

BENDLOWE'S BUGLE

DECEMBER 2020

MERRY CHRISTMAS



The yellow rose is a symbol of friendship joy and caring. It conveys warmth, delight, gladness and affection. It is the rose to give a close friend; to say good luck and welcome back.

IT'S GOOD TO TAKE PART



SHALFORD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

TRADITION SURVIVES COVID



THANKS TO OUR



PARISH COUNCIL



Well, as we all know, 2020 is likely to bring a Covid Christmas this year (whatever that is) but one tradition has continued this year and that is Shalford's Christmas tree standing outside our Village Hall, tall and proud with its shining lights and glistening decorations. So let's say thank you to Shalford's Parish Council and all their helpers who have ensured one very important tradition in Shalford survived Covid this year. **Thank you** to everyone who was involved and helped in putting our Village Christmas tree in its rightful place outside the Village Hall.



BENDLOWE'S BUGLE

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Thank you to all those listed above who have been so generous with their time to bring to us this month's extremely varied and interesting Bugle – enjoy!

WORK IN A BIG CITY – OSAKA, IN JAPAN

BY DIDI CROOK



***Our Didi working with
Tibetan Refugees in India
(see October's issue of the
Bugle)***

Finally, SCI wanted a volunteer to go to Japan – from England – and as I was already half way there, they decided I should go. This was much more organised. I worked in a Christian Charity Out-patient Clinic in the slums of Osaka, called Kamagasaki. Here there was a Doctor always present and 2 regular nurses. I was not left to my own devices here! Language was a severe problem, but the nurses were welcoming (if somewhat bemused) and the Doctor tried to communicate in German! As all the medicines were labelled in Japanese characters, the Doctor spent time adding labels in Romaji (Roman writing) in Latin – so I could recognise the medicines he asked me to get. He was wonderful! The people who were patients were either Korean itinerant labourers or Japanese “Buraku” people. In those days, the Baraku were treated as a class apart (rather like “untouchables” in India) and were very much despised and access to jobs was severely restricted if their origins were known. A small girl of seven years, who visited the clinic “taught” me some Japanese. I tried to make some sentences. I decided to try this out at a smart party organised by a Dental Professor. Imagine the horror, when his smart guests heard this “foreign” woman speaking to them in the Buraku style! The professor received complaints! He found it amusing, but decided to let me learn “better” Japanese and I taught his dental students some English.

Japan was a much more severe culture shock than the Tibetans or Indians. Partly because I sort of expected the Japanese to be more like the English, because they lived in a modern urban setting and wore suits. I expected Indians in loin-cloths to be different. However, I found an easy rapport in the main with both Tibetan and Indians, whereas I always felt uncertain in Japan – in spite of the fact that while I was there I had a wonderful Japanese boyfriend of whom I was very fond. I gradually learned that Japanese have strong feelings too, but culturally it is a failure if you demonstrate them. Slowly, I learned a special sort of silent intuition into how another was feeling – and had to work out how and, if, I indicated that I understood. This was a very controlled world, and difficult for me while in Japan. I spent two shorter sessions – one working in an earthquake area (Niigata) doing emergency work like digging latrines, and guarding a school at night against looting – people who had lost their homes were temporarily housed there, and the second was a wonderful time haymaking in Hokkaido.

A GUIDE TO YOUR FIRST SAFARI

BY: GRAHAM BRACE



I hesitate to advise anybody on safari-type holidays. They are so variable in more ways than one. It depends very much on your expectations. My personal vision of a safari was a group of strange people sitting in a dusty old jeep in the middle of nowhere looking at a herd of buffalo or maybe those wildebeest that everyone seems to know about.... And yes, it can be just like that.

For Lions, and other cats such as leopards, cheetahs and the smaller cats, along with the huge variety of other birds and beasts on the menu, Africa is the best place. No travel company or travel writer would guarantee you seeing a particular species of wildlife anywhere ... simply, the wonder of wild animals is that you go to see them in their home, where they are free to wander and do exactly what they want, and when. Whilst tourism is rightly criticised, it does help the economy and limits the time for poachers getting in and out unnoticed, but for us it habituates the animals, i.e. they get used to us. Therefore, providing we adopt the rules of the guides, safe distances, etc., safe distancing has always been a must with wildlife, they are not dangerous and you can often experience these creatures quite close. Remember that cats, big and small, are inquisitive by nature and they will often come to inspect you!



Where to go in Africa – a big choice

There is Uganda and Rwanda if you have a burning desire to see mountain gorillas. Just to see them on a short 3/4 day trip is very expensive; to extend it with general wildlife would be better value. Please remember, you will be told that there are guides who will carry your bags and camera gear if necessary, but you may have to trek for 2/3 hours on fairly rough tracks and it is very hot. You need to be quite fit.

Many holiday companies will offer you Namibia and Botswana, names like Chobe National Park, Etosha National Park, and more recently the spectacular Bale Mountains in Ethiopia are all musts on any wildlifer's bucket list, but maybe not for the first trip.

For a virtually guaranteed abundance of wildlife viewing, Northern Tanzania is hard to beat. The vast plains are home to a huge variety of animals; probably the best place to see the 'Big 5'. From the Western Corridor, near Lake Mwanza, through the Serengeti, Ngorogoro Crater, Tarangire to Lake Manyara, and Arusha near to Mount Kilimanjaro, is a magical journey through variable terrain of breath-taking beauty. The term 'animal paradise' is not misplaced here.

Tigers – our favourite animal

For tigers, there is only one place.. India. There are Amur (Siberian) tigers in the wilds of Eastern Russia and China, but that is for the very experienced and they are rarely seen; definitely not your first wildlife holiday. The other big cat, the Asiatic lion, can be seen in the Gujarat in Western India, but again this is a little remote and difficult to link in with other destinations in that vast country.

So, if tigers are the most important animals on your bucket list, and you only have one opportunity, you must include Bandhavgarh National Park on your itinerary. It has always yielded good sightings for us over many trips, but you need 3/4 games drives over a period of 2/3 days to maximise your chances. There are a number of good National Parks in the same state of Madhya Pradesh, such as Kanha, Pench, Panna and Satpura. Combining some of these will minimise internal journey times, but India is a huge country and even those places mentioned are quite a few hours apart. If you wish to combine some culture with your wildlife, Ranthambore NP in Rajasthan, with visits to the Taj Mahal, Jodpur and Jaipur are in most travel companies' brochures.

South America, Brazil for example, has the fabulous jaguar and a myriad of exotic birds. Chile has the equally wonderful puma. Either of these locations are well tried and tested, but for your first time, maybe not.

The important things -

If this is likely to be your one and only safari, think seriously about what you would ideally like to see. Are you a birder, a big cat lover, or just a lover of all wildlife?

Then, where is the best place to go? For how long? And, importantly, what time of year?

Source a specialist wildlife tourist company. Many UK travel companies will 'subcontract' you out to a local ground service agent. This can be risky.

