



THE SIGNAL

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

No 69

MAY 1988

Price 15p

GOODBYE TO THE TOBACCO CHARITIES - 1716 - 1988

by Richard Pantall

THOSE parishioners of Staunton-on-Wye who have recently been into the village shop and have been sharp-eyed enough to see a typed Notice that their Poors Land and Poors Money Charities are about to be taken over and administered by the Jarvis Eleemosynary Charity, must wonder what it is all about. I will tell them.

It is hoped my article on the 270 years' history of the Tobacco Charities in the June 1986 issue of The Signal, is not lost on those who are interested. In bye-gone times the income and distribution was small in money's worth, but it meant so much to the poor who received it and, until 1979, was faithfully and conscientiously administered by the trustees - the Rector and Church-wardens until 1968, since by two Parish Council appointed trustees.

After the 1979 distribution to 42 married and single persons, the Trustees enquired of the Charity Commission if the system could be changed, whereby lump sums could instead be given to other causes in the village. They were told in reply the charities were established to benefit the poor of the Parish of Staunton-on-Wye, and it was not therefore in order to make the proposed donation.

However, this was ignored and from 1981 to 1986 donations of £377 were made to various groups in the Parish, which should have raised their own funds, the largest being £100 to the Village Hall; and over £300 was spent on fencing, maintenance and hedge-trimming in the Tobacco Plot, which was not the responsibility of the Trustees anyway. In these years the income from rents and investments had increased substantially to upwards of £150 annually. At no time were any audits made, or accounts submitted to the Charity Commission, the Parish Council did not know what was going on, most of whose members

did not know the charities even existed. If we had in the parish people of the past of the calibre of George Bellers or Welshie Price, this abuse of the charities' funds would never have been allowed under any circumstances.

On being made aware of the situation, the Charity Commission, in their pussy-footing way, politely rebuked the Trustees, and in on-going correspondence made suggestions for the future conduct of management:

(1) That a Scheme could be drawn up reconstituting the body of trustees to consist of six persons, i.e. the two nominated by the Parish Council, three co-optative persons who had a special knowledge of the Parish, and the Rector in an ex-officio capacity;

(2) That, as an alternative, the Scheme could appoint the Trustees of the Jarvis Eleemosynary Charity to be Trustees of an amalgamated charity.

The Charity Commission recommended that if the Scheme as in (1) were adopted, the income could be applied in relieving either generally or individually persons resident in the Parish who are in genuine need, through hardship or distress, but not necessarily destitute. All manner of cash payments could be made for the care of the old and infirm - and we have them in the Parish, when payments to assist with electricity bills, television licences, newspapers, postage stamps, etc. are but a few of the long list authorised by the Charity Commission. Because of continuing social change this would have achieved the object of the Tobacco Charity in the best possible way without making the historical small payments regardless.

It was a decision for the Trustees alone to make, and what did they do? They decided not to have Scheme (1) to help those in need, but to pass all their considerable cash and investment funds, and the Tobacco Plot land, to be taken over and administered by the Jarvis Charity. The TOBACCO CHARITY is for the benefit of residents in Staunton-on-Wye, whereas the JARVIS CHARITY is for the benefit of three parishes to include Bredwardine and Letton.

This is what the Notice in the village shop is all about. I say that if the Trustees whose names are given thereon, wish so readily to divest themselves of the responsibilities of holding this office, then they should consider whether they are worthy to also represent us on the Parish Council?

For sure, once it is taken over by the Jarvis Charity, those parishioners in distress or need of a little help from time to time, can forever say goodbye to the Poors Charities.

(Editor's note: If anyone would like to respond to the points raised in this article we would be happy to consider reporting their views.)

COPY FOR THE JUNE ISSUE OF SIGNAL SHOULD BE SENT TO
GARETH EVANS, LANZERAC, NORTON CANON BY SATURDAY THE
14th MAY (TEL: 0544-318505)

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE WHO NEEDS HUMAN BEINGS?

by Cassandra Hurt

IT'S almost exactly a year to the day that I moved into my little house, in Norton Wood. What a glorious day that was. After weeks and weeks in an old gypsy caravan, very cramped, distinctly lacking insulation and without water, it was a dream come true to spend the night in a bed, surrounded by my own four walls and yes - having had a hot bath.

It is not the actual dates on the calendar that remind me so clearly of this great moment, but more the events that take place around me at this time of year, amongst the friends who have lived on my little piece of land, far longer than I have.

