



# Notes from Abroad . . .

## ATHENS, GEORGIA

### THE TRIP BEGINS . . .

Our journal is not a travel story . . . ours is a snapshot of why we travel to England to buy antiques and also a snapshot of what makes England so special to us. It's the people and the friends we've made over the last 24 years. The English are a society that has inspired architecture, pageantry and tradition, beautiful furniture, china making, and nearly all aspects of culture. We love the English. We marvel at their accent and try to express ourselves as they do. Is there any wonder we travel so many miles to shop for antiques?

**And if you travel this journey with us, we hope it will bring you a laugh or two and give you as much joy as we have gained from passing on our experiences.**

Our trip began on May 30<sup>th</sup>. We landed in Manchester because we had decided to go to Liverpool first to see the Maggs Boys, Robert and Paul Webster, two of the nicest, most talented, friendliest gentlemen in all of England, and shop the whole day in their phenomenal, unbelievable, well-stocked, huge warehouse. **Plus they had just returned from**



**Kitty the Navigator wide awake and alert, plotting the course**

**a large fair in France with a huge lorry (truck) loaded with French antiques still on the truck. We would get first "dibs."**

No problems driving from Manchester to Liverpool . . . drove straight away without one wrong turn. This year

Jenny did her homework and had the computer print off a map of directions and the

### Navigator Kitty was in great form, wide awake

**and alert.** Jenny watched her like a hawk; no tablets and only one glass of wine on the plane.

The drive was lovely all the way to Liverpool. The fields were alive with wild daisies and the May flowers were in full bloom. But someone forgot to tell Mother Nature that it was summer, as the

temperature was only in the 40s. Quite a shock as it was 96 degrees when we left Atlanta. As one Englishman told us, they had their summer in April.

### Maggs Warehouse

Robert and Paul were there to greet us. After a strong cup of English tea, we began shopping, and **we literally shopped all day . . . helped unload the truck from France . . . and found unbelievable treasures.** From their vast inventory we managed to buy in the span of a day over 100 items - which we can't wait to show you.

Since we planned to spend the day there, Robert had made reservations for us to spend the night. Even though we've been going to Liverpool for years, we've never really done any sight-seeing. It's always been in and out in a hurry.



**Picking up car in Manchester getting directions together to drive to Liverpool.**



**Robert and Paul taking a break**



This warehouse has no frills. The furniture is stacked to the ceiling in rows. They don't mind moving anything for you to get a better look and examine a piece of furniture, even if it's on the bottom of the stack. There's even an upstairs that is loaded with chairs, tables, smalls, and believe us, they know where every piece of inventory they have is located. They're remarkable and will go to any lengths to help you find the best England and France have to offer.



The Webster boys  
unloading the lorry from France.



Carved 2-door French Buffet, circa 1880



Carved French enfilade, circa 1870

### Sightseeing in Liverpool

Our hotel was in a revitalized part of the city called Albert Docks right on the river. Liverpool at one time had a glorious maritime history. In fact all the containers coming to the states sailed from this very port. Now when you think of Liverpool, you immediately think of the hometown of the four young lads who propelled to the heights of worldwide fame . . . of course it's **the Beatles**. They put Liverpool on the map again and not to mention it is home to two of

England's biggest football (our soccer) teams. (And



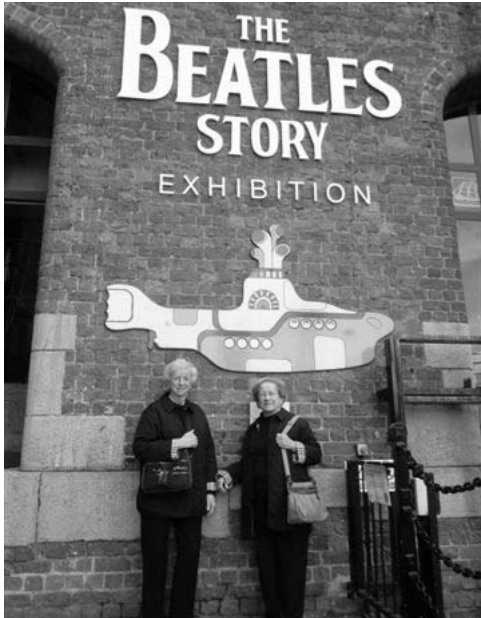
"The Fab Four"

their fans make the **Georgia Bulldog nation pale in comparison**).

Since it stays light until 10 o'clock, we decided to do a little sight-seeing. We are both huge Beatles fans and just our luck, **the Beatles museum was located just across the street from our hotel**.

"The Beatles Story" is a must-see if you're a fan (and even if you're not). It will take you back into

the life, times and music of the “Fab Four.” When we came out we kept humming “Hey Jude.” We can



You can never tell a book by its cover. Can you believe these two old antiques are huge Beatles fans?

understand how they changed the whole music scene and why they became the greatest group of all time.

