

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH – November 2019. Edition No 59.



Hello. I hope you are okay.

The wonderful series of articles by Bill Pearce is coming to an end, so in this edition, I have included two of them so that it can end logically in December.

I have decided to look into making the magazine a not-for-profit social enterprise in the hope of securing some finance so that it can continue for a long time to come.

Anyone can contribute to this publication in a non-racist, non-homophobic and non-sexist way by sending things to: dean@fthm.org.uk Dean.

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MY NOT VERY SERIOUS STARS



Scorpio 24 Oct – 22 Nov

It is a good time to treat yourself to a new teapot. A talented lady will come along and put a bit of sparkle in to your life – but at a cost. Some nasty rumours may go around about you this month, but don't worry too much, as the truth will out.

Someone you have always thought of as pond life will unexpectedly come to your assistance this month.

Shave under your arms more often.

Sagittarius 23 Nov – 21 Dec

A good time to bake a cake for a loved one to show them how much they mean to you. An attractive gay woman will teach you a new, useful skill. Your gambling is out of control and you should consider seeking professional help for your problem. A disaster may befall you this month so pursue a policy of damage limitation. Do something nice for a stranger.

Capricorn 22 Dec – 20 Jan

A trip to Brighton may open up new horizons for you and perhaps make you question your sexuality. A good time to buy some oak drawers for your bedroom. It may be the time however, to consider emigrating to another country as not many people like you here. In truth, a rocky road lies ahead for you as you don't know the meaning of the word respect.

Aquarius 21 Jan – 19 Feb

Somebody who is very macho will this month let his guard slip and show he has a healthy feminine side. You may think your beauty will carry you through most situations but do try and develop your crap personality a bit more. It would be a good time to introduce a pet into your life - like a cat or a crocodile. If you're bored, then why not do some charity work?

Pisces 20 Feb – 20 Mar

This week you may realise that the washing up fairy doesn't exist. You have a fertile imagination so why don't you start working to create an interesting work of fiction? Someone younger than you will show attention towards you but it is only because they've heard you've come into money. Your car will break down soon but will it be worth repairing?

Aries 21 Mar – 20 Apr

Someone may propose to you this month and you should accept straightaway before they change their mind. An unexpected phone call may lead to a good job opportunity. A lady from Birmingham will endear herself to you through her interesting accent and warm personality. It is a good time to look for God if you've not already found him/her.

Taurus 21 Apr – 21 May

You are so unattractive and need to be less choosy if you are ever to get a mate. A pair of shoes will catch your eye in a shop window, but are you really prepared to spend all that money to own them? Why not take up a sport if you have excess energy – but be a good sport for a change. It is time to broaden your horizons as arguable we only have one life to live.

Gemini 22 May – 21 Jun

A person who is not particularly physically attractive will win your heart and have you singing in the shower once more. You will also discover that a close friend to you has lied to you – but will you ever be able to forgive them? If you've always fancied yourself in lycra, then why not join a reputable cycling club and meet some new people at the same time.

Cancer 22 Jun – 23 Jul

It is time you started dating again after your relationship breakdown as you have so much to offer. Someone you have liked for ages will shock you by going out with someone of the same sex. You have been quite the warrior recently but your greatest challenges are still to come. If you fall in love again remember your friends who are always there for you.

Leo 24 Jul – 23 Aug

You have more chips on your shoulder than the local chippy so, try and talk to a trusted friend before they eat you completely away. Celibacy seems to weigh heavily on your mind, but don't sell out as your turn will come. Christmas is almost here so why don't you present yourself with something that will help you with your work? Don't pick your nose in public.

Virgo 24 Aug – 23 Sep

You are consuming far too much caffeine at the moment and need to moderate your intake if you are ever to feel better. If you want your friendships to have longevity then now is the time to put more time and effort into developing them. Something you buy will give you a temporary high for a while but you need more than this in life. Start to eat more protein.

Libra 24 Sep – 23 Oct

A visit to the doctor will bring good news but this is not the green light to start abusing yourself again. You may feel you have been left on the shelf but are you really surprised when you have treated people so badly in the past? Your life will continue to be an upward struggle as long as you keep repeating the same mistakes. Buy yourself a new kite.

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DAZE OF MY LIFE (Part 16)

If you have not read part one yet then check our [Back issues Page](#) to find it (Ed.)

Written by Bill Pearce

WATERHOUSES

In early 1960, the Pearce family were on the move again. This time it WAS a big deal to us children. We would be leaving our friends and moving away from all that was familiar. Our destination was Waterhouses, a semi – detached house in the middle of some fields near Cottonstones.

It was the first time our parents had actually bought their own house. Personally, I found it a great wrench, following on from losing most of my friends to Ryburn School, whilst I had to go to SBGS, having passed my eleven plus exam.

Anyway, here we were and we would just have to make the best of it. I think Phil and me became even closer, as we only had each other to play with. We shared a big bedroom with older brother John at the back of the house. Loll had her own bedroom at the front. There was an upstairs bathroom but the toilet was outside next to the house. There wasn't any mains water or sewerage pipes. Dad had to empty the toilet himself.



Waterhouses today.

