

MARSTON UPDATE

March 16th, 2021

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OUR VIRTUAL RINGING MASTER

Although several of you have probably received the attachment containing a report by Steve Everett on last week's Branch Practice, we are attaching it along with this week's Update for the benefit of those who will not have seen it.

Also, Steve has supplied us with a more recent photo of him following last week's 80s photo.



Another place to look for after lockdown. The Bluntisham Barograph

During our outing to Cambridgeshire on March 23rd 2013 we passed through the village of Bluntisham. Situated at the top of the High Street is this Grade 2 listed barograph, now with its own shelter and regarded as the emblem of the village. Commissioned in 1911, the barograph is still operational and definitely worth taking time out to view.



From Susan King - I enjoyed the excerpt from Mrs. Radcliffe and send one from "Desperate Remedies" A novel by Thomas Hardy, 1871.

"The picture presented is the interior of the old belfry of Carriford Church, at ten o'clock in the evening. Six Carriford men and one stranger are gathered there, beneath the light of a flaring candle. The six Carriford men are the well-known ringers of the fine-toned old bells in the key of F. The six natives in their shirt-sleeves, and without hats - pull and catch frantically at the dancing bell-ropes. The stranger who has the treble bell does likewise ... and the eyes of all seven are religiously fixed on a diagram like a large addition sum, which is chalked on the floor. The triple-bob-major was ended, and the ringers wiped their faces. 'A good forty minutes said a man - one of the pair who had taken the tenor bell. 'What we should ha' done without you stranger, words can't tell. The man that belongs by rights to that there bell is ill o' two gallons of old cider.'" (Clearly Hardy was not a bell ringer though he must have visited a tower. I wonder which one? Imagine being able to ring a quarter peal after 10pm!) Susan



Back in the Day - Saturday 17th March 2001

Malvern Hills - Although nothing like the current ringing void, this particular outing took place in the midst of the last widespread curtailment of ringing as a result of foot and mouth disease. This epizootic led to the culling of 6 million cows and sheep across the UK and the sealing off of many rural roads and walkways. Come the day itself we were lucky in only losing one tower (Earl's Croome) where the church is situated next to sheep pastures. Our first tower was Hallow, just north of Worcester, and a fine 21cwt eight indeed, with the sway of the tower whilst ringing is taking place unmistakable. Our lunch could hardly have been better at a hidden gem of a family run pub (The Three Kings) so understated that you could easily miss it, and virtually adjoining Hanley Castle church gate.