

HEPWORTH SOCIAL CLUB

NEWSLETTER



Parish Plan

Issue
No 104

see inside cover

March
2006

This Newsletter is available on the Internet at
<http://www.johnbeales.co.uk/news.htm>

HAVE YOUR SAY - YOUR OPINION COUNTS!!!

Saturday March 4th 2006 in Hepworth Pavilion
10-30 am – 12.30 pm

Please come along to a **FREE** Coffee Morning and tell the Parish Plan Committee your concerns about our village – anything at all, from pavements, traffic to a Youth Club?

This is an informal get-together to allow everybody – young and old – to voice their opinions of the future of Hepworth and what they would like to see in their village.

Your views are vital as this will help us to formulate questions for our Parish Plan questionnaire which will be coming round to every home in Hepworth in the next few months. The Parish Plan Committee has been told that the projects identified by answers, **your** answers, in that Parish Plan questionnaire will be taken seriously by the Borough and Suffolk Council, and could lead to extra funding or action for the chosen projects.

So, don't sit at home and moan, come along and do it over a cup of coffee on 4th March when the development of the Parish Plan will be on view and people there very willing to hear all your views and concerns.

HOW TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

A husband was in big trouble when he forgot his wife's birthday.

His wife told him "Tomorrow there better be something in the driveway for me that goes from zero to 100 in under 10 seconds".

The next morning the wife found a small package on the driveway.

She opened it and found a brand new bathroom scale.

Funeral arrangements for the husband have been set for Saturday.



HEPWORTH PARISH COUNCIL

The scheduled meeting of the Parish Council took place on Tuesday, 5th January 2006 at the pavilion. The meeting was chaired by Mr Stannard. Amongst the matters discussed were:

Report from Borough Councillor

The Borough Councillor reported that the Leisure Centre in Bury St Edmunds is due to open in February.

Report from Community Police Office

The Police confirmed that there were no reported crimes in Hepworth during the last month.

Report from Tree Warden

A report was received from the Tree Warden, including a suggestion to consider including a Pocket Park in the Parish Plan proposals, an intention to inspect a walnut tree which has a tree preservation order, a recommendation that some trees along Market Weston Road should be pruned or replaced, and that volunteers should be sought to carry out the Suffolk Hedgerow Survey in Hepworth.

Clerk's Report

A report was received from the Clerk, including confirmation that a meeting will be held with Barningham Parish Council and County officials about the C63, a survey of HGV usage of The Street will be carried out, the County Council suggests that the Parish Council contacts village residents to consider parking off-road for safety, and the options for formalisation of the lay-by near the A143.

Parish Plan

It was confirmed that Defra have approved the Parish Plan last month, and another Parish Plan Committee meeting should be held in February.

Two Riders and a Dog:

Safety concerns were raised in connection with two ladies on horseback and a loose dog who used the roads regularly and were considered a hazard.

Date of Next Meeting

The next meeting will be held on ³Tuesday 7th March.

NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH

Ixworth Police Station - 01284 774235
Community Police Officer - Sheena Tate
e-mail sheana.tate@suffolk.pnn.police.uk



If you have something to report to me, and you have e-mail, please use e-mail, unless it is urgent, as it is easier, quicker and more accurate to turn into a formal report. Sheena.

SCAMS --- DON'T GET SUCKED IN

There are a number of Scams going around at the current time below is a sample of the top few – hopefully none of you reading this will fall for them – or – will you? Or have you?

TAKE CARE OF BOGUS E-MAILS AND CALLS

We have recently been informed of incidents where contact has been made, either by e-mail or the phone, where the enquirer says they are from a particular Company (e-mails do look very genuine) asking for you to confirm your personal and bank details.

One recent incident was an e-mail purporting to be from 'Pay Pal' asking the recipient to confirm their account details. This turned out to be a false e-mail.

NEVER, EVER DISCLOSE ANY PERSONAL OR BANK DETAILS TO ANY ENQUIRERS.

A genuine Company does not need to ask you to do this.

Recently a survey revealed that one scam or another has targeted a staggering 28 million people in Britain.

HOPEFULLY – you have not, but should you get the approach – you will be well advised not to fall for it

PREMIUM PHONE NUMBER SCAM (the biggest get rich quick – for the phone operator that is)

This is a simple but effective way of catching you off guard – the phone rings just as your sitting down to your meal – the recorded voice tells you that you're the lucky winner of an amazing prize?

