



THE SIGNAL

A Community Newsletter for
KINNERSLEY-SARNESFIELD-LETTON- NORTON CANON - BROBURY
STAUNTON-ON-WYE-MONNINGTON-ON-WYE-MOORHAMPTON

no 70

june 1988

Price 15 p.

LIVING IT UP AT THE MAY FAIR

By Lin Goodwin

There is still, to me, something magical about the May Fair, with its flashing lights, its blaring music, its dirty throbbing engines - its people.

Although, I suppose, as I get older, I notice that the 'ladies' serving the hot dogs and hamburgers do actually have long, nail-varnished chipped, dirty finger nails and probably don't wash their hands after - anything! But still, who cares? To me it is a pure delight to bite into one of those tinned hamburgers, laced with onions and red sauce!!

Cocoanuts are 30p in Tesco, but by the time I have managed to knock down six tin cans I have paid anything up to £1.30, but you see, it's the fun of it. - Much more fun than taking it from Tesco shelves and putting in my basket!

I have never quite understood why the Dodgems, are so named, when it seems to me, it is everyone's sole intention to bump every car in sight and dislocate some poor unsuspecting person's collar bone! - But still it's fun isn't it? - of course!

Gleeful proud Mums and bored looking Dads stand around little Roundabouts, waving every time little Tommy passes by on his Red Fire Engine, madly ringing a large bell and invariably has a vile tantrum when the fire engine finally comes to a stand still and he is asked to get off!

To be stuck on top of the Big Wheel, with my blasé friend who persists in moving the Chair to and fro is not my idea of heaven - in fact it petrifies me.

All contributions for the July issue should reach Gareth Evans, Lanzerac, Norton Canon (tel. 0544 318505) by Friday, 17th June.

Catching a duck with a long stick is more in my line now. "A prize every time", they say, Perhaps if I plumb for a difficult to catch duck I may end up with an oversized teddy bear, but no - I have not had that luck - as yet - only the choice from the bottom shelf - a Key ring or a poster of the late Elvis Presley!

So readers, picture me this week at the annual Hereford May Fair, gorging endless hamburgers, being petrified out of my wits on the Big Wheel and bringing home an expensive cocoanut and a very handy Key ring!

hobbies no 1

ON GETTING THE NEEDLE

By Rita Kilvert

I suppose my main 'Hobby' sewing really started when, at the age of 10, my mother gave me her old Singer Treadle Machine, having just become the proud owner of an electric version; but to me the treadle machine was something to be even more proud of. After all, it was my very own and, as anyone who has ever used one will tell you, nothing can compare with the relaxation of keeping the treadle gently moving.

I was duly instructed upon it's intricacies - threading-up, using the treadle etc, and I suppose this must have taken place during an evening for I do not remember actually using it until very early next morning. The excitement of being it's owner got me out of bed at what was probably some unearthly hour, and there it was waiting for me in my room!

Having cut some scraps into something to be sewn (probably a new dress for my doll) I threaded the reel of cotton onto the machine. The lower spool was inserted and then I realized I had not learned my lesson of the previous evening well enough. As every Needlewoman knows - to lift the lower thread upwards for sewing one merely turns the hand wheel - a simple manoeuvre, which I had not remembered. What I do remember is sitting on the floor under the machine and trying to push the thread upwards through the hole in the plate. An impossible task you would believe if you saw the workings of a sewing machine - but with small fingers and great determination I managed it - I was ready to sew my first garment!

My elation was short-lived, as a parent arrived in my room demanding to know why I was no longer in bed but waking up the rest of the household with a steady drumming noise that the treadle made when in use. I hadn't heard it because I was too absorbed in my success at becoming a Needle woman.

I was told about that time by an uncle that I could not call myself a 'Needle Woman' until I had caught my finger (accidentally) under the machine needle. This advice worried me, for I was not looking forward to such an event and, as time went on, I am not sure whether it was relief or disappointment I felt at not achieving the coveted title. I must add that to this day I have been unable to comply with this requirement. Alas! after 35 years I must concede I may never achieve it!

