

# The Gaskell Society



KNUTSFORD PARISH CHURCH

NEWSLETTER

MARCH 1989

NO. 7

## EDITOR'S LETTER

I shall be brief because there is so much interesting material to squeeze into this newsletter. I already have enough for the next, I think.

Firstly, we must congratulate the Gaskell Society of Japan on their dynamic launch in Tokyo on 16th October. Guided by President Professor Yuriko Yamawaki of Jissen Women's University, the Society rapidly enrolled a hundred members and is already planning a journal. This international literary co-operation is so valuable in promoting friendship and understanding. There are also Brontë and Dickens Societies in Japan.

The television film made by Granada called 'Voices for Change' which features Mrs Gaskell and the Gregs of Styal Mill was a little disappointing. Firstly, it was only shown in the northern area (14th February) and, secondly, it concentrated more on the Gregs in a somewhat over-dramatised presentation, comparing them with a Dallas type dynasty. For the general viewer it was colourful and entertaining but did not put over its points clearly enough for Gaskell aficionados.

Forthcoming events are the Spring Meeting at Cross Street Chapel in Manchester on 29th April and an outing to Haworth on Wednesday 28th June. The AGM weekend will be 7/8th October.

The Alliance of Literary Societies will be holding its first AGM at the Birmingham and Midland Institute on Saturday 15th April. I have been representing our Society and Kenn Oultram has joined me for The Lewis Carroll and Randolph Caldecott Societies on a caretaking committee. Kenn has taken on the challenge of producing an Alliance Newsletter so that we may keep in touch with other groups.

PLEASE help to keep our membership list in order. With this newsletter you should receive our new-style membership card; if you do not it means that we have no note of your renewal which could be our mistake or your failure to send £5 dues. Last year we caused a muddle by enlisting the aid of Lilian Clode, as Beryl was busy planning her daughter's wedding, but now you may send your subs to Beryl Kinder, 15 Sandileigh Avenue, or to me if you have other matters to include.

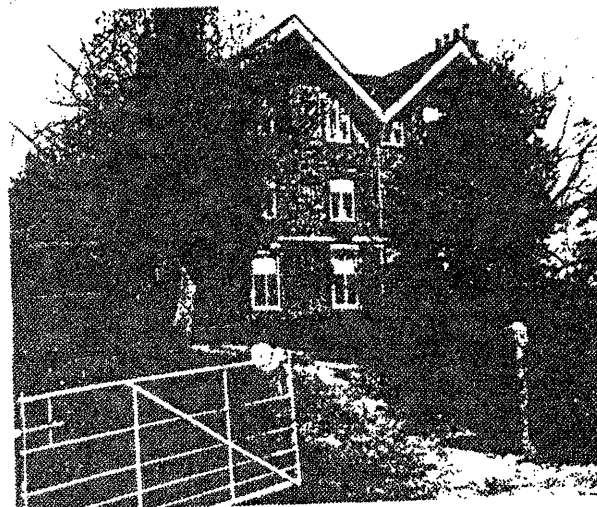
We hope you will enjoy this newsletter and the Journal which is just going to print to be ready for the April meeting.

JOAN LEACH - Secretary

'The Cheshire folk differ from the rest of the English, partly better, partly equal', wrote cartographer John Speed in his Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain, published in 1611, and neither Elizabeth Gaskell nor I would disagree with that comment, but then we are all three 'Cheshire folk'! Speed continued, 'In feasting, they are friendly, at meat cheerful, in entertainment liberall, soone angry and soone pacified ... merciful to the afflicted, compassionate to the poore, kinde to their kindred, spary of labour ... not greedy in eating and far from dangerous practices'. And if Cheshire folk sound perfect, so does the countryside according to Speed: 'The Soil is fat, fruitful and rich, yeelding abundantly both profit and pleasure to man. The Champion grounds make glad the hearts of the tillers; the Meadows imbrodered with divers sweet smelling flowers; and the pastures makes the Kines udders stout to the paille from whom and wherein the best cheese of all Europe is made'. Alas, with intensive farming and use of weedkillers the meadows are no longer bright with buttercups, lady's smocks and campion but we set out on Sunday 2nd October to find the rural idyll of Cousin Phillis country.

