

THE SIGNAL

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

issue 74

October 1988

15p

NORTON CANON VILLAGE HALL AND HOMES

THE meeting at Norton Canon held on 16th August gave an interesting insight into how wide and varied opinions can be. Ian Clements of the Rural Community Council explained the present ownership of the school and hall site. The hall was built on land owned by a local person and rented to the Trustees of the Village Hall under a lease which expires in 1992, at a rental of £5 per annum, and there was an option for a further 21 years at a rent to be agreed. It appeared to be agreed that the Village Hall Committee had a right of access over the school playground to the Hall. The use of the toilets was simply a temporary arrangement.

The present hall was in need of repair and experience had shown that when village halls had been improved they had generated more income. Grants were available to improve facilities and for new halls; this did not extend to repairs.

The Diocesan Surveyor had indicated that if the village hall was moved from its present site it would enhance the sale price of the school by possibly between £20,000 to £30,000. If a fresh site could be found then a substantial part of the cost could be obtained by agreement with the Diocese as well as grant money.

Suzanne Penny of 'Signal' Committee fame and Leominster Marches Project, but this time wearing the hat of a member of the 'Rural Housing Association' (RHA) gave the meeting details of the activity of Housing Associations. The RHA dealt only in providing low cost housing for rent, with no ability for tenants to purchase

All contributions for the November issue should be sent to Gareth Evans, Lanzarac, Norton Canon (Tel 0544-318505) by Wednesday 19th October.

the freehold; this was done by obtaining land cheaply, building where conventional housing may not be allowed by planners and particularly utilizing special situations such as may be available in Norton Canon. Restrictions were imposed on who could occupy. The problem at the present time was that there was simply no prospect of any funds becoming available for nearly two years. There were however other options with different types of Housing Associations and joint equity purchase schemes available where more immediate funds could be obtained.

The subsequent discussion appeared to centre around the Village Hall rather than the provision of homes to rent. The combination of views being stay put, move onto the green playground, make the school into the village hall and move to another site. However some hope for those desperate for their own roof was given when the meeting agreed to form a steering committee of ten persons to look into all possibilities for the site including housing. It appears that committee is unlikely to meet until a Surveyor has inspected the present Village Hall and reported on the condition.

Rod Kilvert

WEOBLEY & DISTRICT LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Visit to Brampton Bryan Castle

54 members had a thoroughly rewarding afternoon at Brampton Bryan on Thursday, 18th August when the owner, Mr. Christopher Harley, conducted the party round the remains of the Castle, now being restored, and the Georgian Hall to which the family subsequently moved. There were plenty of reminders of the part played by the Harleys in county and national affairs, which was outstanding in the 17th and early 18th centuries. Perhaps the most affecting were the letters of Lady Brilliana, defender of the castle against the Royalists, to her son Ned, M.P. in London, during 1644. The nearby church of St. Barnabas was rebuilt for the father, Sir Robert, a man of Presbyterian inclinations, and it remains a fine example of Puritan views of layout, with nave and chancel as one. The library provided a reminder of the famous Robert Harley, ennobled Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, effectively Prime Minister in Queen Anne's reign, whose magnificent collection became one of the foundation collections of the British Museum (now British Library).

The Weobley & District Historical Society meets monthly at
The Willow Gallery, Weobley.

The next meeting is at 7.30 p.m. on 26th October when Sir John
Cotterell will be speaking on 'The History of the Garnons Estate.'

When I am dead I hope it may be said: His sins were scarlet
but his books were read.

