you are with someone for many hours at a time on a game drive safari you have to be able to converse with them. Both of these gentlemen are bright, educated and with an encyclopaedic knowledge of all wildlife, both flora and fauna. They were brought up in the village and the national park and have spent all their lives learning all the things never covered by university courses. And, whilst the main reason you go to Bandhavgarh and, for us, the main reason you go to India is to see tigers, it is not just about tigers...

One afternoon game drive stands out particularly. Jagat and I were by ourselves driving slowly through the Sal forest and chatting generally. Nothing was around.

Suddenly.... Whoosh! Just at the side of the track as we were passing, my favourite raptor, the Crested Serpent Eagle, flew up and over our heads. He landed on a thick branch leaning over the track at an elevation of 10-12 feet. We had a terrific view of him, standing there proudly with his mighty talons pinning down an 18-inch snake. I am not a great snake lover at all, but I did feel some sympathy for this little creature that was completely at the eagle's mercy. As we watched, Jagat explained what would happen next, and avoiding the graphic detail, the snake somehow disappeared, swallowed whole! The process taking no more than 3 to 4 minutes. I was in total awe. It simply underlined why he is my favourite bird.

Just one story from our memory banks of this glorious place.

### MY PASSION – LOCAL WILDLIFE

BY: GRAHAM BRACE



Left  
Collared Dove



Right  
Grey Squirrel

Below – The  
Beautiful Jay



Left - Roe Deer



Above – Wood Pigeon 4 weeks  
old ready to fledge

Right – Wood Pigeon  
Chicks - 4 weeks



# LIVING IN CLOUD CUCKOO LAND?

BY: DAVID PAUL

I've done so much walking over the last 12 months (haven't we all?) and now have a new hobby, "taking weird and wacky photographs of the clouds". Less aeroplanes is great too, they aren't spoiling our skies with criss-cross lines anymore!

Some of these are so unbelievably weird, hope you Enjoy!



Grizzly Bear chasing a Terrier



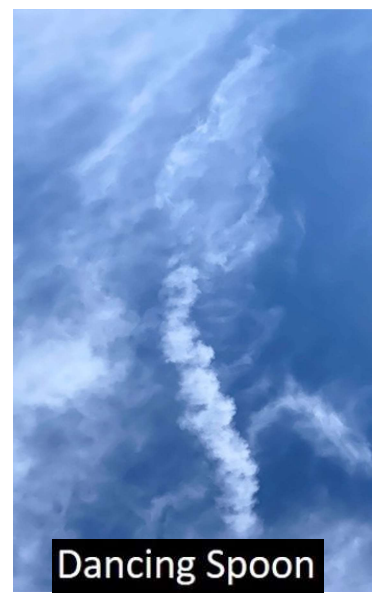
Flying Horse



Grinning Dragon



This is Quackers



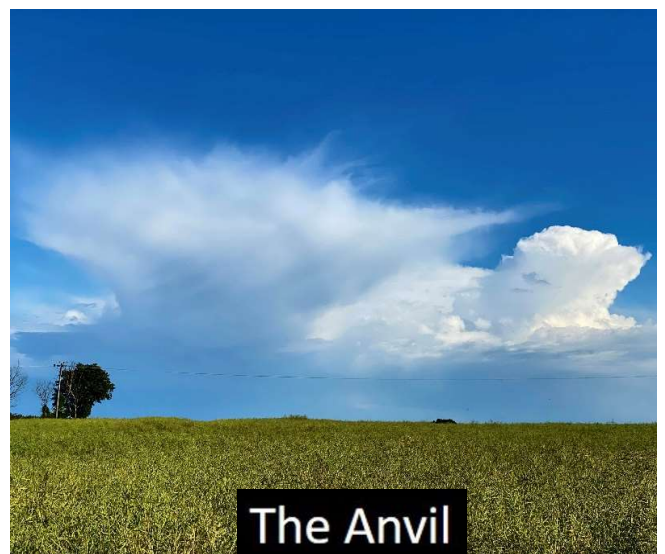
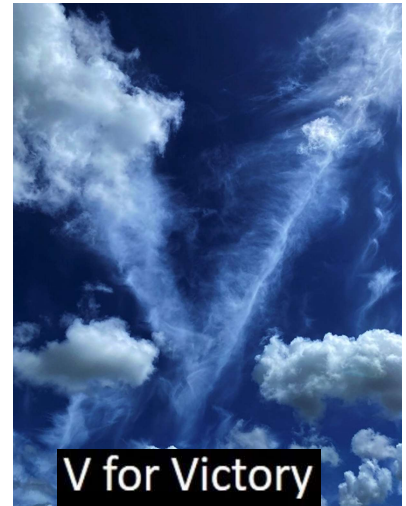
Dancing Spoon



