



Welcome....

...to the fourth issue of our Bendlowe's newsletter of 2020. now renamed as The Bendlowe's Bugle thanks to a suggestion from Carol H. and illustrated very nicely in the image here from Alice.



We're delighted to have a variety of different recollections and funny and moving stories from you. Sadly, it's looking as though the resumption of Meet and Greet is still a long way off so please continue to send your items to us and we'll keep sending out The Bugle!

Church End Mystery

In our last issue we wondered why Shalford Church End was so named even though it is the opposite end of the village from the Church. Heather sent in this very interesting reply.

We moved to Shalford 34 years ago and our lane was not named but was known as Church End, however we were always lead to believe, from local hearsay, that the lane should be known as Church's End as it referred to a family surname. It was only when all the lanes were having signage erected that the debate arose and Church End chosen.

We have a copy of a map "William Brazier's 1730 map of Shalford" The original coloured map hangs framed at Abbott's Hall having been found rolled up in a cupboard by Mr and Mrs Clementson. Copies of this map were sold to villagers for £3.50 in 1997.

The map is large, too big to show here. However 2 of the photos we have taken of the map show Church End. Highlighted on the first map shows a Stone Church just opposite where the current school is. Map 2, centre column, under the heading Shalford Glebe mentions a grave yard and a vicarage, spelt "vicaridge".

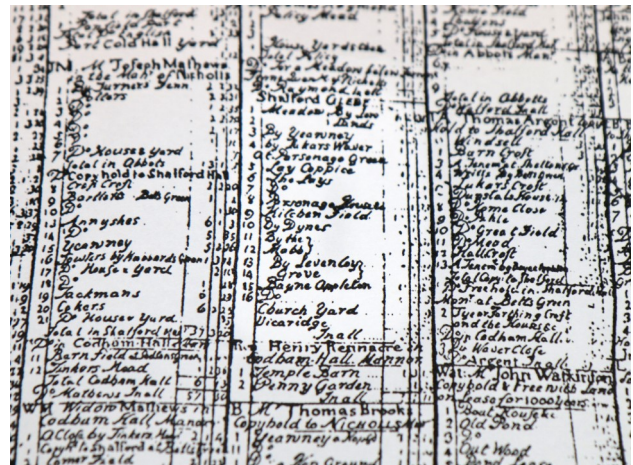
There is currently "The Old Vicarage " on the same side of the road as the Stone Church.

The third map (see comment below) identifies the lanes and surrounding areas.

Can anyone shed further light onto this mystery?



William Brazier's map



Map 2

A note from the Editor—Heather has sent us a copy of the larger third map she mentions. Let us know if you would like a copy e-mailed to you so that you can enlarge it and see it properly on your screen.

LIFE AND WORK ABROAD WHEN IN MY LATE 20s

1961 - 1965

BY DIDI CROOK

Alice wanted some writings for Bendlowe's Bugle and I thought people might like to hear about some of my youthful activities! So I've written up some of my thoughts and experiences into several sections.

I am no longer young, being in my mid-eighties. I often reflect on my past life; the people I have met, and the experiences I have had. So far, I feel I have had a lucky and happy life. Having been a child in World War II, I was alerted early on to the fact that Humanity can be as evil and cruel, as it is kind and loving. I used to have childish dreams of going to Hitler and asking him to change, and make peace with all peoples. I always had the feeling that I could have been born anywhere in the world – what lucky chance was it that I “landed” in England which recently has not suffered occupation first hand, with the attendant brutalities and suffering. I felt aware that I could just as easily have been born Jewish, in Germany or Europe. I sensed something of how terrifying that could be – how I could never have felt safe and free from underlying fear. I have always pondered on these things – and feel flooded with relief and gratitude for a life in a democratic and generally kind society.

As I grew older, I believed in the French quotation “The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance”. I realised that it was not just in Europe that these things happen; I felt horror at the Korean War, Vietnam, South Africa, the Middle East, Angola, and Africa. Then one day at a meeting of the Buddhist Society in Cambridge, I first heard of Tibet, and the plight of the Dalai Lama and his people.

Although originally trained as a Nurse, I have never had much confidence in my abilities, and felt helpless in the face of so much oppression everywhere – yet clearly wished I could do something. I now realised there was no way I could visit a dictator, and ask him to stop what he was doing! But the idealism of my childhood remained dormant.

