



Probus Club Ellesmere



Covid-19 Lockdown 2020 Newsletter

Issue 17

Aug. 13, 2020

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From the editor

Dear all,

I hope you are all keeping well,

last weekend clutching our face masks Mary & I escaped under the Radar to Peterborough to visit one of our sons and family, it has been over 4 months since we went further that Shrewsbury and 6 months since we saw the grandchildren and while it was exciting for us, for the kids it was just like they hadn't seen us for a week almost carrying on from where they left off, so to speak.

You will notice that the published list of shop details have now finished being collected, this is because shops have generally gone back to their pre Covid times.

You will be please to see a few articles from Members this week. Thanks to all who contributed.

Keep safe

Paul

PS A gentle reminder, I still need items for the newsletter please.

From the Crow's nest

Dear Probus friends,

I hope that you are keeping well, safe and occupied as much as you wish. It was sad to hear this week that Wilfred Maddocks has been in hospital and I am sure that he and Dorothy would be pleased to hear from any members.



Another week passes with seemingly increased rapidity - masking rules changing again, Parliament in recess for summer holidays, our continental cousins in similar turmoil, the Global Stage that Shakespeare set out becomes evermore theatrical.

Sadly it seems that we will not be able to meet up face-to-face for some time yet, the number of our members who are willing and able to join a 'Zoom' meeting is relatively small which is a shame. I am sure that we could arrange a speaker on that basis and please let Paul know if you would like to join in.

Many thanks again to those who are keeping in touch with our members by phone or in other ways, it is so important. The view from the Crow's Nest is a bit wobbly as the spring-tide comes back but the telescope is still in hand and the horizon holds calmer weather and hopefully a Covid-19 vaccine.

Very best wishes to you, yours, your friends and neighbours, we will all get through these times into clear waters and be together again at the right time.

Jeremy."

The Two Ronnies: Drunken Wedding Speech

https://youtu.be/BiP_vysgU5E



MEMORIES OF OUR GOLFING HOLIDAYS *By Bill Ferries*

When I started playing golf back in the 70s the game was still mainly played by men. Times have changed dramatically and ladies golf is now very much big business.

I joined Oswestry Golf Club in 1980. I usually played at weekends and we had a good group of regulars who turned up and put their money into the hat then at the end of the games the winner could take home perhaps £20. I also played regularly in the summer evenings with 3 good mates - friendly games which often turned out very competitive! After the golf we would head off to a local pub for a meal and drinks.

We played all the local Shropshire courses and a fair number of the others in the county. We occasionally went to Nefyn in the Ueyn peninsula, a very testing course especially along the cliffs on a windy day. Other highly rated courses were Shifnal, Kington, Ludlow, Wrexham, Forest of Arden and Sandtway.

We had other breaks lasting usually a week to Anglesey, Lancashire, Yorkshire / SW Scotland, Fife and Killarney Ireland - all very memorable and enjoyable.

Both courses at Killarney Golf Club are lush, long and impressive but the best course we played in Ireland was at Dooks which is Kerry's oldest course. Overlooking the shores of Dingle Bay it is traditional Links with lots of gorse and heather making it extremely challenging. All fairways and green are very undulating so scores were high! It is a real gem of a course with panoramic views – unforgettable!

I think our wives realised they were missing out on something and gradually they took up the game and they really enjoyed it (if you can't beat them join them).

After some golf lessons from the professional at Oswestry and regular practice they became good players and also joined the club where the ladies section was steadily growing. It is a very sociable club where the ladies have the course to themselves for most of the day on Tuesdays. They have numerous events such as bridge/whist evenings/fashion shows. guest speakers, bring & buy sales which all raise money for the club.

When I was Captain in 2013 the ladies section had around 175 lady members - one of the largest in UK.

Some men are not willing to play mixed golf - some will never! Fortunately for the club their opinions are very much in the minority. Personally, I have always found lady golfers to be very good company both on the course and in the clubhouse. They are good mixers, good fun and their presence always greatly enhances the fairways.

Because of their willingness to support the ladies section, play in mixed competitions and attend the social events I have always regarded them as the backbone of the club and often praised them whenever possible.

Our wives / partners soon became confident enough to go on golfing holidays which turned out very well for us because they did all the organising, along with help and guidance from liberty Travel in Oswestry, a company I can thoroughly recommend.

Our first trip was to south of Spain where we took a house at Mijas near Marbella. There were a few excellent courses in the area so we had a mixture of golf and sightseeing during the days followed by frequenting various restaurants in the evenings. The men played mostly together but we always had some mixed games. We kept a running tally of points scored during the week and at our final dinner the winners were announced to the usual cheering or jeering!

For the next two years we went to the Algarve in Portugal which at the time was very popular for golfing holidays and we were surprised by how many courses were available and all beautifully maintained.

