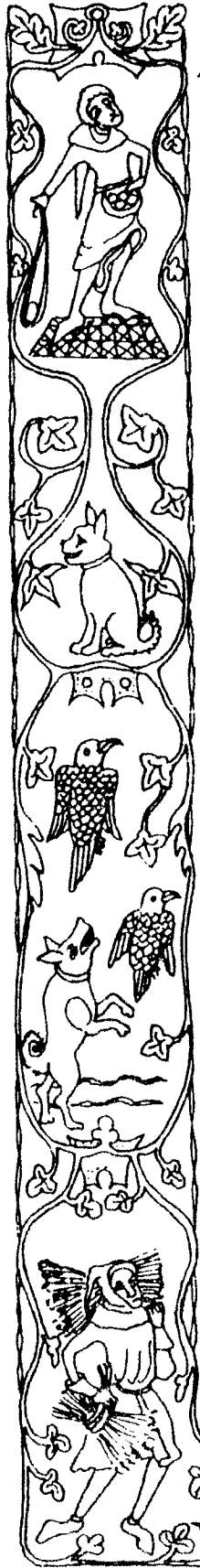


The Chronicle

Parish Magazine for Aston Abbotts



We wish

all our readers a happy
and peaceful New Year

JANUARY 87

No. 41.



Editorial

A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE.

My thanks to all our contributors and especially to Pat Sims, who has agreed to edit the 'Cookbook'- so all recipes and ideas to Pat please.

This months edition includes the final part of the Richardson Saga as well as a guide to those of us who are new to village life. This article by Suzie Hayman first appeared in a recent edition of the magazine Country Living.

Thanks to everyone involved in the Christmas Show - another very enjoyable evening. I hope its not the end of what has become part of the Aston Abbotts Christmas tradition.

HAVE A GREAT NEW YEAR.

Graham Parker

Graham Parker.

DEADLINE FOR THE FEBRUARY EDITION : 24th JANUARY PLEASE.

HOW TO PASS ON ARTICLES/INFORMATION FOR "THE CHRONICLE"

1. By telephone to Graham on Aylesbury 681325.
 2. By dropping a note through his door - The Cloisters.
 3. Leave a note in the box in the Village Shop or at the Post Office.
-

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Distributed free to all households in the Parish - if you fail to obtain a copy please contact the Editor.

NOTICEBOARD

WHAT'S ON IN JANUARY

- Thursdays 8th. & 22nd. : WHIST DRIVE in the Church Room at 7.30 p.m.
 Thursdays 15th.&29th. : BINGO in the Church Room at 8.00 p.m.
 Friday 23rd. : PARISH COUNCIL MEETING in the Church Room at 8.00 p.m.
 Sunday 25th. : FOOTPATH WALK - meet on the Green 2.00p.m.

GRAND PRAM, WHEELBARROW OR PUSHCHAIR RACE

NEW YEARS DAY at 11.30a.m. sees what could become an annual event. Teams of a maximum of four people will charge round a set course in the village, and may even get a chance to sample some ale en route. Entry forms will be available from December 6th. from David Brown at 2 The Acorns. It will be a fun event, so if you're game for a laugh, get your wheels, your entry forms, your friends and come and join us!

Snowball survives

ANOTHER Good Samaritans bingo evening was held in the Church Room at Aston Abbots.

Get well wishes were sent to Mrs C. Higgs, a regular member who was in hospital.

Prizewinners were: Lines Mr C. Higgs, Mr H. Goldney, Mrs M. Coleman, Garry Brooks, Mrs S. Wiggett, Mrs J. Dixon.

Houses: Mr L. Scutchings, Miss Hayward, Mrs Hayward, Mrs D. Hinds, Mrs D. Waite, Mrs J. Dixon.

Special: 1 Garry Brooks, 2 Mr L. Scutchings.

Raffle: 1 Mrs D. Martin, 2 Mr C. Higgs, 3 Mr L. Scutchings.

Football pantoen: Mrs Bailey.
 The snowball was unmelted.

A WELL DRESSED COUNTY!

MEMBERS of Aston Abbots and Cublington Ladies Club listened with great interest to a talk given by Mr Curnow on well-dressing in Derbyshire, at their meeting in the Church Room.

Miss B. Bennett presided and welcomed the speaker whose talk was particularly interesting because members are hoping to visit villages in Derbyshire to see their beautifully dressed wells in May.

Tea hostesses were Miss N. Little and Mrs S. Heffer, who provided the cakes. Miss Heffer gave the raffle prize, which was won by Mrs Ford.

ASTON ABBOTTS AND CUBLINGTON LADIES CLUB

Ladies sing and recite

ASTON Abbots Ladies' Club members made up for the disappointment of having to cancel their planned shopping trip by spending an entertaining afternoon in the Church Room.

They were all asked to contribute to a 'Sing, Say or Pay' session, with the result that many poems and readings were heard, some serious and others with a touch of humour.

The high spot came from three Cublington members, when Mrs R. Christopher,

Mrs J. Sinnott, and Mrs Hawkins, saying their own composition about the club, accompanied by Mrs Sinnott on electric organ.

Miss B. Bennett presided and thanked all who had contributed.

Carols were chosen in readiness for the carol service to be held in Cublington Church, on December 18.

Tea hostesses were Mrs Newell and Mrs Webster, who provided cakes. The raffle prize given by Mrs Fox was won by Mrs Dines.

Events in January

15th. "Flying Memories" - Ruth Bellingham.

29th. "Badgers - their Lifestyle & Habitat"
 Mr. Killingley.

WE WISH ALL MEMBERS AND FRIENDS A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Bingo evening for the Poppy Appeal

A WELL-attended bingo evening was held in the Church Room, Aston Abbots, in aid of the Wingrave and District Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal.

Door steward was Mrs Scutchings and the caller Mr Scutchings, with Mrs D. Waite in charge of the raffle. Hot sausage rolls and other refreshments were served in the interval.

Winners were — Lines: Mrs D. Williams, Mrs G. Fox, Steven Hayward, Mrs E. Allan, Garry Brooks. Houses: Mrs Angryk, Mrs Cross, Mr Phillips, Mrs P. Richard, Miss M. Hinds, Garry Brooks. Special: 1 Mrs Cennamo, 2 Mrs Bailey. Raffle: 1 Mrs Holmes, 2 Mrs Kempster, 3 Mrs A. Doggett, 4 Mrs R. Higgs.

Mr D. Waite, chairman of the branch, expressed thanks to everybody for supporting the event and all who had given prizes, refreshments or helped in anyway.

Poppy cash crop!

WINGRAVE and District Royal British Legion raised £672 from this year's Poppy Appeal, an increase of over £100 on 1985.

The amount was greatly increased by a wonderful raffle held at The Royal Oak.

Poppy-sellers in Aston Abbots were Mr and Mrs D. Waite, Mrs L. Scutchings, Mrs P. Dixon and The Bull and Butcher and Royal Oak public houses.

Mr D. Waite, the honorary organiser, wishes to express sincere thanks to all for their support.



People

OUR MONTHLY COLUMN ABOUT VILLAGE PEOPLE

Edited by Bridget Brandon.

BIRTHDAYS

JANE PLESTED 7th. January.

SARAH PLESTED 7th. January.

JAMES CLARKE 10th. January.

ANSTICE MURRAY 22nd. January.

ANDREW PLESTED 29th. January.

