



THE SIGNAL

A COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER FOR

**KINNERSLEY·SARNESFIELD·LETTON·NORTON CANON
BROBURY·STAUNTON-ON-WYE·MOORHAMPTON**

No 67

MARCH 1988

PRICE 12p

IT IS VERY SAD

The closing of Norton Canon School.

I read your front page article (February 1988) by John Absolam with great interest. I too am sad that the school is closing, but we must give thought to the education of the children themselves. And what a pity it was suggested that the withdrawal of 10 children at Christmas was the cause.

Whether any of us like it or not, the School has been under active threat of closure for more than two years. Perhaps the local Education Authority have not mentioned closure during that time - but they also have not withdrawn the threat. Mr. Tempest was quoted. All he said was that the school should be given a chance to recover - recover to what? Our children's education must not be gambled against unspecified 'recovery.' Children pass this way but once - there is no second chance.

Yes, the School buildings have been improved and buildings are important - buildings, however, are not as important as people - and children are people. They all need the best education possible. It is up to parents to see they get just that. We have got to realise that (to quote from the Association of Friends of Norton Canon Village School booklet) 'putting small schools under active scrutiny, their closure is hastened because of understandable parental anxieties which may cause early departures of children to other schools. THIS PROVOKES THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF NUMBERS AND CLOSURE!' when the figures fell below 20 the collapse was inevitable.

As a School Governor and a former pupil I am very sad about the school closure but I try to be realistic. I will not gamble with my children's education and no-one should wish me to.

Robert Loxston

COPY FOR THE APRIL ISSUE OF 'SIGNAL' SHOULD REACH 'LANZERAC',
NORTON CANON, (TEL. WEOBLEY 318505), NOT LATER THAN 11th MARCH.

Editorial Note

IN our last issue readers may recall yet another request for their contributions listed under some ten possible headings. Quite apart from the actual chore of writing we have now been informed that another barrier to contribution is the irritation, and even anger, at finding changes in what was originally written.

If this fear is one that really puts people off from writing to Signal, please accept our sincere apologies and our promise that any future changes will concern only punctuation, spelling and paragraphing and that any such alterations will be notified to the contributor before publication. We must also reserve the right not to publish material which, in our view, might involve litigation.

If you think even these restrictions are too onerous please write and tell us.

Shopkeeper :- Would you like your soap scented Madam ?
No thanks, I'll take it with me.

Waiter, there's a dead fly in my soup. Yes Sir, it's the hot water what kills 'em.

Woman (to grocer), I believe you keep dripping ? No madam, not since I've been on these new tablets.

Use it — or lose it

Concerning attendance at services of worship in Norton Canon Parish Church - by J.C. Hayllar - Reader, Weobley.

May I begin by making it quite clear that what follows is my own, personal, comments on the subject, and does not represent the thinking, in any way, of any other person, persons, or group.

I write as a Reader in the Church of England, authorised by the Bishop to conduct services of worship in the Churches of the Weobley group, including the Parish Church of Norton Canon.

In recent months the number of people in the congregation at this Church has fluctuated quite considerably. It seems to vary according to the type of service being presented.

However, attendance at the 9 am service of Morning Prayer is what prompts me to write now, and to ask the serious question with which I finish this letter.

On Sunday, 14th February, I arrived at the Church to conduct a service, and, just before 9 am one Churchwarden came in and a lady from a neighbouring Methodist Church who had kindly offered to play the church organ, AND NOBODY ELSE at all!

Having very carefully and thoughtfully prepared a full service I am, naturally, disappointed and saddened at this situation, - and so would like to ask: Is the corporate Worship of Almighty God of so little importance to some people in the Parish and neighbourhood of Norton Canon, that they can happily feel justified in ignoring it when they feel so inclined? Can those same people let it lie easily on their conscience that services are regularly prepared, for their benefit and support, only leaving them to choose whether or not they attend? Or would they not be very concerned if the necessary steps were to be taken to close the Parish Church for lack of such support?

STAUNTON-ON-WYE - PARISH COUNCIL NEWS - John Phillips

It will soon be election time! One third of the Leominster District Council councillors are due for election in May, together with all the Staunton-on-Wye Group Parish councillors.

