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Prestbury Parish Magazine

North Cheltenham Team Ministry

September 2024

50p

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Baptisms (Christenings) & Weddings

may be arranged with the Team Office *(contact details above)*

Other Pastoral Matters & Reconciliation (Confession)

please contact one of the clergy *(telephone numbers above)*

Views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the Editors, the Clergy, the Parochial Church Council, or of any authoritative body of the Church of England

The Parochial Church Council of the Ecclesiastical Parish of St Mary and St Nicolas Prestbury Cheltenham - Registered Charity No 1130933

continued inside back cover

Cover Picture:
Kareoké nouveau style

La dame de l'orgue, sur le marché du vendredi de Cauterets, Pyrénées.
(Jean Taupes)

A Party

A party is a social gathering usually of invited guests, a body of persons engaged in an activity: Christening parties, birthday parties, wedding parties or travelling together, fishing party, search party. A group of people united in a cause, opinion especially a political group organized on a national basis.

A party can be a single person or a group of persons forming one side in an agreement or dispute.

A party can consist of, in law, a foil, an accessory to an action.

A party line can be the policy adopted by a political party.

A party line was shared by two or more telephone subscribers.

A party wall is common to two adjoining buildings or rooms.

Marion Godden

SOLUTION

My sister's leaving home party
launching her WRENS career.
My parents' cottage,
small with two front rooms
divided by hall and stairs.
Village community.
My Mum befriended all,
quite indiscriminate,
but many there nursed ancient feuds,
their families didn't speak.
So what to do?
All were invited and all came.
The cutting of the cake was in the hall.
And those to whom your family didn't speak
were in the other room.

Joan Copeland

This month's theme is PARTY

FLOATING VOTER

Illustration by kind permission of R.Fresson

'It's not the voting that's democracy; it's the counting.' Tom Stoppard.

Like Michael Frayn, I prefer to think of myself as a 'passionate moderate' and, in my time, I have voted for various parties including Liberal, Labour, Conservative, Green and Liberal-Democrat. I suppose I am a genuinely floating voter, although I like the notions behind both those two words liberal and democrat. I have never knowingly voted for any overtly extreme party such as Communist or National Front, both of which make me shudder, as do all bigots, tyrants and ideologues. I have never belonged to any political party and I have sometimes wondered why we need them at all.

The whole political system here seems to be built on ways that are hostile to creative co-operation and rational enterprise. Instead of agreeing on the best ways forward, there is constant opposition involving mutual criticism and emotive hostility. The very word 'Opposition' suggests a divisive regime rather than a co-operative one. If one party has a good idea, why not share and employ it? Often, I would prefer to judge a politician or representative on principles rather than policies.

I'd also like to see more Independents as candidates for election but I note that there are remarkably few in Parliament and I believe those that are there currently are Muslim MPs hostile to Labour's current policy on Israel and Gaza. In the past, there have been celebrated Independents such as A.P. Herbert, the lawyer and humorist, but it is rare for anyone unsupported by party funds, personnel, publicity and focused canvassing to achieve success in our first-past-the-post system. To have any chance of being elected at all, it seems almost essential to espouse an electable party and hope it selects you.

Why are there so few independents in Parliament? Why the enforced loyalty to party when others might have a better idea? Surely every vote should be free and not whipped into coercion to support some dud idea, fashionable folly or idiotic scheme (e.g. Iraq War, HS2, Brexit, Rwanda).

And why have so few scientists been drawn into Parliament? A scientist should be intellectually honest, detached, base judgements on the available evidence, and change his or her mind when the facts change. In other words, he or she is professionally unsuited to adopting blind party loyalty and irrational obedience as required by the whips. And that's another telling term from hunting with hounds, involving pack allegiance, dogma and discipline.

Given my desire for sceptical independence, however, there is no party I could possibly join or contemplate joining. Sometimes, when I tot up the pros and cons, for me the Liberal-Democrats come out somewhat better than others: Against the Iraq War and pro-Remain, but they renegued on Tuition fees, supported HS2 and sold Idsall Drive car park.

What about those other methods of representative democracy? I'm unsure about Proportional Representation. No victorious party wants to see its majority eroded but, in almost every case, the majority of our population did not vote for the governing party. In the recent election, for example, 34% of the electorate voted Labour who won about 64% of seats in Parliament. Somehow representative parliamentary democracy does not seem very democratic or indeed adequately representative. The American journalist H.L. Mencken wrote scathingly, 'Democracy is the pathetic belief in the collective wisdom of individual ignorance.' Ironically too, the Coalition's referendum on AV (Alternative Vote) in 2011 encountered a degree of voter apathy (42 %) and the idea was rejected by a majority of 67%.