The Heathbridge setting of the story is, without doubt, Sandlebridge, and the farm of her grandparents, only a few miles from Knutsford, sadly pulled down in 1960 though some of the farm buildings remain alongside the new farm and houses. You may recall a happy letter written by Elizabeth dated Sandlebridge May 1836: 'I wish I could paint my present situation to you. Fancy me sitting in an old fashioned parlour, 'doors and windows opened wide', with casement window opening into a sunny court all filled with flowers which scent the air with their fragrance - in the very depth of the country - 5 miles from the least approach to a town - the song of birds, the hum of insects, the lowing of cattle the only sounds - and such pretty fields and woods all round.' We stopped our coach to read this passage, looking over the green and pleasant Cheshire fields. Dr Wendy Craik, the day before at our AGM meeting, had pointed out the 'lore and learning' in Cousin Phillis and in this letter Elizabeth went on, 'Here is a sort of standard library kept - Spenser,

Shakespear, Wordsworth and a few foreign books' ... Dante? 'Baby (Marianne) is at the very tip-top of bliss ... There are chickens and little childish pigs, & cows & calves & horses & baby horses & fish in the pond, & ducks in the lane, & the mill & the smithy ...' (G.L.4) 'We stopped almost on the bridge over the mill stream, alongside the old smithy, now converted into an attractive house.



Colthurst House  
Sandlebridge



Sandlebridge  
Mill and Smithy



Something of the light, tranquility and timelessness of the scene is recaptured in Cousin Phillis at the beginning of Part Two.

Regretting that Colthurst House/Hope Farm was no more, we drove down the lane to The Stag's Head Inn. When Doreen Pleydell and I had reconnoitred our route we wondered how this pub made a living, it seemed incongruous, more like a town centre building, but alongside it were the out-buildings which had been the thatched country-style inn of Gaskell days. Our coach pulled up to puzzled greetings from a crowd of Sunday drinkers standing around in the afternoon sunshine, wondering why we had stopped. The fields just beyond us were shown as Heathgate on an old map.

I like to think that this was the scene Mrs Gaskell had in mind when Paul Manning had been instructed by his mother to check up on family connections: 'So the next time our business took me to Heathbridge, and we were dining in the little sanded inn-parlour, I took the opportunity ... and asked the questions I was bidden ...

'Yes'; the landlord said, 'the Hope Farm was in Heathbridge proper and the owner's name was Holman, and he was an independent minister, and, as far as the landlord could tell his wife's name was Phillis ... Hope Farm is not a stone's throw from here ... it's an old place though Holman keeps it in good order'.

'Heathbridge proper' is Gaskell's local knowledge and affinity with this area showing, although so thinly populated, Great Warford is the correct name for the inn's locality while Sandlebridge was in Little Warford.

We went on just around the corner to Great Warford Baptist Chapel, a tiny, timber-framed building believed to have been founded by ex-Cromwellian soldiers; placed at the junction of three townships when the Five Mile Act forbade ejected ministers to preach near towns. Inside the small, oak box pews and over-hanging gallery had a simple, homely dignity as the golden autumn sunshine filtered through the leaded window panes. The heavy iron-studded doors were opened with an ancient blacksmith made latch with small round boss inscribed



Stag's  
Head Inn ↑  
at Great  
Warford



Baptist  
Chapel →

1712

'No the 4th'. There is some doubt as to whether this is a date or meaning the fourth Baptist chapel in the vicinity. It was not the time to discuss genealogy but the caretaker was Mrs Holland, who told us that the chapel had been used by the BBC in the filming of Cousin Phillis.

Our next stop was Dam Head House, Mobberley, where John and Mary Holland had lived, Mrs Gaskell's great-grandparents. It had been in possession of the Holland family

from about 1650 until about 1870. The owners were pleased to let us see their garden and told us what a charming, happy home it made; they felt it had been cherished through its many years. Although Robert Holland seems to have been living here in her day, Mrs Gaskell never mentions Mobberley and probably this branch of the family were not Unitarians.