As with all progress, in time an electric machine replaces my treadle but not before it had produced many garments for myself and even for my children - they don't make machines to last like that any more! But an electric machine is quicker and more versatile and my 'Hobby' had turned into something else, a challenge! I had become so used to making clothes for myself and the children, that I could no longer look at clothes in the shops without deciding I could make it cheaper, so I progressed to making my husband's clothes - even some suits. When we moved to our present house there were all new curtains to be made and a larger house requires more furniture so upholstery was the obvious next step. I had in the meantime decided I ought to add to the family finances, so what could be more natural than to use my skill at the sewing machine. I was to produce over 2,000 blouses for a local school, and suddenly it seemed that I spent nearly all my time at my sewing machine.

Now my dictionary tells me that a Hobby is a favourite occupation or pastime in ones leisure. What leisure!? I sat sewing overlooking a patch of untidy grass and weeds we called the 'garden'. "Now if I had time" I dreamed to myself "I could turn that into something really lovely to sit here and look at." That would be a very relaxing Hobby." I started the garden last year and, as any gardener will tell you, it quickly becomes an obsession. I can't bear to be out of it, there's so much to do especially at this time of the year, and I've so many plans still to put into practise. Still perhaps there will be time in winter to get back to the sewing machine.

So let this be a lesson to anyone who is thinking of taking up a new Hobby - be sure you've enough time for it to take over your life!

EDITOR'S NOTE - We have deliberately called this article "Hobbies No. 1" in the sincere hope that it will encourage other readers to send in theirs. All of us have different tastes and interests so do please write and tell us what they are. Go on be a sport!

This request also applies to the accompanying article "Tales of the un-expected".

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(Brian Robbins)

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the mystery of the king edwards!

Janet McKellar - pleased I'm sure! Wife of John, mother of Leila and Duncan, owner of ponies Peter and Coco - Peter's the one with the punk hairstyle - and two geriatric cats. Oh, I forgot Sooty our young tom cat. I had better take this opportunity to apologise if your cat has come off worst in the Kinnersley amateur boxing championships which Sooty has been organising in Mrs Skyrmes' barn!

However, I digress.

My story begins just after we had moved into Hurstley House Farm last year. We still hadn't cut the umbilical cord from our last home in Evenjobb and still needed to make frequent visits in that direction.

This particular evening we had been to see a band in Knighton. You must have had one too many said some friends - not us - an occasional glass of sherry or the odd glass of Dunkertons! Trick of the light said others - not so. Your vivid imagination said one - me, vivid imagination, never. It was 1.30am, a still, clear moonlight night. We were driving down the hill from Evencayd past Evenjobb Church when we saw crossing the road an incredibly old man, bent double walking with a stick, an old sack covering his head. He was oblivious to the car headlights and shuffled into the churchyard. Did you see that we both said. Yes - thank goodness we both saw him.

Two or three trips were made after that, but nothing. Then one night John had been to see friends in Knighton. Travelling back, same time, same place he saw the man again crossing the road in exactly the same place. He turned the car round, drove back and shone his headlights up the path leading into the church - wonderfully brave man my husband! The figure speeded up - movements as in an old movie and he disappeared up the path. Did you see anything we said the next day and were amazed to hear the next installment.

What about the King Edwards I know you are all asking. Well, a few weeks later and another trip to see friends in Knighton John was driving home - if you are of a nervous disposition stop reading now!

He was driving slowly past the church - nothing - then suddenly thud - something very hard hit the windscreen. John stopped the car and reversed at speed - he really is amazing this man. He leaped out and found he was being bombarded. He quickly picked up a piece of evidence off the road and sped away.

Good heavens, are you alright I said next day - show us what you found on the road - what was being thrown at you, don't keep us in suspense. We were all agog. Potatoes! - he was being bombarded with potatoes. From behind a hedge on a deserted road next to Evenjobb Church at 1.30am my husband was under fire from King Edwards!

We haven't travelled that way since, well, at least not that late at night - getting a bit too personal we thought. King Edwards last time, what next? And now the umbilical cord is cut.

Have you any tales of the un-expected? - do let us know.

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF SIGNAL WE HOPE TO PRINT A COMPREHENSIVE LIST OF ALL THE CLUBS, SOCIETIES AND ORGANIZATIONS MEETING IN THE AREA COVERED BY THE MAGAZINE.

