

THE SIGNAL

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

NO.51

SEPTEMBER 1986

PRICE 12p

Tewkesbury – Some Impressions

A few years ago I was returning from England to mid-Wales and decided to stop for a short while at Tewkesbury. I paid a visit to the abbey, with its walls glowing magnificently in the afternoon sun, and then I walked through the churchyard and the garden. Across a low wall there were some playing fields on a grassy plateau, hardened by frost and lapped round the east and north by a wide tongue of icy flood water which reflected the colours of the winter sky. It occurred to me at the time that these floods served better than any map to make plain the contours of the brook and its banks which, I vaguely knew, had trapped so many fugitives on the Lancastrian left in 1471. Meanwhile, away on the eastern horizon, stood the escarpment of the Cotswolds whence Edward IV had led his Yorkist army. I resolved to learn more.

Since then, from time to time, I have read about the Wars of the Roses and visited a few old battlefields; the bend of the River Teme below Ludlow, Mortimer's Cross in this county and, recently, Towton in Yorkshire, the ultimate in deserted melancholy. However, Tewkesbury is different. Here the memorials are numerous but need to be sought out; houses and even streets now stand where Hastings and his Yorkists delivered their destructive blows; a well-trimmed park has replaced the woods and scrub where Edward IV concealed two hundred horsemen with lances to ambush the Lancastrian right. As for the abbey itself, a visitor might well be unaware that the bones of countless soldiers, mostly Lancastrian, lie in a mass grave beneath the north transept.

This battle marked the demise of the authentic House of Lancaster whose then representative, the mildly demented but sympathetic Henry VI, lay once again in the Tower of London. Margaret of Anjou, his queen, bent upon his rescue, had landed at Weymouth on Easter Day, April 15th 1471. With her was her son Edward Prince of Wales, aged nineteen, and his even younger wife Anne Neville, daughter of Warwick 'The Kingmaker'. They were supported by a small band of those who had shared Margaret's penurious exile. None of them, however, was aware that Warwick and his army had been destroyed on that very day at Barnet.

Margaret was joined by stragglers from this battle and marched towards Exeter to gather supporters in the west country. From there she proceeded up the south side of the Bristol Channel in a desperate attempt to cross the Severn into Lancastrian Wales where further reinforcements stood waiting under the command of

PLEASE NOTE THAT COPY FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF 'SIGNAL' SHOULD
REACH TRISANNA, STAUNTON-ON-WYE (PHONE MOCCAS 517) NOT LATER THAN
WEDNESDAY, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1986.

Jasper Tudor and his fourteen year-old nephew, Henry. In the event, the gates of Gloucester were closed against Margaret while her troops, who had marched fifty miles in thirty hours, were too exhausted to reach Upton-on-Severn. Hence, they made their stand at Tewkesbury, to the south of the town and facing southwards, with the Severn to their west, the Avon to their north and the Swillgate Brook to their east. It was a strong position but, if things went badly, a death trap. So it proved to be.

What of the leading Lancastrians? Of the Beauforts, a junior branch of the Lancastrian house, John was killed in the battle, while Edmund Duke of Somerset, arguably responsible for the defeat through his premature attack, returned to dash out the brains of a fellow general whom he accused of treachery. He then claimed sanctuary in the abbey, whence he was unceremoniously taken on May 6th by order of Edward IV and beheaded. Of the Beauforts, then, only Margaret survived, the learned and esteemed mother of Henry Tudor, who at that moment was fleeing with his uncle to Brittany.

When Margaret of Anjou saw which way the battle was going, she and her daughter-in-law Anne Neville managed to cross the Severn and reach temporary safety, probably at Little Malvern abbey, but after some days they were apprehended. Anne, after some vicissitudes, was married to Gloucester, the future Richard III. Margaret, however, was taken to London and shown off in Edward IV's triumphal procession. She was then imprisoned in the Tower, but not with her husband Henry VI who died, also in the Tower, on May 21st.