Identify the type of vehicle(s) you will be in for the duration. This is important, particularly if you are a photographer.



What type of terrain you will be covering, and importantly ensuring you are fit enough, even if it is only climbing in and out of a jeep.

All good wildlife travel companies will advise you on clothing, footwear and other essentials, but don't forget vaccinations, make sure they are all up to date with your GP.

Think about the cost last, as this may put you off before you start your initial planning. It is difficult to compare 'like-for-like' anyway, unless you prepare a bespoke itinerary and get more than one company to quote.

Contact me for more information: grahambrace1946@gmail.com

THREE EAST ESSEX MOUNTED

FOX MASKS FROM THE PAST

BY: CAMILLA JARVIS

I hope you will enjoy reading the history of three masks that have been passed down my family line.

One is from 1880 and was from my 4 x Grandfather Reverend William Marsh. He was the Vicar of St Mary's Wethersfield for thirty-four years. He died in 1889 so would have been a fair age to be hunting still.

The second is from 1905 and was from my Great Grandfather, Major Graham Marsh, he died in 1936. He loved his horses, hunting and polo. I have many pictures of him riding, he used to hack from Danes Vale Wethersfield as far as Dunmow for a meet, hunt and then hack back. He never wore a riding hat. He had served in Egypt, Australia and South Africa as well as India with the Royal Hussars.

The most recent is 1910 and was from my Great Aunt (daughter of the above), Doris Violet Marsh. She married a Royal Artillery Officer and lived in India where she rode her own horses in races and was successful. She also hunted in India where they made a replica of an English Hunt amongst the dusty plains. I have photographs of both of the latter-mentioned family members.

Both Major H G Marsh and his daughter were present when the East Essex Hunt chased a fox to the Maldon Marshes. I have a drawing of the Hunt with a "key" of the names of the riders watching from the shore whilst my Great Grandfather and a companion rowed out to fetch the fox. Major Gold, Abbots Hall, was also present.

POETS' CORNER

**EVEDROPPING IN
WINTER****BY: DIDI CROOK**

Half-awake
eyes open
the ceiling unusually bright –
this morning was different
Arising, to the window –
Filling with joyous surprise

During the night
brown-green earth
was transformed to white,
Deep snow-covered lawn,
garden table and chairs
inches of white lay
along all branches
Rabbits struggled
in deep cold
Leaving foot tracks
everywhere,
Lighter birds left
triangular shapes,
Squirrels played
diving into the white
then under-snow swimming

The Sun arose
Warming and glistening the
land,
birds drank
from released water
sparkling on stones –
On Walking out –
the world was calming quiet
Save for the twinkling plops
Falling from the thatch-
the eaves dropping
their melting icicles

MY BROTHERS AND ME**BY: SHEILA BUSH**

We always fight my brother and me
I'm home from school Mum - what's for
tea?
He gives me a dig as he passes my chair
Mum calls out "stop it you pair".

My little brother, he's alright
Except he keeps me awake at night
We share a room, we have bunk beds
If you stand up you knock your head.

I'm the middle one of three
My big brother keeps picking on me
I don't know why, it's just not fair
Mum calls out, stop it you pair.

Mum why wasn't I number one
She looks at me and says - well son
Whether you be one, two or three
I love you, now please eat your tea.





POWER CUT

BY: CAROL HUSSEY

The wind's got up, it's blowing a gale,
 And the drizzle now has turned to hail,
 The trees are nearly bending double
 It looks as though we're in for trouble!
 Those scented candles that made you cough
 find them quick - the powers' gone off!
 I've found the torch, switch it on..
 The batteries fine, it's the bulb that's gone!
 Dinner in the oven was just half cooked
 I've phoned the pub - but they're fully booked.
 So, it looks like just a salad tonight
 eaten by flickering candlelight,
 where did we put that picnic stove?
 with the kettle that sat on the top,
 Oh dear yes, now I recall
 It went to the Charity shop.
 We could play a board game – always fun,
 let's have a look and decide which one,
 Monopoly, Draughts, Scrabble or Ludo
 How about a game of Cluedo?
 Can you remember how to play?
 Where's the rule book – gone astray!
 What about the radio?
 Soothing music or a comedy show,
 Turn up the volume I can't hear *that*
 I think the sodding battery's flat!
 What's the time? it must be eleven,
 I don't believe it... ..only seven!
 Let's give up and call it a day
 I'm bored with the gloom anyway,
 Head upstairs both cold and yawning
 Perhaps we'll be switched on by morning!

AFTER A WHILE

SENT BY: SUSAN BRUNSKILL

After a while you learn
 The subtle difference
 Between holding a hand
 And chaining a soul

 And you learn
 That love doesn't mean leaning
 And company doesn't mean
 security

 And you begin to learn
 That kisses aren't contracts
 And presents aren't promises

 And you begin to accept your defeats
 With your head up and your eyes
 ahead
 With the grace of a woman or a man
 Not with the grief of a child

 And learn to build all your roads
 on today
 Because tomorrow's ground
 Is too uncertain for plans
 And futures have a way of falling
 down
 In mid flight

 After a while you learn
 That even sunshine burns
 If you ask too much

 So you plant your own garden
 And decorate your own soul
 Instead of waiting
 For someone to bring you flowers

 And you learn that you really can
 endure
 That you really are strong
 And you really do have worth

 And you learn
 And you learn
 With every goodbye
 You learn.....

Ding Dong Merrily on High

BY: ROY THREADGOLD

Around 50 some odd years ago, a story appeared in a national tabloid telling of New Year's revellers at the Shalford George. At midnight, they spilled out of the pub to listen to the church bells ringing in the New Year as they used to every year, and were greeted with silence. It would seem that the ringers had had a disagreement with the vicar and had gone on strike!

Not perhaps the best Christmas bells story, but it does show how we value the bells and, maybe, take them for granted.

I moved to Wethersfield in 1963, about a fortnight after vicar MacGowan. The first time I attended a service, he pounced on me saying "You can join the choir." After receiving a negative reply, he returned with "Well you can learn to ring the bells". Little did I know what I was about to embark on. Now, 57 years on, I'm still learning. English style bellringing is a unique folk-art form, with its origins in the early 1600s. But despite its age, it is constantly evolving and the top ringers in the country are stretching the limits of what a human mind is capable of. It demands hand/eye/ear co-ordination and an intense level of concentration. It's a long way off of the Mars advert! And it is what it says on the box – "English". In the whole world there are 6,145 rings of bells suitable for our style of ringing, of which 6,005 are in the British Isles, and 5,752 in England alone. Most of the rest are thinly distributed around the English-speaking world, whilst mainland Europe has but three rings, and two of those are in Anglican churches.