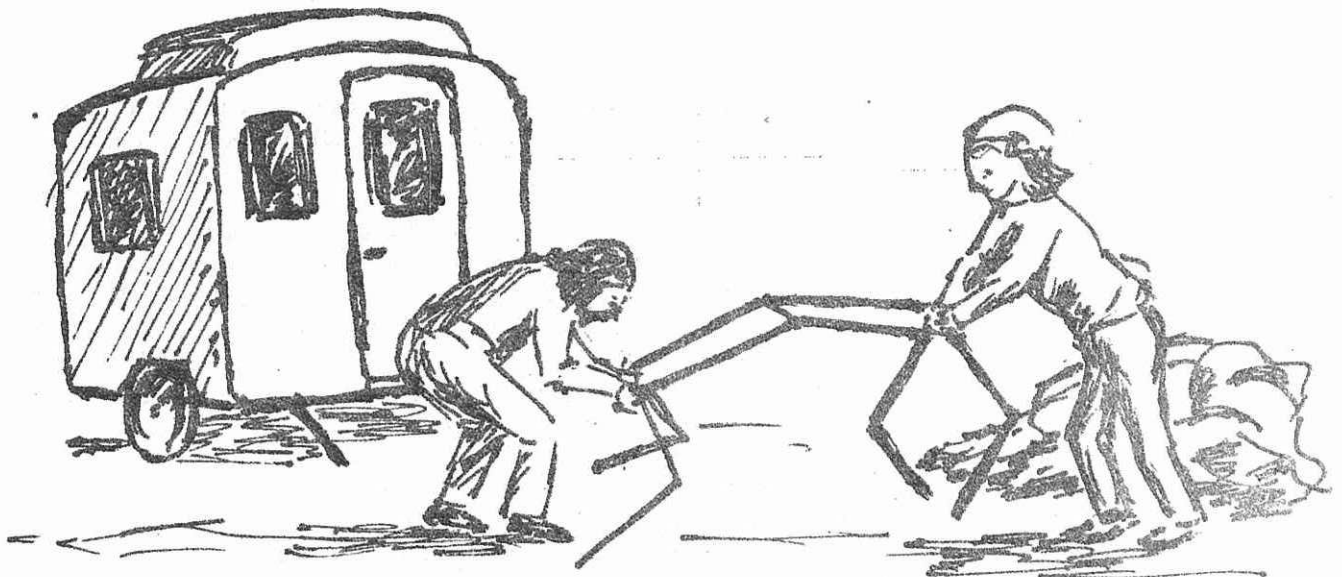
(Hilaire Belloc)

Hobbies – no 5

CARAVANNING

I spent several happy years caravanning with various friends in a little secondhand caravan. It had to be small so my not-very-big car would pull it. It was very compact with most necessities but not much space, so I bought a tent to fit on the back and take out luggage, chairs, clothes line and not very mod con. After a time we had one that actually flushed!

We took it to Glasbury for a weekend to practice caravanning. Although I had been shown how, and had put up the tent under supervision, it took us ages. It slotted into a ridge around the back of the caravan and was held up by tubular supports that fitted into each other. If you got it the wrong way round you could not open the door. We found, before we became fairly good at it, that any male watching us could only stand seeing us struggle for so long, before coming and taking over.



The week after the practice in Glasbury we took the outfit to France. Looking back I think we were a bit optimistic but all went well. We spent a night in Weymouth before crossing the Channel. It was a pretty disgusting site and we wondered if all sites were going to be as nasty, but we found most of them were very good. We used the ones with hot showers if possible because we were not very keen on washing in a bucket. The Caravan Club had the most delightful sites with beautiful views but a bit primitive. I believe they are better now.

We were looking for a site in Brittany when we saw a lot of vehicles in the distance and went up a narrow track on the side of a field towards them. It was a scrap merchant's field! We had to uncouple the van from the car and turn it at the side of a cornfield. That happened sometimes as I never learnt to reverse the thing properly. Once I got stuck in a cul-de-sac in Taunton. There is an archway in the middle of the town and it looks as if the road goes through it, but it does not. I asked some men who were shopfitting if they would kindly move their car before I

tried to reverse. They could not find their car keys which were buried somewhere under sawdust and shavings. They came out and unhitched and manhandled the caravan round while I turned the car. Prudent and kind.

I used to take the caravan to Stratford a couple of times each year to meet a friend and go to the theatre. We would get there at tea time, have tea and put up the tent, change, have a meal at the theatre and take our seats. We then promptly fell asleep we were so tired. We missed a good many first acts of expensive Shakespeare.