We then spread our wings a bit by going to America - to Hilton Head Island in South Carolina where we rented a villa right by the beach. The golf club was very near and had three beautiful courses with lots of lakes to test our skills. I have to say the Americans certainly know how to impress their visiting golfers - nothing is too much trouble and all the staff are so helpful and polite. It was a very high class venue and certainly exceeded our expectations.

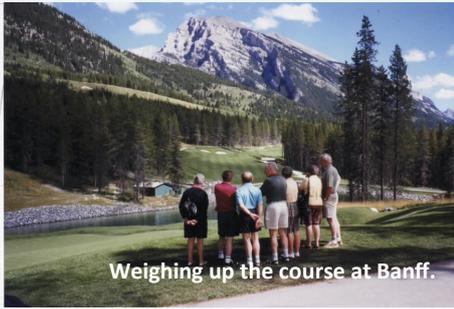
Two more holidays followed in the Algarve before our group decided we should try South Africa.

This was new territory for us all. We flew to Harare in Zimbabwe where we enjoyed a few days on safari in Hwange National Park, then visited Victoria Falls before flying to Port Elizabeth. Next day we collected our huge Jeep and began our tour south on the famous Garden Route towing our trailer with all our luggage and golf gear. We had games along the way on superb courses at Plettenburg Bay, Knysna and the renowned complex of Fancourt, where their three courses were manicured to a very high degree.

Cont. page 3

One special feature of playing some great courses in such a lovely country was having a variety of wildlife strolling on the courses taking no heed of the players - golfers don't mind their game being interrupted by a family of wild dogs, antelope or giraffe' decide to cross the fairway.

Next on the list was Canada where we flew to Calgary, collected a mega Chevrolet Cougar which was big enough for the 8 of us, all our luggage and golf clubs! We drove north to Banff where we woke next morning to find elk wandering along the streets.

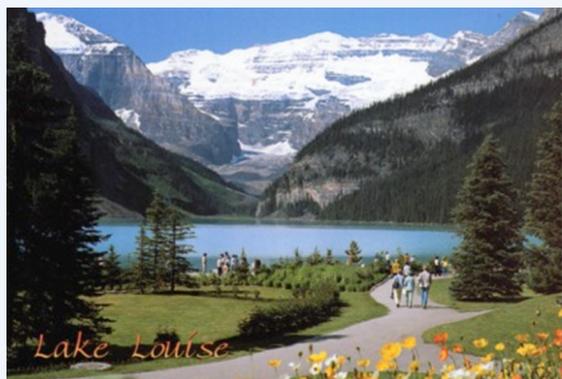


After a game at Banff" we visited Lake Louise to marvel at the beauty of the turquoise water which is fed in from glaciers. Our next game was an evening game at Golden. As soon as we started we realised there were some midges around and as we progressed further through the heavily forested course we were plagued by swarms of them who obviously enjoyed the taste of British blood. Beautiful course but memorable more for the midges than the golf - worse than the ones in Scotland !

Our next stop was at the Athabasca Glacier which is a must for anyone visiting The Rockies. It is part of the Columbia icefield and is 6 km long x 1 km wide. We boarded one of the giant all terrain vehicles which ferried tourists up to the glacier where we had a very slippery wobbly walk on the ice. We were warned not to stray beyond the markers as bottomless crevasses could have ended the holiday for some !

Next day we made our way to Jasper through some the most spectacular scenery of the holiday. The town has a very short summer of approximately two months! The mountain tops are always covered in snow and it was snowing heavily as we left.

During the journey we saw bears and on one occasion we stopped to watch a huge moose grazing casually just off the main road.



Our next port of call was Whistler, Canada's favourite year round mountain park. In addition to it being a top ski resort it has every other outdoor sport and activity you can imagine. We were there for a couple of days and played two of the 4 championship golf courses.

We moved on to have a few relaxing days on beautiful Vancouver Island. I will always remember the small flying boats landing and taking off in the bay in front of our hotel while they were providing a taxi service between the numerous islands. The other activity I will never forget was

our whale watching trip. We boarded a large dinghy which had about 20 passengers and headed out a few miles into the Pacific which was very rough and the dinghy had to crash through waves all the way there and back. We were battered, bruised and soaking

wet and had only seen a couple of whales in the distance -a painful experience -never again !

From Vancouver we returned to Calgary on the luxury train, The Rocky Mountaineer which had extensive domed-glass windows and viewing platforms to give us the best views of the scenery .

We left with our memories of a huge rugged and beautiful country full of friendly people who live at a more leisurely pace than we do.

The Rocky Mountains have some of the most spectacular and scenic golf courses I have ever had the privilege to play.



To be continued next week:-

Bill Ferries

English our wonderful and changing world language

A light hearted look.

After a pleasant day this last Thursday doing a bit of dead heading followed by some painting, weather board not a field of sunflowers, I decided a rest was in order. I made a gin and tonic for Penny and I, which we enjoyed sitting in the sunshine whilst our evening meal was cooking. I then began reading our national Rotary magazine which had arrived that morning in its compostable plastic bag.