RELATED BIRTHDAY WISHES TO

DENNIS JUDD 14th. December.

NICHOLAS OSBORNE 24th. December.

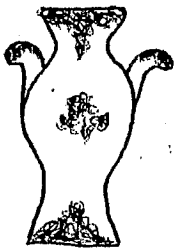
MANY THANKS

The Saturday performance of the tenth and final Christmas Show was followed by a party for the cast at the Royal Oak. Every show has been supported by a bar supplied by them, and we would like to thank them for all their effort and generosity over the last nine years.

WAS IT

really the last Christmas Show. Somehow Christmas wouldn't be the same without it.

Bric-a-Brac



now at the
Village Shop
Aston Abbots

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GOOD QUALITY

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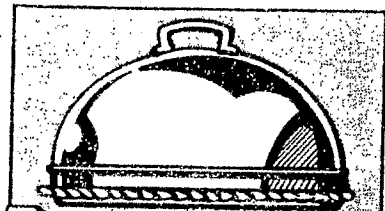
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	Inside	£ 7 per annum.
EIGHTH PAGE	: Back	£ 7 per annum.
	Inside	£ 5 per annum.
ALL OTHER ADS.	: Inside only	£5 per annum.

Please send copy and cheque, made payable to
Bucks County Council to the Editor, The Cloisters,
Aston Abbots, Aylesbury, Bucks.

ASTON ABBOTTS CHURCH ROOM

AVAILABLE FOR WEDDING RECEPTIONS: BIRTHDAY
PARTIES: FOLK EVENINGS: DANCES: BINGO ETC...

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FURTHER DETAILS FROM DORIS SCUTCHINGS ON
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OPENING TIMES

WED - SUN. 10am. - 6pm.
Closed for LUNCH 1pm til 2pm

ASTON ABBOTTS CHRISTMAS SHOW

As the final curtain closed so the audience went frantic with relief.

Yes, the final Christmas show had gone away and so had the pain. There had been three nights of quite unbelievable sights and on the night that your Theatre Critic was able to attend, having had to pay through the nose for a black market ticket, the church hall was packed to capacity.

Amongst the many and varied acts it was nice to see Alison Ford and John Davies with prominent roles and the discovery of the year just had to be the melifluous singing of Tony Hewitt. What a voice that man had! I can still hear it now!

It was good to see the return of Dennis Judd who featured in two songs and created most of the heart stopping moments in the main sketch.

The show featured the Aston Abbotts version of 'Ello 'Ello and many of the numbers revolved around what was happening in this very village in 1944.

There were spies, escaped prisoners of war and other assorted loonies. Featured strongly throughout the night were the dubious talents of Chris Brandon and John Whyte, the delight of Karen Brandon and Donna Wigett together with the charm of Ruth and Helen Watts and Bridgit Brandon.

Les Smith was his usual commanding self and Margaret Kent popped up from the most unusual of places.

Apart from the surprise appearance of 'Wobert and Helen' the star turn of the night had to be the Can Can. It is not normal in this show for anybody to call for encores but the Can Can changed all that.

I have been asked not to mention the names of the girls taking part just in case they are followed home one dark night.

I can also still hear the sorrowful words of 'Don't cry for me Aston Abbotts' as I write this article.

I wonder if this was the last show or whether they can find some brave souls to take it on next year.

If they do then I will try to be out of the country!

THEATRICAL CRITIC

THANKS

Thanks to Rita Robinson and Margaret Cheshier for organising the raffle and a special thank you to all who so generously gave prizes.

The money raised (approx. £200) will go towards the purchase of a new mower for the recreation ground, plus a donation toward THE CHRONICLE'S running costs.

VIDEO

A video has been made of the Tenth and Final Aston Abbotts Christmas Show. If anybody wants a copy then please contact Ray Wilkinson who will tell you the costs. Please let him know if you are on Beta, V.H.S., Umatic or any other system.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

FOR YOUR SUNDAY PAPER
REQUIREMENTS PHONE ME,
KAREN, ON 681425. DONT STOP
ME IN THE STREET BECAUSE
I DONT SPEAK TO STRANGERS.
DELIVERY GUARENTEED BEFORE
3 P.M.

PUZZLE PAGE

SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

Cat's Lives

This is a simple, fast-moving game of chance which combines quick action with an element of suspense.

Cat's Lives is won by the player who can score most points before all his lives are used up.

Number of players 2 upwards

Materials 4 dice
Shaker (plastic beaker)
Pencils
Score sheets (one for each player)

Play

The aim of this game is to amass the highest total number of points. To see who begins the game, each player throws a single die once. The highest scorer starts. In the case of tied highest scores, the players not eliminated throw again until a clear starter is decided. Play then proceeds in a clockwise direction.

The first player commences his turn by rolling all four dice. If none of the dice turns out to be a 1, he adds the spots on the four upper faces and enters the sum below his name on the score sheet.

A throw that produces at least one '1' does not score. The dice showing the 1s are eliminated and the remaining dice rolled again.

The process continues until each player has used up all his 'lives'—in other words, until all the dice have shown a 1.

Scores of all the casts which do not register a 1 are then added to produce a grand total.

The following example may be helpful:

Number of cast	Scores	Total
1	5 5 2 2	14
2	3 2 3 2	10
3	2 3 6 X	0
4	2 3 2	7
5	6 4 3	13
6	2 5 X	0
7	3 3	6
8	6 3	9
9	6 X	0
10	4	4
11	6	6
12	X	0
	Grand total	<u>69</u>

The game continues for three rounds and the player who ends with the highest aggregate score is the winner.

As a point of interest, the odds against making a scoring throw in the first cast are slightly greater than evens. By the time a player is reduced to a single die, the odds have done a sharp about-turn and are now 5 to 1 in favour of a scoring cast.

Update

OUR REGULAR FEATURE ON PARISH COUNCIL ACTIVITIES.

Amongst the topics discussed at the last Parish Council Meeting, held on Friday 28th. November, were:

Planning applications: Outline planning permission for one dwelling at the rear of Home Farm had been discussed at a special planning meeting earlier in the month. The Council voiced its concern over access to the site; other than this there were no objections in principle.

The more contentious applications related to Longmoor Farm, where the Parish Council objection to three houses had been supported by the Planning Officer and was now subject to an appeal at the Department of the Environment. A further application for a generator store at Longmoor Farm, previously granted for a temporary period, was now made permanent. The Council's objections to this were again forwarded to the Planning Officer.

The development at Badgers Oak Farm caused even greater concern. The application for a second poultry unit at, what was then Badgers Oak Farm [along the Cublington/Whitchurch road] had received strong objections, particularly as it was under construction before planning permission was granted [or even discussed at Parish Council level]. This Council had objected to the scale and siting of the unit. Permission was however granted by the authorities and this month an application was before the Parish Council for a dwelling to be built near the second unit at what was now to be called Badgers Brook Farm - a separate entity from Badgers Oak Farm. The Council expressed its strong objection to the proposed development.

The Bus Shelter at the Wingrave crossroads is in a poor state of repair and Wingrave Parish Council had been approached to see what could be done. Repairs, to include vandal proof plastic 'glass', had been estimated at over £300. It was also felt that some form of seating should be provided. Further negotiations were to follow, but it was agreed that Aston Abbots should make a contribution toward the costs, perhaps in relation to comparative rateable values in the two parishes.