We had a disasterous holiday in Scotland one year. For a start, the jock wheel fell off at Sarnesfield. Thats the wheel in the front that stops the caravan tipping forward when not attached to the car. It pulls up and is supposed to be securely fastened when in motion. I had taken the cat, Puff. I thought he would like a holiday too. He has always been very good in the car. He was no bother then until we spent the first night at Windermere. In the morning instead of getting back in the car he disappeared over a wall. I spent a wet day looking for him. He came back at supper time and spent the rest of his holiday in a cattery at Penrith. He was probably more comfortable. It poured; every day it poured. The wind was so strong we could not put up the tent. There was an official hurricane and a liner was blown onto the shore. We thought we had a leak as water streamed down inside the caravan. It was condensation.

The M6 coming and going was scary with great lorries coming up onto the motorway without pause. Not easy to get out of their way travelling on the inside lane with a caravan.

We went to Wales several times. The Welsh coast is simply lovely and not too far away. On the way to Carmarthen once we wondered why people were so friendly waving to us, but when they started blowing their horns we stopped to investigate. We found we had lost the middle bit of the roof of the caravan, the higher bit that enabled you to stand upright inside. It must have been waving about when people were waving at us. Fortunately it came down on the grass verge.

We tried to have a TV but it was never very successful. There was a wonderful contraption that joined the car battery, aerial and TV together. I spent ages peering through the window at the TV set trying to get the aerial right for a good picture. We usually went back to playing scrabble.

It was all great fun.

I would like to convey to you all my sincere appreciation all the help and support you gave to me over the last few months. offers of transport to and from the hospital, the good wishes and knowledge that someone would be there if needed were a great ort.

My family and I would like to thank you for all your messages ympathy and condolence and I would like you all to know that nd great comfort in the knowledge that as comparative newcomers he village John and I found so many true friends and neighbours

May God Bless you all

Norah Medcraft.

old adam

Glorious Autumn! Resist the temptation to sit back and allow the autumn colour to fade completely or the borders will degenerate and become tatty and you will be faced with a desperate race to clear the ground, lift and divide and re-locate the perennials and plant the bulbs. This is the time for action! A plan is highly desirable even if in practice you find it difficult to stick to.

Bulb planting should be in full swing, particularly the narcissi ("daffs"), but the planting season can be spread over September/December and even to January, ground permitting. Don't plant your tulips until November.

Locally bought bulbs are very much cheaper than those received from mail order firms, but as a general rule the best bulbs are the most expensive! Dust with green sulphur bulbs with any sign of mould.

"Daffs": When siting the clumps bear in mind the appearance after flowering; the plants must be deadheaded immediately, but the leaves must be left undisturbed (do NOT tie up!) to provide the nourishment for the bulbs until 12th June. The dying leaves can be very unsightly. Plant the tall trumpet, the large and small cupped and the Poeticus Hybrids towards the back of the border or under deciduous shrubs or where their leaves will be masked by fast-growing herbaceous perennials. Plant 6 inches deep and incorporate bonemeal in the soil.

The range of small narcissi is extensive and the varieties most attractive; they are suitable for mid and front of the border, rock and scree gardens or in troughs and tubs. When planted next to or under hostas for instance their leaves will be invisible at the unsightly stage. Plant 4 inches deep and incorporate bonemeal.

Tulips: Dwarf varieties should be planted 4 inches and the others 5 or 6 inches deep with bonemeal incorporated. A dressing of lime beforehand is beneficial. Like narcissi, tulips can be left in the soil. The plants should be deadheaded and fallen petals and dried leaves removed. Ideally, front of the border (bedding) tulips should be lifted only when the leaves turn yellow, but a system of planting in trays is labour-saving, enables bulbs to be lifted early and undamaged and makes selection and storage simple.

Stout circular plastic plant trays from Van Tubergen are ideal, but expensive. Aluminium baking trays $9\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches are widely available and cheap. Pierce the bottom with half a dozen or more holes. Half fill them, preferably with bulb fibre, and lightly press in six to a dozen bulbs. Alternatively old growbag compost or soil of a similar texture may be used. Dig a hole 4 to six inches deep, level the base, insert the tray and cover with the surrounding loose soil faced with a handful of bonemeal. I will tell you about lifting next May!