The silly brace of Pheasants for instance, who are far too take for their own good, squawking and overbalancing looking ridiculous as they try to mate on what is now my lawn. The pair of Partridges who have returned to take their evening dirt-bath bang in the middle of my carefully planned seedbeds of carrots, lettuce and spinach. It's charming Mrs. Mallard and her husband, who for some reason are quite convinced that the drainage ditch at the edge of my land and only ten yards from the caravan, is the perfect place to bring up their family. (I'm sure it has something to do with them being fond of Beethovens Triple Concerto which I played a lot last year, so I shall make sure not to disappoint them this time round.)

Then the two pair of Peewits who despite having their nests lifted last year to roll the hay meadow, and then replaced, and suffering the indignation of watching their checks picked up and held out of the way of the combine harvester later on, have returned and seem gleefully oblivious of any danger that might await their offspring this season.

And my favourite cohabitants of all - the lovely Toads, who are appearing in droves from who knows where? Last year I spent many a happy evening in their company. Whilst I read these little fellows and their mates sat happily blinking away on my kitchen floor in the dim light of a Tilly lamp.

Last, but not least, though I'm thoroughly ashamed to admit it, it is just 365 days ago that I called the fire brigade out for the first time. Yesterday was the second - yes, surely it's my old friend the Jackdaw kindly building his nest in my chimney again, reminding me that it's almost exactly a year to the day that I moved into my little house, in Norton Wood. What a glorious day that was!

NORTON CANON YOUTH CLUB

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Ring Weobley 318776 for
further details.

'SET ASIDE' IN FARMING

by Gwen Turvil

WITH farming at the crossroads and a suggestion that some of our land be set aside to reduce surpluses it would be as well to look back at days of set aside in the last 100 years.

In the 19th century steam power came and Britain became an even greater industrial giant. The Americans used that steam power to open up the highly fertile prairies. We ourselves put railways into the Argentine. Widescale production on virgin soil produced cheap food. We sent out industrial products to these parts and, in return, imported cheap food. Our farmers could not compete. So the first 'set aside' in these 100 years came about. By 1906 only a few courageous young men wanted to gamble on entering the dying farming industry. (In that year my father walked over two tenanted farms and was offered the tenancy on both of them.) The 'set aside' continued until 1914 and the Great War. The run down was so great that we nearly failed to produce enough food to meet the U-boat challenge. In the cities there were ugly food queues where the weaker went to the wall.

When the war was over cheap food from the New World poured in and a second 'set aside' came with the collapse in British farming in 1921. This continued until the early thirties when Hitler began flexing the German muscle. By 1934 the rundown in farming began to worry the Government and a land utilisation survey was initiated to see how grave was the situation. I helped with this in Dorset in 1935.

Dorset is not as fat a county as is Hereford. Pockets of good land - but not a lot. The 'set aside' there was almost total as compared with Herefordshire. Some fruit growing and market gardening to meet the demands of the S. Coast resorts - some on family holdings of 5 or 6 acres - some diarying on the outskirts of towns - more in the Blackmore Vale to provide milk loaded onto the London Train. A few sheep but elsewhere it was almost derelict. (Today Dorset produces £176 million worth of foodstuffs.)

As a result of this Survey the milk marketing board was supported; the growing of more corn and sugarbeet started; TB testing of cattle was introduced and a plasing out of land tithe was begun. The more able deducated farmers showed they hadn't forgotten how to farm and it was they who organised the revival at parish level when the war came.

Rationing had been planned before the start of the war and was introduced immediately when war came. Food was just about adequate but had farming not been 'set aside' it would not have been so severe.

The Agricultural Act of 1947 was introduced so that we would not yet again be subjected to the threat of starvation. We must not now 'set aside' our land - not so long as we are living in the face of starvation induced by another Chernobyl. Western Eyrope has a growing number of nuclear power stations so there is the ever present threat of land being 'set aside'

indefinitely by nuclear contamination. The land not contaminated will need to be in the peak of productive capacity to sustain some kind of food rationing. To get land set aside back into production takes time and demands a competent labour force.

So we must not 'set aside' our land and we must retain a labour force.

THE FRUIT GARDEN IN MAY

FROST protection may still be necessary for some fruits. Protect flowering fruit trees, black currants and strawberries against frost whenever practicable. Cover with hessian or double layers of fruit netting but keep it clear of the flowers. Remember that a single layer of polythene might not be sufficient to keep off the frost. Always remove the material next morning.