**The river front area is bulging with fabu-**

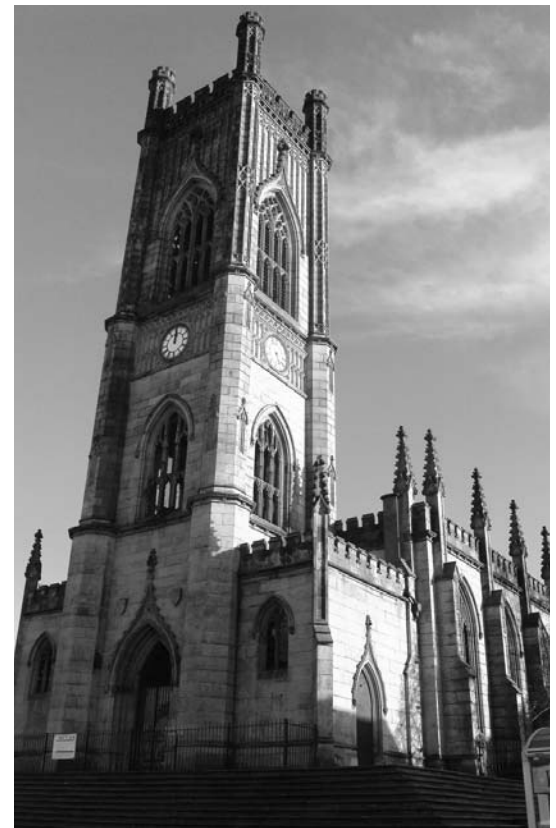
**lous shops, wonderful restaurants, neat hotels and wine bars (you know we liked that) and offering more museums and galleries anywhere outside of London.** It’s a happening area but the main attraction is the “Beatles Story.” They even have a sightseeing “Yellow Submarine” bus driving around to take tourists from place to place. To say we fell into our beds that night is an understatement. Our first day and night in England was certainly busy.

### **The Burned Out Church**

The next morning while driving back to the “warehouse” we stopped to see the burned out ruins of St. Luke’s Church. This historical church dates back to the early 1700s **and on Monday, May 5, 1941, St. Luke’s was hit and burned by an incendiary bomb.** Today it stands as a burned-out shell commonly known by the locals as “the burned-out church.” It is a constant reminder of the struggles

and dangers the people of Britain lived through during World War II. Today its churchyard is a public park and concerts are held here in the summer. Also every year an event on the anniversary of the bombing is held. Seeing the church made us stop and think of what life must have been like during the bombing of Liverpool and what the Brits endured during World War II. This shell of a church serves as a memorial to all of those who lost their lives in the bombing of Liverpool.

We came to Liverpool to buy and buy we did. And as we said goodbye to Robert and Paul, we knew we would be back, not only to buy at their interesting, well-stocked warehouse, but to explore more of Liverpool.



**St. Luke’s  
The Burned Out Church**

We just “wet our whistles.”

**Reminiscent of days gone by and suggestive of wonderful times to come . . . Liverpool set the mood for those special moments that make up life’s stories, and to us, make our travels so interesting.**

## EXPLORING NEW TERRITORY

The hunt for new shopping territory begins with some rumor of great little shops in some quiet corner of the countryside and always off the most traveled routes. For years English dealer friends have been telling us that we should check out the small historic village of Hungerford in the royal county of Berkshire in the southwestern part of England which we don't frequent often. Hungerford also lies in an area of outstanding natural beauty and is known as the Horse Capital of England. It is 15 miles from the well-known Newbury Race Track **and 19 miles from Bucklebury. Does that name sound familiar? It's only the home of Kate Middleton, or we should say the future Queen of England.** The area of southwest Berkshire has become famous not only as the home of the Middletons, but also for its beauty and rural attractions which have gained much attention lately.

So this was the year for us to explore this picturesque country village which for centuries has boasted of having more antique shops in the town center than any other place in the UK. Steeped in history, Hungerford is still a haven for buying antiques today. You can park your car and stroll up High Street and shop in at least 12 shops filled to the brim with every type of antique you can imagine. Georgian and English country furniture, silver clocks, and paintings are a few of the bounties we found.