The sitting councillor for Wye Ward is Mr. H. Hancox and the ten Parish councillors are:

Staunton: Mrs. J. Mason, Mr. L. Fretton, Mr. D. King, Mr. R. King, Mr. R. Jenkins, Mr. T. Jenkins and Mr. R. McCann.

Monnington/Brobury: Mrs. J. Blandford, Mrs. A. Pearson-Gregory, Mr. I. Courtney.

Nominations will close on 7th April - if there are more than 7 nominations for Staunton or more than 3 for Monnington/Brobury then there will be an election on 5th May.

The next scheduled meeting of the Parish Council is Thursday, 12th May at 7.30 pm. This will be preceded by the Staunton Parish Meeting at 7 pm.

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STAUNTON ON WYE

The Anatomy of a Village - Part 2

There is at the moment a fairly reasonable bus service to Hereford, but it is by no means cheap, and fares will continue to rise as fuel prices continue to spiral. The present world glut of oil may bring down prices, but this is not likely to affect the motorist or road transport user for, like alcoholic beverages, petrol is, and always will be, a favourite tax target for chancellors of the exchequer. Taxing petrol has always appealed to the political mind, because it is an essential product which will bring in satisfying revenue and, what is more, the government don't even have to collect the tax - the oil companies do it for them. So petrol prices will continue to rise, and the pensioners and other fixed income earners who make up such a large part of Staunton's population will find it more and more difficult to afford to run cars. And in any case, the day will come when they will be too old to drive. So village isolation is likely to intensify.

Of course, this isolation is precisely what appeals to at least one section of the population - the retired city folk who have come to the country for peace and quiet. In Staunton some of these are people who have spent a good deal of their working life overseas and have experienced the expatriate's proverbial nostalgia for a quiet corner of rural England. In the dusty plains of India, on sunbaked stoeps in Africa and on the windy slopes of Wellington in New Zealand they have dreamed of thatched cottages with roses round the door and all the other concomitants of a life style which has largely disappeared. Although they may have overlooked the fact that roses round the door only flourish on the rare occasions when the English climate is tolerable they have nonetheless largely realised their dream and are not worried about increasing isolation. They are, they feel, out of the rat race and can contemplate the mounting insanity of the world with amused detachment.

A good idea of how little the Staunton district has changed during the last hundred-odd years can be gained by studying the original ordnance survey inch-to-the-mile map published in the early years of the last century. I was recently looking at an edition containing additions and corrections up to 1860 and was surprised to note how similar it was to the latest edition. The only significant difference is the numerous railway lines shown on the earlier map which have since disappeared, and one line - the Worcester-Leominster branch via Bromyard - which does not appear on the 1860 map as it had not yet been built.

There is one house in Staunton which is marked on the old map as 'Red Door.' This should in fact be 'Rhyd Dwr' and the house still stands in the centre of the village. Obviously the original surveyors did not understand Welsh and got the name wrong - it actually means 'Water Ford.'

So, apart from new housing here and there, Staunton hasn't changed much during the past century. But this doesn't mean that progress has passed Staunton by. Unfortunately the modern concept of progress means in most cases noise and ugliness and one is reminded of the poem Sir John Betjeman wrote some years ago to a friend of his who was leaving Oxfordshire for a London suburb 'in search of quiet.' In suburbia, says Sir John

No early morning tractors
The thrush and blackbird drown,
No nuclear reactors
Bulge huge below the down,
No youth upon his motor-bike
His lust for power fulfils,
With dentist's drill intent to kill
The silence of the hills.....
No lorries grind in bottom gear
Up steep and narrow lanes,
Nor constant here offend the ear
Low-flying aeroplanes.

Well, we have our share of these in Staunton - especially the low-flying aeroplanes, which scream over at rooftop height at all hours of the day like demented banshees. This nuisance is so prevalent nowadays that one almost welcomes the bad weather which is the only thing which keeps the machines on the ground.

It is difficult to guess how the future of the English village will evolve, or indeed whether it has any future at all. But here in Staunton - and all over Herefordshire - we can still savour a way of life which has many timeless qualities. We have all around us a quiet, unspoiled countryside which untold thousands would give almost anything to be able to enjoy. In spite of everything we are, on the whole, very fortunate.

