

A coat of paint For the bridge

APRIL, 1964

Dr. Lloyd Jones and his wife have helped to spruce up the place by removing a heap of old mattresses and boxes from the mill stream. And a few members of the society have given the village bridge a coat of paint, transforming it from dull grey to bridal white.

AN OUTRAGE

This zealous effort, however, has been received with mixed feelings.

"Like it? I think it looks awful," said 79-year-old Mrs. Elizabeth Pinkard, who lives a few yards from the bridge in a cottage with roses rambling round the door.

"I was going to join their society—I had my half-crown ready—but I won't now. It's an outrage, that's what it is.

"You know what some joker's are saying now? They say the bridge is painted white so that the men coming home drunk can see where they're going.

"Don't talk to me about the bridge . . . they've ruined it!"

In his smart, new hillside house, Mr. Peter Gorb grinned when I told him of the criticisms of the snow-white bridge he had helped to paint.

SECOND COAT

"I'm sorry some people don't like it but I'm sure it will please the majority," said Mr. Gorb, a company director, who was born in London.

"We're giving it a second coat and we've had no end of volunteers. I think that speaks for itself."

Mr. Raymond Cory declared: "We've got more volunteers than buckets!"