One of the best features of bellringing is the friendliness of ringers everywhere. With



the exception of a very few "special" towers such as Westminster Abbey, St Paul's Cathedral or Windsor Castle, a visiting ringer will be invited to join in the ringing. This is especially useful to my "hobby" of collecting towers, often known as "tower grabbing", and when on holiday, Cherry and I often drop in on the local practice night. To date I've rung at over 750 towers. We sometimes have ringing outings where a group of ringers visit, maybe, half a dozen towers in a day. On these occasions it is a "relief" to see the increasing number of churches being equipped with toilets. However, this one in Leicestershire really takes the crown, as the toilet cubicle is built around the Tenor rope. It doesn't take much imagination to see there could be a slight problem or two here!

In non-COVID times, our band of ringers mans the three rings of bells in the Benefice – the eight-bell towers at Wethersfield and Finchingfield, and the five at Shalford.

A database known affectionally by ringers as “Dove” has the following listing for Shalford:

Shalford, Essex S Andrew								
Bells Hide Details								
Bell	Weight	Nominal	Note	Diameter	Dated	Founder	Canons	Turning
1	4-1-17	1277.0	Eb	28.25"	1828	Thomas II Mears	Y	
2	4-2-26	1139.0	Db	29.50"	1690	Charles Newman	Y	
3	6-1-15	1075.0	C	32.38"	1601†	Richard Bowler	Y	
4	8-0-16	956.0	Bb	34.63"	1601†	Richard Bowler	Y	
5	9-3-27	853.0	Ab	38.25"	1887	John Warner & Sons	D	
Unused				10.00"		(unidentified)	A	

So, bells 3 and four will reach their quatercentenary next year. This would normally be a good opportunity to celebrate the birthday with special ringing, but in these times, who knows if that will be possible? Their founder, Richard Bowler was based at Colchester. Charles Newman, who cast the second bell, was a bit of a wanderer, but it seems likely that this bell was cast at Bury St. Edmunds. The Treble, number 1, came from the only recently closed Whitechapel Bellfoundry, while the Tenor bell was cast by Warners of Cripplegate, who also cast Colchester Town Hall clock bells. The small bell labelled “unused”, and now sitting in the ringing chamber, was originally at the former “Tin Chapel” at Jasper’s Green. Bell weights are still always expressed in cwt/qtr/lb, so the total weight of Shalford’s ring is a little over 33 cwt. - real “Heavy Metal”.

This is the Tenor bell, strapped to its wooden headstock. The blue stick bolted to the right side of the headstock is the stay, whilst the wheel is on the left, the whole being rotated through 360 degrees by the bell rope.



The first thing a new ringer has to learn is how to keep this mass of swinging bronze under safe control. It’s a bit like riding a high-power motorbike; you have to keep full control to avoid disaster. Fortunately, the learning process is in easy steps, so reducing the likelihood of accidents to near zero.

The stay is one feature that can be a problem; the new ringer has to learn to swing the bell higher and higher until it is mouth up. At this point, one can GENTLY rest the bell on its stay. The problem is the “gently” bit, for the stay is made of ash and is designed to snap if hit too hard, in order to prevent expensive damage to the bell or its fittings. If this should happen (mercifully not too common an occurrence) the rope is wound up onto the wheel at high speed and the wise ringer will let go. I well remember being asked to stand beside a teenage learner at Great Bardfield. He wasn’t managing to swing his bell quite high enough to keep in time with the rest so I asked him to pull a little harder. He took this to heart and with great gusto gave the rope an almighty heave. Snap went the stay and the lad held on grimly. As his feet passed my face, it seems he had second thoughts about going into orbit and released the rope. I caught him as he fell. It was a lesson for us both, and I do try to use words a little more carefully now.

A ringer has to keep his/her rope under strict control, but just occasionally, as a rope ages, it may break. The break usually occurs right at the top where the rope enters the wheel, and this means that 40ft of rope falls around the ringer’s feet or even round their neck! This is quite harmless, but the look of terror the first time this happens to anyone is quite amazing, their first thought being that the rope will be wound upwards again and then with it.

The “music” of the bells is the bit that takes most of the ringer’s brain power. It is highly mathematical and is based around producing different permutations. Five bells, as at Shalford, can be arranged in 120 different orders (changes) which take about four minutes to ring. But there are hundreds of different ways, known as Methods, of arranging those changes, some fairly easy, others fiendishly difficult.

On eight bells, the total of possible changes is 40,320 which would take around 24 hours of non-stop ringing. Amazingly, this has been achieved, but on the very light bells at Loughborough Bell Foundry, and it took about 18 hours non-stop. Best not to ask how the physical problems were overcome!

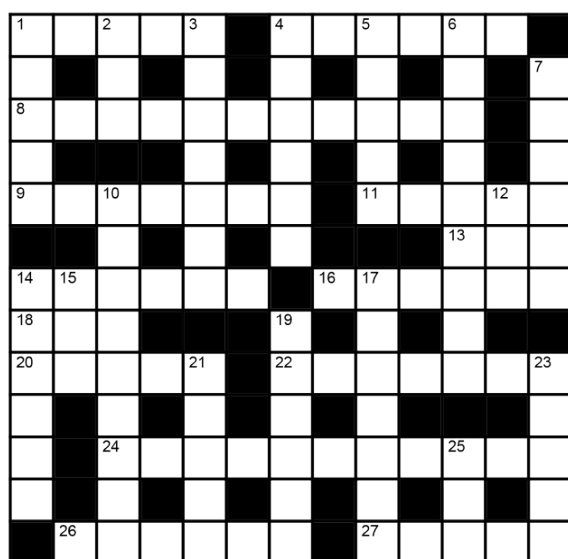
As a band, we were shattered to lose our good friend David French, to whom a tribute was published in the last issue. In a couple of short years had thrown his heart and soul into ringing and had become a reliable stalwart of our team, always up for anything.

The next blow was this pandemic, which has all but stopped our ringing. We have not held a practice in the tower since March. We had a few weeks in October where limited, socially distanced, ringing was possible for services. What, if anything will be permitted for Christmas no one knows, but if there’s any chance, we’ll be on the ropes. One thing is certain and that is that we will have to get busy training a new batch of ringers as soon as we have the all-clear. Aged 10 to 90? How about putting your name forward?



Bendlowe Crossword

Bendlowe5



This edition of the Bendlowe crossword puzzle has a few more than usual Geography type clues and answers. We hope you enjoy the slightly different format.