There was a lengthy discussion about the request for support for The Chronicle that had come from the Friends of the Chronicle. The request was not granted for reasons that your correspondent did not take note of!

Drainage at Bricstock and the continuing poor state of the road at Lines Hill were also discussed, as was the news that a new telephone box was going to replace the old one. This would be of the new, no door, triangular model, that I hope is adequately illustrated on the right.

The idea of renovating the pump in Church Row was raised again and it was agreed that we approach the County Archaeological Society to see if they could be of any help.

Finally the Council was told that the response to the Neighbourhood Watch Scheme had not been encouraging; although it may be possible to start it in a couple of limited areas on an experimental basis. The Council agreed that it would make an ideal agenda item for this year's Annual Parish Meeting in March.

The next Parish Council Meeting is on Friday 23rd. January 1987 in the Church Room at 8.00 p.m.



KX 300 HOUSING

The triangular design of this booth ensures good acoustic and weather protection. It enables maximum use of available floor space and gives good siting flexibility. There are two options provided, one with two glass sides, the other with one glass side and one fabricated side with acoustic panels and fittings for directory holders.

Again both housings offer slightly raised sides to prevent litter accumulation.

Height 2160 Width 1170 Depth 1010
(All measurements in mm.)



THE ASTON ABBOTTS COOKBOOK

THANKS AGAIN THIS MONTH TO PAT SIMS FOR THE THIRD OF HER

" FAVOURITE RECIPES FROM THE WEST COUNTRY "

Somerset Apple Cake

8oz plain flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon mixed spice
 3oz butter or margarine
 3oz caster sugar
 1lb cooking apples
 1 egg

Grease and line an 8" cake tin with greaseproof paper. Sift flour and spice into a bowl. Rub in butter or margarine until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Stir in sugar and peeled, cored and finely chopped apples. Bind with sufficient beaten egg to make a spreading mixture. Turn into prepared tin. Bake at 390°F, 200°C for 1-1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours until golden brown and firm to the touch. Turn out onto a wire tray, remove paper and dredge with sugar. Serve hot, with cream.



With the Compliments of
 the Regional Information Officer

Department of Health & Social Security,
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 29-37, Brighton Road,
 SUTTON, Surrey SM2 5AN
 Tel. No. 01-642 6022 Ext.

A FURTHER INFORMATION LEAFLET FROM THE DHSS

GOING INTO HOSPITAL

If you have to go into hospital you don't want to be worried about what happens to your social security benefit or pension. It is best to let your local office know at once if you or a dependant have to go into hospital. As soon as you know when you are to be discharged tell them that as well and they will make sure you get the right amount of money.

Most social security benefits are paid to help with your ordinary needs at home, or the special needs of disablement. When you are in hospital some of these needs are met by the National Health Service, so your benefit may be reduced or withdrawn (Leaflet NI9).

You may be able to get help with your public transport fares or petrol costs when you travel to hospital as an out-patient or in-patient, or when you are discharged from hospital (Leaflet H11).

If you would like more information just dial 100 and ask for Freephone DHSS. They will also be able to send you the leaflets mentioned above.

OUT OF AFRICA

The last of Helen and Steve Richardson's letters sent back to the Chronicle during their recent round the world adventure.

The last stop on our travels was Africa, where we spent four weeks in Zambia and Zimbabwe. We flew out with Zambia Airways; or as regular passengers call it 'Zambia Scareways, three frights a week'. To travel with them is to understand that many a true word really is spoken in jest. Pieces of aircraft fell off throughout the flight, and the hostesses spent their time sellotaping them back into roughly the right position. A big, brusque hostess poured scalding coffee down Steve's arm and told him not to make a fuss as it can't have been that hot! Hardly service with a smile.

We were met at the airport and driven along one of the few tarmac roads in Zambia. We then had 2½ hours of bumping up and down on red dusty roads until we reached the farm where we were staying. As we drove along, we passed huge bushfires on either side of the road, where the tinder dry grass had been turned into an inferno. This looked particularly impressive at night when the red glow could be seen for miles.

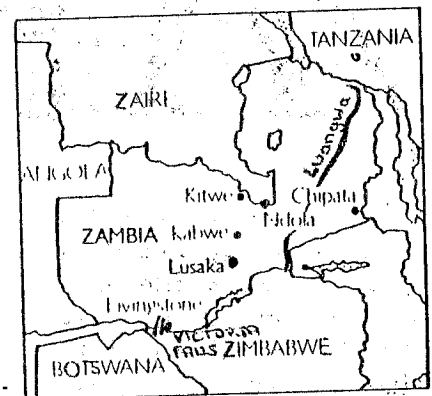
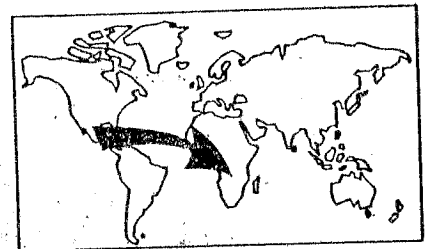
The local people live in very small mud huts and we were preveliged enough to be invited into several. We could barely stand up and there was only enough room for two adults to sleep. The huts are put together with incredible skill from wooden poles covered in a layer of mud with grass for the roof. A communal cooking area is nearby where several families get together to cook. Their singing as they prepare their meals in the evening is quite stunning.

Zambia is a land of contrasts. Whilst the President is the eleventh richest man in the world, the people struggle to afford enough maize to live on. The most poignant moment of the whole trip for both of us was when we went to a nearby lake for a barbeque. After we had eaten until we were full to bursting some local children asked to be allowed the bones which we had left on our plates. These children fought over the few scraps that were left. Scenes like that can only serve to change your priorities in life.

One of the highlights of the trip was a week in the Lunagwa Valley Game Park. The park is very unspoilt and you can drive all day without seeing another vehicle. I imagined that we would drive around in high suded vehicles painted to look like zebra. Not so; you sit in a totally open sided jeep and it has been known for animals to leap in the back with the passengers! However I was unpreturbed by the news as I reasoned that the guide could always shoot the odd stray lion that got in the back with us. To my horror I discovered, on our last day in the park, that no guns are allowed to be carried in vehicles. They say ignorance is bliss!

Our first few nights in the park were spent in some pretty basic accommodation on the banks of the Luangwa River. Princess Anne had stayed there a month previously so I thought that if she could cope with all the creepie crawlies then so could I. However I bet she didn't have to cope with the spitting cobra which fell from the roof of the dining hut onto the supper table; or the snake entwined around the bedleg in the hut next to ours. And I am sure the enormous spiders were not presumptive enough to crawl all over her at night! But we were lucky enough to see some fantastic game and even managed to be at a leopard kill, only feet away from the action.