In February scatter GROWMORE fertiliser over the bed at 3 oz. per square yard.

WALKING THROUGH THE WEEK

I walked the fields on Monday
And trod cobwebs in the dew.
I walked the woods on Tuesday
And the world was born anew!
I walked the hills on Wednesday
And oh! - golden was the view.
I walked the shore on Thursday
By the millpond-sea so blue.
I walked the lanes on Friday
The leaves my feet did strew.
I walked the town on Saturday
And found it strange and new.
So to the garden I walked on Sunday
In the peace of the world I knew.

Elizabeth Shelly

BROBURY OPEN DAY

Assisted by fine weather some 280 people attended the Brobury Open Day on September 18th. The total sum collected for the Leominster RDA, the Hereford Centre for Natural Health, and the Church of England Urban Fund was £721.

Rosemary & John Phillips wish to extend their grateful thanks to the many people who generously gave their time, both during the day and beforehand, and goods and produce of all kinds, who helped make the day such an enjoyable success.

THE OVAL BALL TO A WELSHMAN

some early rugby memories by Gareth Evans

A strong boyhood memory from the mid-20's is that of my father taking me - for my first time ever - to see a Cardiff/Newport match at the Arms Park. As we rode along on the tram I can see again the light in his eyes as he retold rucker tales of his own childhood - of fantastic Welsh centre threequarters ripping holes in wilting All Black defences (shades of 1988!!) and of forwards triumphant with pushover tries. He swore he was one of the thousands at the famous 1905 game when we beat New Zealand by the only try but on this claim, I have since become a little suspicious when I have heard from so many of my contemporaries that their fathers have also told the same story. It reminds me of the American who said that if every-one who claimed to have had forefathers on the 'Mayflower' was telling the truth the vessel must surely have been at least the size of the 'Titanic'!!

But rugby is certainly something very special to a Welshman. You have only to walk into the Arms Park arena on an international day for the frenetic atmosphere to grip you by the throat. The glorious singing stuns the senses - especially the haunting 'Land of my Fathers' - and I can quite understand our opponents who claim that its emotional impact must be worth at least five points to Wales .



At Twickenham, the splendid English headquarters, there is excitement enough at internationals but its an excitement under control. The magic upsurge of emotion that sweeps through a Welsh crowd is lacking and, in many ways, Twickenham reminds me of a rather rowdy Wimbledon. Only once have I seen an English crowd really let itself go and that was on the famous occasion in 1936 when Prince Obolanski scored his two winning

tries against the All Blacks. In his excitement a man in front of me threw his hat and stick to the winds but - and here is the contrast - spent the rest of the match trying to get them back. A Welshman would only have remembered his loss when he got home!

Let me end with two tales and a piece of imagery. A Welsh crowd is nothing if not partisan but this does not mean that they cannot appreciate good rugby by their opponents. Take the game against Scotland in 1923 when two minutes from the end the score stood at 8 points all. Scotland won the vital scrum and the ball flashed across their 'threes' to Gracie on the wing. He had 30 yards to go and half a dozen Welshmen to beat. Down the touchline he went like a whirlwind and, with the crowd on its feet, crashed over in the corner for the match winning try. So magnificent was his effort that, although it meant a Welsh defeat, the crowd surged onto the field and carried Gracie shoulder high to the dressing room. 'Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer'.

The other tale refers to the famous 1905 game when a try 'scored' by the New Zealand centre Dean was disallowed by the Scottish referee. On his death bed in 1948 Dean's last words were 'That was a good try I scored against Wales.' Memories linger!

In my attempt to give some idea of why so many Welshmen are 'nuts' on rugby I think I've gone on long enough. I hope also that my tale will help to explain the national trauma which hit us all in June when the All Blacks inflicted those humiliating defeats. All we can now do is bounce back - and I expect we will.

Canon Motors

(Brian Robbins)

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Take a Break.

A. Aldhous

WE hear that tourism is to be encouraged in rural areas. Welcome tourists all and we hope that your visit will give you a new slant on holidays.