M. B. Collingwood

VARIETY SALE

In Eardisley Hall,
Saturday, 12th March, at 2.30 pm

CAKES, JUMBLE, PRODUCE,
BOTTLES, WHITE ELEPHANT, ETC.,
DRAW, TEAS.

Admission 5p.

In aid of Letton Church Restoration
Fund.

Woman (to butcher), Do you have a
sheep's head?

No madame, it's the way I part my hair.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Norton Canon

Julie Lewis 18th March
Claire Lovelace 18th March

Moorhampton

Laura Jay 30th March

ANNUAL CHURCH MEETINGS

March, at 7.30 pm.

Monday, 7th March at Letton (The
Oast House.)

Monday 28th March at Byford
(Garnons.)

'Marie Celeste' — the sequel

'Dad has bought a boat, it's in the drive.' I didn't believe my ears but, on looking out of the window, there, in all it's glory sat our first sailing dinghy. We had sailed with relatives and friends and hired boats for holidays but this was 'Our Very Own Dinghy' all 12ft. of her. One would have thought we had bought nothing less than the 'Royal Yacht!'. The language in the house took on a nautical flavour; the kitchen became the Galley; I felt like a ship's chandler controlling an urge to say 'Aye!, Aye!, Sir' when answering my husband (the boatswain); conversation was about boats, boats and more boats.

The next great event was to launch her (The Boat) on the sea and have our first sea trip so, off to the coast trailing everything behind the car (except the children and me.) The coast at last and down on to the beach.

Father had to be on the boat, the children were not strong enough to hold her steady so, guess who had the job of holding the 'pointed end' and backing into the sea to hold her 'head on to the waves.' I was not aware that this lovely safe flat beach which we had paddled on, swam from and knew so well had a nasty shelving going down almost two feet which was hidden by the water. I found it..... and almost shot straight under the boat or it sailed over me. With cries of 'what aon earth are you doing, woman' I regained my footing, wet to the waist, and was invited, nay, ordered, to jump in and we were off across the bay. This was wonderful. Columbus, Drake, had nothing on us and we were all having a wonderful time. Then I noticed my feet were in a pool of water which was slowly rising. Our pride was about to take it's first fall. In our excitement and hurry to get on to the water we had committed our second cardinal sin (the first one being our pride in ourselves as sailors.) We had forgotten to put in the BUNG and we were sinking slowly beneath the deep.

All hands to the pumps, bail away and a 'right hand down a bit' turn and we were back on the beach. Our heads hanging in shame we crept back to the caravan to lick our wounds and prepare for another attempt another day.

I would like to adapt our Gardener's pseudonym and sign myself 'One Wet Finger' but realised that much more than one finger ended up in the water, so spare my blushes as I sign myself off as

A Would Be Yachtsperson

Motorist:- I say, Do you know the Battersea Dogs' Home ?

Pedestrian:- No, I didn't even know it had been away.

Man (to Chemist):- I need quite a few things.

Certainly sir, do you have a list ?

No, I can't help standing like this.

CHURCH SERVICES IN MARCH

Sarnesfield

13th 10 am Holy Communion
27th 10 am Morning Prayer

Norton Canon

6th 9 am Holy Communion
13th 9 am Mothering Sunday
Family Service
20th 9 am Holy Communion
27th 9 am Morning Prayer

Staunton-on-Wye

6th 11 am Holy Communion
13th 11 am Mothering Sunday
Family Service
20th 11 am Holy Communion

Byford

6th 9.30 am Holy Communion
13th 10 am Mothering Sunday
Family Service
20th 11 am Morning Prayer

April

1 11 am Good Friday
Family Communion

Monnington-on-Wye

13th 9.30 am Family Communion
for Mothering
Sunday

Letton

13th 11 am Mothering Sunday
Family Service
27th 6 pm Evening Prayer

Kinnersley

2nd 7.30 pm (Wednesday) Lent
Service & Address
6th 10 am Holy Communion
13th 10 am Mothering Sunday
Service
20th 10 am Holy Communion -
preacher Miss Kate
Lloyd Smith from
Children's Society
27th 10 am Palm Sunday Family
Service
29th 7.30 pm Holy Week Service

April

1st 7.30 pm Holy Week Service
3rd 10 am Holy Communion
(Easter Day)

WOMAN'S WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

This day will soon be here again as usual on the first Friday in March, the 4th. This year the service will be held on Weobley Methodist Church at 11am. Coffee will be served at 10.30am. You are welcome to join us in the set service which will be used worldwide on that day and has been compiled by the Women of Brazil.