Upside down Rainbow



Parallel Lines



## MOTOTAXI JUNKET

BY: ANDREW HULL



I thought I would follow on from last month's theme of three wheeled travel, and write about my travels across a large chunk of South America by mototaxi! The mototaxi is the pinnacle of terrible three-wheeled machinery, a vehicle so rubbish they rarely leave a town. They are a cross between a moped, sofa and an umbrella, mostly designed for small taxi journeys around compact urban areas in South America,

However, I had signed up for a race which would take us approximately 3000km from Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, across the border into Bolivia and up, up and up, over the Andes to Cuzco in Peru. Regular readers of my articles can probably guess that this involved no set route, no back up and pretty much no clue, coupled also with minimal Spanish speaking skills! The perfect recipe for adventure.



True to form, I arrived in Argentina on my own a few weeks before the New-Year's-day race start. I had decided to soak up the atmosphere of Buenos Aires then head up North to Iguazu Falls. Iguazu Falls are, in my opinion, one of the planets most awe-inspiring sights, they are simply

astounding! A chain of hundreds of waterfalls nearly 2 miles in length. The power and noise of the cascades make for a jaw-dropping, visceral experience. It is the world's largest waterfall system - made all the better by the setting. The falls are split between Brazil and Argentina in a large expanse of national park, much of it



rainforest. For some reason it doesn't get much press with Niagra Falls and Victoria Falls being more well-known, possibly.

Whilst in Argentina I had arranged to meet up with a Dutch guy called Marcellus, he was also signed up to do the Mototaxi Junket Race and was calling out to meet up with any race goers to cross the border into Paraguay.

I had zero preconceptions of Paraguay, it is one of the least visited countries in South America. Upon arriving in Asuncion, the capital, with Marcellus, it felt like we had entered a rather wealthy country. Over the coming days, the other 30 or so racegoers arrived at the hotel we were told to stay in, a rather mixed bunch of ages, and nationalities. All of us had a huge sense of anticipation and couldn't wait to get started. Such high spirits, along with a sense of anticipation, excitement and the beginning of a New Year, meant all of us probably celebrated a little too hard, with most of us not going to sleep on New Year's Eve and partying through the night until we were due to leave in a procession through the city led by a police convoy! Well, the procession was comical, 30 mototaxis driven by people mostly in fancy dress, probably still drunk, being led out by two police motorbikes, one of whom had our Peruvian organiser sitting on the back of the bike without a helmet drinking cans of beer! This set the tone for the rest of the trip, utter chaos unfolded!

When you leave Asuncion, you realise that wealth is very much concentrated in the capital city and the country outside the city is a very different place. Sixty percent of the land mass is made up of the Chaco, it's been referred to as one of the last great wildernesses on the planet and is one of the least densely populated areas in the Americas. All I knew at the time is that it is hot, very hot and I had to drive my mototaxi right through the middle of it! Temperatures were well above 40 degrees during the day and didn't seem to drop much during the night! On the first night we pitched our tent on the gravel forecourt of an isolated petrol station, the only sign of life for miles! It was like sleeping in a sauna and not to be recommended!

This particular road in Paraguay (the only tarmac one outside of the city) is probably the longest, straightest, flattest road I've ever been on anywhere in the world, I think it was about 700 km long and probably elevated about 50metres the entire time and had a slight turn to the left! This coupled with the heat leaves an almost "other-worldly" sensation!

After a few days, myself and a couple of other teams had joined in convoy and were approaching the Bolivian border. Now for some reason, the perfectly good tarmac road for the last 100 miles to the border had been deliberately blocked by large logs at regular intervals making it impassable. The only route to the border was off road! We finally made it to the border crossing, manned by soldiers who I am pretty certain had never seen such a random selection of rubbish vehicles driven by people in fancy dress who hadn't washed for 4 days. They certainly had not seen anything like the paperwork we presented, as they immediately told us we couldn't enter! Not what we

wanted to hear. Luckily for us, part of our three-team motorbike convoy were two girls, one from Russia and one from Canada, they seemed to be able to communicate better with the border guards and soon our paperwork was stamped!

Night time was rapidly approaching and we were only able to push on to a small



village a few miles further on dominated by a small army camp. Desperate for a bottle of water we appeared to have arrived in the only village in Bolivia that didn't sell water, only beer! We were also told that the only safe place to stay is inside the army camp. So, it was with beers in hand we were let into the army base to chuckle over our previous few days' adventures!