WILL ALL SECRETARIES/CHAIRMEN SEND TO THE EDITOR DETAILS OF THEIR ORGANISATION, WHEN AND WHERE MEETINGS ARE HELD, WHO TO CONTACT FOR FURTHER DETAILS - BY 15 JUNE PLEASE.

FROZEN ASSETS?

By Jill Valentine

Rummaging in my freezer the other day I realised what a little potted history of my life it held.

I, like many others, hate throwing anything away especially food. Perhaps it goes back to my being brought up in the days of food rationing? Whatever the reason, I do hate waste, in fact my children always used to say "For goodness sake don't leave anything or it will turn up as a jelly or a stew tomorrow."

I once kept a bag of frozen bones for years before I could bring myself to throw them in the dustbin!

I have just made a gallon of wine out of a large bag of frozen runner beans which must be at least 4 if not 5 years old.

When I had my first freezer - which was an old ice-cream freezer with the two rubber lids and which I paid £15.00 for and everyone said it wouldn't be any good but it lasted me for 8 years - I used to label and date everything that went in it. I kept lists and marked things off as I used them.

Then I reverted to type and just chucked things in any old how, turning the place upside down to find an item when I was in a hurry and eventually forgot what was there. I would have lovely surprises sometimes and find a bag of strawberries when maybe I hadn't put any strawberries in the freezer for a year or so.

I have a habit of freezing odd left-overs and they are sometimes difficult to identify especially when they are not always labelled and are covered in a layer of frost.

We moved house 4 years ago and I had to defrost the freezer for it to go into store for a few weeks. My food went into other freezers for a while and I must admit when it returned to me I was quite amazed at the some of the things I had been carefully hoarding but dutifully put them all back into frozen store where some of them still remain to this day.

My family haven't suffered from food poisoning - yet - you will no doubt all be amazed to hear, my uncompaining husband eats some very odd mixtures now and again when I decide to have a 'clear out'.

What's your freezer like?

Life is what happens when you are making other plans.

Never ask an Englishman if he is a Yorkshireman because, if he is, he will already have told you and, if he is 'nt, why humiliate him?

Roy Hattersley.

THE FRUIT GARDEN IN JUNE

The war against unwanted invaders must be continued this month if you want your share of the fruits of the garden. Net soft fruit against birds as it begins to ripen. Water wall trained trees, or any trees where the set is heavy. If the weather is dry apply 4½ gallons to a square yard every 10 days until there is sufficient rain to make watering unnecessary. Mulch the trees whilst the soil is moist. Fan trained peaches and nectarines will need continued disbudding; tie in young shoots about 3 inches apart; leave a replacement shoot at the base of fruit carrying laterals. Thin the fruitlets to 4 inches apart when they are the size of a hazel nut and thin again at the end of the month leaving them 6-9 inches apart. Fan trained cherries, gages and plums - remove side shoots growing directly towards the wall or fence. Other laterals not required for an extension or new frame should be pinched back to 6 leaves. Tie in new growth. Plums and gages should be thinned in two stages, the first in early June should be light; in late June to 2-3 inches apart.

Strawberries should be strawed down; black polythene or strawberry mats can be used instead of straw if you find this to be convenient. Ventilate covered strawberries freely and remove cloches and tunnels as soon as fruiting is finished. Newly planted raspberries and other cane fruits should have old canes cut to ground level once new suckers have appeared. Train blackberries and hybrid berries by tying in new canes away from the flowering canes. Thin gooseberries if necessary, the thinnings can be cooked. Prune cordon and bush gooseberries, red and white currants by cutting the young side shoots back to 5 leaves. Try to keep an open centre to the bush.

Apples and pears are best thinned early before the June drop. Apples - remove all King fruits (The biggest fruitlet at the centre of each cluster) often having a pronounced bulge at the end of a short fat stalk, and any mis-shapen or damaged fruitlets then thin the remainder to leave one medium fruitlet for every 6 inches of stem. Spur fruiting varieties such as Cox Orange Pippin - leave one per spur. Thinning a large fruit tree can be almost impossible, the answer is to prune very late. Wait until May so that you can see where the blossom is and then prune and thin at the same time. Pears except Comice will improve in size and quality if thinned after set. Plums - thin drastically to one fruit every 3 inches of stem. Always be prepared to prop up heavily laden branches. Fan trained figs should have the epical buds of young shoots pinched out to encourage more shoots to break.