The tap water came from a spring and there was a big well at the back of the house. Most weeks, the well had to be scooped out with a tennis racquet to remove the green algae that developed on its surface. After that, we had to run the tap for a while until the water ran clean.

We had a kitchen downstairs and a dining room which was used for everything else. There was also a 'posh' room at the front which was hardly ever used – usually only when relatives and friends were visiting. There was a lovely upright piano in there. We all had to travel quite a distance to school.

The Tender Trap

I was upstairs in the bedroom waiting for Mom to announce that tea was ready. Phil had wandered downstairs as he needed to go to the loo. Suddenly, without warning, a high-pitched scream pierced the air. I sat bolt upright on the bed!

Had Mother burned herself, or been murdered? Had someone broken into our house?

I could hear Mom downstairs, rushing for the door.

“Whatever is the matter?”, I heard her shout.

I ran downstairs and out of the door, just in time to see Phil hopping out of the loo clutching his groin area. Imagine a demented Morris Dancer and you have some idea of the vision that appeared in front of me!

“I’ve trapped my willy in my zip!”, he screamed.



Phil outside Waterhouses, with his zip firmly shut.

Mom sat on the bench in front of the house and persuaded Phil to let her have a look at his tortured appendage. Sure enough, a fold of his skin was trapped in the zip and a trickle of blood was emerging from the wound.

It was difficult to hold back a smile, but I just about managed it.

“Go inside and get the Vaseline from the bathroom, Billy!”.

I did as I’d been told and Mom was soon smearing copious amounts of the greasy jelly on to the injury. Phil was still whimpering from the pain.

Suddenly, it was free! Relief all round!

Phil was very sore for many a day, but he did let me have a look at the bruising as it healed.

“How are you doing, cock?” I asked one day.

“Shut your mouth!”, he said.

“Do you want me to keep it zipped?”, I ventured to ask.

“You’re not being funny”, he said.

I knew I was!

Lolly’s Follies

Our Loll’s bedroom was at the front of the house above the front door. She often had to play alone, as there weren’t many girls living nearby. One of her favourite toys was a doll’s plastic washing machine.

One day, for whatever reason, she decided to have a wee in the little washer. Realising she would have to destroy the evidence she took what she thought was the obvious course of action.

She opened her window and emptied the contents of the washer through it. At that very moment, Dad was returning from work and entering through the door. He was drenched by the shower from on high!

Being a girl, she was just told off firmly. Heaven knows what would have happened if it had been one of us lads!



In the front garden at Waterhouses are my Dad's brothers, Uncle Dennis (crouching), Uncle Donald at the back, with his wife, Aunty Val. There is also Phil, a young Jim and Loll (looking demure).

Sweet nothing

Loll's next misadventure was in collusion with me. We were in the kitchen together when we noticed that Mom had left a packet of desiccated coconut on the kitchen table. Close by was a jug of milk. Being young and ever hungry, we thought that mixing them together would make a tasty treat.

Stirring gently, we made ourselves a delicious looking coconut paste. Peering around to make sure no-one was watching, we dipped our spoons into our creation. Up to our mouths and.....yuk.....panicwhat have we done?

We were both spitting into the sink and washing our mouths out with water. The 'milk' was actually disinfectant, the sort that is brown and goes white when diluted. Dad had apparently prepared some for a job around the house.

We never told anyone about our first 'cookery' lesson!

Fowl Play?

We had a couple of free ranging ducks which wandered merrily round our garden and the fields beyond. Uninspiringly named Donald and Daisy, they were fed scraps, as well as what they could find for themselves.

Loll grew very fond of them, and they often waddled along behind her quacking for a titbit. Our John who, as stated previously, loved to torment his siblings, was the first to tell Loll that they were about to die.

Grandad Goulden would be up at the weekend to wring their necks, pluck them and prepare them for the Christmas dinner table.

‘Distraught’ doesn’t even begin to describe how Loll felt. She was sobbing as she ran indoors to plead for the life of her feathered buddies, but it was all to no avail. Grandad would be sticking to his plan and the ducks would be no more. Loll hadn’t realised that this had been the plan all along.



Christmas dinner?

The weekend came, and so did Grandad. It was all over and done with very quickly!

Christmas day arrived and Mom was preparing our dinner. Everything smelled delicious – including the duck! We only had one. The other had gone to my grandparents. Dinner was served and the centrepiece was a lovely, crispy duck. Loll turned away as she couldn’t bear to look at her former friend.

“Which one is it?”, she asked.

“Does it matter?”, asked Dad” Just get some eaten!”.

Loll refused and had a vegetarian Christmas dinner.

Amazingly, that experience put Loll off eating fowl for life. From that day to this, she hasn’t eaten any.

Explorers

For me and Phil, the first weeks in the countryside involved exploring the local area. No Pearce / Clarke gang now. We were no longer a group. We were a duo.

We had to walk through three fields to get to the road that ran through Cottonstones village. There was a lovely, babbling brook running through the village. It meandered its way through the woods and, via a waterfall, into Millbank.