It was given out that he had succumbed to grief but his coffin was seen to ooze blood. Almost certainly, he was murdered by the order if not the hand of a Yorkist prince. He was buried at Chertsey. Many years later, when his body was exhumed, his skull was found to be pierced. Margaret meanwhile remained in captivity until she was traded, with her dwindling possessions, to Louis XI of France. She thus went home to her native land and perhaps in her declining years, despite a mortal disease, she tasted once again what the poet de Bellay was to describe as 'la douceur Angevine' - 'the sweetness of Anjou'.

It remains to discuss the fate of their son, Prince Edward. Despite a story that he survived the battle only to be murdered by Clarence and Gloucester in front of their brother Edward IV, it seems that he did die in the battle while calling out to Clarence, who was related to him by marriage, for the mercy which he did not receive. His body lies beneath the sanctuary of the abbey, where a diamond-shaped stone commemorates his death. I wish I had discovered more about this stone and when it was inscribed. In its lack of a specifically religious theme it seems unusual for those times. It reads:- 'Here lies Edward Prince of Wales cruelly slain while but a youth A.D. 1471 May 4th. Alas, the savagery of man. Thou art the sole light of thy mother, the last hope of thy race'.

Michael Jennings

The family of the late Audrey Price of Staunton-on-Wye would like most sincerely to thank friends and well-wishers for their many acts of kindness and gifts to her during her six and a half years of illness. Thanks also to the local doctors and district nurse and to the staff of St. Michael's Hospice.

They would also like to thank everyone who attended the funeral service and all who donated to St. Michael's Hospice - the total to date amounts to £150.

They thank everyone from the bottom of their hearts.

The Flower Festival held at Letton church during the weekend July 11th/13th was a tremendous success, resulting in a total of £1,675.12 being raised. The entire P.C.C. would like to thank most sincerely all those friends and supporters who contributed most generously in so many ways.

Congratulations to Becky Goodwin and Nicky Watson of Norton Canon for organising and raising over £50 for the Children's Society on Sunday July 25th and to Cathy Goodwin for further work in aid of the R.S.P.C.A.

A Composer in Herefordshire

by

M.B. COLLINGWOOD



'SIGNAL' readers may recall the letter published in the August 1985 issue from Stephen Gilling of Kington regarding the Herefordshire connections of the composer E.J. Moeran. In this letter Mr Gilling mentioned that Moeran was the brother of the Rev (later Prebendary) Graham Moeran who was successively rector of Leominster, Ledbury and Brampton Bryan and that their parents retired from Norfolk to Gravel Hill House in Kington. The composer was a frequent visitor there and obtained the inspiration for some of his finest works from rambles in the surrounding hills, into which he would often disappear for days on end with little more than a notebook to jot down his musical thoughts, often living rough.

Mr Gilling also stated in his letter that he had been collecting information about the composer for some years and that a friend of his was in the process of writing a full-scale biography. Although this biography has not yet appeared, two other books have recently been published about the composer which will no doubt act as a stimulus to more frequent performance of his music, which has so far failed to gain the popularity of the music of his contemporaries Ralph Vaughan Williams, Arnold Bax and John Ireland. The more important of the two books is a critical survey by Geoffrey Self ('The Music of E.J. Moeran', Toccata Press, £15.00), but Herefordshire readers will probably find the second book ('Lonely Waters, the Diary of a Friendship with E.J. Moeran', by Lionel Hill, Thames Publishing, £8.50) of greater interest because it covers the composer's Herefordshire visits in detail.

Lionel Hill is a musicologist and critic who first met Moeran in 1943, when the composer was 58, and became a close friend. Moeran was a shy, reclusive but very lovable man and Mr Hill appears to be one of the very few people to get on close terms with him. He was a by no means prolific composer but his approach was highly meticulous, which mainly accounts for his relatively small output. But there was another reason for this, and Mr Hill deals with it very sympathetically. Moeran was severely wounded in the head in World War I and this, plus the detrimental influence of friends such as the composer Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine), was almost certainly the cause of the alcoholism which affected him in later years and impaired his creative faculties.

