

THE SIGNAL

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

issue 75 NOVEMBER 1988 15p

TEALEAF

He arrived in a cardboard box tied with string, unwanted and unwelcome. His journey had been long and hot, on a train from Reading to Hereford, and thence to Norton Canon, carried joltingly on our youngest daughter's lap. I cut the string and watched as a cautious head pushed its way out of the box to be followed by the longest leanest feline body which was possessed of the slimmest longest legs in the business, with a tail to match.

Aldo had arrived and to prove it he stalked his way around the kitchen then in one movement, from a standing position he propelled himself silently and elegantly to the counter top and turned those amazing yellow-green eyes in my direction, requiring food - not asking or demanding, just requiring the sort of service which would be the envy of the New York Hilton.

We had recently buried our old cat when Samantha telephoned to say she had been adopted by a stray kitten and since she was not allowed pets in her flat, we'd give him a home in the country, wouldn't we? I refused point blank, so she requested a word with Dad.....as I said, he arrived in a cardboard box.....

In no time at all he overcame his initial fear of the wide open space of the garden, and established his authority over the entire household which included Jazz, our delicate white young cat. They eventually established a tolerable love-hate relationship, punctuated with the odd boxing match and flurry of fur - usually white.

I mentioned his name - Aldo - totally unsuitable for one whose principal claim to fame was his ability to steal anything edible from anywhere. We decided to re-christen him in true Cockney rhyming slang - Tealeaf.

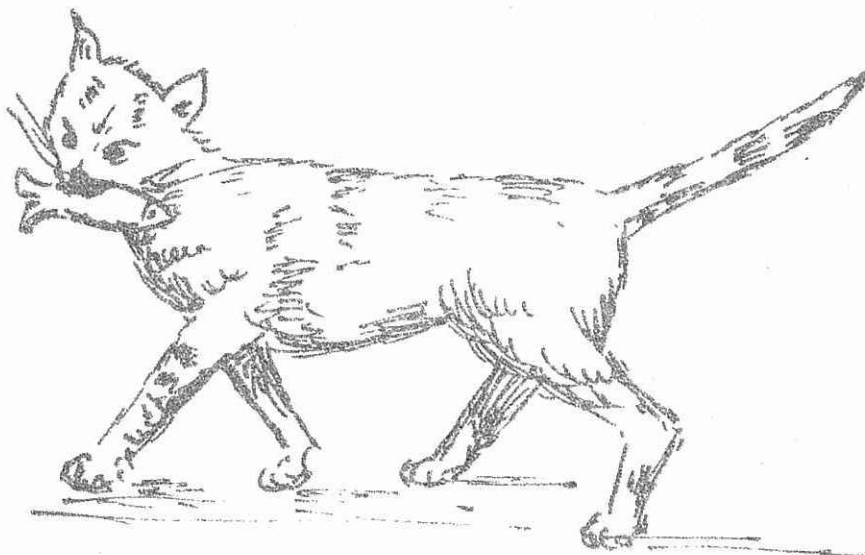
ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DECEMBER/JANUARY ISSUE SHOULD BE SENT
TO GARETH EVANS, LANZENAC, NORTON CANON (TEL: 0544 318505) BY
FRIDAY, 18th NOVEMBER, 1988.

I have to say he was beautiful, by any standards; a classic tabby with symmetrical markings, he was a proud and elegant mover and in the words of 'Uncle Brian' the Vet, 'A handsome chap'.

Tealeaf frequently flitted with eternity, and as he lost some of his nine lives we had cause to be very grateful for the skill and expertise of one who is known to the literary world as Hugh Lasgarn the aforementioned 'Uncle Brian'.

One of Tealeaf's favourite tricks was to propel himself vertically from the path and through our half-open small bedroom window, from there he hurled himself missile-like across the room on to our bed, usually at some ungodly hour, when he was soaking wet.