As we have seen recently, however, referenda are one of the most divisive of democratic devices available, certainly in the UK, if not in Switzerland. Think of the Scottish referendum (2014) followed by the referendum on leaving the EU (2016) and the enduring aftermath in both cases.

Given the constraints as they exist, I can understand individual reluctance to enter politics at all. What rational person would want to be in part responsible for managing a National Debt of some 2.7 trillion pounds? It's all said to be notional of course but that's a growing debt of £2,700,000,000,000. No wonder current politicians desire wealth creation and indeed taxes.

We want politicians to have integrity and probity but how can honesty thrive or survive in the party system? Careful collection of the evidence, objective analysis, intellectual honesty, and clear judgement are qualities I would expect in our representatives and leaders. Too often, however, party loyalty trumps truth and short-term gain triumphs over long-term vision. Getting into office and staying there appears to be the main aim of political parties and their fervent adherents.

However, these choices are liberated luxuries when compared to the options in totalitarian states. Tyrannies and one-party dictatorships may have their champions but their total suppression of dissent and the violent deaths meted out to the critics of kleptocrats and despots speak for themselves. Who on earth would really choose to vote for dictatorship and oppression in perpetuity? As George Orwell said in an unpublished preface to Animal Farm, 'If liberty means anything at all it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear.'

Duncan Forbes

Parties

Parties for my sister and me began in the mid-1930s. They were simple family tea parties on warm sunny Sunday afternoons hosted by my grandfather, a retired butler. He was a very gentle man and an active member of the Church of England Men's Society.

The venue for these tea parties was the private section of Pittville Gardens which was the one nearest to town. Surrounded by iron railings, which were removed during WW2 and turned into munitions, the gardens were entered through large ornamental gates which were kept permanently locked. This garden could only be used by Pittville householders who paid an annual fee of 30 shillings for a non-transferable key to those gates and the privacy within.

These Sunday tea parties were quite formal affairs with tablecloths laid out on the grass, dainty triangular sandwiches with the crusts removed (for the birds!). There will be a Thermos of tea and home-made lemonade and "gateau", speciality cake from George's in Cheltenham High Street, holders of a Royal Warrant to King George III who took a great liking to the confectionery and, it is recorded, ordered quantities to be delivered to him in London.

Should the weather be wet or in winter time, the Sunday tea parties were held at grandfather's home close to Holy Trinity Church where he retired after selling his previous house, 25 The Promenade, to the town council in 1916. Here, we children were allowed no cake until every crumb of bread and butter was eaten. After tea we would be allowed to play his records on the wind-up gramophone. Sound was regulated by opening and closing the doors on the front of the machine. Music ranged from "Hebrew Slaves" and "O for the Wings of a Dove" to "A Hunt in the Black Forest".

At the age of about 10 I was subjected to what was billed as Tée Dansants. These were tea-parties for parents and their children where the grown-ups danced and their offspring, who were encouraged to wear fancy-dress, ran about skidding on the polished ballroom floor. When I did the same on the frozen Pittville Lake, I crashed onto the ice and knocked myself out. Most of my lessons in life were learned the hard way. While tea and cakes were being served at these Town Hall Tea Dances, judging of the children's fancy dress took place. Most of the boys dressed either as a pirate or Robin Hood whereas I was a Scotsman in full Highland regalia and won first prize. I expect the other boys cancelled each other out!

Those Town Hall Tea Dances took place at the beginning of the war. By the time the war ended I was grown-up (15) and an experienced, fully-trained Army Cadet. On VE (Victory in Europe) Day there were parties everywhere. My pal and fellow cadet decided we would don our uniforms and spend the evening in town joining in all the fun and rejoicing and pretending we were real soldiers home on leave. We were very soon brought back down to earth when asking for pints of beer at the Prince of Wales in Portman Street. The barman said "Sorry Sonny, you will have to grow up first!"

At that we decided to be boys again and using recently taught field-craft skills, stayed in uniform crawling about on our tummies and spying on American servicemen who were using the bushes in Sandford Park for amorous purposes with local girls, some of which would have been our age but with better luck!