I heard of Service Civil International, an organisation working for Peace, with headquarters in Switzerland. Through some Quakers, this organisation originated at the end of the First World War, and English, German, and French, young people went to help rebuild villages in both France and Germany. Their Motto was “Peace – through Deeds, not Words”. They would work anywhere, together with anyone, provided they were not taking paid work away from others. So the work was usually in emergency situations, or where extra hands were required. Often the longer-term work was “trouble-shooting” – finding out about situations, making reports, and attempting to attract more organised funds and workforce. But the main aim was for people to work together from different nations, particularly those where there was a legacy of hatred and fear. It was not an Aid-giving organisation, such as the then beginning Peace Corps, and similar groups. There were exchanges of

people to work in each other's countries, regardless of the economy of the country. Indians would come to work in England, also Japanese, and we would go to those countries.

Being so impressed with S.C.I., I eventually took a deep breath, and volunteered to work with them. I deeply believed in their principles. My work was mainly as a LTV (long-term volunteer), to oversee and treat the health situations wherever I was as best I could – usually with no Doctor on site, and little resources, except my knowledge gained during training and from books which had to be severely adapted to the non-sterile conditions and lack of any building built for the purpose (except in Japan) and any medicines. Band-aids, cotton wool etc were bought with money sent out from good people at home in England who wanted to help. I took out my own stethoscope, syringes, needles etc. (again this was not required in Japan).

Service Civil International

(taken from SCI's website)

Volunteering for peace since 1920

Celebrating 100-year anniversary in 2020



Workcamps

Short-term voluntary projects aimed at breaking down barriers between people and develop intercultural understanding while supporting local communities.

Long-term volunteering

Projects that last from 1 to 12 months where volunteers live in another country and community, are involved in a local project, learning from different cultures and people.



Events and trainings

Local events that promote peace and intercultural understanding, training courses and workshops that build capacity to work to reach our vision for peace

Thank you Didi. Thank goodness for organisations like Service Civil International and volunteers like yourself. In the next issue of The Bugle, Didi will tell us about her first project involving Tibetan Refugees in the Himalayas in India.

Horses

Autumn sunlight glinting
Strong muscles rippling in the shine
A mane tossed here and there
Horses moving across the grass

A community of understanding
A sense of closeness among them
Tho' with a sharp bite, squeal, or kick
The usual rivalries arise
As they munch the grass

Some call alerts –
Heads are raised
One decides to gallop –
Then one more, and more
Until the whole group, manes flying
Tails waving, gallop round and round
As if in sheer excitement
At the sound of thundering hooves

Didi, 11th October 2015
(Ringates field, Kushti Kenner)



Barryfields Bliss

We don't need the Tour de France
Tractors parading made us dance
We had VEDays special tea
All on our lawns so we could see
The other neighbours having fun
Tea boxes made so no work done
The garage sale each Saturday
Made neighbours come and then to stay
To Meet and Greet the buyers who
Enjoyed the search for something new
The money raised went to Nepal
To feed the hungry kids and all
The mums and dads and grannies too
Who now have nothing they can do
So Covid 19 go away
I don't have any more to say
Except our meetings we all miss
But we still have Barryfields Bliss.

Susan Brunskill



Rummaging

I poured myself a cup of tea
And grabbed a nice Fig Roll...
I'm heading up the stairs to see
what's in the 'glory hole'.
A massive cupboard tall and wide
who knows what I might find inside,
open the doors and peer right in
deep breath now – and I'll begin.
Top shelf first, from left to right,
It looks like this might take all night...

Knitting needles in all sizes,
a box containing raffle prizes,
balls of wool and reels of cotton,
bits of craft work – long forgotten.
Embroidery silks, remnants of cloth
(that piece of tweed has had the moth!)

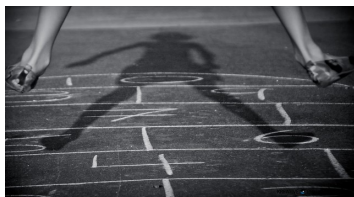
A pretty tin that once held sweets
it now contains some other treats...
Pearly buttons, foreign money...
brought back home from somewhere sunny.
Pack of playing cards – not complete,
A beaded thing for the driving seat,
Calendar left from nineteen - eighty,
A wedding mug for Wills and Katey.
For power cuts, some matches and candles
A box of odd assorted handles
To throw it all would be just dandy...
But no – in case they come in handy!