He quickly understood that Monday to Friday meant school, and nobody home, so he took up residence in luxury in the home of our opposite neighbour. Mercifully she adores cats and Tealeaf rapidly learned how to get his own way, and how to wrap his second 'mother' around his paw.



Despite the fact that he demolished in record time my catmint plant, assorted flower pots, the skin on the tops of my legs and part of my hands, I loved him dearly - we all did. He made few demands and in return gave affection, a warm welcome when we came home, presents of mice - his favourite prey, and above all his absolute faith and trust in humanity.

He never strayed from his own end of the drive until one fateful day when he discovered the main road and fast moving traffic.

We buried him in one of his favourite spots near the apple tree in the corner of the garden. No longer with us in body, his indomitable spirit lives on in our hearts.

Mairion Jones

Man (answering the telephone) I am afraid that the head of the house is out. This is the chairman of the fund raising committee speaking.

Bill Price's article 'Grieving' put into words so many of one's own feelings, and I should like to thank him for it.

J C

The very pleasant day at Brobury on September 18th really linked up with the Kilvert Festival at Clyro the following week. Unfortunately the weather wasn't so good, but it did not seem to deter people from coming.

There was a pageant at Llowes Church given by the children of Rhos Goch School. One small boy took the part of Francis Kilvert, and read extracts from the Diary - he did it very well and one could hear every word!

Later, we went to a Victorian tea at Caemawr, one of the houses Kilvert used to visit. We shared a table with a couple who said they had come from Sussex for the event.

Owing to the rain on the Saturday we missed the walk round Clyro, but we did go to Ashbrook House which was once Kilvert's home, and is now an art gallery.

J C

STAUNTON FORGET-ME-NOT CLUB

Outing to Botanical Garden Birmingham

Yet again we were favoured with the weather. We had a good look around the gardens, the berries were very abundant, (hope its not a sign of bad winter) the primroses and polyanthus were beautiful outside the bandstand., the cactus were so big and prickly it was hard to believe they would grow so well away from their desert conditions.

We left after a good browse through the shop to get our meal in Worcester, at about five the rain started but we did not bother too much we had had the best of the day, we stopped in Much Marcle for slight refreshment and were home at about eight-thirty. I think everyone enjoyed themselves.

F. McCann

Mrs Jones of Bridewell is still receiving treatment in the General Hospital, our good wishes to her.

The residents of Jarvis Close wish to thank Monnington Church for the fruit and vegetables given to them from their Harvest Festival.

WEOBLEY GARDENING SOCIETY

Some of you may not know of this flourishing local society which meets from April to September on the second Wednesday of each month in the Hopelands, Weobley at 7.30 pm. At our Meetings we have interesting speakers who often bring slides to show us on their topic and in the coming months we have talks on soft fruit, Herefordshire wild flowers, propagation and herbaceous and cottage plants. To put the finishing touch in April we have what should be a fascinating lecture on plant-hunting in Nepal in the spring-time. To celebrate Christmas we have a Wassail with a little competition and a quiz.

Why not come along for the November talk on Wednesday the 9th on soft fruit? To join the society for a year costs only £2 and in the summer months there are two half-day and one whole day expeditions laid on at a reasonable cost to various beautiful gardens. In 1989 we are going to Wisley, Percy Thrower's garden and to How Caple Court Gardens.

To find out more details ring Tibb Richardson, Weobley 318764.

STAUNTON PARISH COUNCIL

The Parish Council's September meeting was largely taken up with discussion on the future of the village hall and whether plans to refurbish and extend it should be supported.

The Village Hall Committee have commissioned investigatory work on plans to increase the floor space in the hall and to improve the kitchen and toilet facilities and the heating system. The result of these studies - and the likely cost of such works - is not yet known but the Parish Council had been asked to indicate whether financial and other support would be forthcoming.