Turning left at the gate, the road climbed steeply up to The Alma Inn, run in those days by Benny Riley and his partner Nellie. As there weren't any shops nearby, they sold a few sweets and toffee bars to keep the local kids happy. There were only a few children thereabouts.



Millbank village from the Calderdale Way

Millbank was about a ten-minute walk away, but at least there were a few small shops – a Co-op, a tiny Post Office, a ladies' hair dresser, a butcher's and a couple more. In the nineteen sixties, the village wasn't a very desirable place to live. Many of the houses needed money spending on them. Slowly, as we became more familiar and more confident, we explored the area further afield.

Phil was allowed to finish the last three months of his junior education at Newlands, after which he would be going to Ryburn School at Sowerby. Loll had to transfer to Millbank school and make new friends.

Good Health

The move to the countryside coincided with mother going on a healthy food fad. She made us scour the surrounding fields for fresh, young dandelion leaves. We were expected to eat them as a tasty alternative to lettuce. They were always left, and the idea soon died a death.

One autumn evening, we were watching 'Danger Man' on television. Mom was in the kitchen making a cuppa for Dad, and he was polishing his boots, ready for work the next day. Suddenly, he looked up when we began to hear a strange popping sound. After listening a while longer, it was dismissed as one of those settling sounds you get in some old houses.

About ten minutes later, we heard the same sound again. Both Mom and Dad were now looking puzzled. Pop! There was a third and then a fourth.



Dad was on his feet and going to investigate. The sound seemed to be coming from the cellar. He opened the door and switched on the dim cellar light which was just a bare bulb on a cable. Sure enough, the source of the strange popping sounds had been located!



Dad outside Waterhouse with his work smock on.

About a month earlier, Mom had stored her bottles of home-made dandelion wine and rhubarb wine down there. They were over fermenting and blowing out their corks. Mom was looking decidedly worried.

Dad emerged from the cellar, trying to suppress a grin.

“It’s like a bloody war zone down there!”, he declared. “We’ll just have to wait until they’ve finished exploding”.

The cellar was awash with home-made wine. Most of the bottles were only half full and there were corks everywhere.

Phil and me giggled about it for days afterwards. We always thought it amusing when things were going wrong, and we couldn’t be blamed for it!

It’s a girl



Baby Julie

On September 2nd 1960, a few months after our move to Cottonstones, Mom gave birth to her seventh child. We were blessed with a sister whose name was to be Julie Amanda Pearce.



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LLORET DE MAR



A few months before Brenda's 68th birthday, I decided it would be a nice idea to take her to Spain so she could celebrate it there.

Our flight was at 7 30 pm, on Monday the 23rd of September. We flew from Leeds and Bradford airport although the flight was delayed by over an hour.

We left Brenda's home at 4 00 pm in case the traffic was bad, and consequently, we arrived at the airport far too early as we couldn't drop off our bags until 5 30 pm.

The flight itself was straight forward (with Ryanair) and the drinks on the plane were typically expensive. Two hours later we were in Girona airport where we managed to find the coach to take us to our hotel in Lloret de Mar, which was called Acapulco.

The hotel was very clean with friendly staff who made us feel welcome. Our room had a small fridge, good television but no kettle to make drinks. We had chosen to take bed and breakfast as we don't eat a lot of foods – as it turned out I had to make do with chips and crisps most afternoons! The bar in the hotel was very clean and the drinks were not too expensive. I did not however, take advantage of the pool and jacuzzi part as I was getting over a long-term chest infection – which returned when we got back to England.

The town of Lloret was aesthetically pleasing and as our primary reason for the trip was to rest, this is what we mainly did and most days, we didn't go anywhere special.

However, the 27th of September was Brenda's birthday, and so we booked to go on a coach to Barcelona where we visited Antoni Gaudi's magnificent 'Sagrada Familia' and FC Barcelona's famous Nou camp. Because it was a special day, we went into a middle-eastern restaurant where we had lovely lentil soup and Brenda had falafel, desserts and mint tea. The staff were lovely there and even sang 'happy birthday' to Brenda. It was a day we will remember for a long time.

I think it is good to travel as not only do you see new places, but you meet people you didn't even know existed.

Now let's learn a bit about the town of Lloret de Mar and its history:

The town is a Mediterranean coastal town in Catalonia and is 25 miles south of Girona and 47 miles northeast of Barcelona with a population of about 40,000. It attracts many visitors especially in the summer. It has 6 miles of coastline and its main beach is composed of small, gravel-like stones.

The town has a very interesting history and there are remains of Iberian and Roman civilisations at various archaeological sites.

As far back as 966, documents refer to the town as Loredo from the Latin “lauretum”. The Saracens invaded Lloret frequently in the middle ages and also until the fifteenth century, it had to protect itself from attacks from English, French, Turkish and Algerian pirates. Interestingly, Lloret’s port became commercially important in the eighteenth century.

The first decade of the twentieth century was significant as it was then that the first holidaymakers arrived in Lloret, and in 1918, the first summer villas were constructed. Many of its first visitors were from the Barcelona area and were well-to-do textile manufacturers.

There are some interesting places to visit in the town like the church of Sant Roma, the Castle of Sant Joan, the Monument to the Fisherman’s wife, Santa Clotilde gardens and the Maritime Museum.

