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The ones that really matter

Letters to the Editor, Harmsworth House, Barton Hill Road, Torquay TQ2 8JN

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en to Torbay Hospital

examination of minor injuries or ailments. These include:
● Sprains and strains
● Simple fractures and dislocations where x-ray facilities are available
● Minor wounds and cuts (including wound closure)
● Superficial burns
● Minor skin conditions, including rashes and infections
● Minor head injuries (excluding concussion)
● Minor eye conditions, for

example infection and foreign body in the eye
● Emergency contraception
● Removal of foreign bodies, (skin, ear, nose, throat)
● Nose injury or bleed.
X-ray facilities are available Monday to Friday, 9am to 5pm, but not at weekends or bank holidays.
LEAH ALLEN
Assistant director of Health and Social Care Delivery, Southern Devon, Devon Primary Care Trust

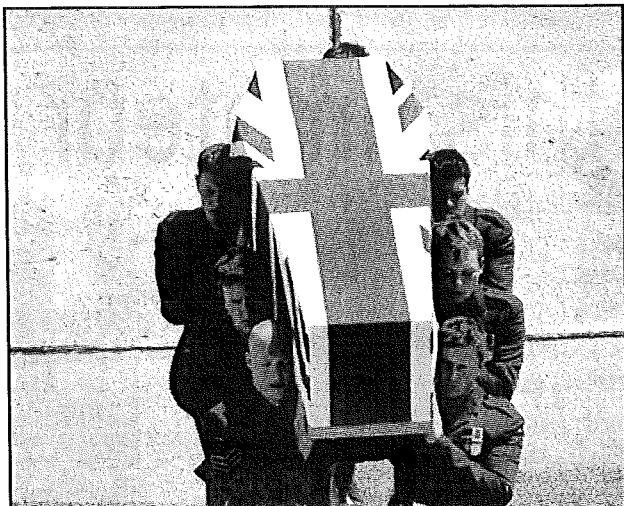
money being play areas?

ouncil receiving £1.1million to be spent on children's play parks and facilities and all the extra spending, why one of the worst play parks in Torbay, Barton Downs, was not even considered to have any funding to improve the park (one baby swing and one broken roundabout is all that is left in the park) which over the years has been in decline and had no money spent on it?
Is it because he is desperate to sell the park off for housing and raise money for the council but will mean depriving the children of a valued play area?
MICK WARNER
Lichfield Avenue, Torquay

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GARRY LONG
Lichfield Avenue, Torquay

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I WOULD like publicly say an enormous thank you to Westerleigh, who are now running churchyards and cemeteries.
Prior to us being judged for Britain In Bloom this week, they cut the grass and blew the paths the day before, even though it was only six days since they had last done them. Branches damaged by Monday's wild weather were taken away and the bins emptied just before the judges came around.
The resultant comments as I showed them round were fantastic. These experts stated they had never seen a churchyard with grass cut like that, and said it lifted the whole area to another level, complementing all the work that the Friends of the Churchyard have done.
This all bodes well for not only our Neighbourhood Award, but also Torquay, as we are part of their bid for gold this year.
MARGARET FORBES-HAMILTON
Friends of the Churchyard Torre

PLEASE may I thank, through your paper, the people who helped me following a road traffic accident on Friday, July 11, when my car rolled over near the entrance to Sladnor Park on the Teignmouth/Torquay Road:
The gentleman who stopped the traffic to prevent me from being run over as I squeezed out of a very flat Silver Rover 4000; the lady with an incredible first aid box and the knowledge to deal with deep lacerations to the skull and the consequent blood flow; the paramedics who took over and kept me on a stable key; the police officer who treated me very sensitively so that he was able to get the information he needed without having to spend time at A & E; and the A & E staff at Torbay Hospital who were brilliant — I was someone in need, not a body to be patched up; and my wife and daughter who took me home.
PAUL GIBSON
The Old Mill House, Dawlish

THIS letter is addressed to the low-lives who broke into our daughter/grandchildren's home in the early hours of Saturday, July 11.
In the hopes it will prick your conscience, do the correct and honest thing by returning all that you stole from our daughter's home, including

Who'

IF YOU haven't already done so, go and see the Gormleys. It's wonderful.
It's free, although being Torbay there is the obligatory overly-expensive car park, followed by the equally obligatory parking fine slapped on by the mad, OCD parking attendants.
It's my first parking ticket of the year and I n know I'm not paranoid.
They are watching me! They hide in bushes, little groups of them and they're sneaky, so I never see the really clearly, but I swear they look like the white rabbit in Alice in Wonderland, with giant pocket watches and NCP hats — only bigger, like Harvey.
This time they must have been hovering over my windscreen in Abbey Gardens, waiting for the second hand to pass the hour.
I think I heard them howling with glee and doing high fives as I dashed back to the car park.
I've been good for months and months (or mumps and mumps, as I daughter always mispronounces it).
I've paid every extortionate car parking fee (it must be hundreds pounds over the year). Sometimes I've had to sprint through the town elbowing old ladies and babies out of my way, in maniacal, menopausal sweat to get back to the park in time.
I've bought my reside parking ticket to be allowed to park outside own house (thank you, thank you, thank you Torbay Council, how ki
I've had to buy books £1-a-go tickets so visitors can park outside my ho in the parking zone.