PLAYGROUP AT STAUNTON-ON-WYE

Do you have a child ready to join?
We welcome children aged 3-5 years from all areas. Our group runs every weekday from 9.15am-12.15pm (except Thursday.) The charge per session is £1.10. Interested? Please contact Jane Bryan (afternoons or evenings) on Moccas 498 for further details.

A RECIPE (from Joan Close)

The following recipe was given me by a friend. I thought it would be quite good at this time of the year.

LIVER PIE

$\frac{2}{3}$ lb thinly sliced lambs liver
3 rashers streaky bacon
4 hardboiled eggs
2 onions, finely sliced
Mashed potatoes (about 1 lb)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pint white sauce.

Parboil and drain liver. In large greased Pyrex dish put layer of liver, 4 rashers of bacon, 2 sliced hardboiled eggs, one sliced onion and a thin layer of mashed potato - then repeat layers in the same order, with a thicker layer of mashed potato on top. Pour over white sauce, easing the contents of the dish away from the sides, so that the sauce runs right to the bottom. Bake in moderate oven for about an hour until it bubbles and is brown on top.

Peruvian Pictures

Part 2

"This was the moment that Pizarro had long awaited. From the tower above the crowd, spurts of flame blazed forth, accompanied by a thunder-like roar. Around the Lord Inca men fell as if struck down by magic, victims of the shot or bolts from silent crossbows. There was no escape. Piles of Indian dead and wounded soon blocked every exit. Hundreds of the Indians fled, but the Inca nobles remained, still forming a living wall around their master.....In this terrible half hour the Inca empire fell." *

The fall of the Inca empire took place in Cajamarca, in the north of Peru, our base for three and a half weeks. As we approach in the AERO PERU plane, it looks for all the world like Herefordshire, apart from the brilliant blue of the skies and the blazing sunshine. The river valley is fertile, cows graze on green pastures, in this the centre of the Peruvian dairying industry.

The similarities with Herefordshire end with those fields! A statue of Atahualpa (pronounced Atawalpa), the last of the Incas, stands surveying Cajamarca. From his vantage-point the city looks clean and attractive. The white-walled houses reflect the brilliant sunlight. There is order in the Spanish block system of building, and roads are completely straight, intersecting at each block corner. (I never did work out who had right-of-way).

Descending the steep cobbled streets, we reach the main square, the Plaza de Armas. (The main square in every Peruvian town is called the Plaza de Armas) Shoe-shine boys beg to clean our walking-boots; small children pester us to buy sweets and cigarettes, these latter sold one at a time. Who can afford to buy a whole packet? The smells begin to be overwhelming. Rubbish and rotting refuse are everywhere in the streets. Rickety tables at every street-corner display pastries, bread-rolls and sweets. Whole families squat on the pavements selling meagre supplies of oranges, papayas, peppers, tomatoes and potatoes. Here they spend their days - selling, cooking, eating, weaving, breast-feeding their babies, or just living - by the roadside.

Our base in Cajamarca is a flat over the Presbyterian Church and the Project Headquarters. I am dazed by the brilliant sunshine, the heat and the altitude of 9,000 feet. As I watch from the balcony, the traffic slows down (for once) and car-horns stop hooting (for once) as a herd of llamas jostles up the street. Are those really pink tassels in their ears, or am I more dazed than I think? No, they are simply ownership identities, as we mark our sheep. The noise and volume of the traffic increases once more. Does it ever cease? Yes, between 2.30 a.m. and 4.30 a.m. Then the drunks take over.....

So my diary recalls a few things about Cajamarca. We spent three days acclimatising to the altitude and culture. At 6.30 a.m. we were up and out, buying breakfast and all the provisions needed for 18 people for a week. There was virtually no spare food in the village where we worked. The lorries from the jungle were in the market at the crack of dawn, so we were there to stock up with bananas, oranges and papayas. Potatoes, rice, green lentils, onions (large, purple and very strong) and tinned tuna fish were our staple diet for three weeks. Eggs were our luxuries. What a tragedy when the potholed roads bounced the egg-baskets each week, and broken eggs invariably oozed into someone's lap.