But to get it you have to ring – a number which happens to be an expensive one and costs about £1.50 a minute and then after several minutes of hanging on and listening to the message – your been duped – you put the phone down – but you've lost out as soon as you replied and they have your money (via your phone line supplier).

YOU'VE WON A PRIZE SCAM – post card arrives via the postman. A card purporting to be from the Royal Mail Postman telling you that it tried to deliver a parcel? And you need to ring a certain number on the card to get the parcel redelivered.

The small print if you read that far tells you that this is not really the Royal Mail but a company trying to get you to ring a premium rate number at £1.50 a minute with the average call lasting 6 minutes - to get the ref number on the card to match the parcel – the prize and then after leaving your details nothing arrives – you've been scammed.

DA VINCI CODE SCAM (could be any name of a current trend)

Basically – a letter arrives in the post to tell you – you able to inherit a code that lets you in to millions as you have famous ancestors? And you need to send a nominal fee to the sender to get the code to access the millions by return?

The money goes but either nothing arrives back or the returned item is a fake and has no real value – the scams prays on your excitement to receive that which you always wanted.

The give away – would if the receiver had read it properly – been easily to spot - the return address is in Switzerland?

INTERNATIONAL LOTTERY SCAM – but you've never played it one

We all dream of winning the lottery – well some of us.

When the letter arrives it tells you've won it – but it's in another country and you have to do certain things – to receive it.

Ring a telephone number in another country (could be anywhere) and give or confirm certain details about yourself – then send a fee for the company to allow the administration of the money and account details of you bank etc in order to put the winnings in?

After doing all this – you get nothing but grief for months after – you've confirmed details which normally you would keep confidential? The scamster in another country via the Internet can now access

facilities that you might end up paying for and the bank will hold you responsible? As you gave the details willingly – identity stolen? Or given away.

CHARITY COLLECTION SCAM – The first few months of a new year are favourite

The plastic bags/leaflets come through the door asking for you to give unwanted goods clothes books etc to the leaflet/bag collector.

Some are from reputable charity groups – Scope / Great Ormond Street to name a few – but do you read the small print on the bag or leaflet – where it tells you the collector isn't a registered Charity but a corporate company who collects the goods and has the rights then to deal with them as they see fit and 'may' give a percentage normally about 1% of the money raised to the charity it purports to collect on behalf of.

If you are not sure – ring the charity commission hotline to check 0845 3000218

Door to door collections are also common – two questions to initially ask 1) Is the collector there on direct behalf of the Charity or 2) Is the collector there from a separate fundraising concern – if the later ask what percentage goes directly to the charity.

If there is a permit displayed ask to look at it closely – if it's issued by the local authority look for the official date and stamp and the office of issue – some false ones are hand made and are easily seen as such – the permit allows money to be collected in your area only – that's if its issued for your area? Not in your area no collection allowed. Ask the questions most genuine callers will be happy to answer the questions others not so will be put off and move on – if you believe the caller on your door to be false ring the description and any car index onto the police – who normally have a list of who is /is not collecting

Scam artists are after your money – you will always be asked to pay up front and part with your money early – they try to rush you into a quick decision – they don't want you to think about whether the offer is genuine or not – steal your personal information and will demand your bank or credit card details and use them to commit fraud- scam artists are up to date and well organised. Using the latest trends to

make the scam seem credible – scammers have answers to all the questions – use your common sense? If it sounds too good to be true it probably is too good – if you didn't put in for something in advance – you have not won it – especially if it has come from another country

**SCAM ARTISTS TARGET ALL OF US
DON'T THINK YOU CAN'T BE CONNED!**

**IF WHAT YOU KNOW MIGHT SOLVE A CRIME . .
THEN REPORT IT NOW ! CALL**

The Police on 01284 774100 or Crime Stoppers on 0800 555111



Taking pride in keeping Suffolk safe



THE TATE FAMILY

How many members of the Tate family belong to your organization?

There is old man Dic Tate, who wants to run everything, while Uncle Ro Tate tries to change everything. Their sister-in-law Agi Tate stirs up plenty of trouble, with help from her husband, Irri Tate.

Whenever new projects are suggested, Hesi Tate and his wife Vege Tate, want to wait until next year. Then there is Aunt Imi Tate, who wants your organization to be like all the others. Devas Tate provides the voice of doom.

