

THE SECRETARY'S JOB

In 1981 I took over as secretary from Major Watson and at the request of Gwyn Price, Dyrin Stud.

Over the years there have been funny stories, problems, etc., as I am sure any show secretary will tell you.

One such event I recall which makes me smile was a phone call wakening me at 12.45 AM on show morning. The owner of the Lion Hotel rang to say he had a man there who wanted to know how he could get into the showground (which we open at 6 AM), there were also 3 more lorries waiting to get in. I said they could enter by the very top gate and I went back to bed.

Thinking about this, I realised that I wasn't going to get much sleep as there

were three signs already up directing people into the locked show ground. I got up, and wearing my nightie, wellingtons, and a woolly hat to hide my rollers drove down to the showground with three black bin bags to cover up the signs until the next morning. Standing on the fence covering a sign with one of the bags I must have looked an amazing sight to a passing police car which slowed down, stopped and the driver asked "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine" I replied.

"Are you SURE you're alright?" he asked again.

"Yes, thank you, I'm just covering up my signs".

He drove slowly away, convinced I was mad.

