

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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And today's winner of the day for an overheard conversation is...

You need to be sharp eyed to see what this is. Clue – it is in Frome.



This is the high season for anything involving outdoor celebrations whether themed or locally based. There is the Priddy Folk Festival which is £120 for two days. No day tickets are available as the weekend tickets have taken priority. We have our local fair in Midsomer Norton. There is a large Festival in Bath.

We awoke to a dull morning. What to do? Will it rain? The Bath Carnival presents itself. It consists of a procession, lots of food stalls, many bands playing loud music, big crowds. As an EMF sensitive person I have to factor in the blasts from hundreds of mobile phones.

So, we decided against going to Bath. The variable weather proved our decision to be correct. Our question for all events should be 'what is the right environment for us'. We

are not teenagers any more. We shall go to our local Fair then on to Frome where the Frome Arts Festival has just started. We would not like to live in Frome too expensive, too many hills, not enough gardens, a bit snobby but visiting a cultural place that is less than 10 miles away is a winner.

Off to midsummer town center where we parked in Sainsbury's car park. Allow up to 2 hours which is enough for most purposes. I'm sure not everyone who parks there actually uses the store but a bit of give and take doesn't do any harm. We walked to the fair and arrived about 12 15. Many people arriving though it was only due to start at 12:30.

The show consists of what it normally does, hot dogs and hamburger stalls, lots of local charities and societies, bouncy castles are various sizes and shapes, and at the entrance you are greeted to a mechanical organ that always sets the tone for such a traditional event. As we arrive, children doing maypole dancing I suppose you could call it and a local band was playing.

Clocks with enameled paintings of animals. Very attractive. Well done someone.



The usual queues for tea and homemade cakes. This must be an

intrinsic part of country life.



Flower competitions, up to their usual high standard but a bit early in the year for some varieties.



Amusing and creative use of vegetables



I met the lady in charge of the competition. She seemed very competent. I asked her if I could buy one of the cakes that were being judged. She said that I could have her entry which was a sponge cake. She did not need the money but I could give a donation to a breast cancer association. Her colleague told me that she had raised over £4000 in the past two weeks from a dinner for 120 people which she had cooked herself. My, what a woman.

I also met a male social worker who had served for 25 years in Bristol with disturbed children. Play lived with them. They said they saw transformation in some people but a less not in others. We agreed that children were aggressive because they themselves had to survive aggression and the only way that the young people could see was by more aggression



So how do you judge between these avatars? May be I am in the wrong generation.

I met one of the more senior allotment holders who commiserated me on the politics of the recent upheaval where I was unceremoniously pushed to resign from the position of secretary and chairman, a post that I had held for 7 years. He said 'there is not much so say'. I replied that I was most sorry about the website which was being read all over the world and I believed constituted a good role model for other associations. Ah well, life goes on.



The first prize was for the straightest trio or bundle of rhubarb. Mine would never have won.



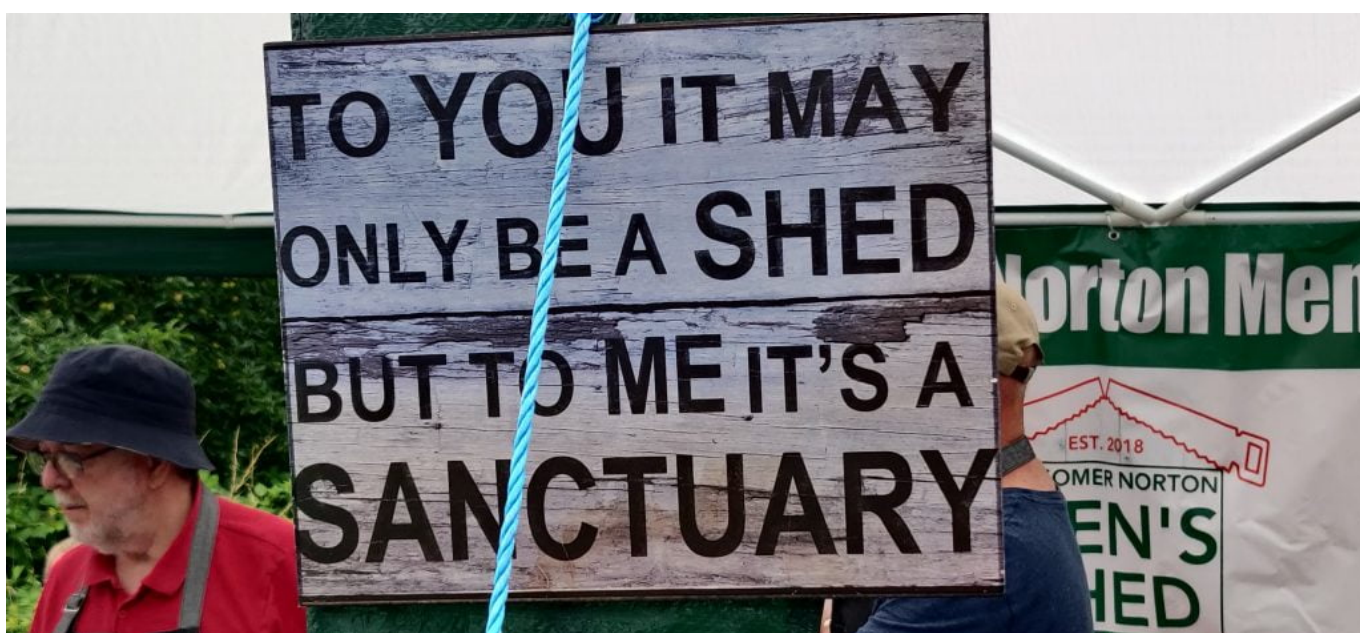
Outside now. I like the good sense of humour of printing musical notes on the waste bin.