In spite of this he managed during his rational periods to write music which places him among the front rank of British composers - music which is saturated with the atmosphere the open air, high hills and lonely places which he loved so well. Some of the best of this music was written while he was staying with his parents in Kington, and there can be no doubt that the inspiration for it came from his hill walks in the vicinity, in particular Bradnor Hill, a favourite haunt. These works include the Sinfonietta of 1944 (a new recording of this has just been released), and the cello concerto which he wrote for his wife, the cellist Peers Coetmore whom he married in Kington church in 1945.

As his name indicates, Moeran was Irish on his father's side and he spent considerable time in Ireland, mainly in the Killarney area. There are marked Irish influences in his music, particularly in his greatest work, the G minor

symphony of 1934-7, and in the cello concerto, in which the main theme of the final movement is a reel-like dance tune. It was in Ireland that he died on December 1st, 1950 after falling into the water from the quay at Kenmare, apparently during a heart attack.

His last years were tragic. His marriage to Peers Coetmore was a failure, mainly because she was a professional musician whose engagements involved much travel, whereas he wanted nothing more than a quiet life with her in a cottage in Kenmare. As a result of this they gradually drifted apart, and he was more than ever drawn to the hard-drinking friends (some of them apparently hailed from Kington) who encouraged his weakness for alcohol. Towards the end of his life he imagined himself to be on the verge of insanity and it is certain that his medical man, Dr. R. Jobson of New Radnor, had diagnosed a serious physical condition.

His happiest days were probably spent in Herefordshire among the hills which gave him the inspiration for so many of his finest works.

STAUNTON-ON-WYE GROUP PARISH COUNCIL

There will be an open meeting of the Parish Council on Thursday September 11th at 7.30 pm in Staunton-on-Wye Village Hall. The speaker will be a member of the West Mercia Constabulary and his subject will be the recruitment of special constables in this area.

All those interested in this subject or in other police are welcome to attend.

We extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Bill Griffiths of Canon Drive, Norton Canon, following his recent operation.

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WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY STY.

Although the weather proved unkind much was learned and enjoyed when many members of the society visited Avebury on August 6th.

After a pleasant run through the Wye valley, rain and wind superseded the hitherto reasonable conditions and stayed with us throughout most of the three-hour stay. Nothing daunted, members trudged and squelched round the stone circles trying with the aid of previously assimilated notes to visualise the layout as it must have appeared so many centuries ago, and admiring, where able, the geological nature of the sarsen stones themselves.

It was calmer and drier indoors and the party were able to visit the thatched Great Barn and the Alexander Keiller Museum in comfort. The former was arranged as a folk museum and the latter, though small, evoked with great skill the life and times of Neolithic man at Windmill Hill and other sites in the vicinity. In addition, where time permitted, visits were made to the church and Avebury Manor.

In spite of the adverse weather all were of the opinion that it had been a very worthwhile expedition. The journey home was accomplished, needless to say, in fine, sunny weather.

The next summer event will be an afternoon visit to Wigmore village, church and castle on Tuesday, September 16th.

E. Peyman

We welcome Mrs Masters who has taken up appointment at Norton Canon school.

A Successful Transplant?

APART from a Scottish childhood and a few years in the Middle East, most of my life has been spent in a London suburb, so when my friends learned that I was marrying a countryman and going to live in Herefordshire they said I must be crazy. Living 'in the sticks', they said, would never suit me, and I would probably die of boredom. They couldn't have been more wrong - I've never been so busy.

It was winter when I first arrived in Staunton-on-Wye - in fact, one of the worst winters for some years - and I must admit that at first there didn't seem a great deal to do, apart from the normal household chores. But when the weather began to improve shortly after Easter I soon didn't know whether I was coming or going.