Then along the quiet Cheshire lanes to find Moss Farm Bowdon. Here the Gaskell children came to learn country ways or to recuperate from childhood illnesses in the fresh air. The farm land has been built over with stock-broker type houses and suburban roads but Moss Farm has vestiges of its former character. (You can read more of the Gaskells at Moss Farm in another part of the newsletter)

The road from Bowdon goes through Bucklow Hill where there used to be several private schools for boys and girls. As it is so close to Tatton Park or Cumnor Towers of Wives and Daughters we might have stopped to look for Mrs Fitzpatrick's school; instead we paused at the beautiful Rostherne Mere overlooked by St Mary's Church which celebrated 300 years of history in 1988. Tradition has it that a mermaid swims by subterranean passages from the sea and River Mersey to ring a bell which rolled into the mere centuries ago. As she does this only at Easter we did not linger.

By this time our pilgrim band was ready for refreshment and tea was waiting for us at Arley Hall. Our host met us in the courtyard ready to enlighten us about the history of the charming house and gardens; this he did while we enjoyed our tea so that we might have a little time to see the Victorian-style flower borders, walled gardens and lime walks. Our tour had been a full one and sadly we had less time than we would have liked here.

Mrs Gaskell knew the family history, if not the house itself, for in Cranford Sir Peter Arley was godfather to 'poor Peter' the rector's son.

Our tour through Cheshire lanes in search of Cousin Phillis country had been almost idyllic and somehow gave us a feeling of timelessness, that we were able to span the years since Elizabeth Gaskell had travelled this way.

JOAN LEACH

Bowdon's strongest literary association is probably with the Cheshire novelist Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810-65) brought up in Knutsford and after marriage having her home in Manchester. Her letters give evidence of regular visits to Bowdon, especially during the 1850s, when Moss Farm was a loved retreat from Manchester atmosphere. Surviving letters to her eldest daughter Marianne between May 1851, when Marianne was away at boarding school, and January 1857, show how much the care of Miss Walker, the farmer's sister, was valued for the younger girls during periods of convalescence.

The first reference to the Bowdon farm (not named) appears in a letter of May 1851: "The two little ones are going with Hearn to lodge at Bowden in a farmhouse on Saturday" (G.L.97). At this period Mrs Gaskell regularly used the spelling Bowden.

A letter of 4 September 1851 (G.L.101a) shows that, with the opening of the Manchester/Bowdon railway in 1849, it was possible to escape for a day to country air at the farm, which the mention of the name Walker identifies as Moss Farm (near the present South Downs Road); it was then the only Bowdon farm tenanted by Walkers. "It was a dismal morning and we doubted if it would clear off; and indeed we gave up the thought of going to spend the day at Bowden as had been planned ... Then it cleared up so I sent Hearn and the three girls off with a dinner in a basket and tea and sugar to drink tea at Miss Walkers (where they lodge you know) ... I got away after a lunch-dinner, rushed to Bowden called on Mrs Haughton. Drank tea with the children, came home at six."

Hearn was the children's trusted nurse, and the three girls Meta, then aged fourteen, Florence (Flossy or Flossie, variously spelt) eight and Julia, four.

A year later the five year old Julia was taken by her parents to Bowdon after a short, acute illness. "She is quite well now", her mother wrote to Marianne on 28 August 1852, "though easily tired and feeble owing to the hot weather; but well enough to go to Bowden with Papa and me and stronger than I was in the walking way" (G.L.130a). This suggests another day-visit; it is not

explicitly stated that the family visited the Walkers, though it seems probable.

Mrs Gaskell herself was far from strong and very busy with Manchester commitments, so the children were used to staying at Moss Farm with their nurse, without their parents. Sometimes a Gaskell servant named Mary escorted them.