Across

- 1 Capital of Nigeria (5)
- 4 Capital of Zambia (6)
- 8 South African Cathedral City (11)
- 9 Touch up (7)
- 11 Suggest (5)
- 13 Short for vegetable (3)
- 14 American Indian religious cult (6)
- 16 Not behave seriously (6)
- 18 Dadaism founder (3)
- 20 French Capital (5)
- 22 Bordelaise ingredient (7)
- 24 English Port City (11)
- 26 Catholic devotion (6)
- 27 Capital of Senegal (5)

Down

- 1 Perspective (5)
- 2 American University (3)
- 3 Next to (7)
- 4 Inferior (6)
- 5 Jazz dance (5)
- 6 Now called Scrofula (5,4)
- 7 A date fruit (6)
- 10 Announce a trick (3,6)
- 12 Worldwide workers' group (3)
- 14 Office of the Pope (6)
- 15 An age (3)
- 17 Gave more weapons (7)
- 19 Difficulty of breathing (6)
- 21 Flavouring agent (5)
- 23 Laser printer powder (5)
- 25 Stephen King novel character (3)

Solution Bendlowe4



JOAN TALBOT INTERVIEW 29TH NOVEMBER 2017**BY: BILL ASKEW****SCHOOL DAYS**

I was about 12 years old when I started going to the Panfield Lane Secondary School. I believe it is now called Tabor. We didn't go when we should have done because of an outbreak of infantile paralysis (Polio), which delayed the opening of the school. Soon after I started there, war was declared and then we had a lot of evacuees come, quite a few came from Edmonton. Consequently the classes were more crowded than they would have been normally. It was about thirty in a class then. As well as normal lessons, we were taught laundry when we were at school, how to iron a man's shirt, starting at one end of the collar and working towards the middle and then starting from the other end and working back to the middle again. Then we had to do a three-fold napkin, a screen fold that is called. We were taught to cook as well. There were two cookery rooms and our teacher was Miss Carpenter and the one next door was Miss Clapham and she shouted so loudly that the whole school could hear. We were always terrified if we had to go to her class.



Joan aged about 11

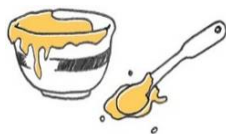
I have still got the school photo from when I was there with the whole school in it. Millie Tarbin started at secondary school the same time as me and probably Ken Rust as well. We were separated from the boys; we weren't allowed to cross that line. One half of the school was the girls and the other half was the boys. We had to take it in turns to use the main hall for the assembly. Boys and girls had to keep in different areas of the playground, we were forbidden to cross that dividing line. When I first arrived, I was put in the B class but after taking an exam, I was moved up into the A stream where I remained until I left. My teacher was Miss Nankeville and she was a sharp one, she was enough to frighten the life out of anybody. I think her father was a Director at Courtaulds.

To get to school in the morning, we caught the bus at the top of the lane at about 8 o'clock. We used the service bus and we had a bus pass. It was a double decker bus with a conductor and he knew all the kids so we didn't have to show him our passes. Myself and Grace Barber from Chase Cottage would get on the bus at Byford's Corner. Barbara Partner, from Fair View would also get on there. Barbara had two brothers; she later married an American and went to live in America. We would get off nearly opposite the school but when we came home we had to walk down to the bus park to get the bus. That was a fair walk. Coming back the bus would go via Bocking. We didn't have assembly every day, because of sharing with the boys. We had a form teacher but we would have a different teacher for each subject. English was my best subject, I never really shone at maths, I could master decimals and fractions but never could I manage a problem. I used to enjoy writing compositions and essays. I wish I had kept some of my schoolwork from Shalford but it all disappeared. Every day we would have to write about our walk to school, the different fields we crossed and what we had seen. We would add each day's page to a pamphlet

with sticky tape. We would also have history, geography and art, I was never any good at art. We had music as well with Miss Jago. She was sharp. Miss Brown took English. There was also a Miss Brown at Shalford School, a Miss Gwen Brown and she moved to the Secondary School when Shalford became a Junior School only. She was Miss G Brown and the other one was Miss M Brown.

When we got to school in the mornings, we would have to go to our classroom to have the register taken and then we would file off to a different room depending on what subject we were doing first.

We always had to walk on the left-hand side of the corridor in single file, no dashing about like there is now. Miss Baker was the games mistress, she was very nice. She was courting one of the men teachers. It was such a revelation to us that there were showers after P.E. That was something to look forward to. We did a little bit of hockey but not a lot. In the summer we used to play on the playing field, we would play the tunnel game. I did manage to play for the school at netball on a Saturday, because I did love my netball. I left school in 1940 when I was fourteen.



MIXING BOWL – A FESTIVE RECIPE (not to be taken too seriously!)

BY: CAROL HUSSEY

Ingredients: 8 ozs flour – 6 ozs brown sugar – 6 ozs butter 12 ozs mixed dried fruit – 4 eggs teaspn mixed spice – teaspn almond essence – 10 fl ozs **Brandy** (taste for quality)

METHOD

1. Weigh and gather ingredients, root about and find a cake tin, mixing bowl & spoon. Test the **brandy** to double check, grease the tin and switch on oven.
2. Test **brandy** again, chuck the butter and sugar into the bowl, beat it about a bit. Have a sip of **brandy** – (wrist ache!)
3. (Top up **brandy** to original measurement as it seems to be evaporating.)
4. Add all of the other stuff on the worktop to the bowl – fish out teaspoon
5. `nother sip of **brandy**
6. Break the eggs into the bowl (the one on the right) don't worry too much about bits of shell its roughage, stir it about a bit, (have another swig, it's turning cooler isn't it?)
7. Put 1 teaspoon **brandy** into mixture – finish off the rest.
8. Dollop the mixture into the tin, make sure to get the bits off the floor.
9. Shove the tin into the oven, leave the clearing up and go to sit down for a while – drop off watching Bargain Hunt!
10. Wake up when smoke alarm goes off, open the back door to let out smoke - remove cake from the oven (careful it may be hot) throw it into the garden then make a note on shopping list.

Buy a Christmas Cake

RIO AMAZONAS

BY: MARGARET SPARKS

*Modesty prevents airing my mythical title too often, though
 “Margarita, Legend of the Amazon”
 does have a certain ring to it!*



I jest, of course! Though there was nothing amusing about those children circling our boat in their canoes that day, calling my name. But If I have piqued an interest then let me explain how it came about.



To begin with my fellow traveller often said he would love to see the Amazon one day. Any travel wish is always taken seriously in our family. Soon a seductive catalogue landed with a thump on our doormat. Was it coincidental, or had it been sent for? Either way it was perused eagerly, found to be reasonably priced, dates noted, deposits submitted and, finally, the day that found us flying into

Iquitos, Peru, arrived. No roads into the city, only by air or water. It was the start of one of the most memorable experiences ever.

We checked into our hotel at midnight. Next morning curtains were drawn to expose a mass of tin roofs, three-wheeled traffic, and people. Iquitos was bustling! Once outside, we eagerly sampled the market stalls full of rainforest cure-all's, a fascinating tour during which we learned there were, for instance, over 36 different types of banana. Then our first glimpse of the Itaya river which housed numerous wooden houses on stilts at that point and nearby, our boat awaited.

Was there any transport more intriguing? A former coal carrier built in 1899 on the Clyde it had been hauled across the seas and revamped with new cabins and the like. Showers used rainwater from the roof. It was all very low key. In fact the boat we see today looks considerably up-market than twenty years ago. It carried twenty-five passengers and a small crew. One of the passengers was the CEO of the 3M company. Evidently he had been on a similar cruise before as he was familiar with local children



demanding “uno dollar” for holding your hand. Give them crayons, pencils, notebooks instead he advised. Sensible advice though perhaps not sanctioned by a growling stomach that “uno dollar” might have appeased.



wood itself had been carved into trinkets for tourists.