Sunday afternoons saw us loading the trucks ready to start work early on Monday morning. Both the Toyota and the Datsun had seen better days. I asked Steve, one of the TEAR Fund project workers, about all the MOT-type stickers on the Datsun window. Vehicles, he said, must be checked regularly as in England. The inspector checks against his list that there is a steering-wheel, hand-brake, windscreen wipers, etc. Mind you, they don't have to be working....

* "Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru" by C.Howard.

Contnd.

The road out of Cajamarca quickly became a stony track, and the land less and less fertile. By 4 p.m. the sun was getting low in the sky; the mountains became more and more barren and more and more stark against the skyline.

Hualqui (pronounced Walkey) reminded me of pictures I had seen of Tibetan villages. Adobe brick huts with red tiled roofs clustered in the village centre with many more perched on mountain ledges.

We had arrived.

June Smith.

ARROWVALE WINE CIRCLE A.G.M.

The very sight or sound of this title is enough to turn most people off so let me say at once how pleased we were to welcome some 25 out of a possible 37 members.

Attendance at an A.G.M. is a really good test of true membership.

In order to encourage everyone to accept their due term of office the Club believes that it should be limited to two years and, on this principle, we said goodbye to G. Evans (Chairman) and G. Jones (Treasurer) and welcomed in their places Marion Gilling and Gordon Valentine respectively.

We are all looking forward to our next meeting on the 3rd March when the ever popular Muriel Jones will talk on 'This and that.' In other words whatever catches her imaginative flight of fancy at the time.

Any of you 'out there' who would like to know more about Arrowvale why not come along and see for yourselves? You would be most welcome at Norton Canon Village Hall.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOMES

Dear Mrs Norman,

It is our very great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your kind gift of £730.00.

It is through the help and support given to us by our many friends within the Region that we are able to continue our work of child and community care.

Be assured that your gift will be well and wisely used on behalf of those less fortunate.

Thank you again for your help and interest.

Yours sincerely,



Garry J Thompson,
Regional Appeals Director.

THE FRUIT GARDEN IN MARCH

Finish planting new fruit trees and bushes as soon as possible, remembering to stake and tie trees.

Feed your fruit trees with a general fertiliser such as Growmore, unless you are aware that they are suffering from a specific deficiency. Weak trees in a grassed area may benefit from extra nitrogen, but avoid nitrogenous fertilisers alone on trained fruit or on trees that are already nigrorous. Top fruit and soft fruit will benefit from a mulch but not strawberries. Apply the mulch before the soil becomes dry.

Finish pruning gooseberries and came fruits. Cut off canes of autumn fruiting raspberries at ground level. Strawberries can be given a balanced fertiliser.

Protect blossoms of early flowering fruit such as peaches and apricots if frost threatens by draping over hessian or plastic netting. Always remember to remove the protection in the morning or you may hinder the access of pollinating insects - equally vital to a good crop.

Look out for badly mildewed shoots on apple trees and cut them out - although spraying helps it is difficult to control if it gets an established hold.

Precautionary spraying is particularly worthwhile with top fruit such as apples and pears, particularly if you have been troubled with diseases such as scab. You can spray with a systemic fungicide when buds burst. If the weather is reasonable this should happen some time during March. Spray again about a fortnight later (follow manufacturers instructions.) You will be able to combine insecticide with the first spray to keep insects in check.

Do not use sprays when flowers are fully open as the spray could kill the pollinating bees. The buds are described in various stages, bud burst is when the bud is just beginning to break, green bud is the next stage when the bud is round, white bud is a later stage when the round begins to split into segments but still before the petals open.

Soft fruits will also need spraying with an insecticide if aphids are seen.

Prune canes of blackberries.

I have suggested mulching before the soil becomes dry!! Will it ever dry this year? Does anyone have a knowledge of growing rice in paddy fields in a cold climate?