Zambia



Population: Almost 6 million

Size: Three times that of Britain, 290,000 sq. miles

Government: Republic

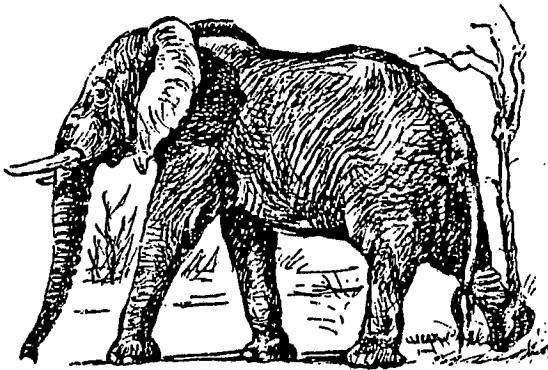
Official language: English

Main religion: Christianity

Capital: Lusaka

Currency: Kwacha, ngwee

Just as I was getting used to the size of the spiders and coming to terms with sharing my breakfast with the odd snake, Steve announced that we were moving on to another camp, where we would stay in tents. As a parting shot, those who were lucky enough to be staying at Chinzombo came out with every alarming anecdote they knew about people camping in the park, which all revolved around innocent people being dragged from their tents by lions! I had resigned myself to three days without sleep as I waited to be removed from my tent by a lion. When we got to the camp, Robin the camp leader announced that the camp was situated on the junction of the territory of two prides of lions and consequently there was often a lot of noise around the camp at night. This did nothing to help calm my nerves. However, for some reason, we both felt as safe as houses in our tent, and slept far more soundly than when we had feared for snakes falling out of the thatch, as we had at Chinzombo. It was a little alarming to hear an elephant stretching over the tent to eat the winterthorn which overhung our sleeping quarters. It's amazing what you can tolerate when you've been plied with gin all evening.



Our few days in tents were fantastic; we saw an enormous amount of game and even managed to get chased for a quarter of a mile by five extremely angry elephants. More elephants joined the chase and blocked the road, so we were forced to take to the bush. We had been told that if an incident like this occurred we should leave the vehicle and climb the nearest tree, as the elephants would attack the vehicle rather than the occupants. Just our luck, the elephants chased us onto a plain, where there was not a tree or bush in sight. Fortunately the elephants ran out of steam just before we reached some really rough ground where the elephants would certainly have caught us and we survived to live another day.

Our final dice with death came on a walking safari, where we were at least allowed the security of an armed scout - even if he had been known to run away in the face of adversity. Our guide had come to an agreement with the scout - he didn't mind him running away so long as he left the gun behind! To start the safari we had to cross the Luangwa, the river with the largest population of crocodile in the world; but it is the hippos that are the most feared animals in the game park as they are so aggressive and so irrational. Thus when the chap steering our boat thought it was terribly macho to steam in amongst the hippos, there were a lot of prayers being said. However we survived that ordeal and managed to leave the game park in one piece.

After a brief stop at Victoria Falls we returned to Luansha in the north of the country. We were in fact delayed for twenty four hours when the President borrowed the plane for the day and changed all the seats to allow his guests the maximum of comfort for an hour long flight. By the time the President had returned the plane and the normal seating had been reinstated we were a day late. Not that this would have bothered a Zambian, who would have treated it as a matter of course. We passed one bus that had been broken down by the side of the road for three days, and all the passengers seemed totally unperturbed by the delay. They set up fires by the bus and began cooking for themselves until someone turned up to repair the bus.



Zambia has virtually no traffic lights, but plenty of zebras crossing.



Whilst Steve learned all about growing coffee, maize, tobacco and even gladioli on the farm, I did some nursing in a bush clinic. We would drive for two hours across the bush to get to a village and the whole settlement would turn out to greet us. The village Elders all wanted to know was firstly was I married and secondly did I have any children. In African society the worst social stigma is to be a childless wife and they were most distressed to discover that I had no children. One village elder offered me six children whose mother had recently died to help me out of my dilemma. I don't think they understood why I refused their kind offer.

One of the most distressing things about working in the clinic was knowing the diagnosis of an illness; knowing how to treat that illness, but having nothing to treat it with. We saw many cases of leprosy, which is easily treated, but had no suitable drugs to treat it with. Most people had malaria, but no anti-malarial drugs were available. The people never complained, they were only too grateful that you had spared the time to examine them. With just a few drugs their lot could have been made so much easier. Such drugs would cost the western world such a small amount yet would be so effective.

Our month in Africa flew by and before we knew it we were on the plane coming home and back to reality. Steve had to come home to a course of rabies injections after being bitten by a stray dog - so we certainly came back to earth with a bang. Despite being broke and despite our suntans fading really quickly, neither of us regret any of our travels. Our priorities and outlooks have changed so much as a result of our trip; but in many ways it is nice to be back in the U.K. - especially as it didn't rain for six weeks after our return.

BY DEAN WIGGETT



The Good
Gifts

The Estone Chronicles

Aston Abbots MOTHERS' UNION

The May meeting of the Aston Abbots and Cublington branch of the Mothers' Union was held last Thursday afternoon in the Church Room when Mrs. Sharp, the enrolling member, conducted a short service.

Letters were read and apologies for absence received and arrangements made for the Deanery Festival.

The speaker was Mrs. Byard whose subject was Mothers' Union Past and Present, explaining differences in home life in the past and now. She said parents looked after their children's welfare but often offered no form of religion.

She said the M.U. began with very few members but now had branches all over the world. She also spoke of the changes, some for better and others not so.

The meeting ended with tea served by the committee.

WEEKLY WHIST

The weekly whist drive was held last Thursday evening in the Church Room, Aston Abbots, when the prizewinners were: 1 Mrs. Holman, 2 Mr. R. Reeves, 3 Mrs. E. C. Sharp.

BRING-AND-BUY

A successful coffee morning with a bring and buy stall was held at the Firs, Aston Abbots, last week at the invitation of Mrs. Steel.

Members of the Ladies' Club were responsible for the arrangements and £35 5s. was made for the Airport Fighting Fund.

....and from the Bucks
Herald of 30th.Oct.1986.

"ASTON ABBOTTS MEMORABILIA"

This months extract comes from the Bucks
Herald of 16th.May 1969.

S & N BRACKLEY
117 WINSLOW ROAD
WINGRAVE

VEGETABLE & FLOWER PLANTS.
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New bingo season

A NEW season for the Good Samaritan bingo evenings at Aston Abbots began on Thursday when Mr. C. Higgs was the caller and Mrs. L. Scutchings the door steward.

The committee and helpers served refreshments in the interval.

Prizewinners were Mrs. W. Evans, Miss Hayward, Mrs. D. Hinds, Mr. Reeve, Mrs. Scutchings, Gary Brooks, Steven Hayward, Mrs. M. Coleman, Mrs. P. Rickard, Miss S. Wiggett, Mr. Hayward, Miss D. Wiggett, Mrs. D. Martin, Mrs. R. Higgs, Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. G. Fox.

Ladies Club meeting

THE annual meeting of Aston Abbots and Cublington Ladies Club, held in the Church Room on Thursday, attracted 24 members.

They elected their officers and committee for the coming year, and discussed ideas for future meetings and outings.

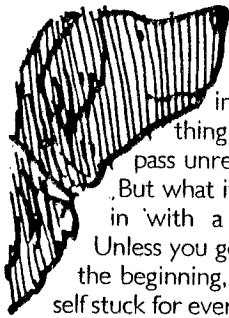
Tea hostesses were Mrs. J. Ford and Miss Alison.

Tea and cakes were provided by Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Murray and the raffle prize given by Mrs. Ford was won by Mrs. C. Griffin.

