



December 2011
Vol 3, No 1



Lamberts Barn Chronicle

www.lambertsbarn.co.uk



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Rovers Return

White Paper sails back to Florida

Rather like the Duke of York (the Grand Old† version not the current divorced golfer) we went down the hill - the chain of Caribbean islands - and



then, after summer in England, we went back up again; back to Ft Lauderdale, to the snug security of River Bend Marine Center.

We had left White Paper at Peakes Yard in Trinidad, cocooned in a white shrink wrap hat against the sun. Returning to the West Indies we spent Christmas with great friends

in Barbados before collecting more friends in the British Virgin Islands.

The final leg of our journey was to sail from Puerto Rico along the coasts of Hispaniola and Cuba, to Florida. Our last night at sea was spent surrounded by an enormous thunderstorm. This was not some tame English event. There were regular curtains of lightning on all sides, our personal *son et lumiere*.



†The Duke, immortalised in nursery rhyme, had a part-time job as a dithering general whose expeditionary force to the low countries repeatedly sampled the tactical advantages of the high, middle and low ground.

Post Room Reshuffle

Shock redundancy resulted from the abysmal failure of post room personnel - they didn't post last year's Chronicle. Management apologies for failing to send out last year's newsletter were greeted with derision by subscribers. Boxes full of freshly printed and folded pamphlets remain as mute testimony to the mail-room clerk whose only excuse was she had too much to do before leaving to join her husband in the West Indies.



Disciplinary Hearing

Those who were subscribed to the email edition were (mostly) unaffected.

The answer, and it might save a small part of a tree and plunge the Finnish economy into decline, is to surge forth on the digital motorway. Read the **Lamberts Barn Chronicle** online, or even download and print out - www.lambertsbarn.co.uk



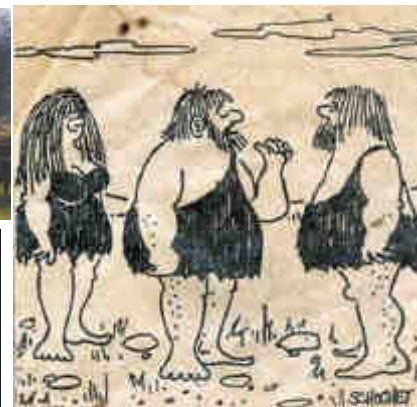
Probably the best butcher in London

.....and purveyors of Lamberts Barn Soay lambs to the discerning London gourmet. Next year, to add even more value, we are starting the process of "Organic Conversion." Our sheep are *de facto* organic, but over the next two years this should become *de jure*.



"A good storyteller is a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't."

Irvin S Cobb



"I've decided to teach her to talk. What harm can it do?"

Thames Travels



We were lucky enough to be invited to crew for cousin Simon on his cruiser **Fenny Empress**. He'd been moored in St Katherine's Dock, in the

centre of London. Over two days, we made our way back to his marina near Bray, on the River Thames.

Our journey was blessed with good weather, little wind and tiny waves. Instead of sailing directions the most important publication on board is the good pub guide.



Sausages

Not only do our lambs go to Lidgates in London, and to private buyers, but they are also to be found in our home-made sausages. Not a commercial operation; not yet. We would need special premises.



It started when I burnt out the motor of a Kenwood Chef in a mass mincing for Shepherds Pie. A new purpose-built mincer came with instructions for sausages - and everybody knows I always RTFM.

Alas, even with the positive feedback so far, this will probably not become a commercial enterprise.



"If everything seems under control, you're not going fast enough."

Mario Andretti



Ready for Dancin'

Joy and Sorrow

In the Spring one young girl's thoughts turned to..... Pan had a serious fling with local rake Jingo. He said he respected her, but that was then. There was no thought of long term commitment.



The eventual result was five gorgeous puppies, but while they cooked it was clear Pan didn't connect her increasing girth and lack of agility with those stolen moments of passion. She was a devoted mum and the kids enjoyed a



succession of ever larger activity centres - culminating in a huge garden enclosure.

Puppies were a good excuse to throw a

"Puppy Party", and to introduce the new owners to each other and lots of neighbours. However, some weeks after the last of her family left home, suddenly and very strangely, Pan died. We don't know why. We miss her very much.

Buffington, the cockerel, and several of his harem, also made the journey to the Great Farmyard - cruelly murdered by Mr S Reynard. A posse of the Bicester Hunt assembled at Lamberts Barn on 22 November, albeit to hunt the Great Trail. It must have come as something of a shock to Sly - I would guess myocardial infarction. *Isn't it always?*

Of politicians:

"We all know what to do, but we don't know how to get re-elected once we have done it."

- Luxembourg PM Jean-Claude Juncker

"No man is regular in his attendance at the House of Commons until he is married."

- Benjamin Disraeli

Of policemen:

"The basic test of a decent police force is that it should catch more criminals than it employs."

- Sir Robert Mark

Of secret policemen:

"Any fool can commit a murder. Only an expert can commit a suicide."

- KGB training manual