The church of Sant Roma was finished in 1522 and is a Gothic church which was built as a refuge from attacks by Turkish and Algerian pirates. After restoration work in the early twentieth century, it now reflects Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance and Modernist influences.

The Castle of Sant Joan is a medieval castle from the eleventh century which was built to repel attacks from the sea. Now only the castle’s tower remains (restored in 1992) and it offers a great view of the surrounding areas.

The Monument to the Fisherman’s wife is a bronze sculpture and is situated at the end of Cloret beach. It was erected in 1966 to commemorate Lloret de Mar’s millennium.

The Santa Clotilde gardens are interesting as they were designed in an Italian Renaissance style by Nicolau Rubio i Tuduri and because they are situated on the top of a cliff, the views of the sea are very good. It is also worth noting that the garden contains many varieties of plants in contrast to an absence of flowers.

There are many more places to visit in Lloret if you have the time and the energy to do so. I can honestly say that we enjoyed our time there and it is a lovely place to visit – even if only once in your life. The people are nice, the weather is good and it is a very restful place to spend a holiday. Typically, when we arrived back in England, we were greeted by heavy rain!

With help from Wikipedia.

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MORE POPULAR EXPRESSIONS AND THEIR MEANINGS FROM JUDY PARKINSON

Straight from the horse's mouth:

Some knowledge received direct from the highest authority, from the person whose word need not be doubted.

The expression comes from horse racing, where the tips to be trusted came from those closest to the breeders and trainers. The phrase implies that you've heard something from the best possible source – in this case, the horse itself.

As drunk as a lord:

This simile must have first become common in the eighteenth century, when the consumption of alcohol was something well-bred gentlemen liked to boast about.

At that time, people from the lower social classes simply could not afford to buy the amount of alcohol required to get one very drunk. Consequently, excessive consumption became a clear sign of wealth.

To cut your coat according to your cloth:

This metaphorical proverb dates back to the sixteenth century and is all about good housekeeping and living within one's means. It is self-evidently sensible advice to keep to one's budget and restrict expenditure to the amount of one's income. It is often shortened, becoming simply 'to cut your coat'.

Dear-John letter:

A 'you're dumped' note from a wife or girlfriend breaking the news that the relationship with the recipient is over.

The expression originated during the Second World War and is thought to be American. The unfortunate objects of Dear-John letters were usually members of the armed forces overseas, whose female partners at home had made new liaisons, proving that absence sometimes did not make the heart grow fonder.

The name 'John' was often used to signify 'everyman' at the time; 'John Doe' was the name given to any man whose real name was unknown or had to be kept anonymous, like our 'Joe Bloggs' today.

(The expressions are taken from a book called 'Spilling The Beans On The Cat's Pyjamas' and is published by: Michael O'Mara Books Limited, 9 Lion Yard, Tremadoc Road, LONDON. SW4 7NQ)

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PUNK AND ROCK-AND-ROLL REVISITED



Music is definitely something that most individuals gravitate towards for relaxation and enjoyment.

However, image is equally important to many music artists who dedicate a lot of time and energy to how they look and use things like make-up and jewellery to achieve a look that complements their music.

Expressing themselves in the most comfortable way possible is something that the majority of people like to do. Ordinarily, though, individuals who walk down the street looking different for no reason at all attract criticism, but compare this to the reaction to trend setters when a hit song comes out which is vastly different. Moreover, the result may be more people adopting this 'fashionable' look.

There are a number of people who are associated with punk and rock music. Artists such as Santana and Jimi Hendrix are famous artists who undoubtedly attracted a crowd whenever they put new material on the market. Understandably, up and coming artists today are often influenced by artists from the 1970s.

ROCK AND ROLL DEATH TOLL: Dead before 30



A lot of people aim to end up being rock stars. Young people today want to be rock stars more than anything else. Young individuals want to experience the bliss that these rock icons declare they feel whenever they're on top of their game.

The rock and roll era began in the 1950's when a form of popular music with singing accompanied by drums, guitars, and bass was introduced to the mainstream. It prospered and spawned different types of rock and roll. In the 60's, there was country rock, jazz-rock combination, and psychedelic rock. Jimi Hendrix was big in the 60's and rock enthusiasts consider him to be the greatest guitarist in rock history.

In the 1970's, funk, soul, and Latin music exerted an influence on rock and roll music and established a number of sub-genres. These included easy rock, blues rock, hard rock, progressive rock, punk rock, and heavy metal. The 1970's saw extremely successful bands like Fleetwood Mac and Led Zeppelin dominate the music scene. Also, psychedelic rock and progressive rock combined to produce Glam Rock.

The 1980's saw different types of rock like synth rock and alternative rock. Grunge-rock, Britpop, Indie rock, piano rock, Sufi rock, and nu rock were popular in the 1990's. Nirvana, with Kurt Cobain, was the ultimate band in the grunge era.

Popularity and appeal have put many young people in the limelight but many of these people unfortunately died before the age of 30.