The main article concerned the shape of Rotary post covid, the willingness of the public to volunteer during the present crisis and our ability to recruit and retain members. Twenty or more Rotarians had submitted a paragraph or so giving their thoughts on the matter. Only one mentioned the 'future' of Rotary, all the others were concerned with 'going forward'.

This set me thinking how much our language has changed quite recently. This of course has always happened. We have absorbed different cultures, technical language and words like 'distancing'.' So', as everyone now begins a sentence, I have collected some words from memory and several whilst listening to the evening news on television. I am sure you will think of many more.

The news that evening talked about us having serious 'conversations' on the impending unemployment crisis when we used to have 'debates'. This was an 'issue' which those of my generation would have called a 'problem', which was not going to go away 'anytime soon'. The sport then followed with talk of a 'two time' national champion when I thought grownups used the term 'twice'. Then they spoke of the 'upcoming' games next weekend. For septuagenarians and older, read 'forthcoming'

The news then switched to several outside broadcast reporters. I lost count of the times they said 'right now'. The phrase 'at the moment' must surely be consigned to history. Why the BBC sends reporters to stand outside 'train stations' in all weathers to compete with howling gales is beyond me, and why does Laura Kuensberg give her reports from an equally draughty roof top.

A woman on her salary should be 'sitting' in a warm office. For 'sitting' now read 'sat'. Now I know why I am not being given a free TV licence next year! The BBC should follow Rotary and do more Zoom reports and then we could award points for the most impressive background library. Ironing boards and box rooms score minus points.

Most, if not all of these examples are recent Americanisms. They make 'many', now read 'multiple' verbs out of words, such as diarize and incentivize, which is now in common usage does not appear in my Oxford dictionary of 1989. We have many more embedded in our language which we do not notice anymore, including those from European languages, ancient and modern, and others from colonial times We may not be the power we were, but we have given the world our language which will continue to evolve, and for those in other cultures who learn our language it is often a passport to success in their lives.

We did something good for the world.

a young person now with 'how are you?' and the reply will be 'I am good' It is still English. Plus ca change!

Frederick Williams

Origin of phrases

"Back to Square One"

Meaning back to the beginning, the phrase originated in the 1930s when the first radio broadcasts of football matches were made by the BBC.

To help listeners keep track of the game, The Radio Times devised a numbered grid system which they published in the magazine, enabling commentators to indicate to listeners exactly where the ball was on the pitch.

"Square One" was the goalkeeper's area, and whenever the ball was passed back to him, play was referred to as being 'back to square one'.

"there will be Dickens to pay" is not actually related to 19th-century author Charles Dickens, as popular belief would have it.

As long ago as the 16th century the word 'Devil' was, in fact, 'Devilkin' and having 'the devilkin to pay' meant a passage straight to Hell for one's crimes.

Back then, Devilkin was pronounced 'Dickens', as evidenced by the line 'I cannot tell what the Dickens his name was', from *The Merry Wives Of Windsor* by one William Shakespeare, written in 1601 – more than 200 years before Charles Dickens was born.



General Knowledge Quiz

1. In which town do the Flintstones live?
2. Which animal is regarded as the one with the longest lifespan?
3. What is the outer layer of the skin called?
4. Who rejoined Take That in 2013?
5. What does an invertebrate not have?
6. Who was the tallest of Robin Hood's Men?
7. In "Countdown" how many letters are selected for the letters game?
8. Which nation suffered a 9.0 earthquake in March 2011?
9. What did Constantinople become known as in March 1930?
10. In which English town did Charles and Camilla marry?
11. In a tennis tie-break, what is the largest winning margin?
12. What do philatelists collect?
13. Rudolf Hess was the last prisoner in which jail?
14. How many edges in a cube?
15. At what age does a filly become classified as a mare?
16. What type of creature is a Pacific sea wasp?
17. Which star sign has the bull as its symbol?
18. How many are there in a baker's dozen?
19. Where is the South Pole located?
20. Which girl shares her name with a Christmas song?

Answers page 9

Remembering VJ Day

This Saturday, 14th of August, will be the 75th anniversary of VJ Day, marking both the surrender of Japan and the end of the Second World War.

It follows VE Day in May, when we marked Germany's surrender and the end of the war in Europe.

The Royal British Legion is calling on everyone to mark this important anniversary from home.

A national two minute silence will be observed at 11 a.m and will be the focal point of a televised commemorative service at the National Memorial Arboretum in Staffordshire led by The Prince of Wales.

The commemorations will pay tribute to the service and sacrifice of the thousands of Armed Forces personnel, civilians and family members who contributed to victory in the Far East, and recognise the horrors they endured.