Mr Ian Clements of the Village Hall Advisory Committee of the Rural Community Council outlined the various options open to all concerned. Apart from the VHC's own fund-raising it may be possible to obtain a grant for some of the cost from the County Council, and an application is to be made next year for a grant in 1990/91. Also the PC can make a grant - this would be achieved by the PC borrowing the amount at a fixed rate of interest and repaying the loan over a period. This would mean that the PC would have to increase its rate levy from the District Council each year until the loan was repaid.

After a long discussion the PC agreed in principle to support the enlargement and improvement of the hall and to give the necessary administrative support when required. Plans will not be finalised until next summer and it is hoped that there will be a big turnout at the Annual Parish Meeting in May when this subject will be discussed again. The level of financial support to be given by the PC will depend to some extent on the views of Staunton residents.

John Phillips

Enjoy Bridge - begin or improve this winter.

Afternoon or evening sessions, 2 hours
£1. Phone George Richardson 318764.

November Church Services

Norton Canon

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

Sarnesfield

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

Staunton-on-Wye

6th - 11 am Holy Communion
13th - 10.45 am Morning Prayer
20th - 11 am Holy Communion

Byford

6th - 9.30 am Holy Communion
20th - 11 am Morning Prayer

Mornington-on-Wye

13th - 9.30 am Holy Communion

Letton

13th - 10.45 am Family Service
and baptism
27th - 6 pm Holy Communion

Kinnersley

6th - 10 am Holy Communion
13th - 10 am Mattins
20th - 10 am Holy Communion
27th - 10 am Advent Carol
Family Service
30th - 10 am Holy Communion

**WHEN OTHER DIETS FAIL,
TRY FAST, SAFE
CAMBRIDGE.**

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RING SUE ON

MOCCAS 634

THE Cambridge DIET

OLD ADAM

A time for action indeed! Plan or no plan one cannot escape this month from the chore of clearing the ground of leaves, be it border or vegetable plot, nor can one avoid cutting down the withering stems of perennials. There are rewards for current furious activity, good health from the exercise and probable freedom from colds, satisfaction from the appearance of the garden when it has been put to sleep and, if one is prudent, a store of excellent compost for future soil conditioning. This is the season of mists and drizzle. Do not be put off; don your anorak and wellies and get cracking!

Compost Compost is not mainly for feeding, but for soil conditioning which is just as important. The simplest method of making compost is to build a tidy heap of leaves and soft stems. The latter should be cut into short lengths to accelerate chemical and bacterial activity. Build the heap in layers six to nine inches deep and sprinkle ordinary soil between each layer. Ideally the soil should be sifted. Mix in some bonfire ash if it is available. Sprinkling the layers with Garotta or Fertisan will accelerate the decomposition, but ammonium sulphate is very much cheaper and effective.

Undoubtedly a compost bunker, preferably a double bunker if you have the space, is the ideal container, but they are expensive even if you are a D.I.Y. enthusiast. But a simple cage constructed with four $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft posts driven firmly into the ground and enclosed with chicken wire netting is practical. One side should be easily opened to get at the compost.

Compost made now will not be ready until the Spring, but that which is made in the Spring and Summer, particularly if grass cuttings are used, will be ready in six to eight weeks. You can use every scrap of organic refuse from the kitchen. If you are short of material, incorporate shredded newspaper. Compost should be kept moist, but not soaked; cover it with a sheet of polythene.

If you have too much material, pack the fallen leaves separately in polythene bags. Probably the leaves will be sufficiently earthy when they are scraped up, but if in doubt add a little soil. The necessary worms are usually among the leaves. Close the bags to retain moisture. After a year or a year and a half the bags will contain first-rate compost. Burn your hard stems and prunings and scatter the ash over the ground, otherwise cut them up, put them in bags and take them to the dump.

If you make good use of compost, after a year or two your friends, admiring your garden, will say enviously, "Ah, you don't work on clay, you have such lovely soil!"