Carol Hussey

Poetry Corner continued

Childhood

Looking out of my window today
I see no children out to play
Cars I see and traffic jams
Maybe a Mum with a pram.



Children are at home with their computer
This is their game, this is their future
Watching a video or something on telly
Then up to MacDonalds for a burger in the belly.

Girls and boys come out to play
Not any more – not today
We loved to play out in the street,
Knock down ginger, with a quick retreat.

Cartwheels, handstands up the wall,
Over your head your skirt would fall.
The boys would laugh and have a snicker
When they saw our navy blue knickers



Donkey, leapfrog, ball up the wall
So much fun was had by all.
Dip, dip, dip my little ship,
Sailing on the water, you're not it.

Hop scotch, five stones, whip and top,
Film stars, statues, race you round the block.
I could go on and on all day
All the games we used to play.

A skipping rope 20 foot wide
Across the road, from side to side,
Everyone skipping in the middle
Hey diddle the cat and the fiddle

I love to look back and recall
The fun we had when we were small,
Girls and boys come out to play –
Not any more, not today

Sheila Bush



As a follow on from the article last month about Lawrence's memories of Shalford, this is a lovely photo of him in his postman's uniform. Note the shirt and tie. Lawrence once received a ticking off from his superior when he undid his top button one very hot day in the summer of 1976!

Tales Out of School 2

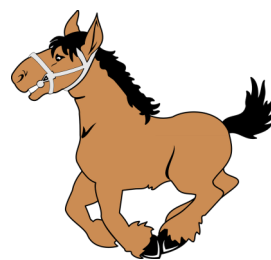


I would like to regale you with some experiences I have had with horses both in and out of school.

The first was when I was a 15-year-old lad and had developed a friendship with a young lady. I had had no experience of horses whatsoever, but she had her own horse. So, when she wanted to exercise her horse I would ride alongside on my bike. (Remember the country roads were a lot quieter in those days.) One day we stopped to have a chat about some gathering black clouds. She got off the horse and we decided we ought to turn back. At that moment there was a flash of lightening and before I knew it the reins of the horse were in my hand and the young lady and my bike were fast disappearing down the road at a rate of knots. I barely knew one end of a horse from the other but I decided rather than walk the two miles back to the stable I would try horse riding. After some struggle, (the horse-initiated will know you have to turn the stirrup round before you mount or you end up facing the wrong way) I made it into the saddle and managed to get back to the stable. Fortunately, for me it was the young lady that was frightened of the storm rather than the horse.

My second experience with a horse did occur when I was teaching in a secondary school. One of my colleagues, an English teacher, bless him, decided the pupils should give a speech about their hobbies. Fine, for such as chess or stamp collecting, but one girl was mad on horse riding.

Without telling anyone my colleague gave her permission to bring the horse into school as a visual aid. I had a team of teachers that, for a week, was responsible for the pupils at break and during the lunch hour. Being in charge was quite good, as like an airline pilot, you only are called on when things go wrong! (Rather like, a girl getting her finger in a soap dispenser in the toilet. See last month) I was summoned by a breathless pupil that there was a horse loose on the school field galloping amongst about a thousand pupils. I rushed out to find a terrified horse with blood streaming from a deep cut in its front leg. I grabbed the reins and tried to appear very brave and now also had a hysterical girl whose horse it was. (I am not sure if she was terrified about the horse or what her mother would say!) Apparently, she and the horse had parted company on the school field; the horse had charged across the field scattering pupils left and right; into the car park and managed to put one leg through one of the windows of a member of staff's car. Fortunately, the school caretaker came to my rescue as he had, in a former life been a jockey. He took charge of the horse and I was then able to arrange first aid for the horse, ring the girl's mother to explain what had happened and could she please come quickly with a trailer to take the horse to a vet.



I think I began to realise that being a teacher was not just about teaching kids.

By Mike Chumbley

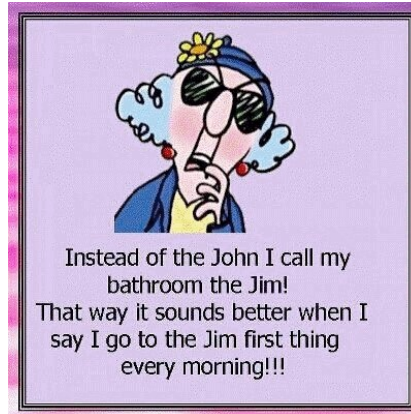
Thanks Mike. Sounds as though you had more than 'Teaching skills' to add to your CV! We look forward to the next instalment.