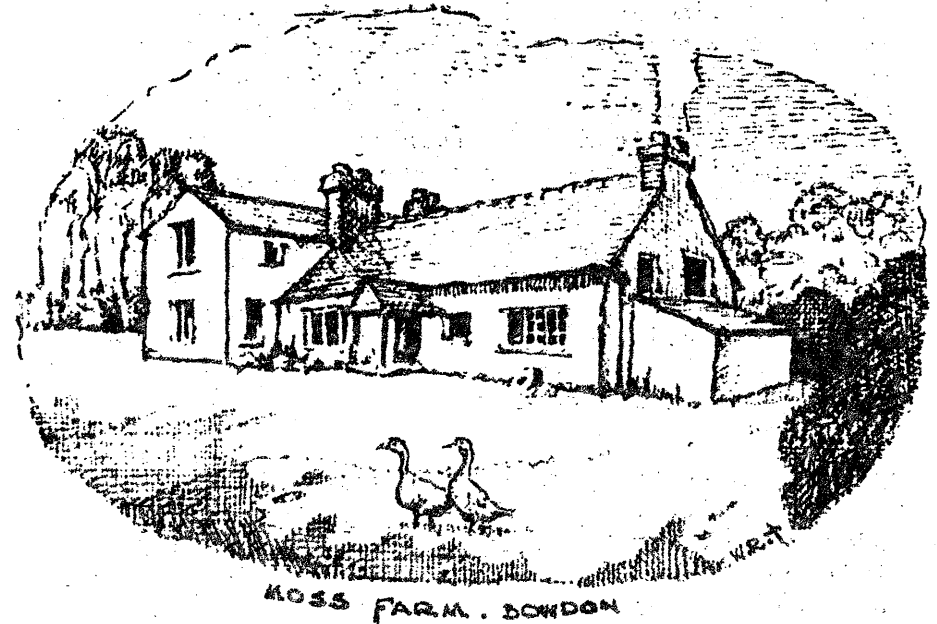
A particularly interesting reference to these visits appears in a letter of May 1851: "Hearn Meta Flossie and baby (Julia) went to Bowden yesterday. Mary took them as I was too weak and Papa too busy to go; and returned last night. Flossy was dreadfully tired when she got there. You have no idea how weak and ill she looks, and how very weak she is. But I am glad to hear her appetite seems better. Mary says she enjoyed the farm house bread and eat an egg which she has not been able to do for a long time and planned to have milk put by for breakfast a la Silverdale" (G.L.97a). (The Gaskells spent about six weeks each summer at Silverdale on Morecambe Bay.) "Meta has taken crochet, Mr Scott's poems and her sketch book to Bowden."

Then comes a valuable brief description of the farm: "It is a small old fashioned farm (like Wood's at Green Heys) - at the foot of the hill. More's the pity." Mrs Gaskell would obviously have preferred fresher air on the hilltop. "They have a double bedded room and a sitting room. They will stay a fortnight I think. But much will depend on Flossy. Papa intends to go over on Thursday and see if she is gaining strength."

A later letter seems to suggest that Hearn's home may have been in Bowdon, so she was, perhaps, the connecting link between the Gaskells and the Walkers of Moss Farm.

If Mrs Gaskell wrote any letters about her own periods of staying at Moss Farm, they appear to have been lost, perhaps through the destroying zeal of her unmarried daughters Meta and Julia, in respect for their mother's love of privacy.

A descendant of the Moss Farm family, Alice Walker, in a letter dated 1944, when she was 80, reminisced about the farm with its well-drawn water, fine orchard and 'a



room opening from the main stairs, with the deep eaves of the thatch over the little paned window, the lattice opening to floor level ...' which she always knew as the one Mrs Gaskell had stayed in.

'I think it was after Grandmother Walker's death, when my father and aunts were carrying on, feeling themselves orphans though grown-up, because she was so beloved, that Mrs Gaskell came to lodge at the Moss, with her girls Florence and Julia, and their nurse. It was a happy time. When I asked Aunt W. what Mrs Gaskell was like, she said enthusiastically, "More like an angel than anything else - an angel in the house". She must have been as beautiful in disposition as looks; and she must have loved the quaint house-place, for she came again after they had "walled in" the sitting room and made the lobbies, and she cried in distress - "Oh, you've spoiled it - you've spoiled it completely." They were sorry for her disappointment, but I think they went on being glad of the warmer room. Mrs Gaskell was very happy and busy in the old parlour where the roses