We had two weeks to cover the entire distance and I could go on for pages and pages on the silly turns and places we ended up! However, let me give you some tips if you ever find yourself trying to traverse a large chunk of a continent in a mototaxi. They are driven by two chains, which drive only the back left wheel, so driving in a straight line is impossible (not ideal for Paraguay). The chain regularly breaks, so you need to have spares. Also bolts become undone very easily, mostly through vibration. Two guys were killed in the pioneers event the year before doing the same trip, the wheel vibrated off close to a cliff edge and sadly they lost control. Punctures are common. With these problems in mind, we had the choice upon entering Bolivia of heading West over steep mountains to the Uyuni Salt Flat, the world's largest salt flats. An almost 11000 square kilometre landscape of bright white salt, rock formations and cacti studded islands; or, we could go due North, skirt the amazon basin and try and stay on flatter ground for longer! Judging by our efforts on steep ground we decided to skirt the amazon and head for a city called Santa Cruz. All I can say about Santa Cruz is that it has a lot of stretched limousines and fancy hotels, I also read something about it being very close to one of the biggest cocaine producing areas in Bolivia!

When you are heading from the lowlands of Paraguay to Cuzco in Peru there is something you cannot escape, you eventually have to cross the Andes! The Andes is the world's longest mountain range running almost 4500 miles through seven countries. The section we had to cross included the Altiplano, it is the area where the Andes are the widest and it is one of the most extensive areas of high plateau on Earth outside Tibet. All I know is that 150 cc engines don't particularly like the elevation and my body with alcohol also doesn't like it as, at one point, I blacked out when we went over a pass over 5300 metres and I had to get out and push the mototaxi! Not eating for the previous 24 hours probably didn't help.

The roads here are amazing, we traversed some of the roads you see on television normally undertaken by the likes of Jeremy Clarkson and the Top Gear lot or other programmes like the World's Most Dangerous Roads. Blind corners, landslides, sheer drops, combined with three-wheels certainly sharpens the senses!

So, after we stopped at La Paz, the capital of Bolivia and the highest capital in the world, we were soon headed for the border with Peru. We were given one piece of information from our organisers and that was to use this particular crossing as all the paperwork had been sorted and they were expecting us. Well, this proved to be the worst information they could have given us as, yet again, we were told we couldn't cross! We did have an ace up our sleeve though, the mototaxi junket organisers had a fixer on the ground, a girl named Willow, a rather mesmerising red head who spoke fluent Spanish and had worked around the world filming documentaries with Bruce Parry on the excellent Tribe series that was popular a good few years ago. She had tried bribing the border guards and generally tried every trick in the book but the only information she got was that the guards change at midnight and there is a window of opportunity to push our bikes over the bridge into Peru under the cover of silence and darkness as the guards change. Willow had found a place in town on the other side of the crossing in Peru where we could hide our mototaxis up! So, the plan was set, we would push our mototaxis over the bridge on the stroke of midnight then quietly start up our bikes to get to the guest house where we could bypass cumbersome paperwork! So, on the strike of midnight, we quietly pushed our trusty steed over the bridge approx 50 metres then, when we reached the other side, we fired up our mototaxi forgetting our exhaust pipe had fallen off earlier that day! Our cover was blown! We scarpered quickly to our pre-planned guest house rendezvous! Probably illegal, but it was certainly an adventure!

From the border, we hammered our mototaxi hard past Lake Titicaca, said to be the birthplace of the Incas and the highest navigable body of water in the world. Knowing the finish line was only a few days away in Cuzco, we could push the bike to its limit. Along the way we were met by several police road blocks which, when we first got stopped, was quite nerve racking considering our chosen method of entry into the country. However, my team mate had come up with the cunning plan of pretending not to know even a single word of Spanish and anytime the police would speak he would look blankly at them. This had the desired effect of the police becoming increasingly agitated - to the point where they would wave us on! We even managed to perfect this look of bewilderment at further police blocks. We wouldn't even stop, just slow right down and wave and smile at the police and then just carry on. It is amazing what you can get away with when driving the right vehicle wearing a white boilersuit and it is also amazing that we avoided being arrested!

To cut a long story short, we arrived in Cuzco, one of the first teams. It was quite an amazing sense of achievement and I think everyone that participated on that event

realised we had done something special. We partied hard that evening, all of us, Junketeers forever!

That was the last time the organisers did that trip through the three countries, as it was deemed too difficult and too dangerous. They carried on for a few more years just doing the event in Peru. Then, after a while, they swapped the lethal mototaxi for the more comical monkey bike. I just know I was lucky to do that trip and I am still friends with the people I met. In fact, the following year myself and my new dutch mate Marcellus drove a tuk from the sinking city of Jakata in Indonesia, across Sumatra, over to Malaysia and up into Thailand...but that's another story.....