Alice has dusted off her old joke book to give us these rib-tickers!

*"Have a Laugh"
Said the
Mockingbird to the Parrot*



*Okay, calm down. That's not
whistling. They're wheezing!*



Last year, I replaced all the windows in my house with those expensive double pane energy efficient kind. But this week, I got a call from the contractor complaining that his work had been completed a whole year and I had yet to pay for them.

Boy, oh boy, did we go around! Just because I'm blonde doesn't mean that I am automatically stupid! So, I proceeded to tell him just what his fast-talking sales guy had told me last year. He said that in one year, the windows would pay for themselves. There was silence on the other end of the line, so I just hung up, and he hasn't called back. Guess he was embarrassed.



You'll love this one!! An out-of-towner drove his car into a ditch in a desolated area. Luckily, a local farmer came to help with his big strong horse named Buddy. He hitched Buddy up to the car and yelled, "Pull, Nellie, pull!" Buddy didn't move. Then the farmer hollered, "Pull, Buster, pull!" Buddy didn't respond.

Once more the farmer commanded, "Pull, Coco, pull!" Nothing. Then the farmer nonchalantly said, "Pull, Buddy, pull!" And the horse easily dragged the car out of the ditch. The motorist was most appreciative and very curious. He asked the farmer why he called his horse by the wrong name three times. The farmer said, "Oh, Buddy is blind and if he thought he was the only one pulling, he wouldn't even try!"



We are in the process of contacting local groups in Shalford to ask them if they would write an article about their particular group. This month Vic tells us about the Bowls Club.

Shalford Village Hall Carpet Bowls Club, that's our title, it's quite a long title and we are often referred to as the Bowls Club. However the Carpet part of the title is quite important. There are, currently, three games of bowls played indoors on carpets:

Indoor Bowls; Short Mat and Carpet Bowls.

Indoor Bowls is the traditional game of Bowls as played famously by Sir Francis Drake in the first Elizabethan days of the Spanish Armada, brought up to date. The indoor version has adapted rules lawn bowls using full size bowling balls, also known as "woods", conforming to specific standards that allow for variation in size and weight. Therefore, bowls may be chosen and purchased by the players based on the size of their hands and strength of body.

Short mat Bowls is played in Village Halls and Community Centres etc. on a Carpet approximately thirty six feet long by approximately six feet wide. This game is also played with full size woods provided by the club.

Carpet bowls as played in Shalford is on a carpet shorter than Short Mat at thirty feet long by six feet wide. The Bowls are of a smaller uniform size which are provided by the club, this keeps the cost of playing to a minimum as no specialist personal equipment is required to play the game. We do, however, wear our Team Colours of yellow top and black trousers or skirt when playing friendly matches

In Shalford we usually meet every Tuesday evening to play three games on two carpets. When sixteen players turn up we play two teams of four players on each carpet. When more than sixteen players assemble, some players patiently wait for the next game whilst enjoying the spectacle before them or, more likely, having a good old gossip.



When each team has bowled their particular eight coloured balls to the other "end" of the carpet the team with the highest number of bowls closest to the Jack records their score on a score board. When five ends have been bowled the team with the highest score is deemed the winner. It doesn't pay for the winners to gloat as in the next game you could be drawn to play with your previous opponents. Each player bowls two balls to a smaller white ball, the "Jack", placed at the other end of the carpet. As the bowl is not a perfect sphere it can be made to bend on its path to the Jack, which is useful because an eighteen inch circular block is placed in the centre of the carpet. This is where the skill of the game is developed, learning how much pace is required to get the path of the bowl to bend and stop in the right place, plus the angle needed to position the delivery. This provides enough variation to keep adults amused for a couple of hours.

After the excitement of two thrilling games it is time to chill out with a cup of tea or coffee and biscuits. More gossip and, often, some fascinating news from the chairman, then back on the carpets for one more game. However, it is not all fun and games and it is all hands to the pumps for setting out the carpets and putting it all away at the end of the

There are a few members of the club who enjoy the game so much that we play tournament matches in both Essex and Suffolk. Some tournament games are played for charity and some are organised by the Essex Carpet Bowls Association who give the tournament winners an opportunity to play in National tournaments.