The end of the war came as Ellesmere Probus Club past president, Peter Roth, aged 93, was en route to the Far East, having been conscripted into the Royal Navy as an 18 year old early in 1945.

Peter recalls: "After my training at Devonport naval barracks, Plymouth, I was drafted to a minesweeper, HMS Hare and we set off in a flotilla with five other minesweepers to join the British Pacific Fleet.

We had got as far as Suez when the Americans dropped the atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Then a few days later, while sailing across the Indian Ocean, we heard that Japan had surrendered, and the war was over.

We thought we would be going home, but no! We sailed on to Sydney, Australia, then to Singapore where we began clearing mines, then more around Hong Kong and North Borneo. We cleared about two hundred miles in all. Less than a year after the atomic bombs were dropped, we arrived at the Japanese naval base of Kure, from where we were taken on lorries to see the devastation at Hiroshima, which was only a 30 minute drive away."

Peter sailed onto Shanghai, China, before returning to continue mine-sweeping around Hong Kong. He was away from home for three years before returning to Britain – and demob ,

Britain had declared war on Japan in December, 1941, more than two years after the outbreak of the war against Germany. It followed the Japanese attacks on Malaya, Singapore and Hong Kong. The Asia-Pacific conflict took place from Hawaii to North East India.

Britain and the Commonwealth's principal fighting force, the Fourteenth Army, was one of the most diverse in history - over 40 languages were spoken, and all the world's major religions represented.

descendants of many of the Commonwealth veterans of that army are today part of multicultural communities up and down the country, a lasting legacy to the success and comradeship of those who fought in the Asia-Pacific.

So this let us remember the contribution of all Commonwealth and Allied Forces, without whom victory and the freedoms and way of life we enjoy today would not have been possible.

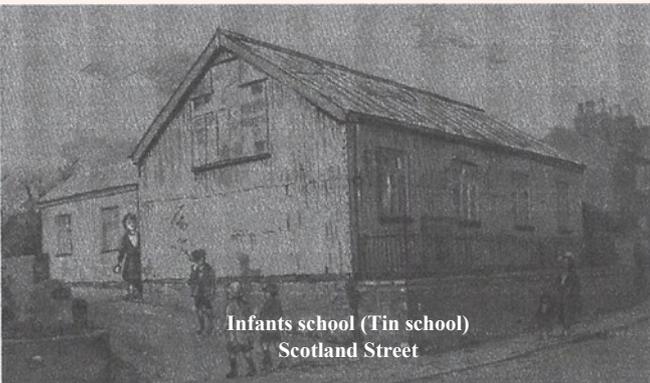
The Series of Memories of Ellesmere Residents

Extracts from the 8 "Memories" Booklets Published in early 2000 by the Ellesmere Society

Memory No 9

School Life In Ellesmere Remembered by Norman Dawson

At five years of age I, and of course, many others, had our first taste of school the Infants' School (Tin School) in Scotland Street. The headmistress was Miss Matty, a very dainty and precise person who taught the seniors. Miss - the name escapes, taught the middle class. I recall her as being very strict, and her favourite punishment for talking out of turn was to stand the offender in a



Infants school (Tin school)
Scotland Street

corner with a piece of brown paper fastened across his or her mouth with sticky paste. The little ones were taught by Miss Nunnerley. What a lovely person she was. She could be strict, but was very fair.

The other public schools were the Wharf School, where Mr. William Edward Griffiths (WEG) reigned supreme, and the Girls' School, known as the Top School, at the top of St. John's Hill at its junction with Love Lane, where Miss Drover was the headmistress. WEG, as he was so widely known, was held in awe by all who attended the school. He was a keen disciplinarian and yet very fair; he was stern and yet kind. He commanded respect, but used the cane only as a last resort. The canes were kept in the school house, and when he wanted a cane the order was given to whoever was told to fetch it 'Fetch my stick' or the dreaded order would be given. 'Fetch my stick; the one that's in pickle'. Everyone hated the latter part of the

order because it was firmly believed that being in pickle made it smart more. WEG was a fine teacher, and although everyone, even the toughest characters, would admit to being a little bit scared of him; it would be safe to say that all who passed through his hands would say in later life that they held him in the highest esteem and were grateful for his character building influence. Quite a large garden was attached to the Wharf School, and this was cultivated by the scholars, each class doing its stint. The produce was sold to people in the town; certain boys being given the opportunity of going around selling the vegetables, etc., to the householders in the streets allocated to them. A commission was paid based on the amount of the sales. The net income was used for the benefit of the school. When the fruit in the garden was ripe the boys went out and collected it, and on their return to the school, WEG would be standing sentinel, and he would smell the breath of each boy, and woe betide any boy who had tasted the forbidden fruit.