We journeyed down the Amazon to where Peru, Colombia, and Brazil met at Tabatinga. We visited leper colonies, homesteads, schools, Indian villages, as well as making acquaintance with Piranha fish, giant water lilies, Caiman, and many birds. On the negative side I was aghast to learn that a beautiful mahogany tree had been felled in order to retrieve a bees nest that could otherwise not be reached. The

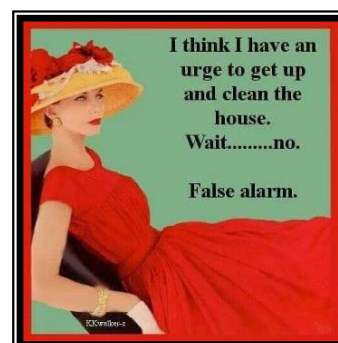
wood itself had been carved into trinkets for tourists. Whenever we docked there were the children, as expected, ready to hold our hands for “uno dollar”. Several of these youngsters did not wait for us to leave our boat but circled in their canoes. I felt so sorry for one small boy, pallid and thin, perhaps consumptive, and about the age of my indulged grandson, maybe ten years, that I put a five dollar bill into his outstretched hand. The result was electrifying. The canoes clustered around the boat, the chanting for Margarita began that was to haunt me to this day. When we returned up river a few days later the flotilla of canoes reappeared like magic still calling for Margarita. Of course, I doubt that poor little boy got to keep the money as I saw a very Fagin-like person hovering nearby.

It was a memorable trip in so many ways and apart from the foregoing, just what a holiday should be: carefree. In fact so carefree, it was not until many months later that we realised it was fortunate we had not needed medical help as a doctor only visited the area every six months! What a worry that could have been had we had medical issues, but safe in the grip of that mighty river we relaxed while I enjoyed my brief flirtation with fame. Or should I say legend?



USELESS INFORMATION

DID YOU KNOW that the deepest part of the ocean is called **Challenger Deep** and is 36,200 feet (just under 7 miles) deep. It is located beneath the western Pacific Ocean in the southern end of the Mariana Trench somewhere between Guam and the Philippines.



WHO WERE THE MINOANS?

BY: MARYLYN WHAYMAND

This is an article which I researched and wrote during 2011-12 for presentation at an ancient knowledge festival. Ancient Crete and the 'Minoans' have long been a passion of mine and I hope you find the following of some interest. I've split the article into three parts – this is part 1. I've included the references I used just in case some of you might want to read the original articles!



(c) Marylyn Whaymand, April 2011

The concept of a 'Minoan' civilisation was first developed by Sir Arthur Evans, the British archaeologist who unearthed the Bronze Age 'palace' of Knossos on Crete. He named the people who built the 'palace' after the legendary King Minos who, according to tradition, ordered the construction of a labyrinth on Crete to imprison the mythical half-man, half-bull creature known as the Minotaur. But who were the ancient Cretans that Sir Arthur Evans referred to as 'the Minoans' and where were they from?

In order to answer these questions, we need to look at who arrived on the island during two major migrations, the first occurring at about 7000 BCE during the Initial Neolithic period and the second during the transition period between Final Neolithic III and the start of the Early Bronze Age (EBA), c3600 – 3000 BCE. (I have used Peter Tomkins chronology here)¹. Before examining evidence for the first migration, however, we should be aware that the migrants coming to Crete at that time might not have been the island's very first visitors.....

During a survey in 2008-9, Thomas Strasser's team from Providence College on Rhode Island discovered some very exciting evidence. Excavations in the Plakias region (see Figure 1), on the south coast of Crete, revealed quartz tools at least 130,000 years old². Even more intriguing, the style of the hand axes resembles artifacts from stone technology known as Acheulean, which originated with pre-human populations in Africa during the Lower Palaeolithic³ (the Lower Palaeolithic is

the earliest subdivision of the Palaeolithic or Old Stone Age). This is surprising because it is estimated that Crete has been an island for more than 5 million years - and the implication is that these early visitors may well have used sea-craft capable of open-sea navigation and multiple journeys⁴. We need to be careful in our assumptions, but if Strasser is correct, this discovery could push back previous evidence of seafaring in the Mediterranean by more than 100,000 years!



Figure 1: Map Showing Plakias Region
After E. McC 2009

The Initial Neolithic - c 7000 BCE

Crete is significant during the Initial Neolithic because it is one of the earliest regions outside of the Near East to show evidence of village farming⁵. In addition, the island demonstrates one of the earliest successful maritime transfers of a full farming economy. But what is the evidence for the arrival of new migrants to the island? What changes are demonstrated in the archaeological record? Archaeological data for incoming migrants shows up in several areas: in DNA and the relationship of DNA with linguistic evidence, and in evidence related to production, i.e. domesticated animals, wheat and stone tool technology.

The results of a Y-chromosome survey in a 2007 paper by King et al.,⁶ provide a means of tracking migration during the establishment of the first Neolithic farming communities on Crete. The genetic data resulting from this survey clearly distinguishes migrants on Crete from those on mainland Greece and supports Arthur Evans'⁷ and others' long held theory that Crete's colonists came from Anatolia (modern day Turkey), specifically from those areas where the well-known Neolithic sites of Aşıklı Höyük, Çatal Höyük and Hacilar (region T7 – see Figure 2), Yumuktepe (near Mersin) and Tarsus (region T6) are located. In addition, the evidence supports David Rohl's belief that the Cretans or 'Kretim' may have come from a region known as the Khabur Triangle in northwest Syria. Although the DNA evidence relates to a much earlier time than when the first representations of bull leaping from Crete or Syria appear, region T6 places us firmly within the area Rohl suggests that it originated.

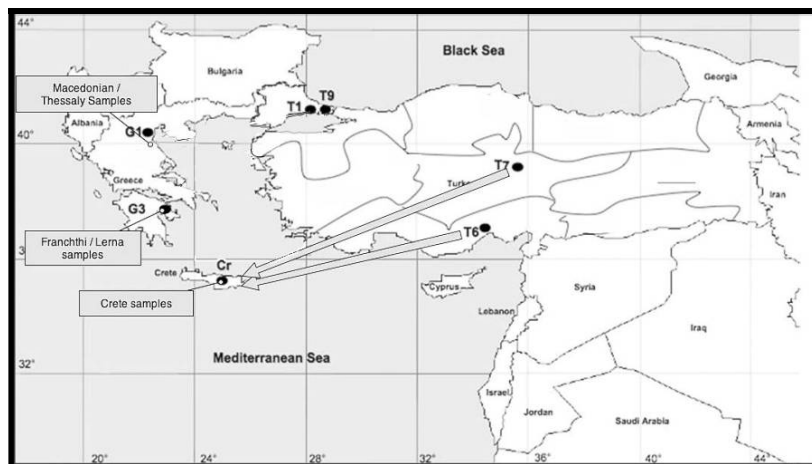


Figure 2: Map Showing Regions T6 & T7
After King R.J. et al., 2008

The different patterns of dispersal of Y-chromosome haplogroups J2a-M410 and J2b-M12 to Crete and southern Europe respectively, broadly support Colin Renfrew's model⁸ that claims an early split of Anatolian languages from the rest of Indo-European languages at around 7000 BC (haplogroups refer to a single line of descent). So, put simply, the group arriving in Crete would have spoken a different language from that of the group arriving on the Greek mainland. Those arriving in Crete may have spoken an Anatolian related language, which may be reflected in the undeciphered scripts of Cretan hieroglyphic and Linear A. Or alternatively, as Nichols⁹ suggests, the migrants may have spoken a non-Indo-European language with affinities to the Hattic language of central Anatolia.