We arrived on Market Day so there was much activity about. **One of the ages-old, long-standing traditions of the town is having a bellman or town crier.** The bellman can always be seen on Market Day wandering around the town center dressed in his grey



**The Bellman**

and red hunting regalia with his black silk and gold-laced top hat carrying his bell pole and exercising his many duties. He cries out announcing the specials in the market, or announces the events of the day and he

welcomes tourists like us to Hungerford. This was a first for us as we had never seen a bellman much less talked to one. He was very jolly and gave us a short history of Hungerford and his duties as the town crier. He also gave us a list of the many antique shops in the area which was most helpful...**we didn't want to miss one.**

Having no place to stay we inquired from the locals a place to "hang our hats" for the night. The consensus of opinion from everyone we asked was to make reservations at the Pheasant Inn located between Hungerford and Bucklebury and who knows, we might run into some of the royals having a pint in



**Shopping in courtyard of Below the Stairs with BBC star, Stewart Hofgarter**

the local pub. Reservations made (we managed to get the last available room), we spent the rest of the day shopping in shop after shop with such wonderful names as **Below the Stairs**, specializing in Victorian and early 19<sup>th</sup> century antiques ...**Great Grooms**, a beautiful three-story Georgian townhouse offering silver, porcelain, and oil paintings . . . The **Old Malt House** with early 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century walnut, oak and mahogany furniture . . . **Youlls**, a thatch-roofed cottage, loaded to the brim with French and English country pieces . . . the list goes on and on. Hungerford lived up to all of our expectations. We

were not disappointed - the shopkeepers were very friendly and even willing to take our many pur-



**Youlls thatch-roofed shop**

chases to our shipper at the Newark fair. **At the end of the day, we were pleased that we had followed the rumor and decided to explore this beautiful part of England.**

### The Pheasant Inn

Little did we know what was in store for us at the **Pheasant Inn**. Having no trouble finding the inn, we drove down a long, winding road that led to a stone and wood building that looked warm and inviting. As we walked in we were greeted by the owner who welcomed us to his pub. We were led into an old beamed, wood paneled room with stone floors original to the inn. You could immediately sense hundreds of years of history within these walls. Over the mantle was carved **“Fear knocked at the door . . . Faith answered . . . No one was there.”** We knew immediately we had chosen the right place to stay the night. Mr. Jeffrey, the owner, gave us a short history of the pub . . . originally an old drover’s stopover dating back to the late 1600s. (A drover is a person that raises cows; “drovers” would stop there as they drove their cattle to the nearest town for market). It now caters to the horse-racing communities who, after a race in Newbury, frequent the pub to celebrate their “winnings” or drown their sorrows after losing at the track. Mr. Jeffrey had a saying hanging on the wall over the bar that said **“So when the ‘favorite’ romps home at nearby Newbury, the locals spend their winning on a pint or two of beer and dine on honey thyme baby spring chicken or a grilled lemon sole or beer battered fish and chips and end the meal with raspberry mess.”** It all sounded delicious; couldn’t wait to have dinner.

After a short rest in our spacious, newly refurbished room, we headed back to the bar. We couldn’t wait to try out the beer battered fish and chips and see if it lived up to the “yummy” fish and chips at our local pub, The Royal Peasant, just down the

street from our shop.

There had been races all day at Newbury so the pub was full of “race goers.” As we sat in the bar waiting for our table in the dining area, **we noticed a party of six gentlemen who were all dressed in morning coats, top hats, and looked very proper with a large boutonniere of red roses on their**



The Pheasant Inn

**lapels.** Our hearts beat faster. We looked at each other and said maybe they were part of the “royals” that we were so in hope of seeing. Since this was a very friendly pub we asked the table next to us, “who were those very distinguished looking gentlemen?” The nice gentleman explained to us that they had all been to Lambourn, a village several miles away, for a service of thanksgiving for the life of **Gay Kindersley, a very famous jockey.**

They all came to this very pub after the races so they were there to celebrate their friend’s life. “And see the man at the end of the table,” he said. **“Why that’s the famous Nicky Nickerson.”** (Like we should know immediately who Nicky Nickerson is). Not being shy, we said to the man, “Pardon us again, but who is this Nicky Nickerson? He looked at us with a not-believing look that we didn’t know this man. **“Why, he’s the trainer for the Queen’s horses, a very important man in the horse racing community.** The Queen doesn’t make a move without Mr. Nickerson when it comes to her horses. Horse racing is her Royal Highness’ favorite sport.”

After several pints “the gentlemen” started singing and everyone in the pub joined in. Some patriotic songs, hymns and horse racing songs. At the end of one of the songs, head trainer Mr. Nickerson rose and said he would like to toast their good friend and best all around jockey ever. “Would everyone raise their glass as I read the Jockey’s Prayer,” said Mr. Nickerson.

**“When you lay me to slumber no spot you can choose,  
But will ring to the rhythm of galloping shoes.  
And under the daisies no grave shall be so deep  
But the hoofs of the horses shall sound in my sleep.”**

At the end of the prayer, you could have heard a pin drop.