There is no need to go chasing round tennis courts or golf courses for exercise, you will get all the activity you want by scrambling up the banks of our quiet country lanes to get out of the way of agricultural machinery that is too large for the area. Cycling is not recommended as being bad for the bike. The open season is harvest time. Walk up the slopes and with a bit of luck you will be rewarded with a splendid view of poultry units. At times the smell from these is something quiet special. I don't think that any of the up-market perfumiers have got onto it yet.

If at the end of the trip you should find eyes and nose stinging and throat rough or sore, not to worry, you have probably caught a nice dose of pesticide or fertiliser from the crop spraying. All good clean fun and part of the amenities. The people operating the spraying equipment are provided with protective masks and ear muffs. The rest of us are made of sterner stuff and have learned to retreat behind closed doors and windows or go out for the day. You'll soon get the hang of it.

Who needs bird song, babbling brooks or murmuring bees? We can offer tyou a round the clock background noise service. There is the regular chorus from agricultural and industrial machinery which seems to get bigger and noisier every year plus avid do-it-yourselfing. Add to this every type of aeronautical noise from low flying R.A.F. jets to microlights and what more could any reasonable person want. As A.P. Herbert said:

'Great science nobly laboured to increase the peoples' joys
But every new invention seemed to add another noise'.....

So dear tourists and with apologies to Christopher Marlowe 'If these delights thy mind may move come live with us and be our guests'. At least it will make a change from camping out at Heathrow or Gatwick.

Norton Canon Birthdays

Oct. 5th. Bryn Evans
Oct. 11th. Hannah Gittins

Mrs Clara Watkins of Jarvis Close would like to thank everyone for the kindness shown to her during her stay in hospital and for her cards and enquiries.

A diplomat is a person who can be disarming even if his country isn't.

(Sydney Brody)

TO THE CUCKOO

O saucy fowl! O naughty bird!
How can you call those noisome
notes,
Insisting hard on being heard
While Frog and Toad, from
rasping throats,
Create but croaks? It's quite
absurd -
They labour hard, but your
voice floats!
And while they only call to
kin
You want the world to listen
in.
But glory! If I'm not mistook,
Just now I heard you call
KOOCUC!

H. O. ALDHOUS.

AUTUMN PUDDING

270g (10 oz) Castor Sugar
150ml ($\frac{1}{4}$ pt) Water
1Kg (2 lb) Cooking Apples
500g (1 lb) Plums
225g ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb) Raspberries
500g (1 lb) Blackberries
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pkts (20) Sponge cakes
284ml ($\frac{1}{2}$ pt) Whipped Cream

We have had some interesting and
useful responses to the questionnaire
in the last issue.

As we are mulling them over for a
while yet there is still time for
those who inadvertantly forgot to
send them still to do so.

There is never enough
time to do what we
don't want to do.

Anon.

Line bases of 2 - 28cm loaf dishes with
non-stick paper. Put sugar and water
in large pan and stir until dissolved.
Peel core and thinly slice apples, halve
and stone plums, add apple and plums to
pan, cover and cook gently until tender,
add berries and cook until soft. Split
trifle sponges lengthways and use 12 to
line base and sides of each dish. Spoon
half the fruit equally between each dish.
Layer another 4 sponges in each dish
followed by the rest of the fruit, finish
with remaining sponge cakes. Stand dishes
on plates to catch any juices. Place a
small plate on top of each pudding and
put a 2lb weight on. Leave in cool place,
before serving turn out and spoon whipped
cream on top.

Serves 12.

Joan Bedford

THANK YOU

To be told not to take on any engagements for the
end of September and cancel any that have been
made because "You won't be here" makes one wonder
what is in store!

All was revealed on Friday 2nd September when I was
presented with an airline ticket to Rhodes - a
return ticket too. I am quite overwhelmed at the
kindness and generosity of so many people in all
seven Parishes. Thank you very much indeed.

May I express heartfelt thanks to Bryn Rees who had
to take on far more than he ever imagined when he
took semi-retirement at Staunton. His wisdom and wide
experience of ministry has been of enormous help to
us all. The retired Priests have given their time
most willingly during the interregnum and we are
grateful to them.