Happy gardening,

One Green Finger

THE LONDON LADY by H.O. Aldhous

Living in a village, ev'rybody knows who's who,
Life is more restricted, there aren't many things to do.
Living in a village, ev'rybody knows what's what,
Putting two and two together shows what one has got.
Personal particulars are gossips' daily bread -
Bless me, they'd discovered, ere I came, I wasn't wed!
Ev'rything that moves will catch an eye, be sure of that.
Nothing goes unnoticed - like the cachet in my hat,
When I rose this morning, and the daily time for bed,
What the milkman leaves each day, and what the cat is fed,
When a parcel comes by post, the country of the stamps,
Whether men friends stay to lunch, and what I give to tramps.
How I eat no meat but buy a lot of nuts and fruit,
On my wall a photo shows a man in tropic suit,
What shampoo I use, how long I waited for the bus
Into town last market day, and never made a fuss!

Nosiness perhaps you'd call this interest in me.
Don't forget another, brighter, side in charity.
Oversleep one morning? Mrs. Owen's at my door -
"Aren't you feeling well, dear? You were looking rather poor."
Going off on holiday, I leave my puss behind,
Knowing well young Bess would see she regularly dined.
Am I short of sprouts or spuds? And would I like some beans?
Jack will come and plant for me - that's what his visit means.
Scrutiny of strangers is a duty all must share -
Ev'rybody needs to know just who and what are where.
Robbery and worse can happen. Sheep can wander far.
Bobbies now are seldom seen, and then they're in their car.
Property and persons it behoves all to protect.
I take observations like my neighbours, I reflect.
Foreign interloper, if not worse, I once was thought.
Tolerance, and something more, experience has brought.

Now the years have flitted by, and when the story ends
Rest in peace I will amid my village and my friends.

NORTON CANON LADIES CLUB

At the February Meeting of the Ladies Club, Miss Pru Lloyd gave a very enjoyable and interesting talk, with slides, of her work with the Voluntary Services Overseas Organisation, during 1971/2 in Uganda.

The March Ladies Club Meeting will have the pleasure of Miss Pru Lloyd once again, this time giving a talk about her Dairy Products.

SIGNAL PRICE INCREASE

We regret to announce that, from the coming April issue; the price per copy will rise to 15p.

The annual subscription will be £1.30 and we would be grateful if you would hand this sum to your newsletter deliverer.

HONG KONG HOLIDAY by Gareth Evans

Any attempt to describe a holiday puts one on dangerous ground. Some of you may recall the old joke about a wife reading to her husband from a letter 'the Robinsons have invited us to dinner on Friday week and are trying to bribe us to come by saying that their holiday snaps did not come out.' At least here you will be spared the snaps.

For brevity's sake - as well as to prevent boredom - I would like to describe our 6 week visit to Hong Kong and China under just 4 headings.

A. Hong Kong Island

The last time I was there was in September 1945 when the Japanese surrendered and I couldn't help noticing that there had been a few changes made since then! In '45 I remember a hotel with what was called a 'Typhoon bar' on its 5th floor which then gave you an uninterrupted view of the harbour. But in Hong Kong's fantastic skyline of today, (with buildings stretching upwards for 50 stories or more,) a 5th floor would now give you absolutely nothing. Its an amazing city frontage which is even more attractive in the blaze of lights at night - then all the grotty bits are hidden.

The city and its high buildings is even more daunting than New York but its not all concrete jungle. The island countryside with its winding steep roads and beautiful bays is really something to see.

B. Wealth

As you drive about the island its the quality - not the number - of cars which hits you between the eyes. In HK ostentatious display is everything - as the endless TV ads. for watches and jewellery demonstrate - and I can well believe the claim that there are more Rolls Royces on the island than anywhere else on earth. It was fun to count the 'Golden Rollers,' stretched Lincoln Continentals, Merc's and Porsches as they swept past you. All the same when one reads that, in the whole of mainland China, there are only some 200 privately owned cars the mind boggles at the thought of these two contrasting societies meeting in the impact year of 1997.

C. The Lijiang River, Givilin

The most memorable travel experience of our lives was the trip we made down the Nile from Juba to Khartoum in the early '60's. At least it was until we completed this extraordinary 3½ hour river journey down the Lijiang. Except to say that the river passes through a 'one off' landscape of fantastic and incredibly shaped limestone mountains I'll just have to leave it at that. My powers of description are not good enough. The experience was unique.