were tapping on the window, and the wood fire which she loved crackling in the high grate under the 18th century high narrow mantelpiece (which I remember myself with regret). She rested on the sofa as she wrote, and they were convinced that it was "Ruth" which she wrote, as it came out after that and they fancied that something of the Moss showed on it, but I never read the sad story carefully and don't know to what they referred. I do know that Mrs Gaskell talked with Aunt B. about Charlotte Brontë and "Jane Eyre", which was exciting everybody then, and she told of her visit to Haworth and exclaimed with deep feeling: "Oh, Miss Betsey, if you could see that dreadful place and know the life there, you would be so sorry for poor, poor Charlotte!"

My aunts liked Mr Gaskell very much, and Aunt Betsey, who went to see them at their Manchester house, enjoyed herself greatly and said he was the most kindly and courteous host imaginable. I heard so much about them and always associated the bedroom with the window looking towards the wood and hill road with Mrs Gaskell, as if she had left some of her thoughts behind in it.'

Perhaps Mrs Gaskell would not recognise Moss Farm today.

We are grateful to Bowdon Historical Society for permission to use this material, and in particular to Myra Kendrick and Ronald Trenbath who are also members of our Society.

### BOOK NOTES

Woman to Woman: female friendship in Victorian fiction by Tess Coslett. The Harvester Press. £29.95

As the title suggests, this book discusses the inter-relationship of female characters with particular relationship to Shirley. Chapter 4: Earnest women and heartless flirts, deals with three novels in which the friendship of a charming, flirtatious woman, usually portrayed as an opponent or rival of the plainer more virtuous heroine, is central to the plot. It enhances and by no means detracts from the heroine's relationship to men. The novels under discussion are George Eliot's Middlemarch, Mrs Humphry Ward's Sir George Tressady and Mrs Gaskell's Wives and Daughters. The analysis of the characters of Molly Gibson and Cynthia Kirkpatrick is set against the demands of the time and the place of women in society. The author is lecturer in English Literature, University of Lancaster.

Regions of the Imagination: the development of British rural fiction by W J Keith. University of Toronto press, £20.00

This book traces the development of the regional novel from the Scottish novels of Sir Walter Scott to D H Lawrence and includes some minor figures of the early twentieth century such as Eden Phillpotts, Sheila Kaye Smith, Constance Holme, Mary Webb and John Cowper Powys. As is often the case Elizabeth Gaskell is grouped with Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot in a chapter entitled Urbanism, realism and region. Cranford it is maintained is a local rather than regional novel. The image of Knutsford portrayed was already past when the book was written and is an idealised antithesis to Manchester. The influence of the town can be seen in other guises such as the Warwickshire of My Lady Ludlow. The use of regional material is discussed not only in other novels such as Sylvia's Lovers but also in the Life of Charlotte Brontë. There is also a hint of her influence on D H Lawrence. The author is Professor of English at University College, University of Toronto.



A new biography of Charlotte Brontë has been written by Rebecca Fraser, Methuen, 1988. It is of particular interest to Gaskell students as it challenges Mrs Gaskell's view of Charlotte as "the friend, the daughter, the sister, the wife" which it is claimed overshadowed her strong, unorthodox views and her "immense determination and indomitable will". The book is consequently full of references to and quotations from the earlier biography and the epilogue describes contemporary reaction to the book. The author is the daughter of Lady Antonia Fraser and has worked as a publisher's editor. It is her first book.

CHRISTINE LINGARD

Ed.

While I was standing in a supermarket queue recently a lady told me how much she was enjoying Rebecca Fraser's book and would go on to read Mrs Gaskell's biography of Charlotte. I have not yet had time to read the new book but I doubt if the author had the same pressures to face as Elizabeth Gaskell had in 1855

This is an unpublished letter, in the possession of Dr R Jamison, written to Mrs Green, wife of Rev Henry Green then minister of Brook Street Chapel.