Another of Ellesmere's schools was the Ellesmere College for Girls, and at the time about which I am writing it was situated in Scotland Street in a house which was later pulled down to make way for houses erected by the North Shropshire council. It was last occupied by the late Mr. Prince Jones. The school was a fee paying school and consisted of about forty boarders, and four or five day girls from Ellesmere. This honey pot of desirable femininity naturally attracted the lads of the village, and each of about eight or nine of us aged sixteen or eighteen, on about two or three nights each week would make his way in turn to the college.

Dark nights of course, and only three or four chaps each night - best not to overdo it. The time of arrival at the school was timed for after the girls had gone to the dormitories. The dormitories were on the top floor, and the first thing to ascertain after our arrival was whether or not the girls had managed to unbolt the door in the wall. If this had been achieved, then we would creep in and look up at the dormitory windows to await developments. If the door was locked then it meant climbing the wall. Soon the windows would open and birdlike twitterings would be heard; then in answer to the question 'Who is there?' the lads present would identify themselves. Then we would wait anxiously by the side door of the college and, eventually, if we were lucky, two or perhaps three of the girls would appear.

Say two girls appeared then two of the lads would be supremely happy. Letters from the girls unable to make it or from the absent chaps would be handed out, and then those who were girlless would fade away, leaving the lucky two to spend precious minutes with their chosen ones. After some twitting, giggling, whisperings of sweet nothings, and (dare devils) a sly kiss or two, the lucky ones would creep stealthily from the school gardens and, with hearts beating twenty to the dozen, would hurry back into the town, elated in the knowledge that another daring and successful mission in the cause of true love had been accomplished.

Oswestry Boys' High School, opened near the end of or soon after the end of World War I, was gaining an excellent reputation. It was at that time a fee paying school with a number of boarders who boarded at a house called 'Wingthorpe'. I know I am right in saying that the headmaster, the Rev. W.H.C. Jemett, M.A., (Oxon), was a marvelous head, and had gathered around him an excellent team of teachers, most of whom had been with him at Oxford. Quite a number of boys from Ellesmere and, in fact, from a wide area around Oswestry started to attend this school.

We from the Ellesmere district travelled to and from Oswestry by train on the old Cambrian line. The engine on occasions had difficulty in gelling up the brow from Frankton station, and we would chant in keeping with the 'chuffs' from the engine - 'I think I can I think I can', and then, when it eventually got to the top and sped down the other side, the 'chuffs' would increase and we would chant 'I've done it, I've done it'.

The late Mr. Owen Jones, who at that time kept the Red Lion Hotel, worked in Oswestry and travelled by train to and from Oswestry each day. He was a good timekeeper, but if you were hurrying to the station at the same time as he was, you were all right, because the train always waited for him.

I also recall during the big general strike of 1926, travelling to and from Oswestry on the 'step' of a friend's cycle. Naturally, we walked up the brow both sides. Also, at this time the aforesaid Mr. Owen Jones had purchased a Ford car - I think the first in Ellesmere - one of the 'tin Lizzies'. I was fortunate to have a lift in this on a few occasions during the strike.

A big event for Ellesmere schools during and just after World War I was 'Empire day. This was when most of the map of the world was coloured red showing the Empire on which the sun never sets. That's how the British Empire was described. The greatest empire of all time. Some weeks before Empire Day - which was on or about the 24th May, at all three schools, children would be rehearsing appropriate songs, and then, when the great day arrived all the children would, in the morning, march down to the Castle Fields opposite the boathouse Restaurant.

Here, by kind permission of Lord Brownlow, the ceremony was to be held. The Bridgewater Estate had also erected a tall flag pole from the top of which proudly flew a huge Union Jack. All we children would gather around the flag. Some local VIP's would be present - Major Mainwaring, Major Roger Kynaston, Captain R Jebb, Brownlow R C. Tower Esq., (representing Lord Brownlow) and the Vicar, who at that time, I think would be the Rev. F. G. Ellerton. Then after a few inspiring words from some of the VIP's we would sing patriotic songs which we had so diligently practiced, such as 'Flag of Britain madly waving', 'Rule Britannia', 'Men of Harlech', etc. Then it would be announced, usually by Mr. W. E. Griffiths (WEG), headmaster of the Boys' C of E that by kind permission of Lord Brownlow and the Vicar (all three schools were C of E) the rest of the day would be a holiday, and so after saluting the flag, three hearty cheers were given for Lord Brownlow, Brownlow R. C. Tower and the Vicar. We were all dismissed and went merrily on our way.

Oh, I nearly forgot - we also gave three cheers for the Empire.

Memory No 10

THE CINEMA IN ELLESMERE

Remembered by John Reeves & Stanley Horton

The earliest cinema in Ellesmere operated in Trimpley Hall which was situated at the junction of Trimpley Street, Willow Street and Victoria Street. During the first World War, the hall became a Red Cross Hospital and during the second it was used as a Food Control Office, issuing ration books and emergency food coupons.