Beware! Did you know that you should be trained if you wish to get rid of your garden enemies by spraying with pesticides? If you were born after 31st December 1964 or if you wish to contract to spray your neighbour's garden, you must pass a test and obtain a certificate of competence before going into action!

Home Visiting Service

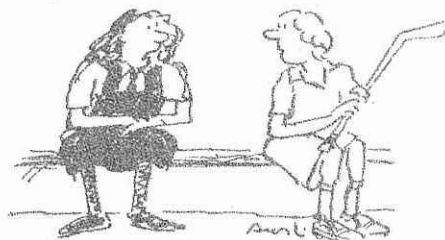
Mrs. S. M. Bennett

M.S.S.Ch., M.B.Ch.A.

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Tel. 0432-268099



'I can't decide whether to be an actress or a bishop.'

Goodbye Norton Canon - Hello Weobley!

ruby norman

Before we came to Norton Canon 25 years ago, we heard that the people were very friendly and that it was a close knit community. We have found this to be true. One instance was the way the Village Hall was erected by voluntary labour.

Before the war, Geoff, who then lived at Weobley, came regularly to Norton Canon to play tennis on the 'Old' Vicarage lawn; both villages had really good teams. During our time here there have been changes of course. The once thriving WI, with all the accompanying 'jam and Jerusalem' activities in this village, in Hereford and further afield at Denman College, has been replaced by the Women's Club, who also meet once a month to enjoy the social time.

Whist Drives were quite popular at the Village Hall especially the Christmas one when the Hall would be packed to capacity. Very few are held now.

Apart from Canon Drive Bungalows and Rema houses in Kitty's Lane, there has been little housing development, but at least eight cottages have been restored during the past 25 years.

It has been interesting to have some professional people coming to the area for retirement.

I particularly enjoyed the years 1972-78 teaching music part time at the local school for about 40 children; it was good to know the local children and their families. In 1969 the road by the school was widened and a footpath made for pedestrians safety on what was a dangerous stretch of road.

During the time, 'Signal' newsletter has come into being thanks to a hard-working committee who press on against occasionally difficult times. Good luck to them.

We now move to Weobley, which is what we always hoped to do.

* When you are in deep water it's a good idea to keep your mouth shut.

Many years ago I lived in Aden for a short time. Every form of fresh food was difficult to obtain, especially if one was giving a small dinner party. A friend passed this recipe to me, and I have used it with success many times - and not only in Aden.

Ingredients:

1 x 3½lb chicken	mushroom for garnish (if available)
1 tin condensed mushroom soup	1 tbs oil
1 tin condensed chicken soup	1 tbs margarine
1 tin milk/water	wine glass of dry sherry

Method:

Bone the chicken into 8 pieces and reserve skin and carcass for stock. Brown the chicken pieces in the fat. Turn into casserole dish. Mix the 2 soups and milk and water, season well and pour over chicken. Add fried mushrooms and wineglass of dry sherry. Stir lightly. Cover and bake in the oven at 180 degrees for about 1½ hours. I usually serve this with boiled rice and, in England, baked tomatoes. All this can be prepared well in advance.

recipe

A CHEEKY LITTLE WINE BUT YOU CANNOT HELP BUT ADMIRE ITS
SAUCY PRESUMPTION

by Miles Kington (The Times)

(Editor's note: The following article must in no way be taken as a slur on the activities of the Arrowvale Wine Society).

Announcing - the Moreover Wine Club. The Club for the people who cannot be bothered with wine. Did you know that there are 2-3 million people in England now who have a pretty fair knowledge of the wines of the world - who can tell you the good and the bad years - and will inform you, at the drop of a hat, what wine goes with what bit of fish.

That leaves nearly 50 million who couldn't care less - and it's at them that the Moreover Wine Club is aimed.

If you ever say one of the three following sentences you're a Moreover Wine Club sort of person:

'Let's just order the house red, shall we?'