De-blossom newly planted fruit trees so that they become established more quickly. Strawberries should also be de-blossomed if they were planted this spring. Similar action should be taken on perpetual fruiting types if this was not done in late April. Strawberries will need protection from birds towards the end of May. Netting is the only satisfactory answer. Keep strawberries clean by using a hoe or hand weeding and use straw, collars or mats to support the fruit. Let the soil warm up before using straw and put down some slug pellets at the same time.

Established fan trained nectarines and peaches should have new shoots thinned to 10-15 cm (4-6 inches) apart by pinching unwanted growth to one leaf. Fan trained apricots, cherries, gages and plums should have unwanted shoots, such as those growing towards the wall, rubbed out. Water wall trained trees but make sure that you give enough to penetrate the soil to a depth of 30 cm (1 foot) - it is likely to be very dry. Weed around trees. Keep an area at least 45 cm (1½ feet) clear around an established tree, 60 cm (2 feet) around a new one.

Shade and ventilate cloched strawberries on sunny days. Thin out raspberry canes if they are becoming overcrowded, about 6 or 8 canes per plant is sufficient.

Thin early maturing apples to leave the fruit about 6 inches apart. It isn't necessary to wait until the 'June drop' as thinning may reduce a heavy drop later. As gooseberries enlarge, thin out the fruit and use them in pies. Do not overthin at this stage. Gooseberry sawfly caterpillar can be sprayed with an insecticide such as fenitrothion. A similar spray will deal with sawfly on plums. Apple sawfly and capsid can be controlled with an insecticide applied at petal fall. Do not spray while the fruit is in flower. Scab on apples and pears can be controlled with a spray based on benomyl or thiophanate-methyl. Grey mould on strawberries can ruin a crop, spray with benomyl or any other suitable fungicide.

In short, if you wish to enjoy the fruits of your labours wage war on all those intent on robbing you of the pleasure.

Happy gardening.

One Green Finger.

CHURCH SERVICES FOR MAY

Kinnersley

1st 10 am Holy Communion
2nd 10 am Holy Communion
8th 10 am Mattins
12th 10 am Holy Communion
22nd 10 am Mattins
29th 10 am Family Service

HOME HELP REQUIRED

Two mornings a week from the
1st May in Norton Wood. Rates
to be agreed.
Tel: 0544-318038.

BIRTHDAYS

Norton Canon

Anghared Meredith	12th May
Caroline Watson	17th "
Rebecca Goodwin	27th "
Rhiannon Jones	31st "

The Wedding of Michael Jones
of Swainshill and Jackie Pugh
of Monnington will take place
at Letton Church at 2 pm on
Saturday, 28th May.

FOR SALE

GARDEN ORNAMENTS, ROUND FLOWER
POTS, SQUARE POTS, ROCK FACED
TROUGHES.

Apply: Deem, Lamaro, Norton Canon.

A 90th BIRTHDAY

Congratulations to Mrs. Watson
of Jarvis Close, Staunton for her
birthday on the 21st May. Very
best wishes from all the 'Forget-
me-not' members.

STAUNTON-ON-WYE PARISH MEETING
THURSDAY 12 MAY - 7 pm STAUNTON
VILLAGE HALL followed by Staunton
Group Parish Council meeting.

NORTON CANON YOUTH CLUB
would like to thank the
helpers and supporters at
the Easter Egg Hunt on
Easter Monday. The total
raised by £74.26.
Raffle won by David Griffiths
and Mrs. D. Hardman.

WANTED

Norton Canon Youth Club
are looking for Sports Equip-
ment such as tennis rackets,
cricket bats and any other
indoor or outdoor games
littering your attics.
The Club would appreciate
your donation and thanks
you all very much.
Please contact Weobley 318776.

Dear Editor,
About those dustbin liner bags -
page 5 of the April 'SIGNAL'.
The cost of printing a white
arrow on 1,200,000 bags would
be £960. This works out at £1
for 1,250 or 25 years' supply
per house. To this decrepit
ancient it sounds a good bargain
which should not have been
refused.
However, one should not be un-
appreciative. When next my
damp finger and thumb are, for
the second time round, seeking
which of the four sides of an
unmarked bag is the opening one,
I must remember to be grateful
for this 'excitement and
interest' - as one District
Councillor is said to have put
it. And for the Council's
fervent wish to save my money.