During its time in use as a cinema, Trimpley Hall was known as "The Picturedrome". Two films shown in January 1913 were "The Battle of Trafalgar" and "The Battle of Balaclava" both of which evoked loud applause from the packed audience. Matinees were shown on Tuesdays "to give country people the opportunity to see the finest living pictures it is possible to produce". In late March, the Picturedrome was well filled to see pictures of animals - a film called Kings of the Forest".

The cinema closed for the season on 16th April 1913. However, a news item in the Ellesmere Herald of June 24th, 1913 states that there had been a V.A.D. (volunteer Aid Detachment) inspection of Trimpley Hall the previous Thursday having been fitted out as a temporary hospital. As far as can be ascertained The Picturedrome did not re-open until about 1920. Apparently renamed "Electric Cinema", Morris and Co. were lessees (1922) with Tomas Butler as caretaker. Mrs. Butler played a piano to accompany silent films doing her best to match her music to whatever was being shown on the screen. By 1929, Alan Stewart Milner had become proprietor of the Electric Cinema. At one ie, the electricity supply to Trimpley Hall came by overhead cable from the cables at the Black Lion Hotel just across the road. This, added to the fact that the film (whilst being projected) occasionally went afire, must have made going to cinemas a somewhat hazardous undertaking!

After the closing of the Reading Room on the ground floor of the Town Hall, a Cinema was opened there in about 1931 co-existing for a time with the lending library. At first only silent films were shown at the Town Hall cinema but occasionally a travelling repertory company would hire the hall for a week so giving the townspeople a chance to see live theatre. Matinee performances usually attracted a fair number of children who were frequently given an orange each on arriving - much to their delight! In the early days a generator in the cellar of the Town Hall supplied electricity for the projectors which could only cope with a low voltage supply. These were mounted on a steel-framed platform at the rear of the building and holes were made in the rear wall through which the films were projected.

In the early 1930s, Ellesmere Town Hall cinema was being run by two cousins - Ted Jarvis and Sam Goodwin. The former was in charge of administration and the booking of films, and the latter was the "practical man" who made everything work including quite a spectacular display of coloured lights on the facade of the building.

A suitable supply of mains electricity was available by the mid-1930s and, of course, by then all films were talkies.

Picture going was probably at its most popular during the 1940s with seats at 7d, (3p) 10d (4p) and 1/9 (9p), when queues for admission extended for quite a

distance up Scotland Street. Eventually difficulties arose in the matter of obtaining modern films, the distributors being insistent that films were shown in cinemas in Shrewsbury, Oswestry and Wrexham before coming to the very much smaller cinema at Ellesmere. Nevertheless, three films weekly were screened being rotated around other small picture houses such as the village hall at Overton-on-Dee. Ted Jarvis died in about 1956 and his son took his place in the business being assisted by Sam Goodwin's son-in-law John Reeves. However, as television became more and more popular, cinema takings dropped drastically, and the doors finally closed in 1963. The seats and other fittings were removed shortly afterwards. The hall was then used (on a temporary basis) by the Comrades Cub after a fire destroyed its premises in Cross Street. After various other uses the Town Hall Cinema is now a greengrocery store.

Next week we will start book 2

This is quite timely as next weekend will be the 75 anniversary of VJ day

CONFLICT. *By Tim Potter*

We are celebrating the end of WW2 seventy five years ago and since then we have had peace if you can call the chaos in just about every part of the world peaceful.

It was just over 40 years ago that terrorists shot down a civilian scheduled internal passenger flight in Rhodesia . It was shot down by a soviet made surface to air missile. Thirty eight people died in the crash, and the terrorists followed up and massacred ten surviving passengers. Three people survived when they hid in the bush, and a further five had left the crash site to look for water. Peace talks between terrorist leaders and politicians had been progressing quite well, but these were abruptly brought to a halt.

The Very Rev John De Costa, the Anglican Dean Of Salisbury Cathedral in Rhodesia gave this sermon :

“The bestiality, worse than anything in recent history stinks in the nostrils of Heaven, but we are deafened with the voice of protest from nations which call themselves “civilised”.

One listens for loud condemnation by Doctor David Owen the British Foreign Secretary himself a medical doctor trained to extend mercy and help to all in need.

One listens and the silence is deafening.

One listens for loud condemnation by the President of the United States, himself a Christian man.

One listens for the loud condemnation by the Pope, by the Chief Rabbi, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by all who love the name of God.

Again the silence is deafening.

I do not believe in white supremacy, I do not believe in black supremacy either, I do not believe that any one is better than another. I believe that those who seek to govern must prove themselves worthy of the trust that will be placed in them.

One looks for real leadership, One finds little in the Western world, how much less in Africa?”

At the beginning of the 20th century white colonists settled in the territory which became known as Rhodesia now Zimbabwe. The country was a waste land, occupied by tribespeople who survived on subsistence farming , growing crops and herding livestock. Droughts, plagues, disease and tribal conflict took their toll, and life expectancy was less than 30 years.