The following year (1946) I became a bell ringer at St Mary's and eligible to attend the annual choir supper. That was a good party because it is where I met Pamela Humphreys, my future wife. In those days church meetings and the like were held at Church House. This building was originally the Kings Arms skittle alley and was sited where the car park now is and against the High Street pavement. After supper there was dancing, jokes, singing, recitations and much merriment. The following year, 1947, was the year of the great snow and Vicar Hill walked to the supper from his vicarage (then in Deep Street) to Church House wrapped in the eiderdown from his bed. During cold winter days the dew-drop on the end of his nose was in constant drip and therefore never froze.

In the 1960s when our children were little their birthday parties were usually static games like pinning the tail on the donkey when blindfolded, drawing a pig again blindfolded, but as they grow older and a little more boisterous these games were a no-no. Instead mothers were asked to make sure the offspring arrived at our house clad in warm clothing and wellies. I had previously made myself the cardboard head of a fox. It was an elaborate affair and fitted well over my own head. Authentic in colour and shape it was put into a plastic bag and hidden from the children. Soon after the excitable guests had settled in I made myself scarce and left them to my wife who explained that at 3:00 pm they were all going to go foxhunting. I had left the house at 2:30 pm with my plastic bag and a handful of clues written on slips of paper and headed at brisk pace through the village and up the fields leaving clues like "head for the nearest oak tree where the fox will have left the next clue".

Pam, of course, knew where I was heading and accompanied the dozen or so hunters putting them back on the scent if they went wrong. Meanwhile I had reached my goal, a thick evergreen bit of cover, taken my fox's mask from its plastic bag, placed it on my head (the mask, not the bag!), and concealed myself leaving the mask poking through the cover and easily spotted by the hunters. When they shrieked with delight at finding me I leaped out of my hiding place and ran away. They then had to catch me. When they did sweets were distributed by the fox and all returned to a sit-down birthday tea.

When the US Army Air Force vacated Fairford air base after several years of occupation, they threw a party for local townsfolk to say thankyou for their hospitality. It must have been in the 1990s. It was first come first serve for anyone else interested so I applied for one of the limited tickets and was lucky. The party was held in one of the large hangars, the "Yanks" wore uniform and everything was replica wartime. It was quite an experience to drive along one of the longest and widest runways in the country after being checked by military police as I headed for the distant hangar. Welcomed with Camel cigarettes (not for me), hot-dogs and Budweiser beer to the music of the Glenn Miller Orchestra with magical renderings of "In The Mood" and The Andrews Sisters doing their thing with Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy was unforgettable. It was, in fact, everything I remember from wartime Britain nearly 50 years beforehand. Those Yanks certainly knew how to party.

There have, obviously, been lots of other parties from those at Prestbury WI and at Woodmancote Village Hall to others which were completely the opposite. For instance, garden parties at Buckingham Palace and also inside the building itself where the champagne is served by footman in livery, some of whom I recognised as outriders and postilions in the Royal Processions at Ascot, a spectacle I have photographed over 200 times.

Parties at several of the Royal residences (Buckingham Palace, Clarence House, High Grove, St James's Palace) all have their own stories but the parties at Royal Ascot are a

collection of happy events gathered together into five days of continued fun and world-class sport where the thoroughbred racehorse reigns supreme.

Every day begins and ends with boot-parties in each of the many car parks. The most splendid ones are held in Car Park No 1 in which Royal Enclosure badge holders have reserved spaces. It is here that one finds tables laid out with fine silver, floral displays and waiter service. Many have brought with them their own staff who set out the tables, open bottles and serve guests from Fortnum and Mason hampers.

Stretch limos abound with, in many cases, dodgy occupants all wearing dark suits and supporting the obligatory sunglasses. It goes without saying that most are bald, overweight and expressionless. You will be pleased to know that they are not allowed in any of the recognised car parks but are herded in their hundreds into the middle of the course and well out of the way!

Car Park No 2 is the one I am most familiar with. It is very lively with boot-parties and is reserved for trainers, press and jockeys. At the first few pops of champagne corks it is noticeably quiet but a check every ten minutes shows a marked rise in decibels. Half-an-hour before the Royal Procession the noise and hubbub is intense, punctuated by corks popping and much laughter. It is a very happy place and one where HRH The Princess Royal is always to be seen mingling with friends - unless she is in one of the carriages, of course.