Yours sincerely,

H.O. Aodhous.

MY CANDLE

I am burning my candle at both ends
It will not last the night
But oh my foes and oh my friends
It gives a lovely light

Edna St. Vincent Millay

NORTON CANON LADIES CLUB

ON Monday eve 21st March we congregated in force to welcome once again Miss Pru Lloyd, this time to enlighten our lives and titillate our palates with a mouthwatering talk on Diary Products and Cheesecake making. A free sample of delicious Yoghourt and a slice of Cheesecake went down very well. Thanks to Pru for a most enjoyable evening.

Next month, 18th April, brings something entirely different. 'From Spinning to Weaving and Rug Making' - talk and demonstration by Mrs. Rosemary Roden and Mrs. Queenie Jones. Another interesting evening for our ladies to look forward to.

REASON WHY by B. Ackrow

Why is it people in church are so few?
Maybe they can't bear the narrow hard pew?
Kneeling or standing up time after time?
Singing long psalms with no beat and no rhyme?
Parsons in gear with an old-fashioned look
Reading out chunks from a musty old book?
Often it's stories of iron-age Jews -
Why not events from our present-day news?
Why must we worship the old Jewish god?
If we reflect, isn't that more than odd?
Why all the emphasis placed upon sin?
Stirs up our conscience and let guilt creep in.
Prayer books set out how the service should go -
Finding the place takes ten minutes or so.
'Creeds' list the things we're supposed to believe.
What if we don't? Do we pack up and leave?
Prayers mostly have an Establishment slant

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(Kneel, says the book. We just duck if we can't.)
Few supplications seek aid for the Left -
Parson could vary the words, if he's deft?
Headings in Latin no doubt lend an air -
Classical scholarship's getting real rare.
Even the English is right out of date;
OK for Shakespeare, but not for us, mate!
Old-fashioned words that don't mean what they say -
Why not re-write the whole thing for today?
'Ancient and Modern' the hymn-book is named -
Which of them's honestly trendy, as claimed?
Just as we're lifting our voice up in song,
Who but a guy with a plate comes along?
(Always, it seems, there's a need for more cash -
Aren't we instructed that money is trash?)

Lumping these fiobles together, perhaps
There's some excuse if church-going may lapse.
All the same, Sunday's not Sunday unless
I go to church. Just step out of the press.

(In response to the 'Use it or lose it' article
in the March 'Signal')

APRIL

Out of the west the clouds come flying
Clothing the sky with an April dress;
Egg shell blue and white birds crying
Rich warm earth and loveliness.

If God had given a few short hours
To love and cherish as time goes on;
I would remember the springtime flowers
The stirring earth, the wild birds song.

F.A. Evans

SIGNAL'S A.G.M.

PLEASE bring your own chair to our Annual General Meeting
which will be held on FRIDAY, 27th MAY, 1988 at Owls End,
Norton Canon commencing at 8 p.m.
Nominations for the committee will be accepted from the
floor of the meeting. All members of households receiving
'Signal' are entitled to attend.
If you are interested in helping in the production or
delivery of 'Signal' please contact Rod Kilvert, tel:
Weobley 318306.

DO COME

TO 'Signal's' Wine and Cheese gathering at Owls End, Norton
Canon (by kind permission of Diana and Roger Hardman) on
Friday, 27th May. This is a very informal get-together
after our A.G.M. Please bring a little food; we will have
wine but bring your own if you wish. See the A.G.M. notice
for time and don't forget a chair!

PERUVIAN PICTURES.....Part 3.

THE mountain track goes no further than Hualqui. It is a dead end. For us it was the start of something new.

The first days saw us like sponges, absorbing in so many new sights, sounds and smells. The sights? Sunrise. Smoke rising in a haze round the village as each family cooked breakfast on an open fire inside a house with no windows or chimney. Gentle, hardworking people in dirty but neatly patched clothes. Women who looked old beyond their years. Small children carrying even smaller children in bundles on their backs. Washing hung over bushes to dry. Hillsides with scrubby bushes, cacti and eucalyptus trees. Pigs tied up to prevent them eating precious crops. Ploughing with bullocks. Green, green fields where irrigation had been programmed. Stark, barren golden Andean mountains as the sun set. The guinea pig farm. Thousands of stars in the night sky.