The colonists settled, developed agriculture mining and industry. The country thrived to become the bread basket of Africa.

Towns and Cities were established, law and order reigned education and health were enjoyed by all , life expectancy was 75 plus years. Unfortunately the settlers benefited from their hard work and success and forgot to recognise the aspirations of the African population. The colonial Government would not except majority rule and declared independence from Britain. Discontent grew amongst the African Nationalists and this developed into violence, with the terrorist war starting in the 1960s resulting in ghastly atrocities carried out by terrorists attacking soft targets, missionaries and the civilian population, black and white and lasting until majority rule in 1981. A period of corrupt misrule, tribalism and anti white behaviour took hold, white owned farms destroyed, anarchy and murder ruled, the country became the poorest in Africa.

So now the colonist is blamed for all that has gone wrong, and what is going wrong in Africa.

Rhodes, Churchill, Rudyard Kipling, Baden Powell, Queen Victoria you name it, they were all responsible for what has happened.

Tear down the statues, destroy their portraits.

We accept this, we are frightened to contradict the outspoken condemnation of our past, and by not opposing these misguided people we are presumed to accept them as correct. Are we witnessing civilisation in reverse?

So why should I worry, but it is nice to get a bit of phlegm off my chest.

Tim Potter

Become an Instant Expert on Pierrots..

BY ARTS SOCIETY LECTURER

DR TONY LIDINGTON

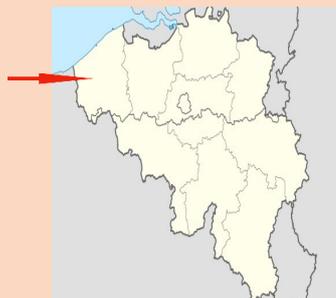
Heading to the coast this month? Our expert, Dr Tony Lidington, conjures past glories of pierrots and parties that once sang and danced on the sands.

Click on link the— <https://mailchi.mp/theartsociety/become-an-instant-expert-on-pierrots?e=2ed8bb9c13>

Submitted by Mike Grundy

Ellesmere's twin town is Diksmuide located in West Flanders province of Belgium.

Diksmuide, Belgium Diksmuide (Dutch pronunciation: [ˌdɪksˈmœyde])



Most of the area west of the city is a polder riddled with drainage trenches. The major economic activity of the region is dairy farming, producing the famous butter of Diksmuide.

Medieval origins

The 9th-century Frankish settlement of Dicasmutha was situated at the mouth of a stream near the River Yser (Dutch: IJzer). The name is a compound of the Dutch words dijk (dike) and muide (river mouth). By the 10th century, a chapel and marketplace were already established. The city's charter was granted two centuries later and defensive walls built in 1270. The economy was already then based mainly on agriculture, with dairy products and linen driving the economy.

From the 15th century to the French Revolution, Diksmuide was affected by the wars between the Netherlands, France, Spain, and Austria, with a corresponding decline in activity; it was captured by Allied forces in the Capitulation of Diksmuide in 1695. The 19th century was more peaceful and prosperous.

World War I

At the outset of World War I, German troops crossed the Belgian border near Arlon, then proceeded hurriedly towards the North Sea to secure the French ports of Calais and Dunkirk. The Battle of the Yser started in October 1914. Thanks to the water the Belgians were able to stop the Germans; at the end of October, they opened the floodgates holding back the River Yser and flooded the area.



As a result, the river became a front line throughout the First World War. The city was first attacked on 16 October 1914 and defended by Belgian and French troops, which marked the beginning of the battle. Colonel Alphonse Jacques led the troops that prevented Diksmuide from being taken by the German Army. Despite the heavy Belgian losses, the press, politicians, literary figures and the military itself created propaganda which formed

public opinion into making the action appear strategic and heroic.

By the time the fighting ended, the town had been reduced to rubble. It was, however, completely rebuilt in the 1920s.

The town hall and belfry

The belfry contains a 30-bell carillon and is one of the several belfries of Belgium and France that are recognised by UNESCO as World Heritage Sites.

The City Hall and neighbouring Saint Nicolas Church were completely rebuilt after World War I in the Gothic style of the 14th and 15th centuries.

The "Trench of Death" (Dutch: Dodengang), about 1.5 km (0.93 mi) from the centre of the city, preserves the trench setting where Belgian soldiers fought under the most perilous conditions until the final offensive of 28 September 1918.

A peace monument, the Yser Tower, was built after the First World War in the 1920s. It was demolished in 1946 because during the Second World War it had been the scene of Nazi ceremonies and collaboration. A new tower was built in the 1950s. The tower houses a World War I museum owned by the United Nations, where it is possible among other things to experience the odour of mustard gas. The Yser Tower is also the scene of the yearly IJzerbedevaart (Dutch for 'Pilgrimage of the Yser'), a celebration of peace and of Flemish political autonomy. During World War II, it was used for Nazi-inspired meetings. After the war it still had problems with neo-Nazis from all over Europe. They were a minority, but the press emphasised this minority participation. However, after many years the organisers succeeded in banning neo-Nazis. The more radical Flemish faction now organizes the IJzerwake (Dutch for 'Yser Vigil').