Propagate strawberries at the end of June by pegging down runners from healthy plants. Peg them into olunged 3 inch pots of John Innes No. 1 compost. The rim of the pot should be level with the surface of the soil. Remove surplus runners from cropping plants.

Spray Apples and Pears against scab and mildew. Stop spraying for scab at the end of June. Inspect for red spider mites and spray if present. Spray against codling moth maggot about mid-June and 3 weeks later. Red spider mites and aphids on stone fruit, sawfly caterpillars on currants and gooseberries, cane spot and spur blight on cane fruits and raspberry beetle if present, should all be sprayed to control.

If you find you have neither the time nor the inclination to use all the sprays advised to control the numerous pests you will find that if you use good gardening advice there will still be a crop of fruit for you to share with the other visitors to your garden.

Good Gardening

One Green Finger

P.S. A reader has posed the question on how to control bindweed and asks if one root 4ft 6 inches long is a record. I doubt if this is a record, but must admit 4½ feet is quite a length as it is a very brittle root. This is one of the problems as the smallest piece left in the ground will continue to grow. It is a pernicious weed and one that most people have to contend with. I dig it out where-ever I see it growing but although it is very shallow-rooted I have never removed it completely and up it comes again. If the weed grows in an area of garden which can be taken out of production a strong weed killer can be used or, alternatively, the area can be covered with black polythene, most plants deprived of light and air will die in time. If the weed is in your borders it can be discouraged by hand weeding. Persistence and time seem to be the answer.

country living

By Joan Close

Having spent most of my life in the country, I was considering the other day, what a lot of changes there have been since, say, the nineteen fifties!

At that time, there was quite a difference between town and country living. For one thing, few people in the country had electricity or main water - things which we now take for granted. Towns' people had gas - as a matter of fact, in our first farmhouse in Somerset, we had something called 'Botto Gas' which smelt awful, and gave us a few lights downstairs. Upstairs, we still used candles. Outside, we had lanterns and a Tilley lamp, - which terrified me, as I always thought it was going to blow up! The water was pumped from a well by a small hand pump in the sink, but later my husband put in a petrol engine. However this was a step forward, because at the cottage we had just after the war, the water came from a well with a wind down bucket! The former owners told us that the water had never been the same since their neighbours had done some alterations. "The well is full of 'sentiment'! So we often referred to it as our 'sentimental well', - when we didn't call it other things!

At the farm, we eventually got a Lister Startomatic, which ran the milking machine, and gave us lights in the house. You could also have a very small electric fire and an iron, and not much else. It worked on the principle that when you switched on a light, the engine started, which ran the generator, - and it stopped when all the lights were switched off.

One day, when I was alone, and working in the garden, I heard the engine start up! It was really uncanny, - broad daylight, and I was sure there were no lights on. I went all over the house, getting more and more worried, I went out to the barn - nothing there. Then I noticed a light in a loose box next to the shippon. We had some calves in there, and one of them must have knocked the switch trying to get its head over the half door.

You will understand the Welsh better if you will only realise that they are Italians in the rain.

Prayer by 9th Century Anglo-Saxon Bishop.

Dear God, Give unto me chastity and continence but not yet.

STAUNTON...

The first meeting of the new Parish Council took place in May with the same membership as the previous four years - all ten councillors being returned unopposed. Mr D King was re-elected Chairman with Mr R Jenkins Vice-Chairman.

The main discussion concerned the way the planning process was being operated by the Leominster District Council - many members expressing the view that there was little point in the Parish Council 'making observations' to the Leominster Planning Committee about planning applications as their opinions seemed rarely to be taken into account. Efforts are being made to get the Leominster Chief Planning Officer to speak to the Parish Council at their July meeting - when this happens it is hoped that all Staunton residents who have views about this will come along and say their piece. Watch for further details.

Earlier in the evening at the Annual Parish Meeting complaints were made about flooding in the lane down to Little London and the Parish Council agreed to take this up with the County Council Highways Department.

John Phillips

Get well wishes to Mrs Watson and Mrs Langford who have been very poorly but are getting better now.