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## CALLING ALL CRAFTERS IN SHALFORD AND NEARBY

**BY: MARIANNA MARRIOTT & CAROLNE OTTLEY**

Caroline Ottley and I (Marianna Marriott) are hoping to recommence our monthly meetings of the Craft Group over the summer. We only had three meetings when the pandemic stopped our gatherings. Now that we are returning to some sort of normality, we are thinking of arranging meetings again. We wondered how much interest there is in the village for such a group. Previously, we would meet during a morning or afternoon – to be negotiated. Meetings took place at one of our houses and we would bring whatever piece of craft we were working on. Of course, we would chat over a tea/coffee with the obligatory slice of cake. We had discussed perhaps doing a joint piece of work or perhaps we could learn about someone's speciality craft but the main reason why we started the group was to bring people who have an interest in craft, together. If you feel you would like to join us, please contact Marianna on 07450 251525 or Caroline on 07734 140478.

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### MY FAVOURITE PHOTO

**BY: CAROL HUSSEY**



**Are you coming or not?**

**I can't 'hang' about here all day!**

### MY FAVOURITE PHOTO

**BY: GRAHAM BRACE**



**Just William**

# KENTWELL HALL, LONG MELFORD, SUFFOLK

BY: MARY BRACE



This outstanding property is well worth a visit if you have never been. I went there probably forty years ago as a teacher on a school trip during one of their 'History Weeks'. There are actors dressed in period costume engaging in conversations of the time and no matter how you try to catch them out by showing them a watch or camera they are having none of it.



The grounds are beautiful with pigs and tree-roaming hens and cockerels as well as the house and dairy and other outbuildings with people going about their daily tasks.

The day is worth every penny and spend the whole day and purchase refreshment from their own café or take a picnic. Wander at your will and enjoy the hidden treasures in the wood, the apothecary being just one. An experience you and any younger family members you take will never forget.

I have been back many times and think it is one of the most beautiful places locally we can go to. What a treasure. The owners Mr and Mrs Phillips have put their lives into this property and it shows.

MY FAVOURITE PHOTO

BY: GRAHAM BRACE

MUNTJAC DEER



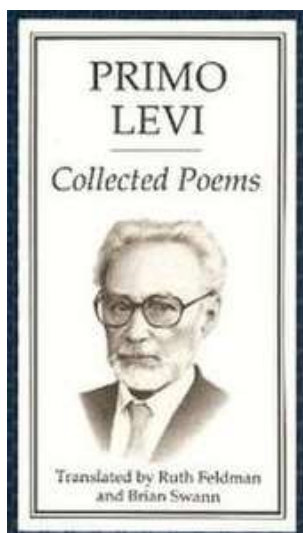
## ON FRIENDSHIP

BY: REV ALEX SHANNON

As the *Bugle* enters its final edition, and we look forward to a time when physical meeting is possible again, I thought it would be appropriate to put down some words on the subject of friendship. This is something which is, of course, central to what *Bendlowe's* stands for, in its desire to promote companionship and combat isolation. Friendship is also, however, something which it is easy to take for granted, and the past year has shown us not only the value of our existing friendships, but also how new ones can be forged when circumstances place great strain on us as individuals.

In the same century that St Andrew's was being built, St Catherine of Sienna wrote that dear friends, 'though they are two in body, yet they are one in soul.' In saying this, she was remarking on the fact that the bonds of friendship can fundamentally change who we are. In a world where individual identity is highly prized, that seems a rather scary thing to say, but in the medieval world, it was widely recognised how dependent we all are upon one another. This was even reflected in the way society was structured, with ties of obligation which extended both upwards and downwards in the chain of feudal loyalty.

Thus, our first predecessors in the current Parish Church in Shalford would not have been surprised at all by the idea that friendships affect us at the deepest levels of our being. And there are, in fact, more modern voices which have said the same thing; one example is the Italian chemist and author, Primo Levi. His writing is saturated in moral and ethical thinking, shaped particularly by his experiences in concentration camps, including Auschwitz, during the Second World War. In his poem, *To My Friends*, written in 1985 towards the end of his life, he addresses his friends, both fleeting and life-long, with the words:



*'...remember the time  
Before the wax hardened,  
When everyone was like a seal.  
Each of us bears the imprint  
Of a friend met along the way;  
In each the trace of each.  
For good or evil  
In wisdom or in folly  
Everyone stamped by everyone.'*

In words written nearly seven centuries apart, we find the same thought expressed – that we are made into the people we are, at least in part, by our friendships. No wonder, then, that the lockdown measures of the past year have so severely tested us; and no wonder that such an apparently simple thing as companionship can have such a powerful healing influence.