Lovely creative idea. Take an ordinary brown shopping bag. Paint it brightly. Turn it into a work of art.



Not the best composed image in my whole life but it is part of the leisure park where people can sit in the arena and listen to performers, in this case local bands.



Men in Sheds has taken off nationally and is quite important to many as you can see from the signage.

Off to Frome. We arrived about 2:00 p.m.. we parked our car in the central car park in front of the Cheese and Grain. It costs £2 for 3 hours which is very reasonable and is an incentive not to park in the numerous rather narrow side streets.

We visited the Frome small publishers fair which is a day for readers, writers, publishers, artists, illustrators and visitors of all ages with books and small press publications to interest, and buy. A must for all book lovers.

Alas we arrived a little bit late with only half an hour to spare but managed to make the most of the time

I sat around outside waiting for Francoise to do her rounds. Outside the event there is a courtyard which can be used as a bar area and four performances. From across the courtyard I heard the famous 'overheard phrase of the day from a middle - aged lady, one of the Frome Writers. *'I told them I was a pensioner and they believed me, funnily enough. I paid £5 to get in.* I just love these type of open-ended fragments because you can weave into it what you like to imagine. Anyway, I cheekily informed her she had won 'prize of the day' and we had a jolly chat which ended up in my being encouraged to join the Frome writers Collective.

Evidently they meet every month on a Thursday at the Archangel pub for exchange and chat. I have no one locally who is a writer with whom I can chat so this seems a good investment. The annual subscription is only 15 pounds and one of the members gives publishing advice. That has to be a yes for me. The lady receptionist was called Sian (Welsh I believe)

Within went around the corner to a gallery in Rock Lane. We met Karen from Hull who may or may not be interested in Francoise's Hasselblad camera. Karen had a mixed accent which I could not pick out. I dont normally meet people from Hull. Shes does photography courses. We gave her our address in case she was interested or knew someone who might be interested.



There are dozens of places where you can post flyers. I may have shown this before but this is an outreach project advert which I find inclusive and non-patronizing.

THURSDAY 10am
FRIDAY 9am ti
SATURDAY 9am ti

FREE CUPPA AND A WARM WELCOME

TUES-SUN
12-7PM



THE GOOD HEART

7 PALMER STREET

KIDS GAMES & TOYS- FREE TEA- HOT FOOD- BOOKS
FREE WIFI - CAKE - COSY CORNER - DOG FRIENDLY

FROME

youth choir

ALL ABOARD!

**Do you
like singing?
Then sing with us!**

We are chuff-chuff-chuffed to announce
the Frome Youth Choir is running again from
Thursday 22nd September 2022

We met a couple who had just bought a marriage ring. They were getting married in September. She was from Cornwall. He was from Bristol, a software engineer. They had lived in London. I did my usual spontaneous thing of saying that if you 'box clever' you can get it right and get a social life to suit.

I enjoy Frome because the level of awareness is above survival level 'Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs' and I have the luxury of knowing I will be understood before I open my mouth

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