We did not have a sighting of the royals, but we had the next best thing . . . **singing and sharing a pint of lager with the head trainer to Her Majesty’s prized possession, her horses.**

And did we get the low down on the grooming and training of the horses that rode in the processional of “The Wedding.” Neither one of us are “horsey” people but you would never have known it that night from our conversation. After

they dined they drank one last toast to their friend. As Mr. Nickerson rose to leave he handed us the program of his friend’s service with the jockey’s prayer in it and said that he hoped we had enjoyed the songs and the conversation and for us to take the program to remember an evening spent in the horse racing community. They left in their limousine that was waiting to go back to London where they all lived.

**What a different and delightful evening and again, we were so glad we had chosen the road less traveled and stayed the night at The Pheasant Inn.**

A footnote - the fish and chips we had at the Pheasant Inn are no better than the delicious fish and chips we eat once a week at our very own local pub, the Royal Peasant. If you haven’t tried it, you should.

## SEAFORD AND MARTIN JOHNSON’S INCREDIBLE SHOP

A trip to England would not be complete without driving to the seaside resort of Seaford, located in East Sussex, one of the loveliest spots in all of

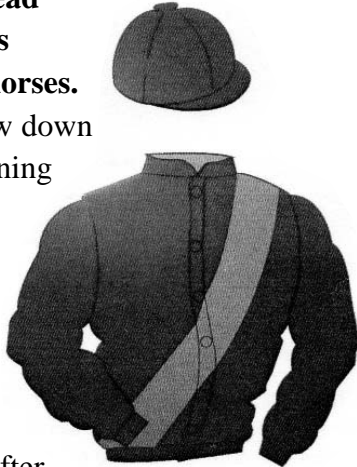
England, to spend the day shopping at our friend Martin Johnson’s antique shop.

The day was beautiful, clear, bright and sunny. As we followed the hilly drive to Seaford, all of a sudden on the hillside in front of us appeared a most incredible carving of a very large, white horse. Jenny pulled the car over to the side of the road to make sure we were seeing what we were seeing. It was early and the sun was in our eyes. We would certainly have to get Martin to explain this phenomenon of a large white horse carved into the hillside as soon as we arrived at his shop.

We are positive the Johnsons, Martin, his sister Tracey, and his Dad were all greatly relieved when we arrived without any **trauma . . . problems . . . or stress in our lives like in previous years.** And we also arrived without getting lost, not one single time, and did not have to hire a “cabby” to lead the way.

You can search the world over and not find a more diversified shop anywhere. **His inventory is ever changing and the shop has such an unusual mix of period styles.** He offers a fascinating glimpse into the

past by having a variety of Georgian period furniture (circa 1780-1820) and even earlier pieces. He also stays with the times by offering less formal furniture that blends together English and French country. **His furniture speaks to you of history, craftsmanship, and beauty.** Martin shops all the fairs in France and England, and searches the quiet corners of the English countryside to bring us the best selections any shop could have. **We didn’t have to look past his shop for any more furniture - he had it all.**



### More on the Large White Horse

After we completed our shopping spree, we asked Martin about the hillside carving of the horse we had seen. Martin called them “**The Giant Hill Figures**”



**White Horse  
of the Giant Hill Figures**

and was very surprised that we had not seen any before with all the driving we do to all parts of the country. They're

located all over England and Seaford has two of the figures. He explained that no one really knows for sure why these figures were carved. The origins are various - **The Celts, Romans, Saxons, Druids, and Benedictine Monks are all given credit for the carving of the hill figures. History states that the Saxons are responsible for the carvings in Seaford.** The figures are created by the cutting away of the top layer of the soil. This exposes the white chalk beneath which contrasts well with the short green grass of the hillside. The image carved into the exposed chalk can be seen for a considerable distance. Beside the horse there is also the “Long Man” on Windover Hill. The figures must be sustained to remain visible and the local people work regularly to maintain the local landmarks. The English take pride in their heritage and go to any length to keep their history. **There are so many treasures in this country we haven't discovered yet, and it's always fun to have a new sighting.**

### SIGHTSEEING TRIP TO THE BANK

Going to the bank in England is such a pain. You have to show and give your life's history in order to obtain cash from your account. (Why, they won't even let Jenny sign checks because she prints her sig-

nature . . . never taught to write cursive in school).

We asked Martin for the nearest Nat West Bank in the town center as we had to have cash to pay at the Lincoln Fair.