Remains of wheat and domesticated animals providing decisive evidence of the earliest agriculture on Crete¹⁰ also link the island with Anatolia. The earliest Neolithic level at Knossos contained remains of domestic bread and wheat, and the predominant cereal, *Triticum Aestivum*, is clearly evident in Anatolia but largely absent from most Balkan and Greek Initial Neolithic sites. The suite of plants brought to Crete during this period, recovered from the earliest levels of Knossos (including weeds!) are known not only from earlier sites in central and Mediterranean Anatolia, but also from Cyprus and the Levant¹¹. This is a clear indication that whoever is bringing the 'Neolithic Package' with them from southwest Anatolia to Crete is a different social group from those taking it to the Greek mainland.

Domesticated animals on Crete also provide us with some very interesting data during this period. There is no pre-Neolithic evidence of sheep, goats, cattle or pigs on the island but there are, however, remains of these animal species from the Initial Neolithic period onwards. In these domesticated animals, there is no tendency towards the dwarfism common amongst island populations of large mammals. Neither is there any indication of cross breeding or hybridisation¹². The only plausible explanation is that early migrant farmers brought fully domesticated animals with them when they crossed the sea from southwest Anatolia¹³. It also seems that they brought their knowledge of ploughing with them. Recent evidence from Knossos indicates the use of cattle for ploughing or pulling loads, possibly from the late seventh to mid-sixth millennium BCE¹⁴ about three millennia earlier than previously anticipated!

Evidence of stone tool technology from Neolithic levels at Knossos further supports the notion that Crete was not colonised by migrants from mainland

Greece during the Neolithic. Although the earliest Neolithic assemblage of stone tools from Knossos has much in common with those at the Franchthi Cave (positioned off the east coast of the Peloponnese, Greece), specialist James Connolly¹⁵ suggests that it can be safely argued that Knossos lay on the edge of the sphere of influence that saw the introduction of small blade tools to Franchthi, and does not appear to be part of the same tradition. He interprets the very marked differences between Knossos and the stone tool industry at Franchthi as a result of the settling of Knossos by a community with different technological strategies from those of the settlers on the mainland.

Interestingly, archaeologist Catherine Perles¹⁶ has argued that in the Aegean, the skills and knowledge associated with the emergence of pressure blade technology were probably distributed by specialised seafarers and travelling craftspeople. This is also likely to be the case for pottery. The earliest archaeological level at Knossos is aceramic or pre-pottery, but when pottery does appear in the Early Neolithic, it seems 'to be mature from its first appearance in terms of shapes, decoration and technology'¹⁷. This likely indicates the presence of travelling, skilled craftspeople, moving from island to island and spreading their knowledge of how to make pottery amongst local populations.

So, in summary we have: DNA that links the earliest Cretans with regions of central, south central and southwest Anatolia, broadly supporting Colin Renfrew's language dispersal model, suggesting that the Cretans spoke a different language to those migrants on the Greek mainland; floral and faunal remains linking Crete with central and Mediterranean Anatolia and the Levant, and stone tool evidence pointing us away from major community links with the Greek Mainland. This combination of evidence indicates the colonisation of Crete during the Neolithic by peoples coming from and/or via south central and southwestern Anatolia. They would have travelled across the sea, island hopping along the way in search of more promising habitats, bringing their social and cultural practices with them.

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Tracing 'Who were the Minoans?' will continue in next month's Bugle with 'The Final Neolithic–Early Bronze Age Transition – c3500-3000 BCE.

NEPALESE CHILDREN FUND

BY: SUSAN BRUNSKILL

**Garage Sales instead of Boot Sales because of Covid 19**

As most of you know, I regularly turn up at Blake End, and Sue, (the lady who runs the boot sale there) has always allowed me in free of charge. I was happy to make (on a really good day) £100!!

I need to raise a minimum of **£1,500** per annum, to support my kids in Nepal for their education, uniform, books and lunch. Well this year Sue (who owns the Internet games shop there) told me she was not happy opening as people were not doing the required social distancing and she hated the idea of being responsible for someone catching the bug because of her.

Oh dear I thought, this is going to be a tough year! Then, I had the idea of garage sales, but how was I going to advertise my idea? Adrian came up with the idea of a poster board which I could put at the end of the road. He said that if I did the design he could organise it for me. Well I cunningly thought, if I didn't put a date, just "This SATURDAY" I could use it whenever I wanted and when the weather was good.

Can you believe it? it took just seven garage sales, and I made my target plus more. In fact as at today I am up to **£2,071!!!!**. People came and bought and donated things, said "keep the change" and it was such a fun and sociable time. Hard work mind, but suddenly I had a group of helpers each week, Angela, Nora, Tony, Alexander, Alison and of course Adrian.

We started around 6.30am and Alexander (10 going on 40) bless him, was always first on the scene. Not always to help, but sometimes just to bag the best of what I had to sell!!!

We drank multiple teas and coffees, ate sugar-free and gluten-free biscuits and were exhausted by the time we had put the remaining stock back in the garage at around 5pm.

So, a huge thank you to my band of helpers and here's to next year!! Perhaps we could do a bit of both, boot sales and my front lawn and drive, plus Karen and Mike's next-door!!!



I crocheted a double bed spread and decided to sell 100 x £1 raffle tickets. It took me 300 hours to make, plus the cost of the wool. Alice kindly drew the winning ticket, 295, which was won by Sue and Mark Burrige. They are not locals, but I have known them for 25 years and they have always been supportive of my charity.

Don't forget that as we are not able to have our Craft Fair in the village hall, I have lots of handmade items for sale. hats, buggy and cot blankets, lavender bags, rainbow kids hoodies and lots of other stuff that might be good for Christmas presents. Just ring my landline 01371 850832 and leave a message saying what you might be interested in and I'll do the search!

Thank you to all my neighbours who had to put up with early morning noise and thank you to my buyers and of course those who came by and couldn't resist my home made jam, pies and crumbles. They'll be on sale again next year and I still have 6 jars of Shalford Gooseberry jam for sale at £2 each!!



EMAIL RECEIVED FROM

CAROLINE OTTLEY

I would like to say thank you to all of those who have been so very kind and supportive of me after my beloved Peter died.