The first job I tackled was giving the house a badly-needed spring clean. In the usual way of men living on their own my husband had rather let things slide during the past few years and the kitchen in particular needed almost complete renovation and refurnishing. This occupied me for several weeks and then it was time to turn my attention to the garden. Due once again to neglect it resembled a nature reserve more than a garden, and the weeds alone took several days to remove. When I had got rid of them sufficiently to form some idea of what the garden had looked like in its heyday it was time to plant flowers and shrubs. By this time summer had arrived - albeit somewhat belatedly - and we called a halt in order to take a brief holiday.

On our return there was the inevitable accumulation of washing to deal with and then it was back to the garden again to get the lawn mown, the hedges trimmed and a further crop of weeds removed. After that I thought I might be able to bask in the sun for a while - we actually had a few sunny days this summer - but there wasn't a hope. By this time the raspberries, currants and gooseberries were ready for harvesting and I began a frenzied few days of bottling and jam making. I had never previously made jam, so there was a great deal of experimental boiling and testing to be done before I found the right formula. The crop was a good one and we now have enough jam to last us right through next winter.

By mid-July the fruit harvest was over and I thought I should now have time to see something of the beautiful part of England in which I had come to live. We did actually manage to have a few drives into the surrounding countryside, and I remember one day in particular when we scrambled up the steep northern escarpment of the Black Mountains to enjoy a quite stupendous panorama. Muscles which I had scarcely used for years ached for days afterwards.

But now I notice that the apple tree is almost bowed down with a bumper crop of Bramleys, which means, before very long, pies to make for the freezer. And it won't be long now before the first days of autumn will be upon us and I shall have to start thinking about making the knitted sweaters I plan to give my two sons for Christmas. This will involve reassembling the knitting machine (one of my few hobbies during my suburban days) and hoping that it will still work after months of disuse.

And then there is winemaking. I have dabbled in this for some years with varying success, but I very soon discovered that, in this part of the world, winemaking can almost be classed as a village industry. It seems that just about anything that is eatable in the fruit line can be made into wine of formidable potency and I can hardly wait to try my hand at it.

Finally, there is the general pattern of country life itself. The average London suburbanite tends to look on his home as little more than a dormitory to which he returns each evening after another day in the city rat-race, and he quite often doesn't even know his next-door neighbour, or at the most is on little more than nodding terms. It's very different in the country. Everybody

is friendly and neighbourly and as they are accustomed to rely on their own resources and capabilities for social activity anyone who has any kind of useful talent to offer is very quickly roped in. One can never be lonely in a country village - I found that out very quickly.

Very soon I shall have completed my first year as a country dweller and I'm sure I shall get great satisfaction in looking around and seeing some kind of reward for all the effort I've put in.

Bored?....They must have been kidding!

Cathie Collingwood

Apple Aid

Anyone who read and remembers the article entitled 'Apples Galore' in the September 1982 issue of 'Signal' will understand the trepidation with which we look at our orchard this year.

The orchard contains six mature apple trees plus others newly planted by us. To have our very own orchard has always been one of my dreams, dating back, I've no doubt, to my childhood when scrumping was an exciting pastime. My young cousin was stationed as terrified look-out - she was no good at climbing, anyway - whilst the rest of us, all cousins, climbed the high flint wall surrounding a very old and not very productive orchard. The apples were always sour and hard, but that didn't take away any of the pleasure of the catch.

Back to to-day and our orchard, it seems certain that the 1982 crop was nothing to what we will have to

gather and distribute to friends and family this year.

Every year the trees yield more fruit than our own needs, and the family can often be heard muttering at mealtimes 'Oh, not apples again!' for no matter how many disguises I manage to serve them under everyone seems easily bored by this marvelously versatile fruit after having had it almost daily for only a few weeks.

You will therefore understand my delight on discovering a new recipe for German apple cake - nothing like previous ones I had made - which was greeted with pleasure, even enthusiasm. I will try not to serve it too frequently from September onwards, but it's nice to know that occasionally a real treat, hiding apples within, will be well received.