Gawthorpe, Friday

My Dear Mary

Upwards of 300 letters to read through/copy what is worth in 2 days, and every day a journey to take till I land at Silverdale again on Monday must be my excuse. Yes! to be sure we can take them in, and with us, just as of old. I shall pack them in among our girls any how - they know the old ways, so that's all settled - and I must go back to my work -

Yours very affely

ECG

I am always so glad to hear from you & of you, - only I can hardly write back as I should do - I have got a packet pf Fox How flower seeds from Mrs Arnold to Isabella - Oh! I do so want some quiet. I must be so busy at Silverdale.

On 24th February 1855 Mrs Gaskell was looking down from a Roman balcony. Looking up at her was a young American, Charles Eliot Norton who was to become one of her greatest friends, and confidant. Mrs Gaskell had fled to Rome with her daughters Marianne and Meta, exhausted after having just completed "Life of Charlotte Brontë". The time was ripe for her to appreciate the full colour and vibrant life of Italy. Charles Eliot Norton was exactly the right person to open her eyes to the beauties of the South. He was a student of art history, later to become professor in that subject at Harvard University. That day, carnival day in Rome, was a fiesta for all who were with the Wentworth Storys, their hosts, as Meta recollected many years later -

"I shall keep the anniversary of that carnival day when we first saw you (she wrote to him) as a festa, for I can truly say that your friendship has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. It is sealed now, too, with deep gratitude to you for your faithful affection to Mama, which she prized as highly as she returned it truly."

It is difficult to imagine the rapport there was between those two - indeed, at 30, Norton was nearer Marianne's age than Elizabeth's - but they had so much in common that age didn't enter into it. Winifred Gerin in her biography calls it "Platonic Love". He was the perfect guide, she the perfect recipient. He was a sensitive admirer of her books, and her "generous and tender sympathies, of thoughtful kindness, of pleasant humour, of quick appreciation, of utmost simplicity and truthfulness". On her part, there was something about the Roman air, the highly romantic atmosphere, the warmth, that Elizabeth could write after her return home -

"It was in those charming Roman days that my life, at any rate, culminated. I shall never be so happy again. I don't think I was ever so happy before. My eyes fill with tears when I think of those days, and it is the same with all of us. They were the tip-top point of our lives. The girls may see happier ones - I never shall."

Perhaps it was because she arrived back in England to the "hornet's nest" occasioned by the publication of "Life



of Charlotte Brontë" that the memory of that Roman holiday seemed even more dear in her imagination.

She and Charles Eliot Norton kept up their friendship, and their correspondence, right to the end of her life. When he married he called his elder daughter "Elizabeth Gaskell Norton" and she, too, was known to her intimates as "Lily". It was to him that Elizabeth wrote that delightful letter about having so many things to do before 10.30 in the morning. He shared her philanthropic interests, too. He built in Boston two five-storey houses, each for 20 poor families. They both enjoyed letter writing and some of that exuberance shines through in their correspondence.

At the end of a long life Norton was living with his two daughters in a little mountain farmhouse in Massachusetts. There he was visited by a very different woman from Mrs Gaskell - Edith Wharton. I first came across her only a few years ago when I heard a short story of hers on the radio. It was called "Roman Fever", and I later read a book of short stories with that title. They were pithy, witty and very readable. Edith Wharton was born into a well-to-do New York family in 1862. From a very early age she was making up stories, but never had any encouragement from her family. What saved her from the dreaded social round, and the extreme narrowness of New York society, were the years she spent abroad as a child, and her vivid imagination. Her family went abroad for long periods, not only for her father's health, but in order to economise! She fell in love with Italy, and when forced to return to the States after her father's death, she was never really happy until she could return. Like Mrs Gaskell, she had a genius for friendship, and pays tribute to the many writers who helped her get established in her autobiography "A Backward Glance". A clue to the attraction which Norton had for Mrs Gaskell is perhaps a quotation from that book -

"His animating influence on my generation in America was exerted through what he himself was, and what he made his pupils see and feel with him. Norton was supremely

gifted as an awakener, and no thoughtful mind can recall without a thrill the notes of the first voice which has called it out of its morning dream."