D. China

After only a 4 day fleeting visit what can one have the temerity to say about this vast land whose population represents $\frac{1}{4}$ of the entire globe? Here are just a few quick impressions:

1. Bicycles

They were simply everywhere and often with father peddling, mum on the cross bar and the kids on the carrier. And no lights fore or aft.

2. Physical Jerks

It was most unusual - and fun - to watch people suddenly stop in the street and go through private callisthenic exercises. And nobody paid them any attention at all.

3. Curiosity about the West

Our tour guides - and others - kept asking all sorts of questions and were obviously dying to go and see for themselves.

4. Drabness

In Canton we noticed a sad lack of colour both in the clothes people wore and in the presentation of goods on display in the shops.

But change is definitely in the air and I'd love to go again, say, in 5 years time. That is before 1997!

PENTABUS THEATRE WORKSHOP

'THE PIED PIPER'

On Thursday, 21st January, Pentabus Theatre Company made a welcome return visit to Staunton Village Hall, with their Christmas Show 'The Pied Piper.' It was a lively and thoroughly enjoyable evening, with almost 100 people cheering on Dilbert the Rat as he narrowly escaped the evil plans and prejudice of the squirrels, humans and their hired Magpie gangster, The Pied Piper. The evening included a glass of punch and a raffle with which to end.

Pentabus' Spring Show promises an exciting evenings entertainment too, with The Ballad of Johnny Reece. The play charts the progress of a Herefordshire farm labourer from the 1950's to the present day, focussing on Johnny and his wife - as they move from the local hopfields to the industrial Midlands of the 60's and 70's, and returning again to set up business in the '80's. It is described as 'energetic, intimate, comic and finally deeply moving.'

The Ballad of Johnny Reece is available from the 24th March to 23rd April, and anyone who would like to help book and organise the show should contact me, telephone Moccas (09817) 463.

Nic Millington

MR. E.C. LANE, NORTON CANON

I'd like to say thankyou to each and everyone who attended my Dad's funeral on 17th December. Also for the flowers and donations from which I hope people of Norton Canon will benefit, as extra heating will be installed in the Church. I'd also like to thank so many of you who have called in to say 'hello' to my Mum as it does cheer her up no end. Also a special thankyou to Lance Deem, who gave up his Christmas Eve to help my Mum wrap Christmas presents. Bless you Lance.
Many thanks again.

Wendy Phelps

JANUARY 1988

very morning when we wake
The skies are cold and grey;
It seems the sun will never break
These January days.
The snow lies thick upon the ground
And every leaf is dead;
But oh for lilacs all around
And roses white and red.

The winds blow always from the east
The night is ever long;
There is no joy in man or beast
No music and no song.
Long shadows lie upon the land
And every stream is still;
But oh for summers glowing sands
And clover scented hills.

There is no colour in the day
No emerald in the trees,
No sign of blossom on the way
No perfume on the breeze.
Some say that winter has its charm
That frost can purify;
But oh for summers heavenly calm
And azure tinted sky.

F.A. Evans

A man with an alligator on a lead
walks up to the bar of a pub in
the Australian out-back.

"Do you serve Pommis in here?"

"We serve anyone mate, there's no
discrimination in this pub"

"Right, I'll have half of lager and
a Pomm for my friend here."

SAD - THE STORY OF NORTON CANON SCHOOL.
(A response to last month's article by
May Loxston.)

The article stated that the Norton Canon Village Hall was built partly to assist the Village School but I'm afraid that this is not the case.

The Hall was built as The Village Hall to replace a smaller hall known as 'The Hut' which was removed from the garden at The Old Vicarage around 1930 where it was used for W.I. meetings and other local activities. When the Old Vicarage was sold 'The Hut' was moved onto land adjacent to the school buildings, where it still continued to be used in the same way. In fact I well remember our W.I. made and stored hundreds of pounds of jam in it and not one jar was ever missing. This was during the war.

In 1961 a new Village Hall was opened on the site.

"The Hut" was sold and re-erected to become a small farm building in Bunns Lane.

An ignorant person is someone who doesn't know what you have just found out.

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