FIELD CREDIBILITY

A GUIDE TO PASTORAL ETIQUETTE

MANNERS MAKETH COUNTRYMEN,
OBSERVES SUZIE HAYMAN FROM THE DEPTHS OF CUMBRIA, AND
NEWCOMERS IGNORE THIS AT THEIR PERIL



Most of us know all about street credibility – that indefinable something that allows you to pass unremarked in the city. But what if you want to blend in with a rural community? Unless you get things right from the beginning, you can find yourself stuck for ever with the label "undesirable alien". Take a lesson from the hapless MP who caused lasting offence when he turned up at his rural surgery dressed in what he fondly imagined was country gear – a patched jacket and dirty wellies. His constituents were not amused. Farmers, more than any others, have a rigid distinction between work and formal clothing, and they were all in their going-to-town gear – highly polished shoes, suits and ferociously laundered shirts. Coordinating styles may not be *de rigueur* – the average farmer wears more checks than you'll find in Prague – but formal is formal.

To strike the right balance, all you need to do is learn a few simple rules. Follow these and you'll have field credibility.

DON'T keep sheepdogs as pets in sheep country. They have the distressing habit of responding to the call of their genes and rounding up everything in sight. That's great fun if it's guests at your barbecue, but not so amusing if they practise on a neighbour's lambs. "Long" dogs – hunting dogs such as lurchers and greyhounds – are equally unwelcome in stock country. Long dogs often become alarmingly short-lived: "Sheep – and indeed cows – may safely graze" is an unbreakable law frequently enforced by the gun. One friend mysteriously lost three lurchers. Once may be happenstance, twice, coincidence, but three times is defensive action.

DO have a good mouser in your

entourage. You'll be popular with farming neighbours if your moggy patrols their barns. But be prepared for your pampered puss to go native: local toms have no respect for exotic pedigrees in their breeding habits. As for names, Blackie, Tom, Tiger, Puss or Tiddles is about it for cats. **DON'T** call your dog Simba, Sigmund or Winston, unless you want to qualify for village-idiot status. Country dogs are called Spot, Meg, Glen, Laddie or Lassie. (Bone up by watching *One Man And His Dog*.)

DO dress for country weather. Waxed coats, wellies and a flat cap are essential, not because they look good but because they work. And except while in the fields or up to their knees in That Which Gives the Country its Distinctive Odour and Colour, no true country dweller has dirty wellies. Wellies are likely to be green, but only townies and rich landowners wear the ones with buckles at the sides. This is because if you don't have quick-release wellies, half the tea will have gone before you free one foot. Working clothes may be frayed, but first thing in the morning, they're always clean.

DO buy as many contrasting patterns and checks as possible, and wear them all together if you really want to become part of the scenery. You'll know you've arrived when you lose your husband or wife in the crowd at the local market. The true country dweller merges into a green and brown sea of identical well-worn Barbours, wellies, checked shirts and flat caps. If you wear bright yachting boots and primary-coloured anoraks, **DON'T** be surprised if even after 10 years' residence people enquire whether you are enjoying your holiday.

DON'T decorate the outside of your house with artfully placed wagon wheels, millstones or renovated horse-

drawn ploughs. If you really want to blend in, **DO** arrange tastefully on your drive a rusting 30-year-old Nuffield tractor, a collection of silage and fertiliser sacks, several empty 40-gallon drums and some corrugated iron. For true authenticity, have a large, shallow pit full of old fridges, bedsteads and plastic Add-F containers. These pits can be landscaped, but have far more verisimilitude if allowed to go wild.

DON'T buy yourself an off-the-road, four-wheel-drive car in the belief that it marks you down as a country dweller. You can tell the farmers by their brand-new luxury saloons. This is not because farmers have money to burn – and don't put it down to misused subsidies – a decent car is often their only indulgence. Newcomers trying too hard are the ones who drive battered Land-Rovers with the rear window obscured by conservation stickers.

DON'T have a nodding dog in your car. But if you want to show true country solidarity, **DO** put your muddy animal in the boot – working sheepdogs are positively blasé about this. Leave your boot open for a few minutes and you may attract canine hitch-hikers.

DON'T have an estate car unless you want to be irrevocably known as a weekender or an antique dealer. Avoid this year's Ford (the car of the agricultural rep), and remember that owning a Range Rover usually goes with veterinary qualifications. **DO** observe the rules of country driving. As steam gives way to sail, so metal yields to flesh. **DO** be patient with animals on the road. If you get fed up, you can take out your frustration on caravans. There is no closed season on these. But **DON'T** be faint-hearted. No matter how narrow and winding the road, as long as it's free of animals, the locals drive with the care and pace of a racing driver approaching the home straight. You are welcome to drive with due care and attention, but you'll still end up with hedgerow scratches on your paintwork. **DO** regard all milk tankers as armed and dangerous; a visiting friend disregarded this warning and had his lovingly restored MG comprehensively mangled.

DO attend local church functions, if not the services. They are refreshingly non-sectarian when it comes to fund-raising occasions. Unlike its city counterpart, the rural church is alive and well and just the place to meet people. Besides which, you will pick up the juiciest tidbits of gossip at the lychgate and anyone not present is first in line to be the subject of speculation.

DON'T go overboard for the *lingua franca*. Cooks and gardeners are most

Rustic Blues

Close by Stanhope Wright's weekend cottage, friends have restored the old railway station.



Stanhope passes by on his way to the pub...



Fancy a gargle, John?

We'll... OK

You sound FED UP.

I am. It's this place...

I mean, our idea when we came to live here was to be very **UNOBTRUSIVE**... & **GRADUALLY** get assimilated into the community....

We knew it would take **TIME**... don't get me wrong... we're **OUTSIDERS** & you've got to be born here to be totally accepted

But you'd think after **SIX YEARS** we'd be a bit more... **SIGH**.....

I mean, it's not as if we've behaved like some of the **townees** who've come here, ruining the place....



I mean, we **CONSERVED** the **STATION**! We haven't covered it in **louvered shutters** & **TYROLEAN FINISH** & **bothe glass** in the windows and renamed it '**Big Buffers**'!



We always try to consider **LOCAL** feelings...



I mean, I don't go in the **pub** & **SWANK** about how tired my job makes me in front of all those **unemployed villagers**!

Nor do I try to show them how to run their **DARTS** team...



...or try to ingratiate myself with the farmers by knowing what '**brucellosis**' means...



I mean... we go to **Evensong**.....

..So any time yew want **MANURE**, yew know where to come now!

Oh **YOU ARE SWEET**, Mr Green!

Down here for a breather, eh, Mike?

God. Yes! Absolutely **KNACKERING** week at the **Office!**

...and a **packet of Gauloises**, please Dennis

This is my **shout**, old cock... what'll it be?

That's **vurry kind**, Nigel... thanks

That's 3 pints of **cooking** & a **Tia Maria** when you're ready, Nancy.