'I can never remember if its red or white with chicken'.

'I prefer the stuff in plastic bottles actually'.



Point No. 1. The Moreover Wine Club has only one wine to offer. Yes, that's true. Whatever you write for we always send you the same wine. Albanian Impexport Vin de Table. Only £2.13 a bottle, £25 a case or £4,800 a lorry load.

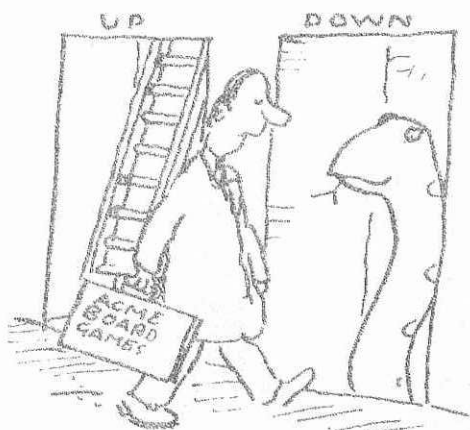
Albanian Impexport wine comes from the vine wreathed north facing slopes of the Quexto Hills of Albania where nothing else can grow. The reds are surly and slaty; the whites are thin and argumentative; the roses are shy and retiring. But they are ever so cheap.

And they come with our free labels. Yes, we send you absolutely free of charge a vast selection of labels using words like Montrachet, Chateurneuf, Frascati, Domaine. All you have to do is put the label you like on the wine we send you.

Research shows that nothing makes more difference to a wine than the right label. Your guests will be tremendously impressed and there's no need to tell them that what they are actually drinking is Albanian Impexport plonko. Remember its illegal to sell wrongly labelled wines but there's no law against serving them to your friends or family. And you can always pour yourself a drop of the good stuff when they are not looking.

We have recently come into possession of a huge shipment of Albanian wine intended for the Chinese market. Don't ask how. Just believe us. It is ready for drinking now. In other words if you lay it down its only going to get worse - if that's possible. You've always wanted a wine to give to other people - now you've got it.

So, if you've ever said to yourself, this wine snobbery stuff is a load of compost, join the Moreover Wine Club at once. Be the first person in your neighbourhood to lay down a tank of Albanian two stroke alcohol. Send a SAE for full details. You won't regret it - only your guests will.



MAY I say how much I liked the little essay called "Those Blue Rembered Hills" by Elizabeth Moore. It was all a lovely thought, particularly the last few lines which conveyed the regrets of a town dweller as well as thanks for one who really knows the hills, and appreciates the serenity and peace of the high places of our beautiful land.

Sincerely

Frank A Evans

HEREFORDSHIRE FEDERATION OF YOUNG FARMERS' CLUBS

You don't have to be a young farmer to be a member of Dilwyn Young Farmers' Club, only aged between nine and twentysix!

We are starting a new year as from now, September 1988, and always welcome new faces.

Being a member of the Youth Movement of the Countryside we hope you would find interesting, beneficial and fun. We do all sorts - competitions, visits and tours, meet many young people with the same interests, parties galore (you don't know what you're missing at Christmas time!), travel scholarships, to name just a few. The opportunities are there for you to succeed near and far, at County level and National level, but the old saying applies 'you only get out what you put in'.

If you are interested in learning more about Dilwyn YFC, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Anita Pritchard, Secretary - tel: Weobley 318312

WHY?

(submitted by May Loxston)

Why are they selling poppies Mother
Selling poppies in town today?

The poppies child are the flowers of love
For the men who marched away.

But why have they chosen poppies Mother
Why not a beautiful rose?

Because, my child, men fought and died
In fields where the poppy grows.

But why are the poppies so red Mother
Why are the poppies so red?

Red is the colour of blood my child
The blood that our soldiers shed.

The heart of the poppy is black Mother
Why does it have to be black?

Black my child is a symbol of grief
For the men who never came back.