The recipe for this delight can be found in the Food Aid Cookbook, along with many other really marvelous recipes which have become firm favourites with us all. I can really recommend its purchase, not least because of the cause for which it was produced. It costs £3.95, is written by Delia Smith and should be available at W.H.Smith's or other bookshops.

Incidentally, anyone not fortunate enough to have their own apple trees are most welcome to some of our crop with which to try out this wonderful recipe - the only stipulation being that you purchase a copy of the book and bring it along as proof when you come to collect!

Apples will be available at Brewery House, Norton Canon, from mid-September.

Rita Kilvert

WEOBLEY AND DISTRICT ANNUAL PLOUGHING MATCH

THRONE FARM, WEOBLEY
WEDNESDAY, 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1986

- Ploughing
- Sheep Dogs
- Domestic Show, judging at 10.30 am
- Refreshments
- Cake Stall

ADMISSION FREE

Church Notices

Services during September

Sarnesfield

14th 10.00 am Holy Communion
28th 10.00 am Morning Prayer

Norton Canon

7th 9.00 am Holy Communion
14th 9.00 am Morning Prayer
21st 9.00 am Holy Communion
28th 9.00 am Family Service

Staunton-on-Wye

7th 11.00 am Holy Communion
14th 11.00 am Morning Prayer
21st 11.00 am Holy Communion
28th 11.00 am Harvest Festival

Byford

7th 9.30 am Holy Communion
21st 6.30 pm Evening Prayer
28th 10.00 am Family Service

Monnington-on-Wye

14th 9.30 am Holy Communion

Letton

14th 11.00 am Family Service
28th 6.30 pm Harvest Festival

Kinnersley

7th 10.00 am Holy Communion
14th 10.00 am Morning Prayer
21st 10.00 am Holy Communion
(speaker- Mary Rhodes)

KINNERSLEY CHURCH FETE

The Kinnersley Church Fete was held, by kind permission of Major and Mrs Hopton, at the Old Vicarage on Saturday August 2nd. The weather was kind, although the gusty wind added to the merriment as stall holders chased various flying objects, mainly unidentified.

The attendance was fair, and the prizewinners were A.Farton, Mrs Mitchell, R.Corbett, J.Davies, K.Brown, J.Grenow and R.Brock. The total raised for the church funds was £260, and the committee would like to thank all who attended.

Alexandra Rose Day collections in Staunton-on-Wye amounted to £38.04. Phyllis McCann would like to thank all who contributed.

28th 10.00 am Family Service
5th October at 6.30 pm -
Harvest Festival
(speaker - Rev Stephen Prior)

Other Events

2nd 7.45 pm Canon Moss will speak about the Ecumenical Relations Measure and the report on the Church and Mentally Handicapped People. At the Willow Gallery, Weobley.
8th 7.30 pm Joint P.C.C. Willow Gallery, Weobley.
16th 7.30 pm Deanery Synod, Willow Gallery, Weobley. (7pm Holy Communion in Weobley church).
18th 8.00 pm National Ploughing Competition service at Byford.
22nd 7.30 pm Mary Rhodes talks about the Tanzania visit at Willow Gallery, Weobley.
28th 11.00 am Harvest Festival at Staunton-on-Wye. Preacher, Mr John Hayllar.
6.00 pm Harvest Festival at Letton. Preacher, Canon Austin Masters.
29th 7.30 pm Sarnesfield P.C.C. at Batch Farm.

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ROYAL BRITISH LEGION, EARDISLEY BRANCH

The next branch meeting will be held at the New Inn, Eardisley, on Wednesday September 3rd, commencing at 8 pm.

On Saturday September 6th there will be a Variety Sale in the Curzon Herriek Hall, Eardisley, commencing at 2.30 pm. Proceeds will be in aid of local branch funds. There will be stalls of books, cakes, bottles, produce, white elephant, new and jumble, also competitions and teas. Offers of items for any of the stalls will be gratefully received.