**(Buying tip: you get better deals if you pay in cash at large fairs).**



**Martin and Kitty taking shortcut through the cemetery**

Martin said he would be glad to take us to the bank. Maybe he could hurry up the process and he also knew a short cut to the town center. We did not know that the short

cut would be a walk through a very historical cemetery and a visit to a very impressive and ancient Norman church, St. Leonard's, dating as far back as 1090. Believe us, that's old. Much of the original medieval structure of sandstone can still be seen with a number of fine pieces of artwork like the carving of St. Michael



**Saint Leonard's Norman Church**

and the Dragon and the original stained glass windows. Not only did we get our ££ (pounds) in record time, but we also had a very interesting history lesson. **Around every bend and through every cemetery there's always a story. And we never tire of learning and looking.**

**And at the end of the day, it's people like Martin, Tracey and their dad who lend their support and help make our business and journey so enjoyable. We owe them countless thanks.**

**A FEW OF THE PIECES WE PURCHASED  
FROM MARTIN JOHNSON**



**Martin's Dad, Tracey (his sister), Martin**



**Painted faux bamboo bookcase, circa 1870**



**Mahogany 2 over 3 drawer Georgian chest,  
circa 1820**



**Painted 2 door French cupboard, circa 1880**



**Carved French limed three drawer chest  
circa 1850**

## LINCOLN AND THE WHITE HART HOTEL

For several years we had heard about the White Hart Hotel located in Lincoln in Lincolnshire and built in the shadows of the famous Lincoln Cathedral, which dominates the skyline for many miles and has been a major center of worship for nearly 1000 years. Since we were attending the Lincoln Fair, we thought this year we would give the White Hart a try . . . what a good decision. We loved it and if you're ever in this neighborhood, we highly recommend it.



White Hart Hotel in Lincoln

**It is believed that the original hotel was built about 1387 when King Richard II of England, whose insignia was a white hart (we learned that hart is another name for a stag) visited Lincoln Cathedral.**

The White Hart Hotel, with its centuries-old timbered beams, oak paneled walls, and limestone floors, bids welcome to all who enter as it did when it welcomed the coach-weary traveler 300 years ago.

**We found it very interesting that the White Hart Hotel was closely connected to World War II.** The hotel reception room was used as a meeting place for the many RAF personnel stationed at the many bases around Lincoln.

On the ground floor overlooking the cobbled street that leads to the Cathedral is the Wellington Room, where **Churchill, General Eisenhower and their colleagues held their staff meetings when they**

**were outside of London.** They made the White Hart their headquarters in order to coordinate their war plans. You could almost sense their presence as we walked around the room - if only the beautiful oak paneled walls could talk, what tales they would have to tell.

So the White Hart is not only filled with ancient history but also history of a war that a lot of us remember and a war that affected every civilized country in the world. **Who knows, General Eisenhower could easily have planned the D-Day Invasion in the very room where we had our drinks every afternoon.**

The first tank was designed at the hotel in 1915 in what is now the Yarborough Room. A Captain Wilson planned and designed the first tank that helped defeat the Germans in the First World War.

Throughout the years the White Hart has been host



Majestic Lincoln Cathedral

to many famous faces. To name a few: Churchill, General Eisenhower, Margaret Thatcher, Elton John, HRH Princess Ann, Ron Howard and Tom Hanks during the filming of the DaVinci Code, **and now yours truly, Kitty and Jenny, antique dealers extraordinaire.**

## SHADES OF LUCY AND ETHEL AND THE HUNDRED YEAR OLD LIFT

Do we have “**incident waiting to happen**” written on us somewhere? We were innocently walking by the reception desk at the White Hart when the manager told us if we had a few minutes we should take the lift to the 4<sup>th</sup> floor. “There’s a viewing platform with a spectacular panoramic view of the Cathedral you shouldn’t miss,” he informed us.

We had not used the lift since our room was only one flight of steps off the main floor. In fact, we didn’t even know there was a lift.

We had a few minutes and certainly didn’t want to miss anything worth seeing. We walked down the hall and there stood the 100 year old lift with all the mechanics exposed. We hesitated for a moment because we have had our share of elevator experiences, having been stuck in a brand new elevator in the Mart in Atlanta for quite a while.

This was truly a no-frills lift . . . only big enough for two people the size of us and that’s pushing it. Kitty doesn’t like small spaces or heights. Was the view worth the ride in this cage? Surely they wouldn’t have it if it wasn’t safe and we could see all the workings and they looked in proper working order. As soon as we closed the gate “it” began to rise. We hadn’t even pushed a button. Maybe somebody on an upper floor was calling for “it.”

Just to be safe Jenny who was nearest the controls pushed the number 4 button. **All of a sudden there was a jerk and everything shut down.** An irritated Lucy (we mean Kitty) asked Ethel (we mean Jenny), “Did you push the wrong button? You broke the lift. Do something.” The small confined space was getting to her. Jenny again pushed the number 4 button . . .

nothing happened. There was no emergency bell or any way to let someone know we needed help. We’re best friends but stuck in an antique lift was pushing it.