The Archdeacon of Hereford, the Ven, Andrew Woodhouse
has been most helpful and supportive. His care and
concern is greatly appreciated.

Chris Rhodes

The 'Jim Morgan' Memorial
Shield was held on 6th
August at New Inn and a
draw was run. Maureen
handed over the sum of
£113 to me for the
Churchyard.

Grateful thanks to the
Bennetts for the work
they put in to make it
possible, and thanks to
the people who so kindly
gave prizes for the draw.
We hope to make this an
annual event.

If anyone who did not
attend the evening
would like to donate
please contact me.

P. McCann.

GRIEVING

No one can prepare you for the sudden death of a loved one. There is no warning and for this reason it must surely be the hardest to bear? Not for you the growing doubt of an eventual recovery as day by day you visit the hospital or keep an anxious watch in the bedroom at home. One moment you are handing her a cup of tea, the next moment you are quite alone for the rest of your life.

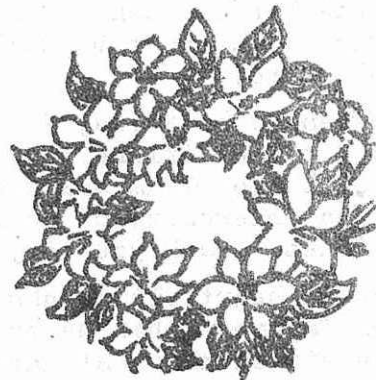
The first part is the easiest. The kind doctor confirming death, the courteous policeman, the discreet undertaker. All their visits, one after another, were dreamlike. Even her cremation seemed unreal. It was a fortnight before I realised the enormity of my loss. Only then did I fully understand that I would never again hear her voice or see her walking towards me. So I am writing very humbly to "Signal" hoping I may help others in similar circumstances.

Resolve never to feel hurt when friends pretend not to see you and cross the road to avoid speaking to you. They do not mean to be unkind, they are simply at a loss to know what to say to you. But be truly grateful to those who do greet you, especially those who smile at you. Do not feel resentful when you are told she was a good age and had a good life. (Whether you are mourning a nine year old or a ninety year old it is always too soon for the bereaved.) But be happy when friends tell you they remember her with love and gratitude.

Try hard not to be self pitying. To me one of the saddest obituaries include the words "with tragic suddenness". Tragic for whom? Certainly not for the dead, for it is the death we all wish for, instantaneous and painless.

I have personally found help doing small things for others, reading to the blind, shopping for the infirm. But above all I have found the greatest consolation walking in the matchless beauty of the Herefordshire countryside, along the tops of the hills or by the Wye. William Barnes said it all in his poem "The Wife a-Lost":

Since I no more do see your face
Upstairs or down below,
I'll sit me in the lonesome place
Where flat-boughed beech do grow,
Below the beeches bough my love
Where you did never come,
And I don't look to meet you now
As I do look at home.



Bill Price

life in norway and the UK —

some contrasts

by Ida Lange

(The writer (English and married to a Norwegian) was - on a recent short visit - impressed with this locality and said she would like to submit an article comparing the different life styles. Editor).

FIRST the daily pattern. Generally speaking the day begins earlier in Norway with most offices beginning at 8 am and with queues on the roads necessitating an extra early departure. At the other end of the day, offices close at 4 pm in winter and 3 or 3.30 pm in summer. This gives long evenings, especially in summer and opportunities for visits to the beach, sailing, walks in the forests and football, which is of necessity a summer game.

Mealtimes are different. An early breakfast (usually cereals, bread and butter with all sorts of nature spreads like goats' milk cheese, salt sausage slices as well as the usual jams and marmalades. Lunch from 11.30 to 1 pm. consists usually of more bread and spread (smørbrød.) Even the higher grades of office workers usually take a lunch packet with them or have a quick sandwich in the canteen, since there's only a half-hour break. Of course, they sometimes go out to a full lunch with business connections. Dinner is usually from 4-6 pm. when the workers get home, except when friends are invited for the evening, then it's from 6-8 pm.