The branch had a stand at the Eardisley and District Flower Show on August 25th in aid of the Eardisley and District Poppy Appeal. The next Bingo session in aid of this appeal will be on Saturday September 20th in Eardisley Hall. Eyes down 7.45 pm.

The Annual Dinner will be held in the Recreation Hall at Almeley on Friday October 24th, and the Annual General Meeting will be held at the New Inn, Eardisley, on Wednesday October 29th, commencing at 8 pm. Please make a note of these dates.

We extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery to the branch secretary, Godfrey Davies, who is recuperating from a recent illness.

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Hours of business: Monday
to Saturday 8 am till 8 pm
Sundays 9 am till 5 pm

READER'S LETTERS

I should like to thank the committee of the Friends of Norton Canon school for all their hard work in making the afternoon of July 18th such a memorable one for me.

The scale of the presentation was a great surprise; everything was so beautifully arranged with surprise after surprise. The gifts were really beautiful and greatly appreciated. The tray is magnificent and the cake and flowers absolutely beautiful.

Thanks to everyone for making the afternoon such a happy one for me. I do appreciate all the time it took and the hard work involved. It is going to be difficult to thank everyone for their contribution to my gifts so I am hoping a thank-you notice will appear in 'The Hereford Times' in due course.

Muriel Allsopp
Olinda
5 Walney Lane
Aylestone Hill
Hereford

NORTON CANON LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB

I suppose we might have expected rain for our meeting on August 11th, especially as we had arranged a picnic. Sure enough it pelted all day long, so only nine members turned up at Rita Kilvert's house to enjoy an informal inside party.

Rita and her mother Joyce showed the members all the alterations that had been made to the Old Brewery since they moved in some years ago. There was plenty of food and the drink problem was solved first by Megan Davies providing the potent punch she had made for the June meeting.

The party was such a success that it did not break up until very late. Many thanks to Rita and Joyce for organising such a pleasant evening.

The September meeting on Monday 8th will be at Norton Canon Village Hall at 8 pm when there will be a pottery and woodcraft demonstration and exhibition. Raffle and refreshments as usual.

Sheila Evans

BIRTHDAYS

A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:-

Norton Canon

Julian Lane	9th September
Timothy Absalom	11th "
Mark Ridge	16th "
Lance Deem	21st "
Thomas Absalom	23rd "
Michael Cole)	26th "
Peter Cole)	

Kinnersley

Hannah Corbett	21st September
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Letton

Abigail Gill	29th September
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Sarnesfield

Lyndon Synock	15th September
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Moorhampton

Julia Price	7th September
Rodney Evans	17th "

Staunton-on - Wye

Shelley Andrews	3rd September
Ross Powell	6th "
Matthew Powles	12th "
Jenny Bradshaw)	20th "
Lesley Bradshaw)	
Michael Smith	21st "

Brobury

Timothy Bulmer	25th September
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Congratulations to Samantha Jones of Norton Canon who has gained a B.A. degree in combined studies (geography and art) at Bulmershe College, Reading.

In the August issue of 'Signal', in the paragraph about the royal wedding barbecue at the New Inn, Staunton-on-Wye, we referred to the proprietors of the inn as 'Mr and Mrs Roberts'. This should, of course, have read 'Mr and Mrs Bennett'. We apologise for the mistake.

Living in the past has one thing in its favour - it's cheaper.

Dramatists' Guild Bulletin

Marriage is an attempt to change a night owl into a homing pigeon.
Anon.

(Letter to Saga Magazine
(January 1986) by an 11 year
old)

Grandmother is a wonderful woman who has no children of her own so she loves the boys and girls of other people. Grandmothers have nothing to do - they only have to be there.

If they take you for a walk they go slowly past beautiful leaves and caterpillars. They never say 'Come along quickly' or 'Hurry up for goodness sake.'

They are usually fat but not too fat to tie up your shoelaces. They wear spectacles and sometimes take out their teeth.

They can answer every question. For instance, why dogs hate cats and why God is not married. When they read to us they do not leave out anything and they don't mind if it is always the same story.