He was also very generous with his time and interest. Edith Wharton's first full-length novel was The Valley of Decision, a historical novel about 18th century Italy. For this she had to do a great deal of research, and happened to tell Norton that she was unable to get hold of the original version of Goldoni's memoirs, and the memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte. "A few weeks later there came to the Mount (her New England home) a box containing these unattainable treasures, and many other books, almost as rare. For a whole summer, these extremely valuable books, some quite rare, were left at the disposal of a young scribbler who was just starting on her first novel - and to Charles Norton it seemed perfectly natural, and almost an obligation, to hold out such help to a beginner." Edith tells us that she had "to the end the warm enveloping sense of his friendship" and the last letter he ever wrote was addressed to her. Edith was a great correspondent, and the chief recipient of her letters was Norton's daughter Sara - another link between two authors.

DOREEN PLEYDELL

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Dan Head Farm near Knutsford: Sketch by Mark Unsworth. (See page 5)

Two years ago an Australian visitor called Alan Holland came to Knutsford with a photograph of this house. I was able to direct him to it, where he was welcomed with afternoon tea, and assured him that it was not just Grandfather's imagination that they were descended from an important Cheshire family. Ed.

FANNY LEWALD'S IMPRESSIONS OF MRS GASKELL

In 1850 Fanny Lewald, the German authoress, spent four months in Britain (19 May - 10 September). During this period three weeks were spent in Manchester, where she stayed with Geraldine Jewsbury, the famous local writer, at her home in Carlton Terrace, Greenheys. On her return Fanny Lewald published her account of her visit: England und Schottland (Brunswick 1851), consisting of letters written home with a view to subsequent publication, and capturing her richly detailed impressions. In her letter dated 5 September 1850, she records a sighting of Mrs Gaskell (translated from the German) -

In the evening I was present at a large concert in the music hall (...) I derived pleasure in the concert from a sighting of Mrs Gaskell, the gifted author of Mary Barton, who is a beautiful woman between 30 and 40 years old. Fairly tall, with a full and powerful figure, black hair and a lively, reddish brown complexion. From the shape of her head, the cut of her features and her complexion you would without question take her for an Italian, an impression reinforced by her vivacious dark eyes. Her appearance given such an impression of ability and completeness, that the vigorous powers of perception and the unity of talent of such a woman are striking; and I will now have twice as much cause for regrets if I do not have the opportunity to make her closer acquaintance. (Vol. II p. 617)

In fact Fanny Lewald never met Mrs Gaskell: she left Manchester for London on 7 September, and a few days later returned to Germany. Her interest in Mrs Gaskell's work was keen. In a letter dated 7 August and written in Edinburgh, she tells her correspondent about Miss Brontë, who had been in London but whom she had not met, then goes on to recommend the novels of two other English women writers she had come across in England: Geraldine Jewsbury's Zoe (1845) and The Half Sisters (1848) and Mrs Gaskell's Mary Barton (1848).

Fanny Lewald (1811-89), born a Jewess, adopted Lutheran

Christianity in 1828 in order to marry a young theologian, who, however, died before the wedding. She began to write at the age of 30, dealing particularly with social problems and marriage. (Oxford Companion to German Literature).

(This article is based on information supplied by Dr P N Skrine, Department of German, Manchester University, July 1988)

Ed. - Jane Carlyle wrote to a friend (4 July 1850)

'I have seen little of Geraldine; she comes pretty often but has always engagements to hurry her away - She has sworn friendship with Fanny Lewald the German authoress, who is also lionizing in London at present - and gives me much of her semi-articulate company - I also met Jane Eyre (Miss Brontë) one night at Thackeray's, a less figure than Geraldine and extremely unimpressive to look at (ital)'

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STOP PRESS for our London and SE members

South Bank Centre presents an interesting series on 'The Writers Response'. Literature and the revolution in France through the eyes of British, French and European writers and others.

WEDNESDAY 19th APRIL at 6.30 pm - THE GROOVES OF CHANGE. Readings from Dickens, Gaskell, Engels, Darwin, Barbara Bodichon and others.

Many other interesting lectures.

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Material and suggestions for future Newsletters should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs Joan Leach, Far Yew Tree House, Over Tabley, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 0HN  
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