The sounds? 'Radio Hualqui' broadcasting at 5.30 am - an assault on the ears akin to Radio 1 from the one transistor. The days were peaceful but the nights disturbed by dog fights, cockerels and donkeys in top gear. Immediately over our heads the rats sounded like an army as they charged across the mud ceiling. No wonder ear plugs were on our kit list.

Smells? The less said the better! The village people wash every eight days or so and who knows when their clothes were washed? The ladies wear petticoats under their short wide skirts. When the petticoat gets dirty they simply put another over the top - hence the voluminous skirts. The project we worked with had organised the digging of pit latrines - pits in the ground. They were used for six months, then filled in. We hit ours at month five.....

Our task? Twofold. The building of a secondary school to teach traditional craftwork to make each family more self-sufficient and dentistry. No dentist had ever been to the village before, the nearest being in the city and well beyond the financial reach of these Quechua people.

The campesinos (peasant farmers) have a problem. Traditionally each is obliged to divide his land with his sons. Each generation is therefore farming a smaller plot of land which eventually fails to support each family. What is the answer? There is a choice. Three choices in fact. As a campesino you can (a) watch your children die of malnutrition and you yourself chew coca leaves to stave off the constant pangs of hunger; you can (b) try to find work in a town or on an hacienda for a few months of the year. Your wife, already looking 20 years older than her years, is left to cope with the land and the animals as well as the children and all the jobs that already stretch her to breaking point; or you can (c) forfeit your land for ever (perhaps it has been in your family since Inca times) and you and your family join the endless stream of people, now numbering nearly 5,000 per week, who squat in the shanty towns of Lima.

Into this hopeless situation came PROESA - Programme of Education, Health (Salud) and Agriculture. A Scottish minister, responsible for the little village church saw the answer, just at the time the Christians in Hualqui were looking to relieve the impossible burdens of the village people. The minister approached TEAR Fund, a Christian relief organisation, for help. An administrator, a nurse, a doctor, a vet, a teacher, an agronomist and an engineer set about imparting basic skills - better animal care, better farming methods, basic health care and a vaccination programme. Today the project is working in 18 different villages vast distances apart. Five English people still share their expertise, but the administrator and most of the team are Peruvian.

Some of the most successful ideas are those the Incas used - long since forgotten in the years of Spanish oppression - terracing; dykes; planting to prevent soil erosion and irrigation methods. There is now community guinea pig rearing (the delicacy for feast days), chicken rearing and beehives. Tuna cacti plantations harvest cochineal beetles which feed on the flowers. A clay tile works produces roof tiles - shaped by moulding around a thigh, and a woodwork shop. Reading skills are being taught. The most recent Government report shows 61% of the over 15 year olds as illiterate. The project has been in operation in this village for five years. Yet even today, 42% of the under-fives die of malnutrition, as well as from gastro-intestinal and respiratory diseases.

We started work at 8 am. By 10 am the temperature was well over 100°F. (Sorry, I still think pre-centigrade!) Our tasks? 1. Roll rocks and boulders from the mountainside for the foundations. Task 2. Dig foundations using pickaxes, crowbars and shovels. Task 3. Help lay foundations then fill in with mud 'cement.' Task 4. Build adobe brick walls with mud - and plumb-lines! We got no further than window level. However we hear that the second storey has been built and the tiles are over the top bricks so that the short sharp summer rain did not wash it all away.

Tuesday, 11th August - a celebration! Our luggage finally caught up with us. At last we had our own clothes instead of the secondhand clothes from Ross-on-Wye. We had English tea bags and dental equipment.

Notices mushroomed round the village and its environs. SERVICIO DEL DENTISTA. James was in business, starting at 4.30 pm each day. Whilst some of the team trekked to the upper reaches of the irrigation channel to rid themselves of thick red dust in the icy water, a small team took it in turns to be dental assistants. This involved holding the torch (no electricity), the patient or the dental instruments! Only extractions were possible and almost all proved complicated, needing much local anaesthetic. The 'surgery' was the small dark health care room beneath our bedroom. A fly paper held hundreds captive over the 'operating' table. The visit of el dentista was a village 'happening' to be watched and enjoyed by all - well, almost all. Certainly everyone enjoyed

a good spit on the floor. We learned to move out of the firing line, but many times in those six weeks I was thankful for my heavy walking boots. Teeth in Hualqui were in very poor condition because of the sugar cane shewed. Every mouth James saw was dirty and neglected but the general dental condition was better in the non sugar cane shewing villages and schools. James visited five schools in different villages, teaching and treating. Patients streamed into the last session at Hualqui and it was with sadness that he declined an offer to 'come back next week.'