We started calling for help. We were scared to move (not that you could). We couldn’t even turn

around. All of a sudden we heard a very welcoming English voice. “Hello there, in the lift. The repairman is on the way. Sit tight, he’ll be along momentarily. (Like we could move). Not to worry, you’re in no danger. It’s only short circuited.” At least someone was aware we were trapped and we would be out shortly. Shortly turned into 20 minutes which seemed like hours.

When we were finally freed, there were apologies galore. “It never happens and we keep the lift because not only is it useful but it’s also part of the history of the hotel. **Why, Winston Churchill took this lift to**

**his room every night.”**

(We are assured no one else was on the lift with him).

The nice hotel treated us to a delicious dinner in their lovely dining room after our ordeal. We were none the worse for spending a few unpleasant minutes in close quarters and even went to the viewing tower via the steps. It was well

worth the extra effort as the sun was setting over the cathedral and the view was truly spectacular.

**All we could say was “shades of Lucy and Ethel.”**

When booking a room be sure to ask for a room with a view of the Cathedral. Also be aware it is home to at least six ghosts who have all been seen roaming the halls. All have interesting stories. We’ll save those for another time, as we plan to take the Ghost Walk next year.





Manor House

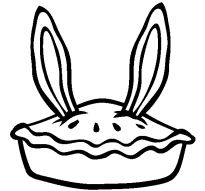
### AN UNFORGETTABLE DINNER

We always treat ourselves to a night or two in a listed (meaning historical) house. This year we stayed in Manor House, nestled deep in the heart of the breathtakingly beautiful Peak District. Manor House is a Georgian country house dating back to the early 1700s set on five acres of land with expansive views across the Derbyshire countryside.

Upon arrival we were greeted by our host and since it was a beautiful afternoon, he invited us into the garden. We toured the well-tended garden which was in full bloom. With a chilled glass of wine in hand, we soaked in the glorious views of lambs frolicking on the surrounding hills and rabbits dodging in and out of the shrubs. We had a tour of the beautiful, well-appointed house and then we were shown to the very spacious and elegant room to get ready for what we had been told was the best food in all of England. "Cocktails at half after seven and dinner at eight. Please be prompt," we were told. Our huge bedroom overlooked the beautiful garden. **While dressing in our cocktail attire (which consists of our Chico's traveling outfits dressed up with a scarf or necklace) we heard a loud bang coming from the garden and remarked that maybe someone was shooting off a firecracker or a car backfired, and we dismissed the bang!bang!** Promptly at 7:30 we went downstairs to the enormous, antique-filled drawing room where a fire was blazing to take away the chill of the evening, even though it was June. We were introduced to the other guests (all proper English). There are five other bedrooms. We were the only Americans and we stuck out like sore thumbs in our

dressed up Chico outfits (**at least Kitty didn't have on her SAS comfort shoes, size 11**). We were offered a sherry or a whiskey with soda. When have you had a glass of sherry? It always made Jenny's toes turn up. **Oh well, when in Britain, do as the Brits do. Jenny had a sherry and Kitty had a whiskey soda (with no ice)** and Kitty likes ice with everything, even her Pinot Grigio. Promptly at eight the butler announced in his proper English manner, "Dinner is served," and we were ushered into an oak paneled, candlelit, warm and inviting dining room with a banquet size dining table.

**Dinner was a feast of local produce cooked to perfection.** We especially enjoyed what we thought was a chicken pie in a puff pastry until one of the guests, Sir Sedgfield, remarked, **"Jolly good rabbit pie, best I've ever had. I think I saw the rabbit in the garden today."** And the host replied that you can't have any fresher rabbit pie anywhere else in England. Yes, the "firecracker" we heard was the gunshot that killed our dinner. As soon as the English gentleman said rabbit, Kitty immediately looked over at Jenny who is without a doubt the biggest lover of any kind of animal (she won't eat lamb anymore because we're often in England during the "lambing season") to see her reaction. **The color had drained from her face. Kitty thought she's either going to be sick right here, faint, or start crying here and now.** No one else at the table but Kitty knew she was about to faint. Instead she reached for her wine glass and threw down several glasses of wine and recovered before you could say "Jack Rabbit." Kitty, who likes to eat all kinds of unusual dishes just raved on and on about the delicious rabbit pie. The decadent desserts of chocolate soufflé and summer pudding and a glass or two of port wine did help to ease the pain of chowing down on "Billy Bunny" but as far as Jenny is concerned **she will never forget the surprise dinner at the Manor House.**



**Except for the "dish" the Manor House was the perfect place . . . off the beaten path, comfortable, beautiful antiques, interesting guests, hospitable host and hostess who made us feel right at home. We loved our detour and would definitely return.**

**TELE STARS ON THE BBC**

We may not be very well known in Athens, Georgia, but we are in England. In last year's journal we wrote about being filmed by the BBC Television cameras for a program, **"Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is."** We never really thought they would air the show, but in February we had lots of calls from our friends in England telling us they had seen us on the BBC and that we were now television stars. We've yet to see it but let us tell you, plenty of people in the UK did see it. We would see someone staring at us and the familiar question, **"Haven't I seen you two before? Oh yes, you two are on the tele on that antiques show."** Apparently it's a very popular pro-

gram and watched by everyone. So now we're "celebs" over there - once you see us you don't forget us. Sometimes the Brits even gather round just to listen to us talk.