When Levi wrote of his experiences in Auschwitz, he mentioned a number of friendships, but one in particular he credits with virtually saving his humanity in the struggle for survival he experienced between the abandonment of the camp and the arrival of its liberators. ‘Part of our existence,’ he writes, ‘lies in the feelings of those near to us.’ Amidst the prospect of starvation faced by those left behind in the camp, Levi tells us how his fellow prisoner Charles never succumbed to the temptation to stop valuing the lives of others, even though every mouth to be fed meant less food to go round. In doing so, he played a part in saving all those around him from losing the part of *their* humanity which depended on the humanity of their friends. This, Levi says, ‘is why my friendship with Charles will prove lasting.’ They had only met two weeks before, but the effect of their experience on one another was deep enough to forge a friendship which Levi knew would endure.

To return to the medieval world of St Catherine, in her understanding this interdependence is not something accidental, but part of a plan. In the vision of God of which she writes, she hears the words, ‘I wanted to make you dependent on one another so that each of you would be my minister, dispensing the graces and gifts you have received from me.’ This is the explanation given to her for why we each find that different aspects of living a virtuous life come more or less naturally to us. In other words, friendship is a way in which we become more like God, giving to one another the gifts he has already given us.

This means that St Catherine has some words of advice to us in valuing our friends: ‘Be careful not to be negligent in giving them the benefit of your prayers, the example of your life, and the teaching of your words.’ Perhaps behind that advice lies the realisation that the difference that friendship can make can be so great as to be barely imaginable. We don’t need to go through so extreme an experience as someone like Primo Levi for that to be true; after the past year-and-a-bit, we have probably all shared enough to know its wisdom. Having had the ways in which we can be companions to one another so severely restricted, we have also been reminded to be conscious of their true value.



St Andrew's Church, Shalford

## A CHILEAN SAFARI

BY: GRAHAM BRACE

Where we were heading was only a relatively short leap to Antarctica, towards the southern end of Chile. There, lies what some have described as the most beautiful national park in the world, Torres del Paine: a wonderful mixture of snow-capped mountains, rivers and lakes, holding a



Lake Pehoe

magnetic attraction where tourists soon understand what unspoilt really means.

To get there is not for the faint hearted, approx. 14 hours non-stop to Santiago from London, roughly halfway down that thin strip of land that forms the western coast of South America and, overall is more than



Puma Cub

2000 miles north to south. It was then an internal flight of 3.5 hours to the small town of Puntas Arenas near to the bottom, nothing exciting but a welcome overnight stop at a decent hotel. Interestingly only a couple of other guests at dinner, which bade the question... was there going to be any other like-minded travellers here on the same quest as us?

Oh yes, why we were there..... Mary and I are passionate wildlife conservationists and photographers. We have travelled to many so-called exotic places in the last 12 years, including parts of Africa, India and South America, primarily in search of big cats. Most tourists go to the Torres del Paine for the sheer beauty and trekking opportunities that abounds there - but, it is also one of the last refuges of the Puma, otherwise known as Cougar or Mountain Lion.



Rupestre

So, an early morning start, and after meeting up with the like-minded enthusiasts who were staying at other hotels, we travelled a further 3 hours by minibus to the Park itself, we were not disappointed. Staying in one place, literally in the middle of nowhere, was extremely comfortable and surprisingly so. The food was almost gourmet standard every evening and the actual accommodation was lodge style and equal to 4\*. The 7 intrepid travellers in our group were accompanied by a local guide and driver with limited English, but just enough.





Chilean Flamingo

However, the 4 days intensive ‘hunting’ (I used the term advisedly) were orchestrated by the best tracker in the business, as we were to find out very quickly. As with all wildlife, we adopt the attitude that you are privileged to be there in their home. Realistically, we had hoped for one or two encounters in the time period and just a few decent photos. We tell people in our illustrated talks that wildlife /safari type holidays are not like a zoo, the sheer joy of seeing a truly wild animal in its own home

behaving naturally is second to none. And so it was, on our first drive out along the dusty roads, we were of course admiring the breath-taking scenery, when within the first hour, we quickly ground to a halt, as our guide (we found out later) was on the crackling shortwave radio to Jorge... the tracker.