But why Mother dear are you crying so
Your tears are like winter rain.

My tears are my fears for you my child
For the world is forgetting again.

I Watched Him Go

He raised his fist and grinned
I knew the sign
Last one down sets up the pints
And then they ran those round black holes
From near the tail. A perfect line
Of perforations straight to him.
A forward jerk, the smile transfixed
That's when he went, I watched him go
A gentle roll, a twisting spiral trailing smoke
They are all gone now, its in the past
It doesn't fill my mind except on days like this
And sometimes in the lonely night
I wonder why they went?
They must have gone for something, mustn't they?
They can't have gone for nowt.

by Shaw Taylor

COMPASSION

(by F.A. Evans)

Come close your eyes and think no more of sorrow;
Sink into sleep and find compassion there,
Forget today and dream of bright tomorrows;
This is my wish and this my silent prayer.

Pain comes and goes like sun and April showers;
Above the clouds the sky is ever fair.
Beneath the snow the waiting summer flowers
Will soon emerge to perfume all the air.

Life is not life if all were joy and gladness;
We're given pain to learn a lesson here,
To learn to sympathise with someones sadness
And with our pity help to dry a tear.

So close those eyes and think no more of sorrow;
Sink into sleep and find compassion there;
Forget today and dream of bright tomorrows;
This is my wish and this my constant prayer.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

There will be a march to the war memorial and the service of remembrance at Weobley Church on Sunday November 13th.

The parade of the British Legion will leave the Post Office, Weobley at 10.45 a.m.

WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Visit to Shipton Hall, Much Wenlock: On 21st September members had the pleasure of seeing "this exquisite specimen of Elizabethan architecture, set in a quaint old fashioned garden, the whole forming a picture which, as regards both form and colour, satisfies the artistic sense of even the most fastidious". The exterior, built of local limestone, contrasts with the interior altered and enlarged about 1750, thus providing an elegant Georgian rococo decor combined with beautiful Tudor timberwork. Nearby was a dovecote believed to date from the 13th century, and St James' Church with Saxon and Norman features, and a chancel built by the builder of the Hall, Richard Lutwyche. An excellent tea rounded off the visit.

WINTER PROGRAMME 1988/89

26 October	Garnons Estate by Sir John Cotterell.
23 November	Old Maps of Herefordshire by Mr W D Turton.
10 December	Annual supper and social evening.
25 January	Members evening.
22 February	Georgian Furniture by Mr P Baldwin.
22 March	Alfred Watkins by Mr R Shoesmith.
26 April	Annual General Meeting.

All meetings are held at the Willow Gallery, Weobley, and begin at 7.30 p.m.

OVEN-READY

Chickens 51b-101b
Duckling 5/61b approx
Gosling 101b-201b

Delivered free to 'Signal' area

Mrs A Cole (Weobley) 0544 318260

NORTON CANON

Our best wishes to Mrs. Sheila Evans and Mrs. Gwen Absolam who have recently had hospital treatment. We all hope you are now feeling better.

Canon Motors

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Memories of a long gone childhood

IN my parents house those days of long ago the mere act of opening a kitchen cupboard was to risk being buried alive under an avalanche of empty jam jars with screwtop lids stored against some forgotten emergency. The kitchen drawers were always jammed with neatly folded paper bags; ironed out pieces of brown wrapping paper and laboriously unravelled pieces of string. To cut a piece of string was considered morally wrong. In fact 'making do and mending' was a concept the English parted with only the with the utmost reluctance - and in our house not at all.

Years before the idea of recycling had hit the nation's consciousness my grandmother had already perfected the idea of never throwing anything away; thus new dresses ultimately became skirts and eventually cushions. If they had any fight left in them after that they were cut up for slipmats - lengths of material strategically placed where they had the best possible chance of tripping you up in the dark. Their final destination would undoubtedly be as comforter in the dog's basket.