**Kitty and Jenny with TV star Charlie Ross**

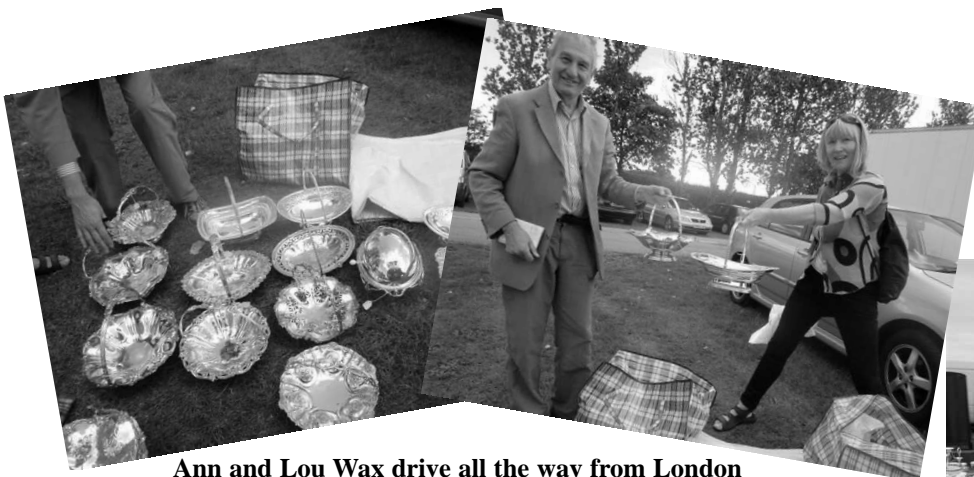
We've written the BBC to see if we can get a copy of the program. If we can, we'll be sure to air it for the first time at our opening party for the showing of our antiques. We know you won't want to miss getting a good laugh.



**Our box man Graham Fowler**  
If you want boxes of every size, shape and kind, see Graham Fowler. We've been buying boxes from him for years and never been disappointed in his merchandise. That's why he's known as our **BOX MAN**



Wait until you see this beautiful hand painted Georgian tole ware coal box purchased from our friend **Lawrence Shaw**



**Ann and Lou Wax drive all the way from London to sell us beautiful Victorian silver cake baskets**

**"Scooting" around the Lincoln Fair - only way to get around such a large area. No helmets needed.**



### “Tea at the Bridge” Tea Room . . .

is a charming tea room we had afternoon tea in while shopping in Horncastle. Hanging on the walls around the rooms were quotations made by famous people concerning the art of taking tea and dining.

Alfred Lord Tennyson said “You’ll have no scandal while you dine, Just honest talk and wholesome wine.”

“Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.” -Henry Fielding

“Talk and tea is his specialty. Come along inside, we’ll see if tea and buns can make the world a better place.” - Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind and the Willows*

“While there’s tea there’s hope” -Arthur Pinero

“The tea was strong and good, the tea cakes delicious, and the tearoom charming.” - Kitty and Jenny



Victorian dog cart from the eclectic shop of Mick and Gill Bassett



No trip to England would be complete without several trips to the Doughnut stand - Hot sugary doughnuts . . . yum yum good! (We only hope our doctor won't find out how many we ate)



Our larger than life friend, Justin Flynt putting “the sell” on us in his great shop in Ashbourne. Do look for Justin’s French server. It’s smashing! Justin taught us to say “what’s the best price, mate?” He said this way people would think we were English and we’d get better prices. We’ve got news for Justin . . . it didn’t work!



Ooh! La!La! - Kitty and 2 Frenchmen who spoke no English locked in the back of an 8-wheeler lorry for well over an hour. What happens in England stays in England. When you come in the shop do ask her to explain this picture . . . We will go to any length to bring our wonderful customers the very best antiques England has to offer . . . the picture is living proof.

Not to worry . . . this lovely lady was not one of our purchases at the Lincoln Fair. She's stylin' in a beaver aviator's hat and the Union Jack. Everyday she was dressed in a different outfit. Oh, the sights at the fairs.