Now if that isn't exciting enough, Shalford Village Hall Carpet Bowls Club also play friendly matches with other Village clubs; taking on some of the best performing league clubs around including Gosfield, Notley Green Community Centre, Finchingfield, Rayne and Braintree Catholics Club. We travel as far as Wendens Ambo and as close as Wethersfield. Although Wethersfield play short mat which puts them at an advantage when we go to their Village but somehow they play well when they come to us. Strange that.

We meet lovely people and I am missing the comradeship of my team and the laughs we have with all the guests that come to us as well as the hosts who make us welcome at theirs. When we do get back to normal why not come and see us? We welcome all who want to have a go or who want something to do or someone to talk to on a Tuesday night. I like to think that we're not cheap but we are relatively inexpensive. £2.50 per night and an annual membership fee of £2.00 has got to be good value for money. Your first two visits are free which will let you try the game and meet some of your neighbours in competitive mode.

If you would more information you might like to visit our website.

<https://sites.google.com/site/shalfordbowlsclubvh/>

I try to keep it up to date but cannot bring myself to delete old photos. If you would like to see your younger selves or would like to see what your neighbours looked like a few years ago they are there in all their glory.



Members of the Bowls Club—they look a friendly bunch!

You will also find information about the game including the Rules of the game from the English Carpet Bowls association.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Village Hall Committee who take care to maintain the Hall and services. Their commitment to ensuring a safe and comfortable playing environment is much appreciated.

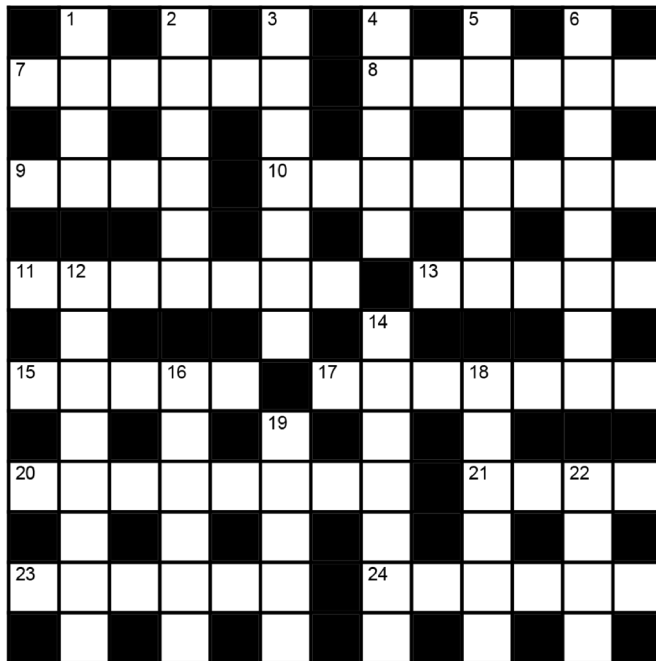
What next? Well when we get back to normal and we are all happy to return, why not come and see us? Please be aware that the game itself can be addictive but it is mostly about the fun, the gossip and friendship, hey! I could be talking about Meet and Greet.

Stay safe.

Vic

Bendlowe Crossword

Bendlowe2



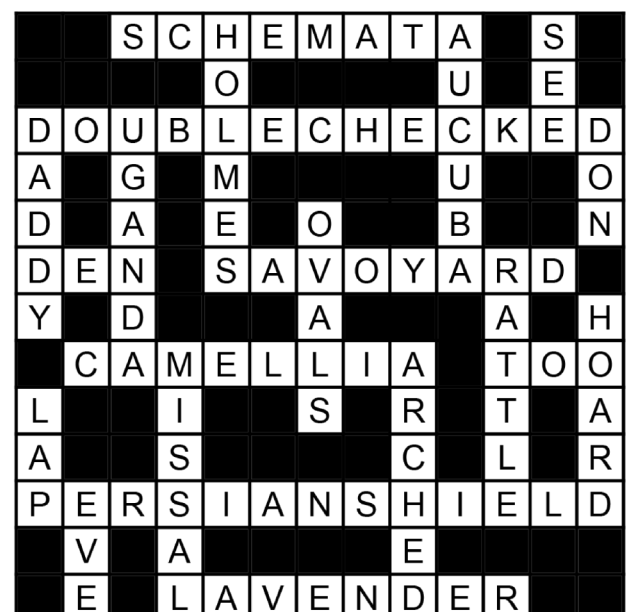
Across

- 7 Beautiful flower (6)
 8 Strikingly unusual (6)
 9 Torture device (4)
 10 Card game for one player (8)
 11 Bed covering to keep warm (7)
 13 Flair (5)
 15 Perennial bulbous herb (5)
 17 African daisy (7)
 20 Academic types (8)
 21 Yours and mine (4)
 23 Precious stones (6)
 24 All-encompassing (6)