Jimi Hendrix, considered by many to be the best guitarist ever, died in bed after drinking white wine and taking Vesperax sleeping tablets. Many believe however, that the strength of the sleeping tablets was misjudged and he suffocated in his sleep because he failed to regain consciousness when he vomited. Prior to his death Hendrix was known for his use of drugs like heroin and LSD-- a known "trip" drug.

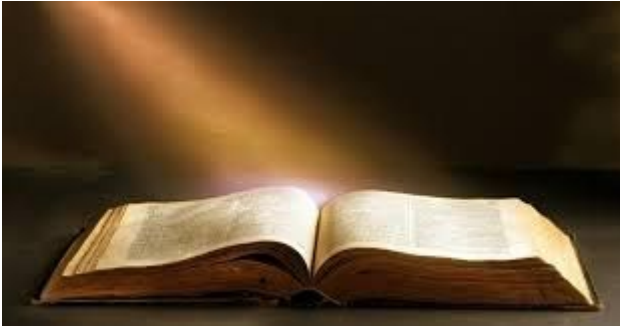
Kurt Cobain, the lead singer of Nirvana, well-known for his troubling and abrasive song-writing and singing style passed away at the young age of 27. He was regarded as one of the most prominent rock and roll artists of all time. Reports suggest that because of his anxiety disorder he self-medicated with heroin.

Blind Melon lead singer Richard Hoon 28, died of a heroin overdose. Reports state that upon the increased success of the band in the early 90's, the members of Blind Melon became significantly associated with substance abuse. Hoon was always the primary culprit and was continuously associated with drug-induced rampages and other related incidents. On October 21, 1995, Richard Hoon was added to a list of rock stars who passed away prior to the age of 30 .

So, Jimi Hendrix, Kurt Cobain, and Richard Hoon, all died before the age of 30. It is clear that these rock stars were not happy at all. Dead rock stars are indicators of the pain and stress and anxiety that may accompany fame and ridiculous wealth.

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BIBLE TALK



Sent by Peter Smith

John 6.29

But the word of the Lord was to them,
"Precept upon precept, precept upon
precept,
Line upon line, line upon line,
Here a little, there a little,"

That they might go and fall backward, and be broken
And snared and caught.
Isaiah 28:13 (NKJV)

But even to this day, when Moses is read, a veil lies on their heart.
Nevertheless, when one turns to the Lord, the veil is taken away.
2 Corinthians 3:15,16 (NKJV)

To someone who does not know Jesus, the Bible is a theological text to be analysed and debated (precept upon precept, precept upon precept!). But in Jesus it is food for the soul. It helps us better to know Him, to understand what it means to be saved, and to live our lives.

However, these benefits only come if:

(1) we read the Bible avidly, and

(2) the words we read are actually those written by the original authors.

In my (waterproof!) edition of the New King James Version, Mark's gospel has 14 pages, while Paul's epistle to the Galatians has 3 pages. It does not take long to read either of these, but how often do Christians read straight through these or any other book of the Bible? Yet this is what we need to do.

Some people slog through (say) Galatians - trying to analyse each verse in depth (precept upon precept, ...) - but seem to miss the quite simple overall message of the epistle, as summed up in verses 3:23,24.

Why not just read the Bible at normal speed, and stop for a think when something strikes us? If something puzzles us, we can ask someone about it, or refer to a book (the Holman Bible Atlas, ISBN 978-0-8054-9760-1, is good for dates, background and maps), or look for wheat amongst the chaff on the internet.

NOW, the crucial question. Is what we are reading today the same as what the Bible's authors actually wrote?

The translators of the King James (Authorised) Version, published in 1611, practised 'complete equivalence in translation'. That is, they endeavoured to put into English the exact words of the original Greek and Hebrew. If they needed to add a word to fill a gap in the Greek or Hebrew, this was put in *ITALICS*.

I only know two 'complete equivalence' modern translations, which use italics for words not in the original languages: the NKJV and the New American Standard Bible. Unfortunately, the NASB - like every other modern Bible I'm aware of - used an inferior 19th century Greek text. While the NKJV - like the KJV - used the 'Received Text' of 1516.

Most modern New Testaments have seen nothing wrong with 'paraphrasing' the original Greek. That is, they expressed what they thought is the meaning of the Greek, but they used words different from those in the Greek. One wonders why they did this, when the KJV, NKJV and NASB show that it is not necessary.

Furthermore, paraphrasing sometimes changes or loses crucial bits of meaning that are in the Greek. When I read Revelation 22:18,19, I wonder how the paraphrasing translators dared to do what they have done?!

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[Aegis Martial Arts](#)

Aegis Martial Arts

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LETTERS PAGE



Dear Editor

Is anyone else sick and tired of being constantly bombarded by competitions with cash prizes of thousands of pounds, but in reality, with next to no chance of winning?

I would really be interested in learning how much revenue these competitions generate and who gets the profits.

It is time that people were also informed of the slim odds of actually winning such a competition.

Peter Robins, Manchester

Dear Editor

I have recently been on holiday in Europe and can I say what a positive response I received when I made an effort to speak, even a few words, of the appropriate language. My linguistic ability is poor but even so my efforts opened many doors to me.

I do think the English lag behind when it comes to foreign languages and the days are gone when we can expect everyone to speak our language.