A collection of shell boxes

Shells collected from the beaches on the coast of Wales and carefully placed on a Georgian box combining nature and history



A collection of Victorian biscuit barrels



Phil Masters Antiques



Dr. Phil Masters, retired physician, now proprietor of one of the most interesting shops we've ever had the good fortune of shopping in, posing for Connie Camera (Kitty). His shop offers such a mixture of furniture, 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century English country, oak and mahogany, Staffordshire figures, all types of boxes and much much more. Also pictured is Jenny who mans the shop for Dr. Masters during the week and knows the history behind each item in the shop. She holds a lovely bell shaped tea caddy, one of the many items we purchased while visiting his shop. If you have a question about anything dealing with antiques, she's the person to ask. Her knowledge is vast and she is very enjoyable to talk to. This shop is a must-visit if you're in Leek in Staffordshire.

## THE ALMOST LOST CARVED FRENCH BUFFET

While shopping very early one morning (the early bird definitely gets the best buys) at the crowded Newark Fair, we spied an absolutely to die for fruit-wood carved French two door buffet. We just had to have it. This is an over the top piece of furniture for a good price. The well-done carving on the doors were of pheasants. We knew our customers would love it as it was not an ordinary piece of French furniture. We



didn't even hassle with the dealer about the price - we paid and said our shipper would pick up.

He was a French dealer and his English was very limited and our French is "bonjour" "qui" and "non" at its best.

Someone must have overheard us making the deal because when our shipper went to the location to pick up, the server was not there and the Frenchman knew nothing. This was a first for us in England. It can easily happen in France but not England. The English are very honest. We don't give up very easily and we were determined to have our exceptional buy back. Now we had to play detective. So with the help of two lads from our shipper we started looking. **An hour later after looking in every lorry we found the buffet hidden behind a truck with a blanket thrown over it. No one was about for us to have arrested or lay some unladylike words on !\*@#&! , so we just got our furniture.** All was well and we moved on. We are sure the culprit had no idea we would search the fairgrounds over until we found the buffet. **Little did he know that you don't mess with these "two old antiques" if you know what is good for you.** So please look for the almost lost French carved buffet. (Lesson learned - be sure to tell the dealer the name of the shipper picking up the goods).

## HOME AGAIN! HOME AGAIN!

A trip to England isn't complete without a detour or two and we had our share this year. **Whether you head to the beautiful Yorkshire Dales . . . find your way to a majestic Country Inn . . . hunt for England's most interesting antique shop . . . or follow the footsteps of Kitty and Jenny which possibly could lead you to the ultimate pub experience, England will charm you at every fork in the road or every T-Junction you come to.**

**Mingling with the people of England leads us to their greatest National Treasure, the people who make up this great country.** From our many helpful dealer friends to the gracious couple at the Manor House we stayed in and did everything to make our stay perfect, and we will never forget the six gentlemen at the Pheasant Inn who spontaneously included us in their tribute to their jockey friend.

**We know life is measured in years . . . but here it seems to be measured in moments, moments we will remember and treasure forever.**

While moving forward in our lives, we always hope to leave a little bit of us behind with our English friends . . . **our grateful hearts for helping us choose the perfect antiques . . . for befriending and sharing their knowledge with us and always making us feel as though they're glad to see us.**

**We have tried our heartfelt best to capture the magic, history, and majesty of this country and share with you the inspiration to experience it for yourself.**

**At the end of our journey we are always happy to arrive back where we started and see the people and dogs we love that we call family and see the place we call home . . . Athens, Georgia.**

Meanwhile, we've got to get busy. Our container is crossing the big pond as we write. **Watch for a notice of our "showing" in your email, on the website and our blog. (Have the two old antiques entered into the world of High Tech or haven't we). Please come see us! We're always happy to see you.**





Don't ask what we're up to!!!

A big shout out to our loyal "shop girls," Mary Ella, Bobbie, Nancy, Gigi, and Susan. None of this would be possible without their help - Many, many thanks!

*We'll end this year's journal with a poem we think describes us perfectly.*

### I LOVED AN ANTIQUE DEALER

by Pam Ayers

I loved an antique dealer  
 I loved her heart and soul  
 Although she was bow-fronted  
 And her legs were cabriole  
 Her eyes were cross-banded  
 And her surface was distressed  
 But she was nicely moulded  
 With a sturdy little chest

But on examination  
 There were several things she lacked  
 I found her spindle-backed  
 So I sent her off to auction  
 And I've had a note from there  
 To say she's on a pedestal  
 In Western Super Mare

Footnote - Western Super Mare is a posh resort in England

**BE SURE TO WATCH FOR OUR OPENING!**

*WE'RE ALWAYS HAPPY TO SEE YOU!*

**APPOINTMENTS AT FIVE**

1730 South Lumpkin Street • Athens, GA 30606

706-353-8251 • [www.appointmentsatfive.com](http://www.appointmentsatfive.com) • Email: [apptsat5@bellsouth.net](mailto:apptsat5@bellsouth.net)



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