For children the daily school pattern is from 9-2 pm. with various short and long breaks in one of which they eat their lunch packets. School holidays come at the same time for everyone, since practically all schools are state schools, divided into three age-groups: basic school from 7-13, teenager schools from 13-16 with more subjects and some opportunity for specialising. These two are compulsory. The high school 16-19, is optional, more specialised, but includes Norwegian, English, Maths and History for everyone, so the separation of the two cultures is not so marked here. Until some years ago the high school syllabus was exacting and the standard of the exam high, but since you now don't necessarily have to take all subjects at once, but can build up the exam year after year, it has not quite the same status.

The syllabus and progress through the school year are state-controlled and means that pupils can be moved from one school to another all over the country and find that their new class is at the same stage as the old one. Oslo has only a very few private schools and one only, a Steiner school, is much used by Norwegians. The others are English, American, Catholic (French) and German and are only for the younger age-groups.

Games are not part of the school curriculum, perhaps because there was always enough sport and exercise available in the forest and on the lakes outside most front doors. Clubs organise football, track athletics, handball, orienteering, swimming, cycling, sailing and rowing, as well as ski-ing and skating. There is, of course, some tennis but it's not very widespread and only a very few reach world competition standard and none, so far, has reached the top.

Norway has only one television channel, though many people can pick up Sweden's two. A few have satellite receivers. For most of us, this single channel means programmes from 5 pm till about midnight.

There are no Sunday papers, but we can get English ones at the airport after 1 pm. In the Oslo district there are no deliveries from food shops and no milk deliveries. In a table published recently I noticed that Norway has 325 cars per 1000 of the population whereas U.K. has 286. Perhaps we are better equipped for shopping! The aged and infirm are assisted in this both by home helps and a certain number of subsidised taxi journeys each month.

Cars are needed too to ferry small children to kindergartens and day-care centres. School doesn't begin until they are seven years old. This is perhaps partly a hangover from the old days when many children had to walk long distances on foot or on skis to get to school and they hadn't the physical strength and stability until about seven. Now all this has changed but there's still a feeling that serious work should not begin at five! However, there are so many working mothers that day-care centres and kindergartens are necessary. Even mothers who stay at home are anxious for their children to have organised playtime with other children. For these there are 'parking places' outdoors (with a hut for shelter when necessary) for 3-4 hours in the middle of the day, closed on winter days when the temperature falls below -8°C.

The Storting is the Norwegian equivalent of the House of Commons, but there is no Upper House, (The aristocracy was abolished in Norway in 1821.) The Storting uses a single-chamber system, except when dealing with matters of law. These are first handled in a division comprising 116 representatives (Odelstinget,) and then in one with 39 representatives (Lagtinget.) A curious law in British eyes is that the Storting cannot be dissolved nor a new election called during the electoral period, 4 years.

To end on a more frivolous note - the first sign of Spring is not the primrose, but a little anemone which carpets the forests with azure blue.

Bus conductor (to woman with baby alligator) Are you taking him to the Zoo, madame?
No, to the cinema. He went to the Zoo yesterday.

A politician - is a man who casts his bread upon the waters once he has made sure that the tide is coming in.

SEA SICKNESS (by Roger Woddis -

in the 'Listener')

I must down to the seas again, to the
poisoned sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a banned ship and
the sewage floating by
And the crew sick and the wind's pong
and the cargo reeking
And a green look on the sea's face and
the steel drums leaking.

I must down to the sea again to the
stories that are rife
Of the dead fish and the beached whales
now enjoying a shortened life;
And all I ask is a cowboy firm and
their right to live in clover
And Britain trading in toxic waste
when the bullshit's over.

**chimney
sweep**

Brush, Vacuum
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service
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Hereford 274555
Please ring
early evenings

Caterpillar (to mate as butterfly
passed overhead).

"I'll tell you one thing for
nothing. You're never going to
get me up in one of those".

NATIONAL CHILDRENS HOME

October is the month when a
house-to-house collection is
made for N.C.H. Your local
representative hopes to do
the work again this year, so
please give generously to a
worthy cause as you have done
in the past. Thank you.

Rube Norman

Church Services Oct.1988.

Norton Canon.