Everyone should have a grandmother - especially those who have no television. Grandmothers are the only grown ups who always have time.

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Recipes

SPICY LAMB CUTLETS (serves 4)

8 best end of neck lamb chops
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz lard
 1 large onion, sliced
 1 level tablespoon cornflour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water
 2 level tablespoons tomato puree
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ " " ground ginger
 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
 2 tablespoons malt vinegar
 1 level teaspoon sugar
 salt and pepper
 1-2 oranges (optional)

Trim the cutlets, melt the lard in a large frying pan and fry half of the lamb cutlets until brown on both sides. Transfer them to a plate and fry the rest of the lamb cutlets until brown; transfer to the plate. Gently fry the onion in the fat in the pan until soft but not brown. Blend the cornflour to a smooth paste with a little of the water, then stir in the rest of the water. Remove the pan from the heat and gradually mix in the cornflour liquid; stir in the tomato puree, ginger, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Return the pan to the heat and bring the sauce to the boil, stirring all the time. Boil for about one minute until thick, then reduce heat to a simmer. Return the cutlets to the pan overlapping them slightly if necessary. Spoon a little of the spicy sauce over the cutlets, cover with lid and simmer for 25 minutes gently shaking the pan from time to time to prevent the sauce sticking to the base of the pan.

Meanwhile, using a small sharp knife, carefully remove all the peel and pith from the oranges and cut the flesh into slices. After 25 minutes of cooking time arrange the oranges over the cutlets. Cover with lid, shake the pan and heat through for 5 minutes. Check for seasoning and serve.

CHEESE DAISIES

2 teaspoons sesame seeds
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely grated Cheddar cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup -ditto- Parmesan cheese
 6 ozs butter
 6 " plain flour
 1 teaspoon paprika
 1 teaspoon salt
 3 tablespoons poppy seed

Toast sesame seeds in dry saucepan until golden, set aside. Cream together butter and cheeses until very soft. Sift flour, paprika and salt together. Add to creamed mixture with sesame seeds. Mix well and put dough into forcing bag with large star pipe. Press onto ungreased baking trays. Centre each flower with a tiny ball of dough rolled in poppy seeds. Bake in moderate oven 350 F for 12-15 minutes.

ARROWVALE WINE CLUB

George Jones presided at the August supper held in Burghill Village Hall as Gareth Evans was unavoidably absent in London. It proved to be a most friendly and vocal event too, as the bottles were passed round and members began to enjoy the delicious supper which we ate at long tables for ten. The menu - a choice of coq-au-vin, lasagne or quiche served with a variety of fresh vegetables, followed by blackcurrant cheesecake or fruit salad, and coffee - pleased everyone.

As we finished our coffee Maurice Collingwood and Steve Gilling took their places in turn at the piano and with Joyce Langmead and Clarisse Williams led the singing of the old favourite songs. Let us hope that the many guests who were present enjoyed the evening as much as the regular members. Perhaps they will think of joining the club!

Our congratulations and thanks to Pat Shaw and all who helped her in the organisation of this successful meeting.

Sheila Evans

September in the Garden

ON return from my holiday in early August I found, as I had forecast, that the weeds and grass were a mile high, every flower that had dared to exceed twelve inches in height had been blown over and that the brassicas had been invaded by every known pest. It has taken me the rest of the month to restore some sort of order in the garden.

Now for September. Sow winter lettuce; broad beans can be planted now for over winter but I prefer to sow mine indoors in the springtime and plant them out later. I planted out my first crop this year when they were about six inches tall and found them all demolished overnight by a mouse (or mice) who chewed them off at ground level and took them into their burrow nearby. On the credit side a secondary growth developed and I did manage to harvest some beans though it was a greatly reduced crop.

At this time earth up celery and use slug pellets if necessary; also earth up brussels sprouts and sprouting broccoli in exposed gardens to minimise wind damage. Transplant spring cabbage - plant them four inches apart and harvest every second or third plant as spring greens. As ground becomes clear dig early so that the forthcoming frosts can help to break up clods. This also spreads the digging over a period of time and, speaking from experience, is kinder to one's back. Clean up all garden debris to avoid overwintering pests and diseases.