Comfort in any form was sternly restricted and heat anywhere except the kitchen was simply money wasted. I still haven't quite come to terms with the idea of having a heated bedroom - this was particularly frowned upon at home as leading to moral degeneracy of the most insidious kind. 'Besides,' my grandmother would tell me darkly 'too much heat makes a breeding ground for blackheads.' There was no answer to that except to leave home as quickly as possible.

frances donnelly

Dear Editor,

Could we, the District Nursing Team, through The Signal, thank everyone for their most generous help with our 'Community Nurses Fund'. The sum total of which has risen to £1857.33.

We are now happily spending it! So far we have on order:

- 1 special mattress for bedbound patients
- 3 Dyson flotation cushions and
- 1 bath hoist - this item being the most expensive.

Everyone (too numerous to mention) has been so generous and we do thank you all most sincerely.

Many thanks and God Bless you all.

Sister Sheila Harrison
Sister Christ Bevan
and Marie Davies

Heard on a Coach

'Johnny, take your ice-lolly off the lady's fur coat! You'll get hairs on it!

chimney sweep

Brush, Vacuum
Clean, efficient
service

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B. LANE
Hereford 274555
Please ring
early evenings

ARROVALE WINE CIRCLE

It has been a busy month, which has included not only our own annual Trophy, but also the Callow Cup for which we, this year, were the hosts.

The winner of our own best wine competition was Rita Kilvert who 'scooped the pool'. She won the cup, not only for the best bottle of wine, but also the Daisy Salver for the best four bottles across the board - dry red, sweet red, dry white and sweet white. The results were

sweet red	:(1) Mrs R Kilvert	(2) Mr G Jones	(3) Mr G Evans
dry red	:(1) Mrs R Kilvert	(2) Mr G Jones	(3) Mrs J Valentine
sweet white	:(1) Mrs R Kilvert	(2) Mrs J Valentine	(3) Mr G Jones
dry white	:(1) Mrs R Kilvert	(2) Mrs J Valentine	(3) Mr G Evans

While the bottles were being judged we were treated to a most intriguing slide show/talk presentation of "Claypits" by Mr Dennis Dighton. Intriguing because it is an area within such easy walking distance of Norton Canon.

Within a few days we found ourselves the host also of the Callow Cup Competition - a countywide contest between the wine circles of Hereford, Hereford Social Services, Ross-on-Wye, Marches, and ourselves. This time we had a splendid turn-out coming from all the areas concerned and, even though we were just pipped at the post, the Arrowvale wines (ie Rita Kilvert's) came second. The final result was :-

1) Ross-on-Wye	79½ points
2) Arrowvale	78½ "
3) Hereford Wine Circle	72 "
4) Hereford Social Services	69 "
5) Marches	66½ "

While the wine assessment was taking place we listened to a very interesting talk by Mr Fred Bluck who regaled us with some surprising and often amusing excerpts from local newspapers of the 19th century. He held our attention completely. How local customs have changed!

Gareth Evans

In moments of high crisis
My judgement's very fine
I always see two points of view
The one that's wrong - and mine.

(Cautionary words on notice in
delivery theatre of maternity ward).

"The first three minutes of life
can be the most dangerous".
(Words written underneath).
"And the last three can be pretty
dodgy too".

AN EDITORIAL PLEA

You may well be tired of hearing our eternal request for reader's contributions but since the Signal is so utterly dependent on your efforts please treat this repeated entreaty as you would a deep sea diver asking for air. Without your efforts we are sunk!

May we also make another suggestion. If, in your reading, you ever come across an interesting comment or article which you think might fit in with Signal material please send it to us - together with full accreditation to avoid any copyright problems.

In response to 'Take a Break'

by Ann Cole

I just had to add a little to "Take a Break" in last month's issue by A. Aldhouse, and wondered why he or she had not moved out of the rural area. The risk of Heart Failure must surely be far greater than smoking, over-eating and lack of exercise.