Also welcome back to Staunton Mrs Clara Jones who is now a resident at Old Letton Rectory. We hope to see her from time to time.

Happy 21st birthday to Nickie Jenkins, although belated we wish him well.

We send our good wishes to Tim and Debbie Shaw and hope they will be very happy in their home at Dr's Pool Cottage.

STAUNTON FORGET-ME-NOT CLUB

The Spring Club outing was on Tuesday 10th May and it was really a May day, beautiful clear skies and warm sunshine.

We arrived in Shrewsbury at 12.30 and had our lunch and a look round, nice to see seats available for people to rest in the centre - and even a piano playing for our entertainment. We left Shrewsbury for afternoon tea in Welshpool, then a perfect drive home through Clun and Knighton to Kington where we stopped for liquid refreshment.

We all agreed what a pleasant day we had had.

P McCann

BEDDING PLANTS

Available first week in June.

£2 full tray (48 plants)

£1.20 half-tray (24 plants)

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THE **Cambridge** DIET

neighbourhood watch

by Bob Doody

Many people in the area will know that recently we have had unwelcome visits from so-called antique dealers seeking to pressure people to part with furniture for cash. Their activities are not in themselves illegal and all we can do is remain vigilant, take their car number and give descriptions straight away either to the police or one of the Neighbourhood Watch Co-ordinators.

Dealing with other callers who are unknown to you is always tricky - here are a few simple rules to follow -

- * ask callers who claim to be officials to see their identity card. Examine it closely. Don't be embarrassed. A genuine caller will understand.
- * if you are in any doubt leave the caller outside and tell him that you are going to speak to his employer. The genuine caller will wait. The pretender will almost certainly disappear before you come back.
- * do not leave any caller alone and unsupervised in any room, even if they are children, unless you are completely satisfied that they are genuine.
- * if you are able to phone, verify any number the caller gives you by looking it up in the book or dialling directory enquiries. Do not check out his presence and serial number with his employer until you have done this, otherwise you could be talking unsuspectingly to an accomplice.
- * if you are in the slightest doubt - don't let anyone in. They can always come back another time when you have a friend with you.

THE Staunton ladies decided on an evening out and we booked up for South Pacific. It was an excellent performance by the Hereford Amateur Operatic Society and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. I'm sure I wasn't the only one washing up next morning and humming to the tune of Some Enchanted Evening.

We also had a very interesting evening spent in Leominster with the Auctioneers, Russell, Baldwin and Bright. We were welcomed by Mr Philip Baldwin and allowed to browse and touch the items which were to go under the hammer the following day.

Mr Baldwin also gave us the opportunity to ask questions and we gained quite a deal of information about how the furniture was made and how much he would expect it to sell for.

They certainly made things to last and I cannot imagine my dining room chairs still being in use in 100 years time.

Our thanks to Mr Baldwin for a very pleasant and interesting evening.

Our next meeting will be Wednesday 8 June in the village hall where Mrs Meredith will give us a talk and demonstration on Buttons. Please come along you will be very welcome.

staunton
ladies

CHURCH SERVICES FOR JUNE

Kinnersley

5th 10 am Holy Communion
11th 10 am (St Barnaby the Apostle) Holy Communion
12th 10 am Mattins
19th 10 am Holy Communion
26th 10 am Family Service
29th 10 am (St Peter the Apostle) Holy Communion

3rd July 10 am Holy Communion

CHEESE AND WINE EVENING

on

FRIDAY, 1st JULY, 1988

venue:

Bulmer's Lake
Moorhampton

Tickets:

£1.50 each (including
one glass of wine.)

"Bring and Buy" "Bottle Stall" "Cake Stall"

Proceeds to Norton Canon Church.

Arrowvale Wine Society Wine Assessment Evening

By Gareth Evans

This fandango comes round once a year and we all look forward to it. The first ten members to arrive with their bottles are entitled to have them entered anonymously into the competition. When all club members have assembled we sit at tables of four with our own individual assessment sheets at the ready. The scoring is:- 5 for colour and presentation; 5 for bouquet and 15 for taste.