Oct. 2 9a.m. Holy Communion.
" 9 9a.m. Morning Prayer.
" 14 7.30.p.m. Harvest Festival.
" 16 9.a.m. Holy Communion.
" 23 9.a.m. Family Service.

Sarnesfield.

Oct. 7 7.p.m. Harvest Festival
" 9 10 a.m. Holy Communion
" 23 10 a.m. Morning Prayer.

Staunton-on-Wye.

Oct.2 11 a.m. Holy Communion
" 9 11 a.m. Morning Prayer.
" 16 11 a.m. Holy Communion.

Byford.

Oct.2 9.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
"16 6.30 p.m. Harvest Festival.
" 23 10 a.m. Family Service.

Monnington.

Oct.9 6.30 p.m. Harvest Festival.

Letton

Oct.9 11a.m. Family Service.
"23 6p.m. Evening Prayer

Kinnersley.

Oct.2nd. 6.30 p.m. Harvest Festival
preacher the Rev.S.Parrett.
"9 10 a.m. Mattins
"16 10 a.m. Holy Communion
preacher the Rev Robert
Horsfield.
"23 10a.m. Mattins.

Oct. 28 10 a.m. Holy Communion.
(St Simon & St Jude apostles)
" 30 10 a.m. Family Service
Nov.6. 10 a.m. Holy Communion.

October 30 10.30 a.m. Group
Communion at WEOSLEY

October 2nd 6.30 p.m.
Joint Methodist Harvest. HOPELANDS.

ARROWVALE WINE CIRCLE

Meeting - 1st September; Speaker - Mr Jackson, "Old Books of Herefordshire".

Had I known that Gareth would ask me to do this I would have had a pencil handy at the meeting. As far as I remember I was expecting to be shown ancient, dusty volumes and wondered how much Latin I would recall from distant school days. It wasn't that kind of evening!

Mr Jackson delights in collecting old books about the County and brought along a few of them from which he read extracts on subjects as diverse as 'The First World War' and 'Life in the Country during the last century as Experienced by the Gentry and their Servants'.

Reference was made to the changes over the years regarding wild life, farming, deforestation, conservation, and pollution. Concerning the last subject we were given a first-hand account of his deep sea diving around the Shetlands when the fishing trawlers in the area discarded overboard tons of trimmings in the shape of heads, tails, guts and gills!

Mr Jackson said his old books were useful for researching into the history and original owners of old property, and, as an Estate Agent in Leominster he liked to be able to provide background interest when such a property came up for sale.

It was a pity many members were on holiday for they missed an enthusiastic and clear speaker with a fascinating hobby.

Millie Jones

"Mummy, I don't want to stay here....."

This was the familiar cry of my 3 year old son during his first term at Staunton Playgroup as I prised him from my apron strings and fled from the room feeling plagued with uncertainty about whether I was doing the right thing. My fears gradually disappeared as I witnessed him month by month change from a timid, non-participating wallflower into a confident little individual who ushered me from the room with an impatient 'goodbye' as he ran off to join in the fun with his friends. Perhaps the most gratifying thing of all was seeing how well he coped when he recently graduated to full time primary school - surely a daunting event for any child. His tears during the first week were perhaps enough to fill a tablespoon.....Without the socializing and confidence-building experience of playgroup I am convinced he would have filled a bucket!

If you have a child aged 3 - 5 who is ready to benefit from mixing with other children outside the home, why not ring for more details about

STAUNTON-ON-WYE PLAYGROUP
Tel: Joy Trumper on Moccas 511.

(from a satisfied and grateful parent who opts for anonymity on the basis that her son who will soon be able to read might strongly object to the epithet, 'wallflower' !)

In my grandparent's time the grounds of Chateau Ferrieres were looked after by a veritable battalion of gardeners - fifty of them at least.

A famous story was told of my grandmother who, when visiting friends one autumn day, was enraptured by the sight of their lawn strewn with fallen leaves. "It's magnificent! How really beautiful" she exclaimed. "And do tell me where you get them from".

(from Guy de Rothschild's autobiography 'The Whims of Fortune')

We are not what we think we are but, what we think, we are.

Buddhist aphorism.