I have walked up many banks and have never yet come face to face with poultry units. They are definitely not one to a house and, without them, how could food be produced cheaply and in quantity. As for the smell I am afraid it is just one of those things. Humans have flushing loos and thankfully all is most hygienic but how to cater for poultry and animals? The smell of ammonia is actually not harmful to the majority and people who work with the poultry and outside with animals are usually much more healthy than those indoors. Colds do not like outdoor people much, they love central heating.

Where I really must criticise the writer is over the fact that you cannot walk along the roads because of the agricultural machinery. There is only one machine which takes up the road, moves very slowly and is only seen about 2 weeks in a year and that is the combine harvester. Tractors with their various implements do not cause heart attacks amongst the people walking. With the noise they make there is always plenty of warning.

What really is dangerous nowadays is the influx of city dwellers into the country - in particular the road from Kinnersley through Nortons Wood. I do not think it will be long before news is heard of a very nasty accident, possibly with loss of life because cars are using the roads at speeds of up to 50mph. Imagine a car hurtling round the bends to Pennyfield and coming face to face with the milk tanker! Townsfolk do not realise how fallen leaves in heaps on the roads must be treated rather like patches of ice. As for signs of "Mud" and "Tractors Beware" these are totally ignored. Motorway driving is just not for country lanes. They should be respected and used carefully.

Cont'd

BILLA GRIFFITHS

Norton Canon has been saddened by the death of Billa Griffiths.

He had spent practically all his life in Norton Canon - in his younger days he was a keen sportsman, playing football for several local teams.

The village will miss his enthusiasm in the various local organisations, notably the Village Hall Committee of which he had been Treasurer for some 50 years, and a leading figure in providing a new hall in 1961.

I am sure he will be remembered as a real stalwart in the affairs of Norton Canon.

Donations to Norton Canon Church amounted to £220.70.

Jock Hughes

Dorothy Parker
on
Suicide?

Guns are illegal
Nooses give
Gas smells awful
I might as well live.

GRAND WHIST DRIVE

on

Saturday 25th November 1966

at

Norton Canon Village Hall

7.30pm

In aid of
Norton Canon PCC

To hear bird song, babbling brook and bees in absolute peace and quiet (apart from aircraft) then one has to go up into the hills away from human population. Our countryside of agriculture is an industry. I suppose some of our chain-saws, drills, and machinery do make a certain amount of noise but nothing like the noise of a town. We all duck when an aircraft suddenly screams overhead - in the town you don't even notice it. If people don't like our smells, noise or way of life then go and live somewhere else.

I am not going to answer the pesticide paragraph because this could be dodgy. I do not agree with too much of this and I think there is a lot of unanswered questions about health and the use of chemicals.

All I can think is that A.Aldous is living in the wrong place. Apart from the fast car aspect I am very happy where I live and would welcome any holiday maker to enjoy country cooking, fresh air and seeing the animals.

Tune in...

The following extract may be of interest to readers ---

BBC Hereford & Worcester goes on the air in January 1989 and is one of the last in a countrywide chain. They write as follows:-

"If you're after more pop and prattle then we won't be your cup of tea. What we're offering is a service which is up to the minute and entertaining, with a strong emphasis on local current affairs.

Village fetes, the state of the roads and local folklore will all come before the Top Twenty.

And that's where I'm hoping you might be able to help us. We are planning to appoint a series of village correspondents to help keep us in touch with what's going on.

Could this letter be read out at your next meeting, with a request for anyone who's interested to get in touch with me at our Hereford address or telephone number? We would also be interested in hearing about anyone in your area who keeps weather records, or would like to contribute in any other way."

They can be contacted at 43 Broad Street, Hereford HR4 9AR (0432 56446).

Life is unfair for which many of us should be very grateful.
(Oscar Wilde)

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he could be sure he would never be found out.
(Lord Macaulay)