Members of the Royal Household have a section of the grandstand reserved for themselves. It is the finest viewing of the entire racecourse. However for their pre-race boot-parties (and I've been included in many of them over the years) these important servants of The Crown, to whom entrance is free, have to make do by roughing it in spaces between corrugated iron storage sheds and garages for equipment used by the ground staff. The surface is potholed tarmac (or it was) and all is in complete contrast to the finery worn by all. But these are very stalwart people among whom there is no snobbery and they include not only Ladies-of-the-bedchamber and "backstairs boys" but Private Secretaries and Ambassadors (ret'd).

Wherever these Royal Ascot parties are held, all are immense fun, and the perfect prelude to an exciting day.

Bernard Parkin

THE MOUSE PARTY!

One day in the small village of Cauterets, high up in the Pyrenees, there was a mouse epidemic and they really needed a 'Pied Piper' to rid the village of the little vermin!

However, this was not to be as the little mice were preparing for a party!

On the Saturday evening the owners of the chalet had arrived from England with a crate with a good store of things like British teabags and peanut butter and would you believe a good supply of a variety of nuts and seeds:- pine nuts, sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, walnuts and best of all, a large bag of almonds!

When the owners had gone to bed the mice set about searching the contents of this crate, only to find that most of the nuts and seeds were stored in glass jars with lids firmly in place. However, much to their delight, the almonds were only in a cellophane bag, which was soon easily destroyed!

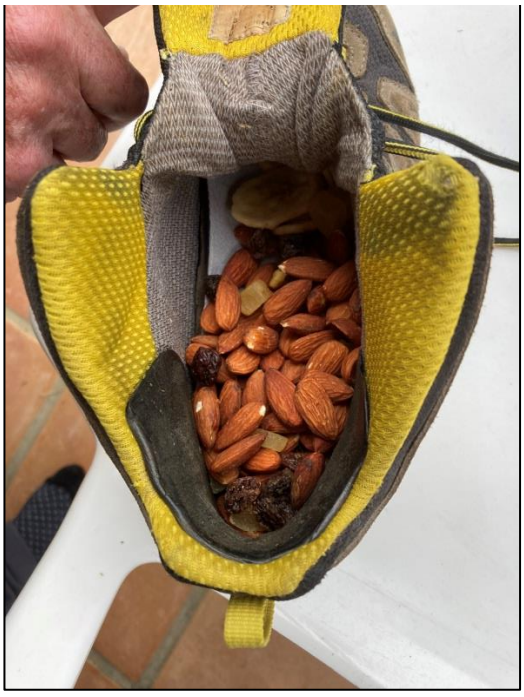
As the owners slept, very tired from their journey, the mice quietly set about carrying each single nut from the crate about 5 meters away, to a safe storage place in a cupboard under the stairs. They found a pair of walking boots hanging up by their laces and decided to store all the nuts here for a party the following night!

The next day the owners unpacked the rest of the crate and couldn't make out what all the shredded bits of cellophane were from! It took them quite a while to realise that it was the almonds!

That afternoon they decided to put their boots on and have a short walk up into the mountains. Well, what a shock they got when taking down the boots from the hook under the stairs and finding the supply of lost almonds!

They were quickly dispatched to the bottom of the garden where it was hoped that the mouse party would eventually take place, because any mice that stayed to feed in the chalet got a nasty meal of a little pink bag of chemicals and would never see another 'mouse party' again!

Angie Brassey



Prestbury Memorial Trust Coffee Morning

Prestbury Memorial Trust hosted a Coffee Morning to raise funds. It was held on Thursday 8th August at the Pavilion, Royal Oak, The Burgage, Prestbury.

Pictures from Nigel Woodcock

C1 *To advertise your business please contact advertising@prestbury.net*

To correct an historical mistake and to describe an International Party.
Two magazine titles in one piece August 'History' and September 'Party')

OR **Никита made me do it!**

A limousine swept up The Broad and stopped at the foot of the steps to the Clarendon Institute (Centre of University Administration also known as The University Chest), Oxford.

Out of the far side of the vehicle stepped Nikolai Bulganin (Prime Minister of the U.S.S.R.). On the street side of the vehicle, out bounced Khruschev (First Secretary, Central Committee C.P.S.U). Khrushchev, promptly gave a cheery wave to the large crowd assembled on the opposite pavement and began to make his way, around the rear of the limousine, towards the steps, where the University welcoming party was assembled. At this point SOMEONE IN THE CROWD (please note) started to sing 'The Volga Boatman', the crowd soon picked up the refrain and joined in.