Our three weeks in Hualqui came to an end with a half day holiday for the whole village. Everything stopped for the football match. Doesn't it always? On reflection it didn't stop the little old lady leading her pig across the middle of the pitch or the hens scratching around on the stoney gravel pitch - no grass here. We won, despite the altitude of 9,000 ft.

We had survived the heat, the water shortage, the Peruvian food, the 'Inca's revenge,' the sunburn, the flea bites, the rats, the spiders, the one scorpion and the work. It was hard to leave these dear people to their grinding endless monotony of just living in order to hit the tourist trail.

June Smith

Good background reading: Eight Feet in the Andes by Dervla Murphy
Journey along the Spine of the Andes by Christopher Portway

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

(one of Alistair Cooke's 'Letters from America')

IT is the biggest hole on earth, thirteen miles from rim to rim, five miles deep, down a hellish immensity to a trickling river. And a silence as absolute as death.

Travel writers usually announce that something is indescribable and then proceed to writhe through inadequate descriptions. I won't be caught in this trap. No matter how many home movies you've seen of it (or coloured centrefolds) the thing itself is beyond experience. Eons and eons ago it must have taken the Colorado River a century or so to carve a measurable canyon out of the red clay soil. It must have taken another two million years to approach its present scale. And if we had been there the morning Christ was born it would have looked much the same. We walked a mile or two along the rim and watched the sun go over with the mild long shadows shifting across layer after layer of red, purple and yellow mesas the size of cities. And we peered down into the immensity and spotted a hawk gliding down there as tiny as a house fly. But no other movement.

In the end it becomes unbearably beautiful or preposterous or unreal. And you have to turn away and seek the company of your own kind in an enclosed space - say, in a restaurant - because otherwise you would begin to doubt that human beings

had yet been created. Maybe the Grand Canyon was God's main purpose and, once it was done, it was a piddling afterthought to make Adam and Eve and the billions of scattering ants we now call the human family. Look at the Grand Canyon long enough and you are in danger, not so much of total misanthropy as of a fixed stony indifference to our world and its inhabitants. It simply doesn't matter whether the Russians, the Chinese or the Arabs come out on top. When all the empires are dust the Canyon will still be there with the little hawks and the big buzzards wheeling and gliding to the end of time.

AN OLD LANCASTRIAN REMEMBERS

(from 'The never never city' by Thomas Thorogood)

I'LL never forget that first day at t'pit. Me and me father worked a 72 hour shift and then we walked home some fotty three miles through snow in us bare feet huddled inside us cloes made out of owd sacks.

Eventually we trudged o'er ill until we could see street lights in our village. My father smiled down at me through't icicles 'anging off his nooas. 'Nearly ocam now, lad' he said.

We stumbled into't ouse and stood there freezin cowl and tired out shiverin and miserable in front of a meager fire. 'Cheer up' me mam sez. 'Lads I've got some nice brown bread and butter for yer tea.'

Eee and then me Dad went crackers. He reached out and grabbed me mam by't throat 'Ye big, fat, idle ugly wart' he screamed 'Ye great useless spawny eyed, parrot faced wazzock.' He had a way with words, me father. He'd been to college you know. 'Yer bin out playing yer bludy bingo all afternoon instead of getting some proper snap ready for me and this lad' he yelled at me purple faced mam.

Then turning to me he said 'Arthur' (he never could remember me name) 'here's afe a crown. Nip down to the caff and gerrus a nice peece of 'addock for us tee. Man cannot live by bread alone.' He were a right tater me father. He said as how us working foke should have some dignity, pride and self respect and as how we should come home to summat warm and cheerful. Then he threw me mam on't fire.

We didn't have no telly, no shoes, no bedcloes. We had to mek us own fun in them days. Do you know when I were a lad you could get tram down t'town, buy three soots, an overcoat, four pares of good boots, go and see George Formby at t'Palace Theater, get blind drunk, ave some stake and chips, a bunch of bananas and three stone of monkey nuts - and still have change out of sixpence.

We'd lots of things in them days as we avent got terday. Rickets, diptheria and 'itler. And we did look well goin ter school wi no backsides to us trousers and all us little eeds painted purple cos we had ringworm.

They doan know as they are born today.