In the flower garden continue to deadhead as this will give a longer flowering season. Transplant spring bedding plants to final flowering position, sow quick-maturing perennials such as delphiniums and lupins for flowering next summer. Lift and divide existing perennials which are overcrowded and past their best. Plant lily bulbs as soon as they are available and feed dahlias fortnightly with a tomato feed. In the rock garden remove dead material and divide perennials that are becoming invasive or that you want to increase. Mildew can be a problem on michaelmas daisies, pulmonarias and solidago; remove infected leaves and spray with benomyl (benlate). If your roses have been grown on the same site for many years it is a good idea to plant new roses in a different part of the garden or to replace the soil to avoid the risk of disease problems.

Carry on gardening and don't give up on the weeding, or you will have a bigger problem next year.

One Green Finger

Dark as the inside of a Cabinet Minister.

Joyce Cary

She gave me a smile I could feel in my hip pocket.

Raymond Chandler

Overheard conversation in a Border pub:-

'Why do you ask me, boyo, if I am Welsh? Let me tell you - and, if I am, too - that in general conversation I make it a rule never to ask a man his nationality. You see, the poor chap may be English and you don't want to humiliate him'.

I never knew what real happiness was until I got married, and then it was too late.

Groucho Marx

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.

George Bernard Shaw

In the sex-war thoughtlessness is the weapon of the male, vindictiveness of the female.

Cyril Connolly

A politician is an animal who can sit on the fence and yet keep both ears to the ground.

H.L. Mencken

She was the sort of girl who while being made love to would calmly reflect that to-morrow was the day for cleaning the parlour.

Arnold Bennett

He who enjoys a good neighbour, said the Greeks, has a precious possession. Same goes for the neighbour's wife.

Nicolas Bentley

The wickedness of the World is so great you have to run your legs off to avoid having them stolen from under you.

Bertold Brecht

It hurts me to confess it, but I'd have given ten conversations with Einstein for a first meeting with a pretty chorus girl.

Albert Camus

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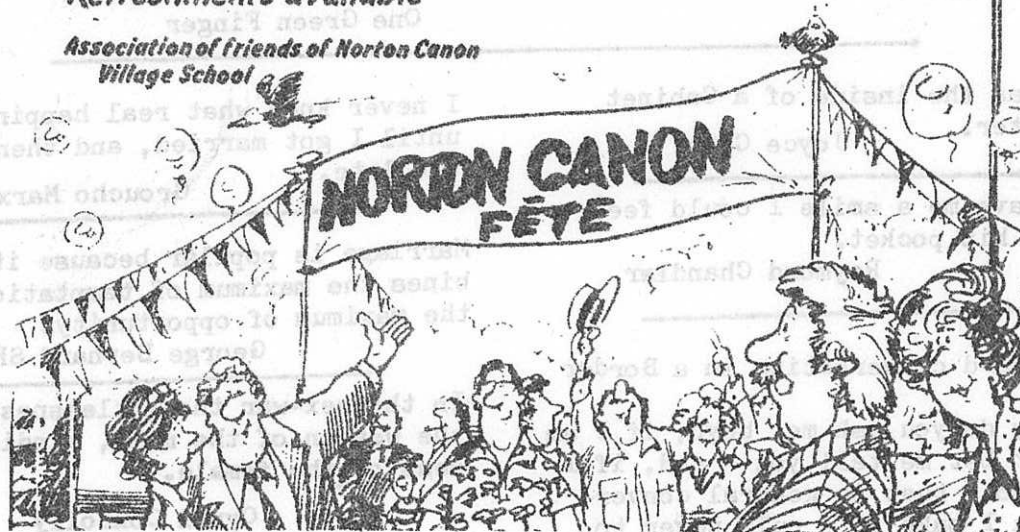
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