Directly above the crowd six young people, were gathered in the open windows of the first floor reading room of the Bodleian Library (which was shut being Saturday afternoon) they also rapidly picked up the refrain. Khrushchev, mounted a few steps and turning to the crowd indicated by raising both hands up and up that they should increase their volume. Then, pointing directly at the six young men at the windows, raised his hands even higher thus indicating that they too should increase their volume, which of course, we, happily did. Khrushchev then began to conduct the proceedings.

At this point the Vice Chancellor, in full academic regalia descended the steps and said something in Khrushchev's ear, whether in English or Russian it was impossible to tell and Khruschev *reluctantly* turned and followed the Vice Chancellor up the steps. On reaching the gate way at the top Khrushchev stopped; turned to the crowd and with a wave acknowledged their greeting. Then removing his hat he pointed directly at us and waved his hat in salute before he disappeared beneath the cavernous gateway to the university quadrangle beyond.

We youngsters retired from the library, the other five to their relative's bookshop and I, having returned the keys to the key box, retired to my bedroom to complete a model aircraft. About twenty minutes into this innocent activity, the internal telephone rang and I was summoned to my father's presence, so retrieving the keys, I let myself back into the library and made my way to my father's office, which overlooked the Clarendon Building. My father, as head of security at the library, would have been somewhere in the assembled company around the welcoming party.

On arrival, my father, indicated that I should stand before him, as usual, at the midpoint of his desk and then giving me a baleful stare, over his glasses, informed me that the Vice Chancellor was not pleased that I had STARTED the singing of The Volga Boatman. This I strenuously denied and by way of mitigation stressed that Khrushchev had not only encouraged us but had also conducted the assembled 'choir'. My father gave some advice as to my future behaviour at such international events and then with his right hand indicated the open door. As I left, I risked a glance at my father and to this day would swear, that I saw *both ends* of his military moustache twitch upwards in a clandestine smile.

John Moles

Footnote: If anyone is thinking that after 63 years my memory is playing tricks then please consult Robin Ashenden's*: Khrushchev –' Shoe Banger for a Superpower'*, in which he writes that whilst Khrushchev was ruthless, he also charmed his way across the United States of America with his buffoonery.

Book Review

Where the Crawdads Sing by **Delia Owens**

I read a book many years ago called 'Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle stop Café'. You may have read it, or indeed have seen the film that was made at the time. Very briefly (as I'm not supposed to be writing a review for this one!), this was one of those books that was I genuinely sad to finish and will remain as one of my top favourite stories ever. Since then, I have wanted to read something set in a similar situation and of course, enjoy just as much; thanks to my Mum's suggestion, I decided to read 'Where the Crawdads Sing'.

Where the Crawdads Sing is all about survival; not just physically, but also emotionally. It follows the story of 'The Marsh Girl' – Kya, whose upbringing begins with violence and abuse. After a while, Kya is deserted by her family leaving her to fend for herself and survive in the marshland where she has grown up. She lives in poverty to begin with and has to rely on the marsh to show her how to take care of herself.

The Story begins in the late 50s, early 60s when prejudice was still very prolific in certain parts of the United States and this is something that Kya has to deal with throughout the book. Labelled 'odd' by the townsfolk, she retreats into a world of nature and becomes at one with her beloved marshland. Delia Owen's descriptive narrative of the marsh and Kya's relationship with it give a sultry, nurturing feel and you begin to realise that for all its dangers, the marshland embraces and cares for Kya.

Every chapter or so the book moves from Kya's narrative and delves into the nitty gritty story running alongside it. Chase Andrews, a popular, young and vivacious man is found dead in the marshland in mysterious circumstances. All suspicions turn to the marsh girl, who everyone believes is odd and capable of committing the crime. Now Kya has to use the help offered by the marsh through her knowledge to evade persecution and arrest.

Initially, you believe that this story is about dealing with loneliness, but you soon realise that it actually isn't. Kya is completely at one with nature and regards the creatures of the marshland and its flora and fauna as her companions. Kya isn't completely without human interaction either. She does befriend 'Jumpin' and 'Mabel', who help her from a distance, and make sure that she has enough to get by. She is also taught to read by local boy, Tate, who regards her as someone needing help.