Elsa Waterman, Ipswich

Dear Editor

Whilst I think we have a lot to be grateful for America for, I do think it is time they stopped acting like a schoolyard bully who wants everything its way. After all, we only have one planet and need to respect each other and each other's ways.

Also, I can't wait for a change of administration!

Shirley Stewart, Aberdeen

Dear Editor

I have never been a fan of smoking and now vaping. It does seem wrong that non-smokers have to constantly breath in second-hand smoke or vape from people who are being very selfish.

Everyone now knows the dangers of smoking, so why even start now?

Jan Monks, Pontefract

Dear Editor

What a wonderful idea to accommodate the menopause in the workplace – if it happens.

It has taken us years to get the wheels of gender equality moving forward, but we must not stop now and must continue to work to create a fairer and more equal society for everyone.

Trevor Hanson, Leeds

Dear Editor

I am one of the people who are concerned about air pollution – especially from aeroplanes. I know that there are also other types of pollution that need tackling but I do think something should be done about the volume of air travel.

It has been suggested that frequent flyers should be fined for doing so, but these are usually wealthy people who will not suffer at all. Maybe we should just limit an individual's flights per year?

Simon Rothwell, Liverpool

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SOME MORE INTERESTING RECIPES FROM JUNE CHARLTON



Toffee

Ingredients:

½ lb of sugar

1 oz of butter

1 teaspoonful of vinegar

2 tablespoons of golden syrup

Method:

Put everything into a pan with a tablespoon of water. Boil quickly for 10 – 15 minutes. Pour into greased tins to cool. Cut into squares and keep in a tin.



Indian Potato and Pea Soup

Ingredients:

2 tablespoons of vegetable oil

8 oz of floury potatoes diced

1 large onion chopped

2 garlic cloves crushed

1 teaspoon of garam masala

1 teaspoon of ground coriander

1 teaspoon of ground cumin

1 1/2 pints of vegetable stock
1 red chilli chopped
3 1/2 oz of frozen peas
4 tablespoons of natural yoghurt
Salt and pepper
Chopped fresh coriander to garnish

Method:

Heat the vegetable oil in a large pan and add the diced potatoes, onion and garlic. Saute gently for about 5 mins, stirring constantly.
Add the ground spices and cook for 1 minute stirring all the time. Stir in the vegetables, stock and chopped red chilli and bring the mixture to the boil. Reduce the heat, cover the pan and simmer for 20 minutes until the potatoes begin to break down.
Add the peas and cook for a further 5 minutes. Stir in the yoghurt and season to taste.
Pour into the warmed soup bowls, garnish with chopped fresh coriander and serve hot with warm bread or naan bread.



Peanut and Potato Scotch Egg

Ingredients:

8 oz of potatoes, mashed
1 egg slightly beaten
4 hard-boiled eggs
Salted peanuts, finely chopped
Salt and pepper

Method:

Beat together the mashed potato and half the raw egg with salt and pepper. Surround each hard-boiled egg with the potato. Coat with the remainder of the raw egg and roll in chopped peanuts. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper and serve hot or cold with salad.

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BRENDA'S WILDLIFE CORNER



The Bison:

The European bison is taller and heavier than the American bison.

The wood bison is on the endangered list in Canada whilst buffalo ranchers in the US have

made efforts to get it removed from the endangered list.

American bison tend to graze more than their European relatives and tend to be hairier.

The hind legs can be used to kill or maim with devastating effect. Early naturalists described them as being dangerous, savage animals who only feared wolves and brown bears.

The bison is belligerent, unpredictable and very dangerous.

Ref. Wikipedia

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DAZE OF MY LIFE (Part 17)

Written by Bill Pearce

Suspended Sentence

In the spring of 1962, my relationship with SBGS took a turn for the worse. It all started with a math's teacher called Mr. Precious.

Things were getting a bit rowdy when he entered the classroom one morning. He was a bad-tempered beggar and as the class quietened down, he ordered me and a lad called Terry Kendall to go and stand outside the woodwork room.

This meant only one thing. We were going to get caned. Corporal punishment was quite common back then. It was Mr. Precious' favourite punishment.

Whilst we were waiting, Terry and I couldn't understand why we had been sent there. We were both adamant that we hadn't done anything wrong. It WAS often me - but not this time. We agreed that we were both going to refuse to bend down on this occasion.

Mr. Precious arrived and went into the woodwork room, probably to choose an appropriate piece of dowelling. He came to the door and called Terry in first. I heard the familiar sound of the weapon being used – whack, whack, whack – three of the best.



Mr. Precious

Terry came out red faced and almost in tears. He avoided my gaze.

“Come in, Pearce!”, said Mr. Precious. “Bend down”.

“No, Sir,” was my response.

“Bend down!”.

“No, Sir. I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“Bend down, Pearce!”

“No, Sir”.

Mr. Precious couldn’t believe I was defying him, but I knew I was innocent.

“Get up to the headmaster’s study immediately. You’re in more trouble than you have ever been in your life!”

With that, he went up quickly in front of me to the headmaster's study.

I got there and stood to the side of the door. I was shaking inside but was trying my hardest not to show it.