It's been the most difficult time of my life...but having kind and loving friends and neighbours in this village Peter and I made our home, has been an enormous comfort to me...and I just look forward to the time when we can all get together again and have a hug.



Thank you Caroline. I am sure I speak for everyone when I say we all feel for you and are so sorry to lose such a lovely gentleman especially at such a young age. Caroline, if and when you need us, we are all here for you. Peter will be missed and I, for one, will never forget his contagious smile. Rest in peace Peter, it was an honour and privilege to know you.

Alice

SHALFORD GREEN

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

BY: TREVOR BEAL

Prior to the Congregational Church coming into being, a group of non-conformists used to hold services in a barn in Garretts Lane, after a while, this barn was not going to be available and so it was John Stock Legerton of Littles Farm who was approached and he built the new church at his own expense in 1854. It was planned to build the Church about the size of two cottages so that in the event of the venture not being successful, it could be turned into two dwellings. It was on 3rd December 1854 that the first service was held and from the start, the Church was a big success, a few years later, in 1862, it was lengthened and a gallery built to accommodate the large attendances. The Church was admitted into the Congregational Union in 1882.

Having been licenced for weddings, the first marriage to take place was on 5th March 1912 between Edith Williams of Hubbards Farm and Stanley Wallace of Wethersfield, see newspaper report below.

MARRIAGE OF MISS E. A. WILLIAMS AND MR. S. WALLACE.

The first marriage solemnized at the Shalford Green Mission Chapel took place on Tuesday, when Miss Edith Annie Williams, only daughter of Mr. J. H. Williams, of Hubbard's, Shalford, was married to Mr. Stanley Wallace, of Lealands, Wethersfield, second son of Mr. K. Wallace, of Wrights, Wethersfield. The Mission Chapel at Shalford (which was recently licensed for weddings) was built by the late Mr. Legerton 50 years ago, and was given by him to his son, the Rev. Walter Legerton, Congregational minister, of Brentwood, who still owns it. The bride has been assistant organist for some years. Pastor T. Hunnabell officiated. Miss Wallace presided at the organ, and played the Bridal March from "Lohengrin" and the accompaniment to the hymns "How welcome was the call" and "Saviour, let Thy sanction rest." The bride's father gave her away, and Miss Eva Wallace was bridesmaid, and Mr. Wallace, brother of the bridegroom, best man. The bride wore a dress of cream silk eolienne, with hat to match, and the bridesmaids grey silk eolienne. The honeymoon is being spent at Brighton. The presents numbered about 60, and included a silver tea service from the members of the Shalford Green Chapel.

Cutting taken from the Essex Chronicle dated 8th March 1912



Postcard of the Congregational Church when it was thatched

Moving on a few years to 1954, a lot of work had been carried out to both the interior and exterior of the building, including new thatch, in readiness for the long awaited centenary of the Church, unfortunately it was during the latter stages of the interior decorating that some old wallpaper was being burned in the grate and this sadly set fire to the chimney and the thatch, destroying the roof completely, see photo below, luckily most of the things inside the Church were able to be saved.



Following this disastrous fire, the Church had to be demolished but miraculously was completely rebuilt within a year and was dedicated and re-opened for worship on 7th December 1954.



Mrs J.A. Holford and Cyril Smith at the commemorative stone laying during the rebuilding.



Photo of the Church in November 1954 just prior to re-opening



Photo of the interior taken in October 1955

Following the death of Pastor Roy Cavinder and along with a dwindling congregation, sadly it was decided to close the Church in 2018.

Following this, in 2020, the Church was put on the market as a commercial property, with potential for a residential conversion, for a price of £200,000. It has currently been sold subject to contract.

Can any of you help me please?

I have been trying to track down the baptism and marriage registers for the Congregational Church for many years without any luck at all. Following the closure in 2018, I contacted the Congregation Federation but they could not find any trace of them when they cleared the Church. Following that, I also contacted the Essex Record Office at Chelmsford but they knew nothing about them. I am sure that they have not been destroyed and feel that they may be tucked away in someone's home locally. It would be marvellous to be able to find them as many of our family were baptised there (including myself, my mother and grandmother) and were also married there (my parents and my grandparents).

Contact: Trevor Beal (Email: trevorbeal@googlemail.com)

BY: EMMA TANNER

Are you bored, wondering what to do during lockdown,
how about.....de de derrrrrrr

PAINTING BY NUMBERS

Such fun.....Here's a few that I have been filling my time with.

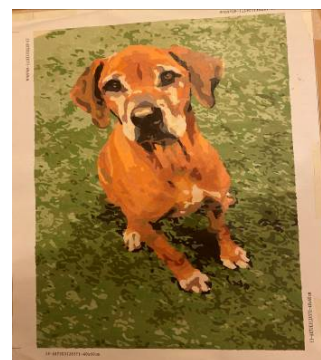
1st attempt.....



2nd picture, slightly harder.....

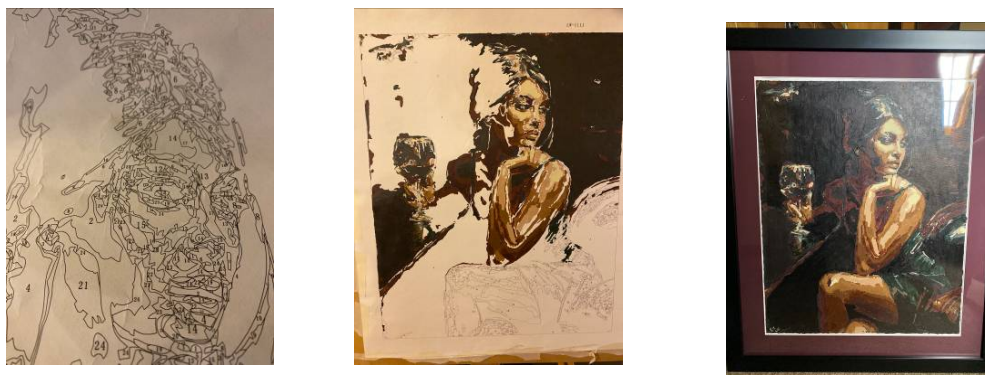


And then I was hooked.....





And all with no particular talent, just a lot of patience.



Some websites to buy pictures from:

i/ Victoriasmoon.co.uk

ii/ Adultpaintbynumber.com

iii/ Artnumbers.co.uk

or just Google painting by numbers

Questions/Answers

1/ Is this for kids? - No, although older kids could do them.

2/ Do I need to have any talent? - No

3/ Looks complicated, is it?

Very easy, depending on the picture you choose, some are more intricate than others but nothing too complicated

4/ Where do I get the paints and brushes from?

Paints and brushes come included.

The picture comes on a canvas, with a copy of the picture and numbers included on a sheet of paper. You decide which size you would like. You can get them unframed or framed, the only one I bought framed was the 4 seasons tree. All the others that are framed I bought the frames separately. The paints come in small pots with the numbers for the painting on them. There is always plenty more paint than required for the picture.