I will finish by saying how much I enjoyed this read. If you are looking for a feel-good story with twists along the way, then this is definitely a good choice. I definitely recommend it and have flagged it as a new favourite! Thanks for the suggestion Mum!

Catherine Nichols

Advertisements

Forthcoming Events

Prestbury WI Afternoon Tea in Aid of Maggie's

Wednesday 28 August 2 to 4pm in Prestbury WI Hall, Prestbury Road

Bereavement Friendship Group

We will be meeting in St Mary's Church, Prestbury

on Monday, September 16th from 2.15-4pm. (Note our change of venue)

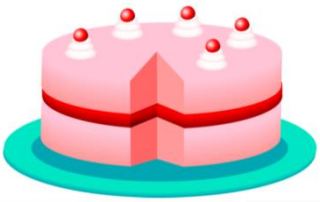
If you have lost a loved one and would like to talk to others in a similar situation, please come along. You will be most welcome, whether you are new or have come before.

Light refreshments will be provided.

Marion Povey

Welcome on Wednesday

Wednesday, 18 September at **2.30pm in the St Nicolas Room**. There will be home-made cakes, tea or coffee for £2 and the chance to meet friends and have a friendly chat. So please come along, maybe bringing a neighbour?



Prestbury Local History Society

We start our Winter series with something a little different. Tony Comer will be giving us "The History of GCHQ" on September 23rd. A major local employer in our area it will be Interesting to see how much of the story of this confidential organisation can be told.

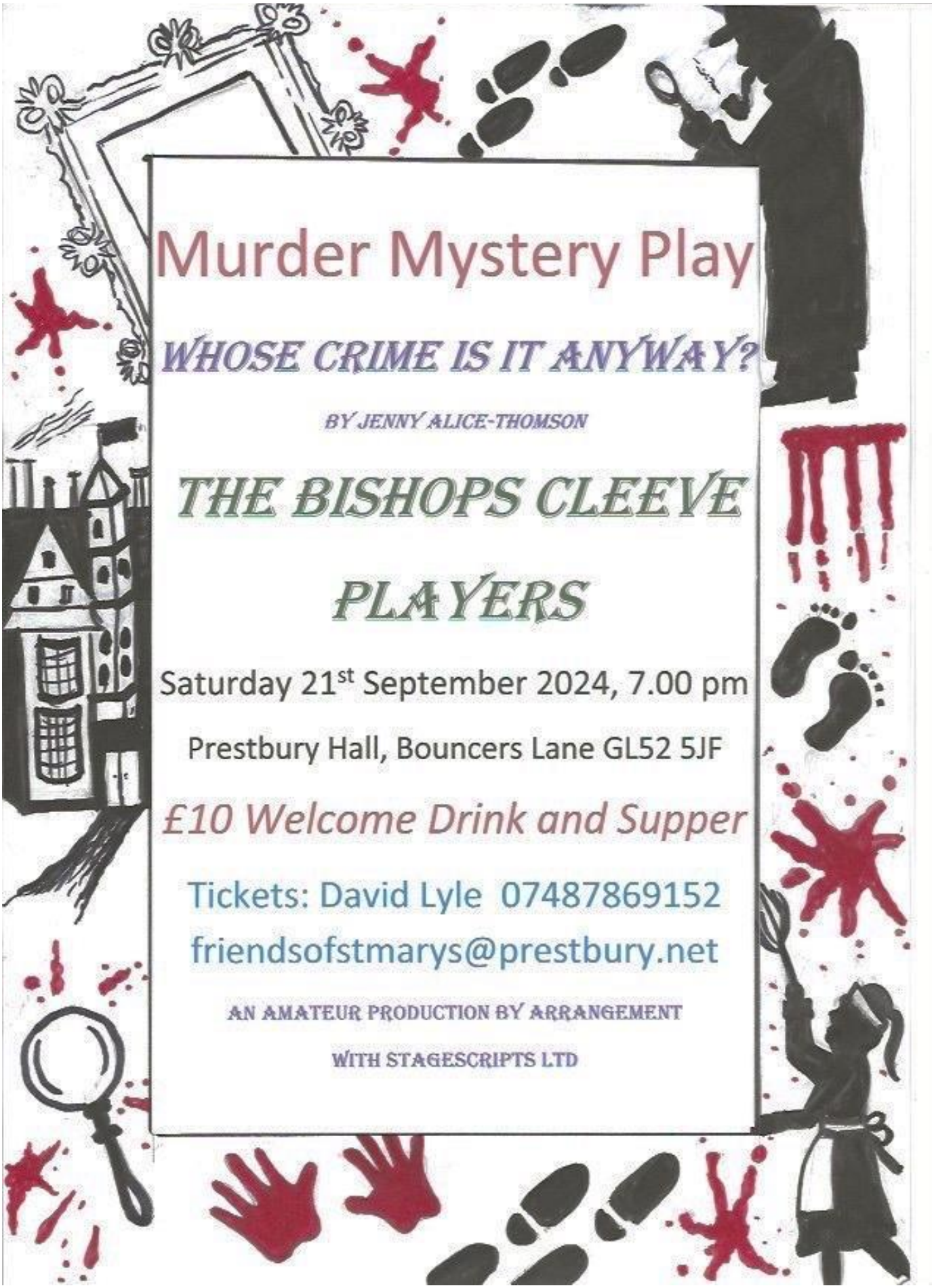
On October 28th we return to the subject of "Cleeve Hill Archaeology". There is so much on the Common and more is being discovered. Mike Milward will be telling us about the situation on our favourite hill.