The evening usually starts peaceably enough with members observing the rule not to make audible individual comments until all the others at the table have had time to write down their own personal assessments. But, like a nascent volcano, the rumbling conversation slowly takes off into a final eruption. As the intake of good - and dare we say it, bad - wine begins to take effect the decibel rate rises on its heady climb to chaos and uproar and a great time is had by one and all. It is only when you get home that you can test whether your ear drums have suffered permanent damage.

Yes, no wonder it is a popular evening - and perhaps it is an even bigger wonder still that we also manage to make a good assessment of the wine.

Norton Canon Ladies' Social Club

May 16th-a glorious day and evening,with plenty of sunshine when the Monday Club ladies,26in all,met at Norton Canon Village Hall. Mr Morgan of Kington came along to recount his boyhood and youth in Wales. We crept into a coppice of memories and emerged living our own. Like Mr Morgan many of us have Welsh forbears and our childhood was also spent at any and every similar event: chapel and home, singing and seaside.

Next month, June 20th, Mr and Mrs Bagley of Madley will give a talk and demonstrate the art of making and painting jewellery. Remember-8p.m. Village Hall-Everyone welcome.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Cut off below the shoulder, the top of a bottle-shaped plastic container, it makes a useful funnel.

.....

A pensioned-off tooth-brush is great for cleaning round taps and in intricate china and metal items.

.....

Changing shoes in a hurry, isn't it a nuisance if one lace is too long and the other too short? Here's a tip to keep them more or less equal. Take them out. In the middle of each tie a knot which won't come through an eyelet. Re-thread, starting at the bottom. Simple?

.....

It helps to stop pictures moving on the wall if on the back is stuck one or two bits of that sticky foam-rubber draught excluder.

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BIRTHDAYS

Norton Canon

| | |
|------------------|-----------|
| Katie Barker | 4th June |
| Adam Loxston | 16th June |
| Rebecca Leighton | 20th June |
| Rhys Evans | 20th June |
| Louise Deem | 22th June |
| Deborah Lewis | 23rd June |

HELP FOR THE HANDICAPPED

On Friday July 8th a Strawberry Tea & Supper with iced punch will be held at Siete, Kinnersley by kind invitation of Mr and Mrs Brock in aid of 'HOME FARM TRUST'.

Tea from 3 - 5 pm £1.00

Supper from 8 pm £3 (tickets only)

Tickets for supper can be obtained from Mrs Bedford, Croft Cottage, Kinnersley, (tel 05446 246) or Mrs Brock (tel 05446 742)

Life is mostly froth and bubble
Two things stand like stone
Kindness in another's trouble
Courage in your own.

(Adam Lindsay Gordon)

A LONDON LANE

Once you and I walked down this lane
and Spring was in the air
The grass was wet with morning rain
and all the land was fair
The violets down each sunny bank
peeped shyly through the green
And primroses in ordered rank
paid homage to the scene

Now many Springs have aged our years
and taken youth away
The houses crowd still nearer
with fences dull and grey
Direction signs now clearly say
'This is a public right of Way'

F A Evans

LOVE REQUEST

Many a time and oft he told me
That he loved me more than life,
Though I longed he would,
Yet never had he asked me for his wife.

Till at last one night he bade me
Rise and leave the giddy crowd
That he might a question whisper
Which he dared not breathe aloud.

Go with him? Aye with what rapture
Did I leave the dancing throng,
Oh! what joy it was to sit and
Listen to the fountain song.

For my darling was beside me,
And his soft breath fanned my cheek.
My poor heart was full of rapture
Oh! so full I could not speak.

Precious words he spoke, he told me
That of all the beauties there
I unto his heart was dearest,
I was fairest of the fair.

Then he took my hand and whispered,
As his head came dropping down,
Dearest, if you love me,
Would you? Would you?
Lend me half-a-crown.

Anon.

FRIENDS OF NORTON CANON SCHOOL

A G M

TUESDAY JUNE 14TH - 7.45pm

at

THE SCHOOL

Treasurer's Report
Secretary's Report
Election of Officers

If a first you don't succeed -
well, so much for sky-diving

It is better to keep your mouth
shut and be thought a fool than
to open it and remove all doubt

SOME POLITICAL GOBBLEDEGOOK

('The Listener' - 21st May, 1987)

Questioner: Now, what do you say to the results of this latest opinion poll? It gives your party no votes at all. Do you see this as a set back?