Several military cemeteries are located around Diksmuide, including the Vladslo German war cemetery, which is now the resting place for more than 25,000 German soldiers and has the famous sculpture of the 'Mourning parents' by Käthe Kollwitz.

World War 2:

The British Expeditionary Force was involved in the later stages of the defence of Belgium after German invasion in May 1940. The BEF suffered many casualties in covering the withdrawal to Dunkirk and Calais. Commonwealth forces did not return until September 1944 but in the intervening years many airmen were shot down or crashed in raids on strategic objectives in Belgium while returning from missions over Germany. Diksmuide Communal Cemetery contains three Commonwealth burials of the 2nd World War, one of which is unidentified.

Submitted by Jeremy

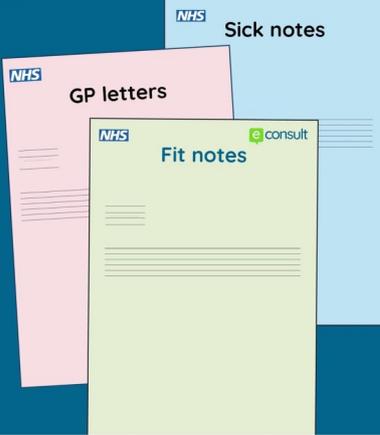
Local information

Did you know...

If you have an admin request?

There is no need to book an appointment:

Go to our practice website
Click on the eConsult banner
Click 'I want administrative help'



NHS **econsult**



Take 1 minute each day and help fight the outbreak.

Get the Covid 19 Symptom Tracker App from the App store or Google

Urgent Care Centres

Urgent Care Centres (UCCs) at Princess Royal Hospital (PRH) in Telford and the Royal Shrewsbury Hospital (RSH) will temporarily relocate to the Minor Injury Units (MIUs) in Whitchurch and Bridgnorth to form two Urgent Treatment Centres (UTCs).

PLEASE CONTINUE TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR YOUR NEIGHBOURS

Key contact details: Ellesmere Covid-19 Community Support Group:
01691 596290 / 622689

www.ellesmerecovidsupportgroups.org.uk

Shropshire Council Helpline: 0345 678 9028

For people living in the Welshampton or Lyneal area - please contact the Parish Council on 01948 710672 or go on their website <https://www.welshamptonandlyneal-pc.gov.uk/> where you will find information about their local Community Support group



Pastoral Support from the Churches in Ellesmere

Rev'd Pat Hawkins St Mary's Church

Tel [01691622571](tel:01691622571) email revpat.hawkins@gmail.com.

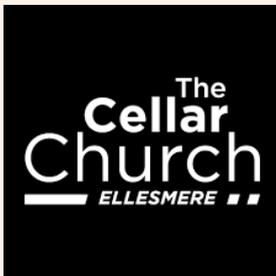
St Mary's Ellesmere:

Weekly services from 25th July:

Saturday 17:30 Said Holy Communion in the Nave
Sunday 08:00 Said Holy Communion in St Anne's
Sunday 10:15 Said Holy Communion in the Nave
Sunday 16:00 Said BCP Evening Prayer in Quire
Numbers are restricted.



Pastor Phil Wright 'The Cellar Church'.



[07711 986694](tel:07711986694) email: pastor.phil@me.com

The Cellar Church online every Sunday 10am and Wednesday 6pm

Follow the link Directly on our Youtube channel: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCmxf6AT5w7IJH4Yxkbi6tQ>

On the cellar church website: <https://www.cellarchurch.co.uk/audio-video/>

Rev Julia Skitt Ellesmere Methodist Church

[01691 657349](tel:01691657349) email: rev.julia@mail.com

Ellesmere Methodist Church Services can be streamed from:

Wesley's Chapel in London - on Wednesdays 12.45, Thursdays 12.45 and
Sundays 9.45 and 11.00am

<https://www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/livestreaming/>

Methodist Central Hall, Westminster - Sundays at 11.00am

[https://www.youtube.com/user/MCHWevents?](https://www.youtube.com/user/MCHWevents?utm_source=Methodist+Church+House&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=11417259_Update)

[utm_source=Methodist+Church+House&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=11417259_Update](https://www.youtube.com/user/MCHWevents?utm_source=Methodist+Church+House&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=11417259_Update)



Ellesmere Catholic Convent Chapel

The Chapel is open, the building on the left as you drive in. 8:30am - 6pm.

If you have anything that you'd like to ask the sister to pray for you: Phone [01691 622 283](tel:01691622283)