Down

- 1 Territory (4)
 2 not stirred for Bond cocktail (6)
 3 Taken on by new parents (7)
 4 and greets (5)
 5 Land covered with trees and shrubs (6)
 6 A notice intended for wide distribution (8)
 12 Starts a new organization (8)
 14 Goes up and down (7)
 16 Pressed (6)
 18 A disapproving emphasis (6)
 19 Part of a simple bouquet (5)
 22 Probably the most popular flower in the world (4)

Solution Bendlowe 1



Here I am again, with a few more stories of my trips to Nepal and my charity.

I had a really funny experience one evening, when the group I was trekking with was on the way to Muktinath. It is a high spot and some of the group were unable to continue because of headaches and difficulty breathing. Only two of us continued upwards and were well rewarded. It is a beautiful place and considered very holy as under one of the altars, there is fire and water, together. Natural gas emits alongside a natural spring; the gas is lit every morning and the water flows along side it.

There is also a natural lake in which the pilgrims immerse themselves, but too cold for me at 14,000 feet! Well on the way to this remarkable place, we stayed overnight in a lodge which most of you would call a garden shed, but to us it was bliss after a two day hike. There was of course, no toilet facility within the lodge and we had to walk to the middle of an adjoining field to find a shed, with a hole, which is classified as an upmarket facility as it had herbs and a bucket of water to wash in afterwards. It was getting dark, so I ventured to the field before bedtime and when I tried to leave, found I was stuck inside with the door refusing to open. No point in shouting, I thought as my fellow trekkers were too far away so I resigned myself to a night in the loo. Suddenly I heard a loud noise and I thought the door was going to break inwards. It only lasted a few minutes, then it became obvious that a yak had been leaning on the door then started rubbing its bottom and preventing my escape. Whew!

Another incident was when I was sitting with some of my fellow trekkers beside the beautiful lake Phewa in Pokhara, which is where all the treks in Annapurna start. There is a beautiful lakeside restaurant which the trekkers go to for a bit of indulgence after a hard week's living in the mountains. Obviously, no Nepalis eat or drink in there as the prices to them would seem exorbitant. So, we had ordered a caffe



Lake Phewa

latte and some Tibetan bread, when suddenly a huge branch fell from the tree under which we were sitting and missed me by centimetres! The waiter came running over and smiled at me "You were very lucky aama, you could have been killed!". No offer of a free coffee, just letting me know I could have been killed. No worries about insurance or claims, just happy I was still alive! Life is important in Nepal, not possessions, as is shown in my next anecdote.

One of my fellow trekkers was with her husband, he owns a saddlery shop in North Wales and she is a physiotherapist. The poor girl had been unwell since we returned from the

mountains and on the way down, she was suddenly taken with the need to vomit, as we were passing by a Nepali lady's vegetable patch. Rather than be ill on the already slippery path she turned and was ill in the lady's garden. We were waiting for trouble, which is what we would expect here. No! The old lady came running out, offered a bed and ginger tea and was obviously most concerned for our colleague. As I said, people are more important than possessions. Case proven!

Susan Brunskill

Sheila shares her wonderful wartime memories with us.

Queen Mary's Hospital Concert

I moved from London to Shalford with my husband in 2002 and live a very happy life here. I joined the bowls club and met a nice group of people- also "Meet and Greet" you are welcomed in like an old friend. My daughter and family live in Braintree so it is nice to be closer to them.

I was born in the East End of London in 1932. One of four children - an elder sister Jeanne, younger brother Harry and baby of the family, Carol, 10 years younger than me, born during the war. Jane and I were evacuated twice but were very homesick and wanted to return home, so in the end mum and dad relented and let us come home and so spent the rest of the war in London. We didn't have a very big garden and was made even smaller when an Anderson shelter was installed right in the middle, actually we loved it and used to play down there when allowed as it was quite damp. When the air raids were bad we slept there all night, sometimes I used to sneak out when dad was making a Cup of tea to watch the doodle-bugs go over, but was soon made to get back down the shelter.