I just don't know what we've done wrong



© Posy Simmonds 1981

DON'T CALL YOUR DOG SIMBA OR WINSTON, UNLESS YOU WANT TO QUALIFY FOR VILLAGE-IDIOT STATUS; COUNTRY DOGS ARE CALLED SPOT, MEG, GLEN, LADDIE OR LASSIE

amusingly bizarre calculations. For instance, how much firewood equals dipping 300 sheep? Or how many eggs equal 10 hours' haymaking? If all else fails, **DO** grow a beard (if male), wear flowing peasant dresses (if female), drive a 2CV and go vegetarian. You will find a place forever in your neighbours' hearts as the Local Eccentrics. Every village has at least one. ☺

likely to produce sentences larded with french or Latin. *Nouveau* country dwellers can fall into the same trap. If, on holiday, you tend to walk down the *rue* to the *boîte* to partake of a *citron pressé* with *le patron*, watch out: you can easily make yourself just as ridiculous in your own country. **DO** however, have some respect for regional terms. In our area, calling a male sheep a ram would be hopelessly pretentious – they're tips or tups, depending on the part of the Lake District you are in. **DON'T** become a "some of my best friends are" country dweller. These are the people who rhapsodise about charming local customs, quaint local architecture, oh so darling "real" local people... and rap their children's knuckles when they come home speaking the local dialect. **DON'T** feel paranoid when the whole neighbourhood not only knows you have guests but can provide a detailed description of every visitor, and probably tell them what they're having for dinner. You won't be aware of the stake-out, but the Country Observation Network scrutinises everyone; in

efficiency and detail it could teach the KGB a thing or two. **DO** control your visitors. Asking them to observe the Country Code goes without saying, but you could also remind them that much of that wide open space is private property, not a public park. You are welcome as long as you behave like a guest, not like a Viking raiding party or the District Commissioner visiting the natives. **DO** avoid as topics of conversation the EEC, farm subsidies, the late GLC and the weather. **DON'T** offer instant payment for anything – very suspect behaviour. Farmers pay by the season. **DO** be aware of local charges. A three-tier system usually operates: locals are charged on one level (stunningly low by city standards); favoured newcomers are charged about twice as much; undesirable aliens are fair game and are milked along with the cows. They are now regarded as a cash crop to be exploited to destruction because a fresh growth will always come along. **DO** remember that as your credibility rises, your rate declines. **DO** also offer to barter: if you have time and enjoy helping your neighbouring farmers, this can lead to some quite

January 1987

THE RECTOR'S MESSAGE

Tel. Aylesbury 681623

"Incarnation" is the basis of the Christian religion. "REINCARNATION", on the other hand, is the principal dogma of religions like Hinduism and Buddhism. I can't help feeling it's not far from many people's thoughts about the after life.

From time to time the media fastens on the mysterious experience of "deja vu": I have seen this before; I've been here before.....in another life?!

Can the explanation lie in the everlasting wheel of existence? As long as an individual is unenlightened he will go on returning to this life in successive incarnations. Only, it is maintained, by understanding the transitoriness of life, being really good, can he ever be set free from the wheel of re-birth and death: to be finally absorbed into Nirvana or whatever.

Some folk may be drawn to the theory of reincarnation because it seems to give a plausible explanation for suffering. As a murderer in my past life, I may be born deformed in this life; it is a judgement I deserve. Similarly, if I am prosperous and healthy now it could be because I did well in my last existence.

The trouble is, that in both cases, if I can't recall what happened in a previous life it is going to be exceedingly difficult to know how to show repentance, or in what ways I can improve in this life.

It has a powerful attraction, I suspect, for a very different and naive reason. It would appear to give a spacial explanation for all the souls that are either in heaven or elsewhere. In other words, there will be plenty of ROOM if most of us are going from one incarnation to another - round and round I go...

No, none of this will do. Christianity teaches, THIS LIFE IS CRUCIAL. It is here that we make or mar our souls. "Everyone must die once and after that be judged by God"(Hebrews 9:27) Nowhere in our Lord's teaching is there any sign that this life is other than crucial. It is now that we are to either accept or reject Jesus as our Saviour.

The challenge of 1987 is not for: Tomorrow, or Next Week or Next Year. "Hear his voice TODAY and do not harden your hearts"(Psalm 95:8)

Yours sincerely,

FR. JOHN HEFFER

CHRISTMAS GIFTS Toys and parcels were collected at the Cublington Carol Service and "Scenes from the Nativity" at Wingrave Parish Communion, and given to the MacIntyre School. The Church of England Children's Society received £163 from the 'Christingle Carol Service' and £122 from a sponsored Knit-in. The latter was to be specially earmarked for Christmas gifts for the children.

LENT 1987

Ash Wednesday is 4th March (Easter Day, 19th April) and we shall be holding our Eucharist at Cublington this year. There will, also, be a Lent Service every Wednesday Afternoon in Wingrave Parish Church and the Deanery Lent Service each Tuesday evening in different churches.

ANNUAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH MEETINGS

These meetings are important to those who believe that the Church' life is important; so we try to hold them when the most of us can come together. They begin with the election of Churchwardens and conclude with a short meeting of the newly elected P.C.C. to appoint officers and to deal with any urgent matter.

ASTON ABBOTTS.....Monday, 16th February at 7.30 p.m.

WINGRAVE.....Sunday, 8th March at 3.00 p.m.

CUBLINGTON.....Sunday 22nd March at 3.00 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISM at the Family Service in Aston Abbots' Parish Church:

November 2nd: DAVID JAMES, son of Tony and Pam HEWITT

Wingrave Parish Church, December 7th:

LINDSAY VICTORIA, daughter of Philip and Rita JONES

KATIE LOUISE, daughter of Michael and Linda VISZKED

FUNERAL

Sarah Jane GIBBS (3rd December)

Service and burial, Wingrave Church and Churchyard

SUNDAY LESSONS

(ASB)

January 25th	"Conversion of S. Paul"	(754) Acts 9(1-22) Mat. 19(27-30)
February 1st	Epiphany 4: "The New Temple"	(476) 1 Cor. 3(10-17) Jn. 2(13-22)
February 8th	Epiphany 5: "God's Wisdom"	(480) 1 Cor. 3(18-23) Mat. 12(38-42)
February 15th	9th before Easter ("Christ the Teacher")	(486) 1 Cor. 4(8-13) Mat. 5(1-12)

CHAIN OF PRAYER BY TELEPHONE If you have heard about this and would like more details, please contact the Rector.

0-5 We keep in contact by birthdays for the moment. Soon, we hope to start again.

Portraits of Buckinghamshire

No.16. St.MARTIN'S CHURCH, DUNTON.

Sketch by Elizabeth Ogan, text by Elizabeth Cull, from their book 'A Picture of Buckinghamshire'.

'The hamlet of Dunton ... thatched cottages a Georgian Rectory and a little sit-up-and-beg church described by Maxwell Fraser in 1950 as 'an example of the typical country church of bygone days, nothing spectacular, yet wholly charming with its high pews, whitewashed ceilings, oak beams and an eighteenth century gallery with painted texts, added when the collapse of the nave necessitated restoration''.