Politician: No way. I can understand our opponent's jubilation but lets look at the facts. When a party scores zero where does that put it?

Questioner: On the floor.

Politician: Right. Theres only one way for it to go next. Up. Another thing you must never forget is a very firm base. When you hit it you bounce. That is why I regard these figures as a triumph. We are poised for a great leap forward.

Questioner: Thankyou.

Politician: Thankyou.

dear editor...

How flattering of the Signal committee to invite my suggestions for the improvement of the newsletter! My feeling is that those good people who distribute in the villages are in the best position to collate readers' views as to contents. They could perhaps be asked to advise on the relative proportions of serious and lighter subjects, length of items, how to get children's contributions, who in their area could if approached write on an interesting subject.

I hardly care to mention the following points, which must already have been considered -

More advertisements would assist revenue, would enable expansion.

Space could be allotted to readers' advertisements of Articles for Sale, Exchange or Wanted. Especially plants, fruit, vegetables in season; up to surplus furniture, children's clothing. Charge ? 10p per single column inch.

A regular Editor's Column would help the feeling for 'our' journal. It could regularly include the number of copies produced and distribution to villages - some folk might think contributing more worth while?

A description of the way Signal is produced would interest. Is it a photographic process? Should contributors type their stuff ready for photographing? Is there opportunity to check proofs?

Individuals might be approached for an item. E.g. recent first-time writers whose contributions have been so fresh and welcome; people with known interests - plenty of them. Artists too. Possibly illustrations to topics. Frank Evans is willing to draw - he'd do a heading for Editor's Column, no doubt.

Undoubtedly Signal performs a useful function, results from much worthy effort, would be much missed, should guard against being improved out of recognition.

Yours sincerely,

Howard Redhouse

From a school historical essay:-

"As her reign progressed Queen Elizabeth found she had less and less peace because Mary Queen of Scots was always hovering away in the background.

As One Door Closes ... by maggie molt

You know SIGNAL gave a Household Hint about using a candle to make doors close nicely? Well, it reminded me about my Aunt Zillah. Auntie was in service, see, and one day at Abbotts Lodge there was a young gent, Mr. Peregrine Painter, come to tea. His wealthy family had arranged for him to marry Miss Agnes, the daughter of Auntie's mistress, the Hon. Mrs. Ampletucker. He was to place the heirloom engagement ring upon her finger although they had not met since they was kids.

Well, Auntie Zillah was taking tea into the drawing room where the young gent was awaiting the young lady. She passed with the tray through the door, and gave it the usual backward kick to shut it behind her. But one of the other maids had candle-greased the jamb. The door closed smartish, caught the bow at her back and pulled off her apron.

Now Auntie looked real nice in the pale blue uniform what the Hon. Mrs. Ampletucker dressed her in. And so Mr. Peregrine Painter thought as he dashed forward to take and put down the tray, turned to Auntie saying "Agnes! How you've improved!", and placed a hearty kiss on Auntie's lips and the ring upon her finger.

Auntie says she was speechless. But her mistress and Miss Agnes were not. At last explanations were made. Mr. Peregrine, with a very red face, held out his hand for the ring, but Auntie put her hands behind her back. She reckoned that ring were worth a bit, and possession was nine points of the law. Miss Agnes, who was looking down her nose, said she didn't blame her. Mrs. Ampletucker spoke of Auntie being sacked without a reference, and was told to stop living in the last century.

After lots of jawing, Auntie did give up the valuable heirloom ring. In exchange she got that nice little wool shop in the High Street on the corner by the market, which belonged to Mr. Peregrine's family.. Auntie do give all the doors and all the drawers a rub with a candle-end every so often - just for luck.

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for a drawing/cartoon
but no one sent us
one. Please help us
to fill this gap next
time.

Editor

RUBBISH!

At bank holiday periods the week's refuse collection is condensed into the other 4 days of the week in which the bank holiday occurs. Where there are collections in the week following a bank holiday Monday, such as May and Spring, they can be a day late. These special holiday arrangements are widely publicised by notification to Parish Councils but there always seems to be those who are unaware of the arrangements.