Val Porter is our speaker on November 25th, looking at "Local Government in Prestbury through the Ages". As we know control of the village has changed many times over the years since the Domesday Book in 1086.

We hope that you will join us in the WI Hall, Meetings start at 7:30pm.

Complimentary tea and coffee to follow with an opportunity to join the discussions on our local history.

Tony Noel, Chairman


Murder Mystery Play
WHOSE CRIME IS IT ANYWAY?
BY JENNY ALICE-THOMSON
THE BISHOPS CLEEVE
PLAYERS
Saturday 21st September 2024, 7.00 pm
Prestbury Hall, Bouncers Lane GL52 5JF
£10 Welcome Drink and Supper
Tickets: David Lyle 07487869152
friendsofstmarys@prestbury.net
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TIMES OF REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES

St Mary's Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0800	Said Eucharist
	1st Sunday	0930	Breakfast Celebrate! – All-age worship
	Other Sundays	0900	Breakfast Celebrate! at Infant School
		1100	Sung Eucharist
	1st Sunday	1830	Evening Prayer at Capel Court
	2nd Sunday	1830	Benediction
	Other Sundays	1830	Evening Prayer
Thursday		1030	Said Eucharist

St Nicolas Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0930	Sung Eucharist
Tuesday		1000	Said Eucharist

All Saints Church, Pittville

Sunday		0800	Said Mass
		1030	Sung Mass
	1st & 3rd Sunday	1730	Choral Evensong and Benediction
	Other Sundays	1730	Evening Prayer and Benediction
Wednesday		1830	Said Mass
Thursday		1115	Said Mass
Friday		1200	Said Mass
Saturday	1st Saturday	1000	Said Mass for Our Lady of Walsingham

St Lawrence Church, Swindon Village

Sunday	1st Sunday	1030	Together @ 1030
		1830	Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	0915	BCP Holy Communion
		1830	Evening Prayer
	Other Sundays	0915	Holy Communion
		1830	Evening Prayer

St Mary Magdalene Church, Elmstone Hardwicke

Sunday	1st Sunday	1045	Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	1045	Family Service (no communion)
	3rd Sunday	1045	BCP Holy Communion
	4th Sunday	1045	Holy Communion
	5th Sunday	1045	Holy Communion
Wednesday	2nd Wednesday	1900	Celtic Communion
Thursday	4th Thursday	1900	Celtic Communion

A Sunday Service is streamed on the internet
from St Nicolas at 09:30 or from All Saints at 10:30.
These and other services are recorded so may be accessed later on
the Team's YouTube page -
https://www.youtube.com/NorthCheltenhamTeamMinistry/streams

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Copy Dates and Themes for Future Magazines 2024

Issue	Copy Date	Theme
October	Sunday 15 September	Comedy
November	Sunday 13 October	Folly
December	Sunday 10 November	Excitements

Prestbury Parish Magazine is usually published on the last Sunday of the month. The copy date is usually the Sunday 2 weeks before this, but there may be scope for some flexibility.

Copy may be sent in a clearly marked envelope to 'Prestbury Parish Magazine'
2 Honeysuckle Close, Prestbury, Cheltenham, GL52 5LN
or preferably by email to **magazine@prestbury.net**

October 2024 Magazine Theme: Comedy

Please send copy by Sunday 15 September 2024 or soon after

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