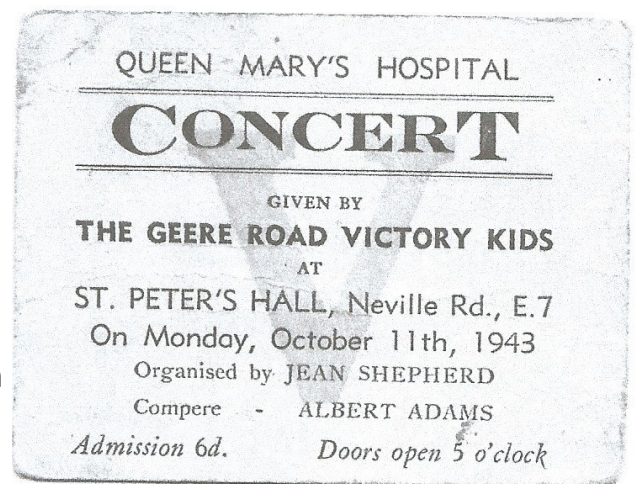
We didn't see a lot of my dad as he was a long distance lorry driver. He didn't go in the forces as he was doing 'war work' - used to transport German planes that had been shutdown, and told us stories of when lots of people tried to get on the back of his lorry to collect souvenirs from the planes.

Jean and I love to sing and dance, so mum took us to a dance school and we loved it. We both did well with tap dancing and decided we should get some of our friends together who all lived in the same road and have a concert in the garden. Mum was quite happy for us to do that. Jean, of course, took charge and made herself 'chief organiser'. She loved to boss me about and I was always threatening that I wouldn't perform in the concert, but I always did! In later years we laughed about this and how bossy she was.

There wasn't much room for chairs in the garden so the children sat on top of the air raid shelter [dress circle]. We charged 3 pennies and that included lemonade and a fairy cake served by mum through the kitchen window. We managed to get about five friends to perform various acts and mum made a few outfits, although she wasn't very good at sewing. My dad had to wait weeks if he wanted a button sewing on. He used to call her 'needle and cotton', although for the concerts we were surprised at what she made. My brother Harry couldn't dance but thought he could so he used to dress up and flit all over the place thinking

he was really dancing so he was our comedy act. Our stage was a strip of concrete in front of the outside toilet. The concerts went very well and we continued having them every couple of weeks, although we had more and more children knocking on the door asking "Can we please come to your concert?" which was lovely but the only worry being if we had an air raid.

Mum used to save the money we made and when we had a good amount she sent it to our local hospital Queen Mary's in Stratford. We were even mentioned on the radio once, we called ourselves the Geere Road Victory Kids and they told about us collecting money for the hospital, which made us more keen to carry on. One day Mum said as we were getting so many coming along would we like to try and book the church Hall? They had a piano on the stage and we could have tickets printed and raise more money for Queen Mary's. You can imagine the excitement, we were actually going to perform on stage, with music - a neighbour was going to play the piano. Mum made the costumes and she made me a little blue sequined outfit for my role singing, "We going to hang out the washing on the Siegfried line." My sister Jean got even bossier and I remember every time we practised I ended up walking out and saying "I'm not going to be in your concert" but of course I was.



The great day came and we had sold all the tickets to fill the hall and everyone was so excited but when we arrived at the hall to our horror it was locked and we couldn't find the caretaker. Mum went round the back and found a door unlocked, so we all went in. The only problem was the piano was locked so we decided we would carry on without the piano. We had performed quite a few acts when the red faced caretaker turned up. He apologised to my mum and unlocked the piano. Mum went on stage and asked the audience if they wanted to carry on from where we left off or start from the beginning with the piano. Of course everyone shouted "start from the beginning!"

It was a very memorable and successful evening and one that has stayed with me all of these years. It was such a lot of fun, being only 10 years old and very restricted with amusements we could do in wartime. Jean and I were great friends growing up and always laughed at the way she bossed me about. We became very close and spoke on the phone most days and she used to say "how did you put up with me?" Unfortunately she passed away in 1999 and I miss her so much.

I look back at those times with great happiness, although we had six years of war to contend with, believe it or not they were very happy times.

Sheila Bush