We had been approaching a steep gorge some 100 yds away..... and there walking slowly but purposefully down one side was our first Puma. We scrambled out of the minibus and started taking photos of this stunning creature. She paused for a moment in the middle of the road and continued casually into the rough grass and heathland on the other side. We were all very excited and joked that we could all go home now. What a pleasure as well to be on terra firma with a big cat, so often you are in a jeep or vehicle of some sort.... Wow!.... But, it didn't end there, suddenly Jorge the tracker appeared and said.



The Guanacos

‘Follow me’. And thus, a real first for all of us, we followed this beautiful girl on foot at a very safe distance for a couple of miles, while she hunted and finally disappeared.

Over the next 4 days we found and photographed 13 different Pumas.... yes 13, including four cubs waiting on a mountain ridge for their mother to return! It was a magical experience, we followed the golden rules of keeping a safe distance and keeping quiet, and were able to get within



Culpeo Fox

30 – 40 yards at times. Social distancing has always been the case with wildlife.

There is other wildlife but it is not like Africa or India where there is an abundant variety wherever you look. Guanacos, llama-like creatures, are the main prey animal for the Puma and you will see many of these. Other mammals, like Culpeo and Grey Fox are often seen, and



Chilean Hare

we did see Hares, similar to our own, in the grounds of our lodge, but sadly no great sighting of one of the world's largest birds, the Andean Condor.... maybe next time.



## DEERSBROOK FARM

BY: ANNA BLUMFIELD



As Spring turns to summer and the farm is ever changing through the seasons; the last of our spring calves are being born out on the meadows, preparations of the mower and baler ready for first cut of grass to wrap for silage, which will be used over winter to feed the cattle whilst grass is dormant. We've been thankful for the sunshine and showers as the grass has recovered well from such a dry April. Thank you everyone for supporting our little butchery and farm shop. As restrictions ease it's been a time of reflection as lockdown saw a



huge demand in store and delivering orders locally. Great to see the villagers pull together and it highlights what amazing produce and people we have in the community. I'm so thankful to all our staff, who went above and beyond.

We welcomed Geoff this year to work in the new kitchen at Deersbrook butchery and farm shop. Geoff has made everything from chocolate brownies, pasties, scotch eggs to wonderful terrines and wild garlic arancini. As well as training in butchery with Cherry. We look forward to expanding the range of produce we can make here, this week we take delivery of a new display chiller for our range of cooked and sliced hams, roast beef, terrines, ready meals all using our very own produce along with fresh local ingredients. We'll keep an eye on the weather and prepare for picnics and BBQ's hopefully soon!

Unfortunately, we're unable to hold Open Farm Sunday this year, as they have moved the date back to 27th June, the farmyard will be filling up with thousands of bales as harvest begins. Please do look out if other farms are taking part. Come back and see us next year, 12th June 2022!!

Events - Celebration beef meal on 11th June with Chef G. Douglas cooking a sensational feast showcasing our 100% grass fed beef and seasonal produce with pairing of wines or local craft ales from Bishop Nick.



We are able to hold 'Pizza in the meadows' on 22nd July and 27th August with Nonna's woodfire pizza oven coming to Deersbrook Farm along with full bar and Saffron ice-creams. Pre-orders and time slots available, bring a blanket/chair and enjoy a game of rounders or relax with friends and enjoy the views across the farm. Many thanks.

Deersbrook Farm 01371 850671 07766543493 <http://deersbrookfarm.com>  
<http://www.pastureforlife.org/profile/B105/>

**JOHN AND JANET BRIGHT**  
**BY: MARIANNA MARRIOTT**

Janet's love for embroidery, sewing and in fact many other crafts originated from her long stays in hospital as a child. Janet contracted TB at the age of three and a half during the War. She was helping her mother wash up at the sink when she fell off the stool and hurt her leg. They didn't think there was any serious harm at the time. That night there was an air raid. Mum grabbed Janet and ran for the shelter. Doctors believe the shock of the air raid brought on TB. It transpired that all was not well with her leg. Janet spent several months in hospital during which time she received many treatments and operations. Janet had stays in Southend Hospital and then Black Notley Hospital.

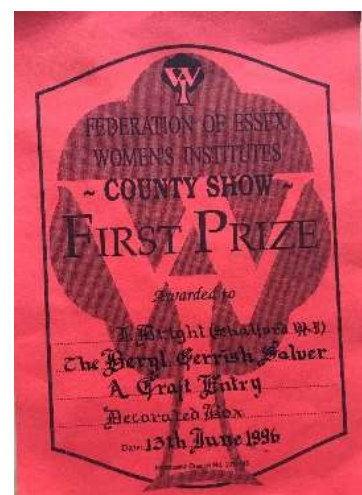
During her time in hospital, school lessons continued to take place in the mornings and then crafts in the afternoon. There were many children at that time with TB so they needed things to do to occupy them. One of the first things Janet remembers, was being given a bag to embroider. She used a blunt needle and wool. She had the opportunity to try various other crafts. Her mother had a treadle sewing machine so she also learnt to sew.