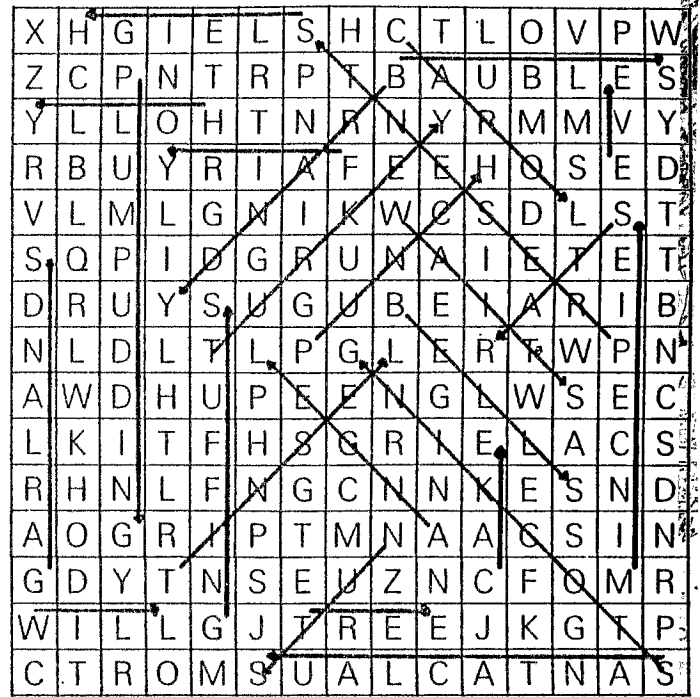


Dunton: St Martin's Church.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTHS PUZZLE PAGE

Christmas

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1 Carol | 14 Angel |
| 2 Fairy | 15 Sleigh |
| 3 Star | 16 Turkey |
| 4 Santa Claus | 17 Eve |
| 5 Holly | 18 Nuts |
| 6 Baubles | 19 Brandy |
| 7 Stocking | 20 Cake |
| 8 Bells | 21 Waits |
| 9 Plum pudding | 22 Punch |
| 10 Mince pies | 23 Will |
| 11 Presents | 24 Tree |
| 12 Tinsel | 25 Stuffing |
| 13 Garlands | |



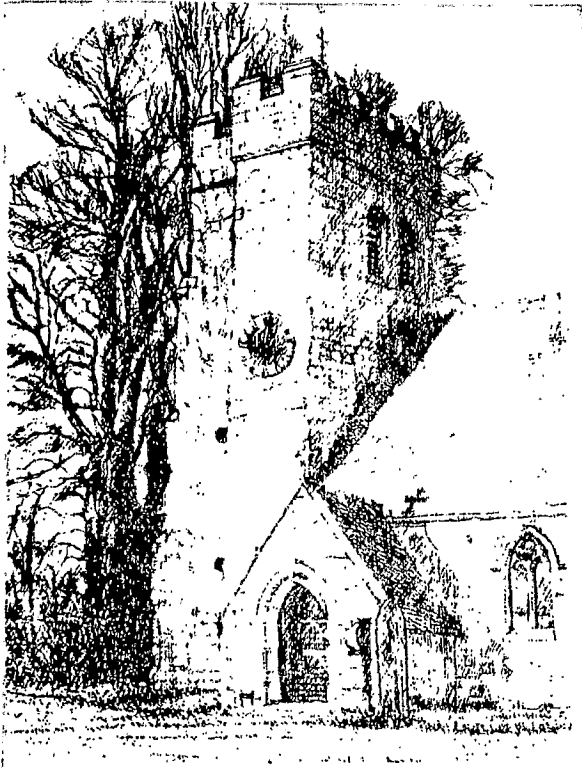
CHURCH NEWS

This is being written before our Christmas services and therefore very much in anticipation of them. The Carol Service this year will include a nativity play involving many of the children and which no doubt will add considerably to the occasion. Judging by recent years the family service at 10.00 a.m. on Christmas Day is seen by many as setting that most splendid of days off to a proper start. We are looking forward to a large congregation as, of course, Wingrave and Cublington join us. We shall see and write in the February issue.

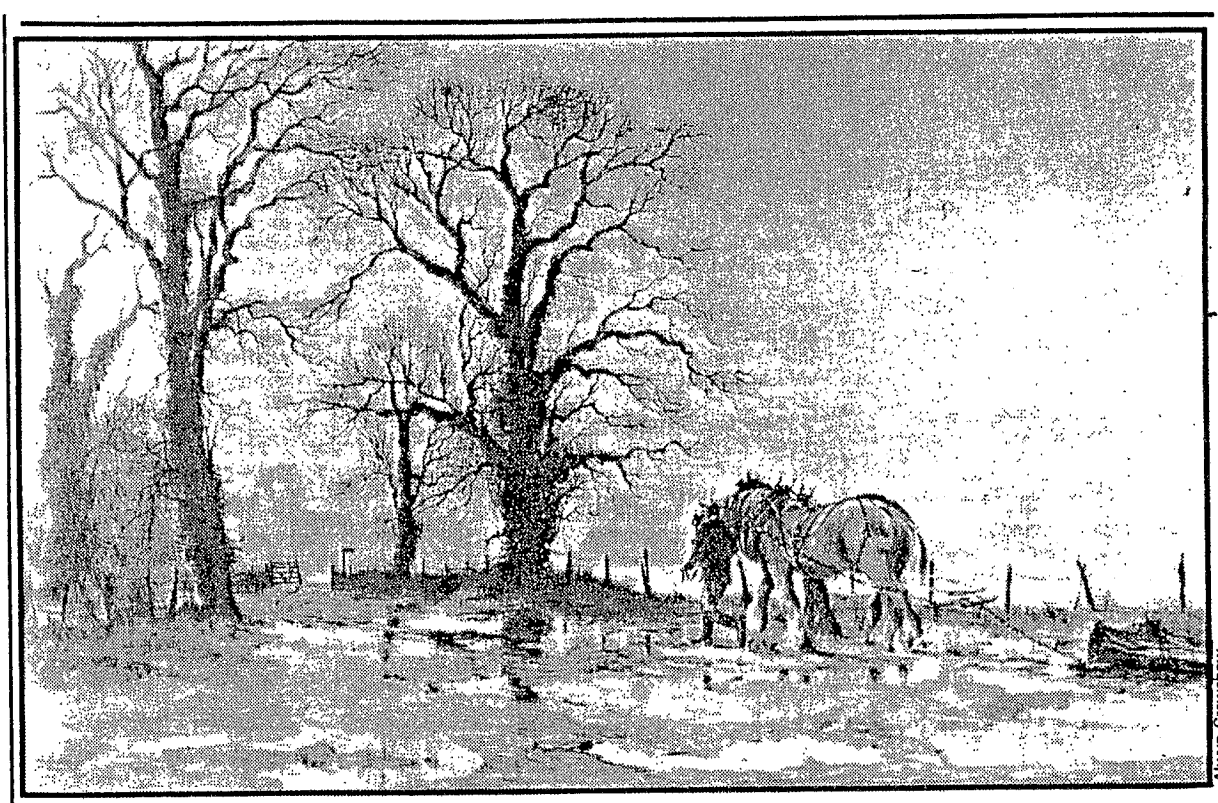
For some years now the P.C.C. has reckoned to give 10% of its gross income away to charitable purposes, giving to the needy being an essential part of the Christian message. Earlier in the year as already reported we gave away nearly £150 between Christian Aid and the Aylesbury Hospice. At our meeting early in December we thought hard about present needs for there are so many call on us all. None of us can be unaware of the new scourge of AIDS and the Christian response must always be one of help to anyone in affliction; so it was that we decided to split our £200 four ways to The Church of England Childrens Society, Aids Research, The Muheza Hospital and The Society for the Deaf.

CHURCH SERVICES IN JANUARY

			<u>Sidesman</u>
4th. Jan :	FAMILY SERVICE	11.15 a.m.	Sarah Lovell
	Romans 8(11-17)	454 Luke 2(41-52).	
11th. Jan :	HOLY COMMUNION	11.15 a.m.	Tony Hewitt.
	Acts 10(34-38a)	463 Matthew 3(13-17).	
18th. Jan :	HOLY COMMUNION	11.15 a.m.	Colin Higgs.
	Jeremiah 1(4-10)	467 Mark 1 (14-20).	
25th. Jan :	HOLY COMMUNION	11.15 a.m.	Alison Ford.
	Acts 9(1-22)	754 Matthew 19(27-30).	