Mr. Beaumont, the headmaster, opened the door and asked me in. Mr. Precious was standing there, arms folded, looking as mad as a pig.



Mr. Beaumont

“We expect a certain standard of behavior at this school”, said the headmaster. “If you do something wrong, you are punished”, he continued.

“I’ve done nothing to be punished for”, I replied.

They both looked at me in disbelief.

“You may not have bent down for Mr. Precious, Pearce, but you will for me!”

“No, I won’t. I haven’t done anything wrong.”

Now this is where I got things muddled up. The headmaster said I would be suspended for two weeks to consider my behaviour, the school rules and, its reputation.

Believing I had been expelled, I thought I had better go to Ryburn School to see if I could finish my education there. I was also concerned about how my Dad would react when he knew what had happened.

When I arrived, I found the school secretary, who rang the headmaster, Mr. Miles. He came into the office almost immediately.

They contacted SBGS and, after a short discussion, informed me that I was on a fortnight’s suspension and that my parents would be contacted. With that, I decided to head for home.

I was walking along the front of the school, looking up to see if I could see anyone I knew. Suddenly, everything went black. I couldn’t move my arms and a cold sensation was affecting my legs.

I was conscious but hurting in a lot of places. Suddenly, a man’s face appeared above me. He looked a bit surprised. He called to someone else to come and help him pull me out.

It transpired that the caretaker had been doing some repairs to a faulty sewer and had momentarily left the cover off whilst he went for another tool. Being distracted, I had fallen into the unguarded sewer. Once out, they took me to the nearby sports hall where I was able to get a shower. I showered with my clothes on to get rid of all the sh+# !

In today’s litigious society, the school would have been sued, but back then they never even treated my grazed and sore arms. I do remember a large lady being there, but can’t remember who she was.

I set off from Sowerby and walked all the way back to Soyland. By the time I got home, my clothes were almost dry. Mother was a bit surprised to see me in my disheveled state. She told me to get changed and my clothes immediately went into the twin tub. She cleaned my wounds and applied Germolene to them.



*This is me, aged 14, in a field behind Waterhouses,
contemplating the school's reputation - NOT! 1962*

I was lying on my bed when Dad came home and Mom related my story to him. There wasn't any shouting, but he came upstairs to hear my account of the day's events.

A couple of days later, a letter came from the school. It suggested I improve my behaviour and that when I had done something wrong, I should be prepared to face my punishment 'like a man'. Dad never added to the punishment dished out by the school. I got the feeling that he believed in my innocence, especially as I had taken my punishment 'like a man', on at least eight occasions before, without complaint.

Two weeks later I returned to school following my suspension. As directed, I reported to the headmaster's study.

He asked if I had thought about my actions during my suspension. I said that I had.

"Bend over", he said.

"I will bend over, Sir," I replied, "not because I am admitting to anything, but just to put an end to this situation."

With that, I bent over.

"Get back up and report to your lesson. I don't want to see you in here again." He gestured towards his door.

I left with the impression that he believed I was innocent and that he admired my stand.

Grandad Goulden goes on a trip

Early 1962 and Mom was at it again, preparing more of her home-made wine.

It seemed to me that nothing was safe from her frantic fermenting. Elderberry, rhubarb, dandelion and apple were just a few of her favourite flavours.

The rest of us were just hoping that she pushed the corks in a little tighter this time!

For reasons I can't remember now, there was a family gathering at our house. Before long, the wine was being poured and shared around. We children, of course, weren't allowed any but grandad managed to sneak me a sip. It seemed fruity, if just a little sweet for my taste.

Sometime in the evening, it was decided to move the gathering across to The Alma Inn.

The next part of this story was related to me by my uncle, Terry Goulden.

There were paths through four fields to be negotiated before the group reached the road up to the Alma. All this had to be done in pitch black darkness. They were fueled by an excess of Mom's lethal brew



My lovely Grandad, Fred Goulden

Grandad Goulden was an experienced rabbitier and had spent lots of time rabbiting round the tops. He thought things were taking a little too long so pushed his way to the front of the group.

“Careful, Dad!”, said Uncle Terry.

“Don’t worry about me. I know every blade of grass in these fields!”, boasted Grandad.

At that very moment, he went arse over tit, flat out in the darkness. Everybody was laughing as his flat cap followed him to the ground.

“That one must have grown since you were last up here, Father!”, said Uncle Terry, grinning.

John marries

In the summer of 1962, our John announced that he was bringing his girlfriend to the family. We had heard about her, but never met her.

It must have been quite a shock for her, having to negotiate her way up and across four fields to reach our house. It was made even harder due to the fact that she was wearing shoes with fairly high heels. Amazingly, I remember the day very clearly.

John introduced her as Carol Neil, and she was welcomed by everyone.

Phil and me were quite interested because we had never been so close to anyone with dyed, blonde hair.

Things seemed to go very well and John appeared to be very fond of her.

He must have been even fonder of her than we had thought! It wasn't many weeks before John told Mom and Dad that Carol was pregnant.