As was common at the time, when Janet decided to marry John in 1970, she made her wedding dress and her bridesmaid dresses. She made shirts and trousers for her husband and clothes for herself. She also continued to use her crafts for all sorts of items for her home. In fact, Janet could turn a hand to many types of crafts – much self-taught through experimenting.

During Janet's married life she was a member of the Women's Institute. They met once a month in Shalford Village Hall. Most years the WI would apply for Grant Aided courses which ran for 6 weeks, once a week, in crafts; such as box making, pottery, quilting and art, all of which Janet subscribed to. The course on box making involved making a box from strong card and then covering it in fabric and embellishing it with embroidery, beading, quilting, etc. Janet even won the Beryl Gerrish Salver for her decorated box in 1996 at the Essex Show. Other courses Janet partook in were pottery and quilting. She often submitted entries in the Shalford Horticultural Show and many times came away with a few prizes. Looking at the photos of some of Janet's work, I couldn't believe how lifelike they looked.

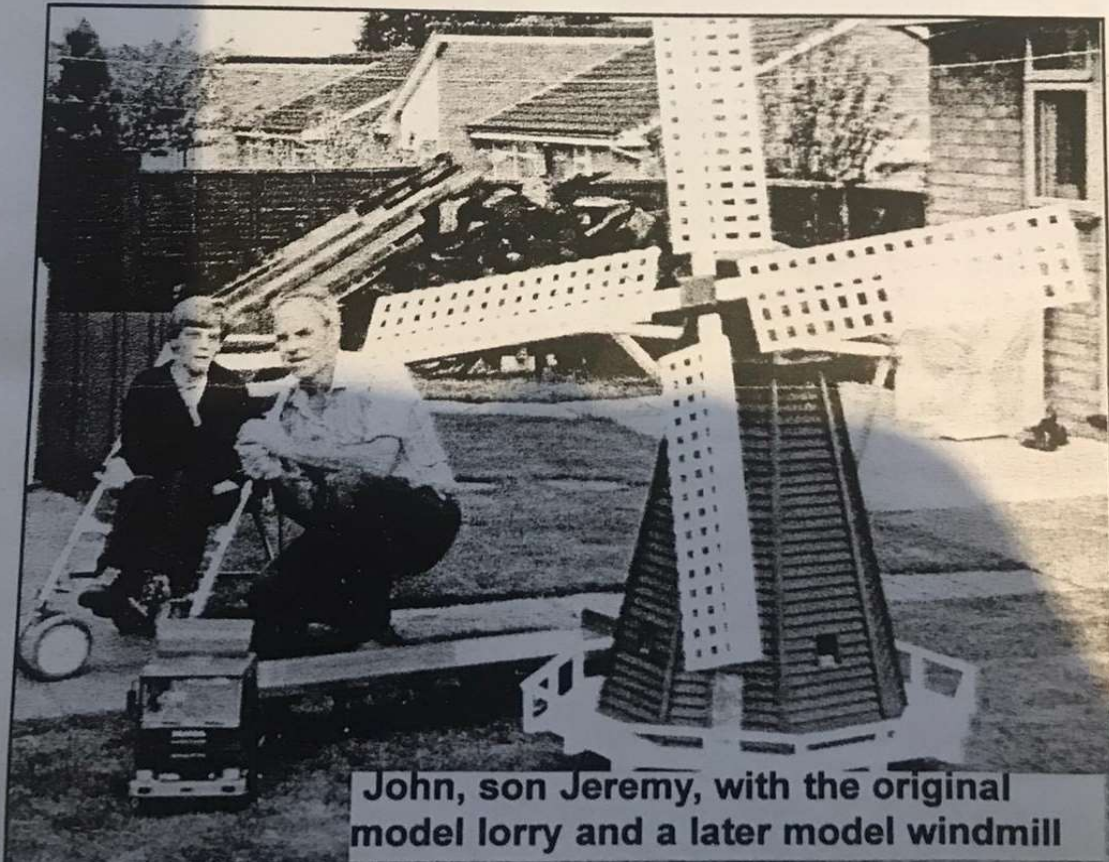
They are truly amazing.