ST. JAMES THE GREAT, ASTON ABBOTS, BUCKS.



Alwyn Crawshaw

INSIDE THE BACK PAGE

How oats and wheat and barley grow

WITH the help of a pocket calculator (arithmetic having never been my strong point) I have again been taking stock of the year's harvest.

In the early 1970s, when modern plant-breeding really began to get into full swing and to launch a fresh batch of new and allegedly improved varieties of cereal crops every year, I started to collect figures of actual yields, to see whether the claims made for them were justified. Most were, though some weren't.

It proved an interesting exercise, and one of some value to farmers mulling over which new variety to try, so I have been repeating it ever since. From farmers, merchants, official trials and other sources I collect something like 2,000 individual records annually.

Plant-breeding is now a large and highly sophisticated operation, involving first-class geneticists. To prove a promising new variety requires years of patient research and manipulation, in the course of which scores of thousands of plants are tested and rejected. Once the process gets going, however, it can be relied on to have a few new protégés ready for introduction each year, and as several competing or collaborating organisations are engaged in the work in most western countries the annual quota tends to be quite formidable.

In the farming to which I was apprenticed between the wars we stuck to the same familiar varieties year after year. *Squareheads Master* and *Red Standard* were the two standard wheats that I remember; and *Plumage-Archer* and *Spratt-Archer* were names I heard in connection with barley (spring barley, of course), though in general I think we simply swapped seed with our neighbours, regardless of variety.

The scientific approach to the breeding of cereal crops began apparently in the year 1820, when a Suffolk farm labourer, John Andrews, feeling uncomfortable after a day's work in the harvest field, took off his boots and found in one of them "a very fine ear of barley". He had the sagacity to sow the grains in his garden, where the crop was seen in the following year by a Dr Charles Chevallier, who was his landlord. The good doctor recognised the possibilities of this super-barley and asked that the harvest might be kept for him.

For the next few years he carefully cultivated and multiplied it until he had enough to grow on a field scale. The barley known as *Chevalier* (though I feel that the credit ought really to go to John Andrews), thereafter dominated the farming scene for the rest of

the century — an achievement which no modern variety can or is likely to touch. Ten years seems to be about the maximum life of a variety now, and many new ones disappear after three or four years.

The impetus given to the development of new cereal varieties has been provided very largely by the successful introduction of winter barleys. From time immemorial, barley has been a crop for spring sowing. Much of the pioneer work in the breeding of winter varieties was done on the Continent, particularly in Germany, where Sir Joseph Nickerson found it in progress just after the war and

By Ralph Whitlock

came home fired with enthusiasm for it. It was his organisation which was responsible for producing new varieties of barley for autumn sowing and establishing them as standard British crops.

In consequence Britain changed from being a net importer of feeding barley to having a massive surplus of barley for export each year.

The doubt in farmers' minds when they were introduced to the new winter barleys was whether they would prove winter-hardy; and this, indeed, was one of the factors that prompted me to undertake my annual survey. As it happened, the claims of the plant-breeders have proved justified, and for some years past there has been little to choose between winter wheat and winter barley for yields.

Until this year.

All was well until in February we encountered a polar spell, characterised by bitter winds and temperatures which fell below zero Fahrenheit. When, after four or five weeks, soft south-westerlies began again to blow, nearly all winter crops appeared to be hardly worth saving, being as brown as autumn stubble. Rolling to consolidate the soil, timely applications of nitrogen and a taste of spring

sunshine wrought miracles, and most crops recovered.

In general the 1986 harvest probably does not fall far short of the all-time record harvest of 1984. But it is now evident that winter wheat, with centuries of tradition and acclimatisation behind it, recovered better than the comparatively new winter barley.

My collected figures show this — 818 records of winter barley averaged 53.22 cwt per acre. Winter wheat, with nearly the same number of records, averaged 61.14 cwt per acre. That gives winter wheat an advantage of 8 cwt per acre. Until this year, farmers have considered the two crops interchangeable, sowing whichever happened to suit their convenience. But on this evidence, with virtually every other factor equal, the extra 8 cwt per acre obtainable from winter wheat would make a considerable difference to the net profit.

Another interesting fact emerges from my 1986 survey. The average for spring barley crops (though admittedly from a much smaller total number of records) was 53.23 cwt per acre — almost exactly as for winter barley.

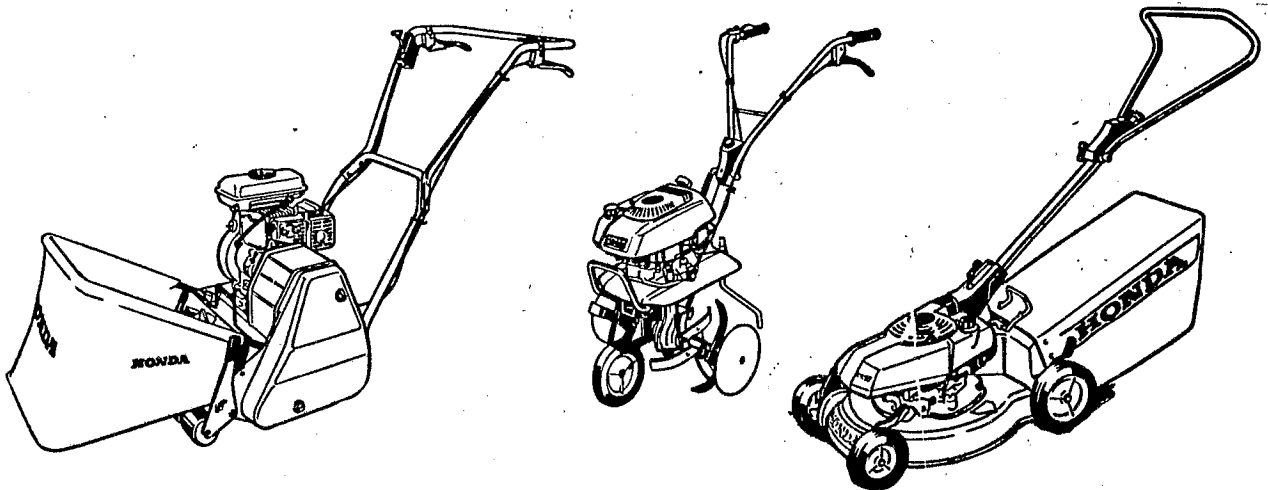
Partly owing to a series of late springs, which have delayed sowing dangerously, farmers have tended to get as much barley as possible sown in autumn, leaving just the occasional field for spring barley. Now spring barley may come into its own again.

Winter oats, in times past the accepted alternative to winter wheat though never grown on the same scale, cannot now match the wheat crop in yields, but some disappointment was caused by the comparative failure of a new variety, *Bulwark*, which, from previous showings, seemed set to outyield the old varieties, *Pennal* and *Peniarth*. However, Arctic February proved too much for it. Several farmers have told me their crops were largely "wiped out".

Every now and again I am taken by the pure pleasure of reading a newly discovered columnist. Ralph Whitlock will be known to many of you for he has written for more years than even he would care to remember about country matters, but for me he was a discovery. I thought this article from the *Guardian Weekly* of 9th Nov. 86 might be of interest to some of our readers.

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