In the field next to Water houses 1963 are L to R: Loll, Julie, Phil, Jim and John holding Colette

They were married in the autumn of that year at Christ Church, Sowerby Bridge. They got their first little house at Oak Street, also in Sowerby Bridge.

Their baby was born in February 1963. It was a girl and they decided to call her Colette.

Keep on running

Though I have never had the ability to be a long-distance runner, there was a time when I could shift a bit when it came to a sprint. Getting chased by stray dogs, demented cattle and disgruntled farmers probably encouraged me in this area.

When I was in the third year at Sowerby Bridge Grammar School, I did quite well at the school sports day. The pupils, from day one, were allotted to one of four school 'Houses'. They were all named after Abbeys. Blue was Fountains, red was Kirkstall, green was Reivaulx and yellow was Selby. I represented Selby.



This is a Kirkstall tie - Red Stripe

Come sports day, nobody was more surprised than I was when I won the one hundred yards sprint. I went back later in the week, when Mr. Hickton, our sport master, was selecting the

team to represent SBGS at the Inter Grammar School Sports Day. In the sixties, these were held as an annual event at Spring Hall, Halifax. I was selected to run the 100 yards and also the second leg of the 4 x 100 relay race.

I came third in the sprint and our relay team finished second. Not a bad effort!

Another sports story I remember is a football match between Reivaulx and Selby. It was held on the SBGS football fields which were across Burnley Road, at the top of Albert Road. The fields sloped steeply to one side. Selby were attacking and, apart from our goalie, I was the only member of our team behind the halfway line.

I caught sight of a Reivaulx player running forward quickly with the ball at his feet and I started to run towards him. He was heading for the bottom touch line with me in pursuit. Suddenly, he stopped dead and put his foot on the ball. I couldn't stop because the field sloped steeply, so carried on for about another fifty yards. The player I had been chasing then ran towards our goal and smashed the ball into the back of the net.



Frank Worthington at school. 1963

The Reivaulx player's name was Frank Worthington.

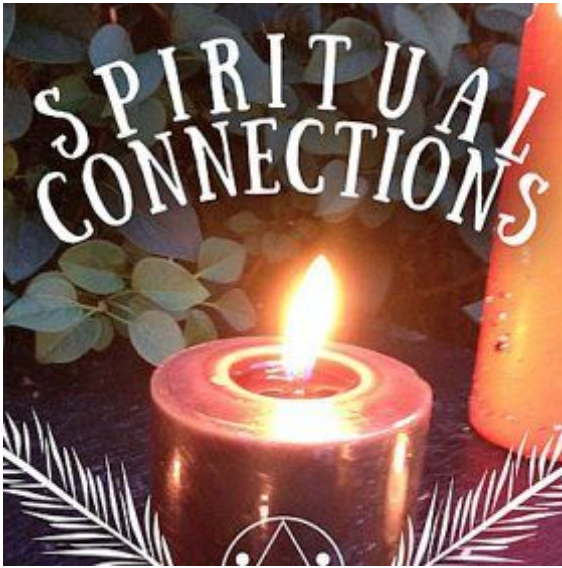
He went on to major success in the old first division with Leicester and Bolton. He was also capped several times for England.

Bloody show off!

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ANOTHER FUN QUIZ FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH



Questions:

- (1) Who plays Sheldon in Young Sheldon?
- (2) Who won the 2019 Champions League final?
- (3) In what county is Winsor Castle?
- (4) Where do Castleford Tigers play their home fixtures?
- (5) What is the capital of Sardinia?
- (6) What is the first name of Barack Obama's wife?
- (7) Who played the lead male role in the film 'As Good as It Gets'?
- (8) What is the tenth letter of the alphabet?
- (9) What are the names of the members of Abba?
- (10) What is the French word for Shirt?
- (11) Who did Henry VII defeat at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485?
- (12) When is the next Cheltenham Gold Cup?
- (13) Who played the leading male role in the film 'Saving Private Ryan'?
- (14) What is a carbuncle?
- (15) Hilda Ogden was a character in which long-running British soap?
- (16) What is a tabernacle?
- (17) What is the Spanish word for Hat?
- (18) Which river flows through London?
- (19) What does alopecia mean?

(20) Who makes the Qashqai car?

Imagine a few words about your business in this space with a [link like this](#)

Answers:

(1) Ian Armitage (2) Liverpool (3) Berkshire (4) The Jungle (5) Cagliari (6) Michelle (7) Jack Nicholson (8) J (9) Agnetha Fältskog, Anni-Frid Lyngstad, Benny Anderson and Bjorn Ulvaeus (10) Chemise (11) King Richard III (12) Friday 13th of March, 2020 (13) Tom Hanks (14) A severe abscess or multiple boil, typically infected with staphylococcus bacteria (15) Coronation Street (16) (in biblical use) a fixed or movable dwelling, typically of light construction. A meeting place for worship used by non-conformists or Mormons (17) Sombrero (18) River Thames (19) The partial or complete absence of hair from areas of the body where it usually grows; baldness (20) Nissan

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Editor's Last Word: Thank you for taking the time and trouble to read this publication and we hope you will feel inspired to contribute something to it soon at: dean@fthm.org.uk
Dean, [Robert](#) and Brenda