During our conversations, John handed to me a papercutting (see below) which was taken from the Spring Edition of Shalford News 2005 (a full copy can be downloaded from Shalford's website). John and Janet's Museum is still

## A Bright Museum

John Bright, who has spent a lifetime working with wood, made his first to-scale model, a lorry in 1986. Little did he and Janet, his wife realise that this would be the beginning of an absorbing hobby, one that would develop gradually filling their sitting room with models. In 1997 John bought a new car, which required a larger garage, and when this was built the old garage provided the much-needed space to display John's models. Their small museum was created. In addition to the models the Brights have filled the shelves with over 1000 other interesting items including a fine collection of salt cellars, Shalford Cricket Club documents and photographs, (John was a club player), a variety of old carpentry and other tools, newspapers of historic value, as well as a miscellany of personal, village, and wartime memorabilia. The collection continues to expand; further pieces donated by visitors have been added. Without any advertising the museum has attracted over 200 visitors, including family and friends from near and far, some from abroad, who have come eagerly to view this singular and fascinating collection. The Brights are always pleased to show interested people what lies behind their old garage door, but request a phone call telephone 01371 850877 from would-be callers to fix a convenient date and time before they make a visit.



John, son Jeremy, with the original model lorry and a later model windmill

flourishing and has now attracted over 300 visitors. So, make a phone call 01371 850877 and arrange an appointment for an extremely enjoyable and fascinating visit.

Here are a few examples of his models:-



I'd also like to mention that Janet and John reached their Golden Wedding Anniversary in May last year. They moved into their current home in Barryfields following their wedding in 1970. Unfortunately, COVID put a stop to any celebrations last year, so they are celebrating their 50 + 1 year Anniversary this year with an Afternoon Tea provided by Mange Tout who are their neighbours. They had a magnificent cake of a vegetable garden. As many of you will know John was well known for his immaculate garden. He even won Best Garden in the Village. He also submitted many entries in the Shalford Horticultural Show and was very successful.

We wish Janet and John many congratulations and we send them every good wish for many more years together.



**NEWS : NEWS : NEWS**  
**All being well**  
**Meet & Greet**  
**SHALFORD VILLAGE HALL**  
**Friday - 2<sup>nd</sup> July 2021**  
**11 A.M to 2.00 P.M.**  
**CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU THERE**

## FINALE

BY: CAROL HUSSEY



As the Bendlowe's Bugle comes to an  
end  
we're sad to see it go,  
it's seemed just like a special friend,  
been a joy to watch it grow.  
A perfect idea that helped us through  
such very unusual times.....  
Bad ones, sad ones,  
and some glad ones .....yes, there  
were a few!  
Some rough times, tough times,  
" I think I've had enough" times,  
unsure just what to do.  
It saw us tackle stormy weather,  
forged a link - kept us together,  
encouraged us to all take part  
to keep on going - not lose heart,  
articles, photos, tales of yesteryear,  
with jokes and poems to bring some  
cheer.  
Crosswords sent the brow into  
furrows,  
courtesy of Robert Burrows.  
So, let's raise a glass, a cup or mug  
and give Alice and team a 'virtual hug'  
A heartfelt 'Thank You' to one and all  
till we meet again at the Village Hall!

## FAREWELL TO THE BUGLE

**BY: SHEILA BUSH**



Before "Bendlowe's Bugle" is put  
to bed  
There are many thanks that should  
be said,  
A "Big-Big" thank you to Alice and  
her team  
For all the hard work behind the  
scenes.  
They all did their bit to get it to our  
door  
Time to chat and so much more,  
I'm sure many people will be sad  
No more "Bugle" to be had.  
So please all join with me today  
With a big "Thank you" and "hip  
hooray"

### IT'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE PLEASURE TO COMPILE THE BUGLE

Liaising with contributors and recipients  
alike has been amazing – everything you can  
think of – joyful, heart-warming, fruitful,  
educational. To choose just one thing that I  
have learnt over the past months is just  
what a wonderful community we have and  
how kind-hearted and caring our neighbours  
are. "Thank you" is inadequate to show my  
gratitude to everyone who has contributed.

You are ALL Bendlowe's Bugle's COVID  
HEROES – see attached list.

Look forward to seeing you all at Meet &  
Greet 2<sup>nd</sup> July. Take care everyone.

*Alice*

*William Bendlowe Charity*  
*People Working for People*  
**Promoting Community Life**



**B**endlowe's  
**E**ncouraging  
**N**eighbourly  
**D**ialogue  
**L**ocals  
**O**peningly  
**W**elcoming  
**E**very  
**S**upporter



*It's good to take part*

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**Telephone:** 01371 851146 or 07850 264518

William Bendlowe Charity Number 241285  
Trustees: Alice Cox S M Welsh Rev A Shannon