LOVE YOUR MUSCLES

By Emma Tanner
(Chartered Physiotherapist
Sports Massage Therapist, Level 3)



Muscles – what a huge subject – you could write a book – plenty have – but this article is just a short introduction to the subject. After all, we all have muscles – how much do we know or understand regarding their role and the impact they have on our daily lives?

There are more than 600 muscles in your body, which is 40% of your body weight, that's almost ½ of you. Because muscles are fundamentally linked to so many systems a person's muscle mass is a far better predictor of health than body mass index (BMI).

We have three types of muscle: Cardiac (found only in the heart), Smooth (involuntary). These muscles carry out automatic contractions (shortening); you do not think about them under conscious control and lastly Striped (voluntary). Contraction (shortening) caused by conscious decision. Our voluntary muscles have at least two types of fibres – *slow twitch* and *fast twitch*. *Slow twitch* – mainly use fatty acids as their source of energy and, since they have a store of lipid, fatigue **slowly**. *Fast twitch* – mainly use glucose as their source of energy and, because they lack an energy store, fatigue **quickly**. It has been found that slow twitch muscle fibres develop more extensively in athletes who do distance running, whilst fast twitch type develop more in sprint training.

Hopefully, you have enjoyed this short introduction – more next month.

MY FAVOURITE PHOTO

BY CAROL HUSSEY

I would love to include a “favourite photo” in the Bugle every month and Carol Hussey has (yet again) come up trumps when I asked her to be my first one. Thank you Carol you are a star!



You should've washed your hands before you came!

These two lovely cats were very comfortable in their makeshift bed – this was the washroom of a public toilet in Turkey

**WHO WILL TAKE PART NEXT
MONTH AND SEND A PHOTO?**

CONTACT THE ELDERLY (NOW RE-ENGAGE)

BY: SARAH CUNNINGHAM

These troubled times have reminded us of the importance of friendships, social contact and community which we often take for granted. For many people, feeling isolated and alone can be a permanent part of life, not just a temporary one. The Contact the Elderly (now re-named “Re-engage”) charity seeks to address the endemic problem of loneliness by reaching out to older people to offer them the opportunity to socialise over a nice cup of tea. From Trevor Lyttlton's initial efforts to help one lonely neighbour in 1965, the idea has grown into over 900 regular social gatherings across the United Kingdom involving 8,500 older guests and 14,000 charity volunteers.

In 2011, I gathered a team of fantastic volunteer drivers and hosts to set up the local Re-engage group covering Wethersfield, Shalford, Panfield, Bardfield, Finchingfield and Blackmore End. The idea is very simple, relaxed and informal. One Sunday each month, one of our volunteer drivers picks up an older guest and takes them to a different volunteer host's home each month. They are joined by a small group of other guests and volunteer drivers. For a couple of hours, we simply chat about anything and everything and have a wonderful time together. It is lovely to meet new people and we are a very friendly bunch! We always receive a warm welcome into our hosts' homes, the teapot is always full and the food is amazing. So, remember not to eat before you come out !

This year sadly has been very different and we have had to stop our teas for the time being. I have been phoning around our group from time to time but my wonderful volunteers have really missed seeing everyone. When I asked them for donations to make each of our guests a Christmas hamper, I was overwhelmed by their generosity. I will be out with my elves delivering these the first week of December!

I have a wonderful group of volunteer drivers and hosts but I am always looking for more. It is only a small amount of your time and the rewards are immense. You host just once a year and can drive as often as you would like to.

Most importantly, I would like to reach out to any older guests who may not know about us yet. We cover several villages - Wethersfield, Shalford, Panfield, Bardfield, Finchingfield and Blackmore End. You do not have to come every month, but we want you to know we are here. If you are over 75, living alone and feel you would like some company, please give me a call. We would love to meet you.

My contact details are: Sarah 01371 851426
sarah8750@hotmail.co.uk

The charity website is: www.reengage.org.uk
 Freephone no. 0800 716543

“What a difference it’s made to me, being part of a social group again. At first, I was a bit nervous about going but everyone’s so friendly and it’s great to have conversations with different people.

I’m not nearly so lonely now. I really love the company. If I had the chance, I would go every day.”



JINGLING WITHOUT THE MINGLING

**COVID-SAFE ENVIRONMENT
 (your own car)**

**Drive-in Carol Service
 At Chelmsford City Racecourse**

**SUNDAY, 13TH DECEMBER 2020
 14.30 TO 15.30 GMT**

**ADMISSION – FREE
 BOOKING ESSENTIAL**

**DONATIONS WELCOME
 (supporting Farming Charities)**

**FOR MORE DETAILS
 CONTACT: REVD JANET NICHOLLS
jnicholls@chelmsford.anglican.org**

Or

<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/essex-farmers-drive-in-carol-service-jingling-without-the-mingling-tickets-129023391437>

CHALLENGE

CAN WE FILL THIS PAGE
IN JANUARY'S BUGLE WITH
2020 CHRISTMAS
TO SHARE WITH OUR
FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND NEIGHBOURS?

PHOTOS AND STORIES OF OUR

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS
CHRISTMAS FOOD
KITCHEN BEFORE DINNER COOKED
KITCHEN AFTER DINNER COOKED
WHO WE SHARED CHRISTMAS WITH
WALKING CHRISTMAS DINNER OFF
PRESENTS – WANTED AND NOT WANTED
USEFUL AND NOT USEFUL

2020 A COVID CHRISTMAS

LET'S SHARE IT HERE

Contact: Alice at alicecox53@btinternet.com
Or 01371 8501146 or 07850 264518

IT'S GOOD TO TAKE PART!



AND FINALLY – I'VE KEPT SHEILA'S POEM

TO CLOSE OUR CHRISTMAS BUGLE

AS, I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL AGREE WITH ME,

IT ENCOMPASSESS ALL OUR THOUGHTS AND WISHES

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

BY: SHEILA BUSH

To all "Meet & Greeters" I send for Christmas cheer,
Hoping you all have a better new year.
Full of joy and feeling carefree
Back with friends & family.

Praying that "Covid" will be a thing of the past.
And be able to hug our family at last.
Getting back to the life that we know
Which seems a long, long time ago.

Winter brings the clear crisp days,
Christmas snowdrops and santa's sleigh.
Enjoy your Christmas - have lots of fun,
Merry Christmas Everyone.

Merry Christmas
and a happy New Year
to all our friends
neighbours and family



William Bendlowe Charity
People Working for People
Promoting Community Life



Bendlowes
Encouraging
Neighbourly
Dialogue
Locals
Openingly
Welcoming
Every
Supporter



It's good to take part

Bugle Contact details: Alice Cox
Email: alicecox53@btinternet.com
Telephone: 01371 851146 or 07850 264518

William Bendlowe Charity Number 241285
Trustees: Alice Cox Sally Welsh Alex Shannon