And of course, there is the black sheep of the family, Ampu Tate, who has cut himself off from the mainstream!

But not all the members of the Tate family are bad. Facili Tate is quite helpful. And a delightful, happy member of the family is Miss Felici Tate.

Cousins Cogi Tate and Medi Tate are always thinking things over and lend helpful, steady hands.



OUR AMY – “NEWLANDS”

Built on wasteland, high above the surrounding countryside, the estate of 'Newlands' was fortunate in having far-reaching views. 'Old Mushroom Hill' in the distance, with a babbling brook at its base, soon became a regular evenings walk for people to exercise their dogs. Disused sandpits with rabbits, partridge and rare butterflies enticed young and old alike, to picnic on its grassy banks. When harvest time came round, everyone turned out to watch the combine harvesters at work in the cornfields. Surprisingly, no-one from the village moved onto the new estate rented to families from outlying districts, the newcomers willingly shared the workload, and became the best of neighbours.

At the end of the road, built within yards of huge oak trees, the semi-detached houses, were the first dwellings to be completed.

On a cloudy morning in late autumn, Amy Marshall and her family moved into number eleven. With every appearance of a storm, the sky suddenly darkened, within minutes, the rain fell in torrents.

Dashing down the muddy path with the house keys, Amy unlocked the front door. The storm didn't last all that long, and as soon as it was over, the unloading begun, but sadly without any help from the van driver. Aptly named Fred, the removal man preferred to sit in his cab and enjoy a can of beer and some sandwiches. Not to be outdone, Jessie, Amy's mother, made a hot drink and gave some to Cyril the drivers mate. Regrettably most of the unloading had been done before Fred showed any signs of helping. Jessie told her husband, the man wanted reporting.

Wally Marshall, a smallish chap, mostly seen in bib and brace overalls and hobnailed boots, lost no time in sizing up his new garden plot. Both Amy's parents were keen gardeners, and by the look of the long back garden, they certainly would be kept busy for a long time.

Ten year old Amy, already a little madam with big ideas, soon settled in. This new home was a world away from the life she had known, and the places she had grown to love, but it did mean, that Jake, her six year old brother, would have a bedroom of his own.

For the moment, the only room with curtains was the front room. The lino for the floor, still stood rolled up in the corner of the room. Sorting through a bundle of carpet remnants, Amy helped herself to a pink square for her bedroom. With every effort she could manage, she dragged the flock mattress onto the springs of her iron bedstead.

Forgetting to help downstairs, Amy unpacked the few second hand clothes she possessed and put them in a chest of drawers. She sorely missed a mirror. Until she had a wardrobe, her school blazer and winter coat would have to hang on the shelf hooks in a corner. As she stacked her treasured books on the window-sill, she looked outside for the first time, and was thrilled with the view.

In addition to the front and back gardens, her father had acquired an allotment on a piece of church land, for which he paid the vicar, a yearly rent of 10/-d (50p). Although the allotment soil was far superior to the house garden, it would take months to clear the uncultivated ground of its couch grass and thistles.

Much to Jessie's annoyance, the back garden remained an eyesore for quite sometime. Brick rubble and clay clods were far and wide. Any stones that looked suitable, had to be put to one side for the rockery Jessie had in mind.

Every job was a challenge to Amy. She even helped mix the concrete for the linen path, but it wasn't a job she had enjoyed. To gain privacy from the neighbours, a privet hedge was planted.

When a man from the village, promised Wally a pair of rabbits, he set about making hutches. But the rabbits arrived before the hutches were finished. The inevitable happened and consequently a litter of four were born. The new arrivals delighted Amy, for she loved all animals and birds, but it was a different story when she had to clean them out. Disinterested Jake, just turned up his nose and walked away.

Watching the steam trains from her bedroom window, was what Amy loved best. On frosty nights, when everywhere was still, the haunting sounds of the steam trains whistle echoed across the fields. Sometimes it was past midnight before she crept into bed.

On Friday evenings, it was practice night for the village bell ringers. The ringing went on for hours. Jake walked around with his hands over his ears, and a face as long as a fiddle. Just when people thought the ringing was over, it would begin again. 'Ding dong, ding, dong.

By the end of November eight of the twelve houses had been occupied. A street lamp had been erected outside number 1, but because the Marshall's house was some distance away, the didn't find it very beneficial.

When it was dark, the door was locked and no one went outside, unless a bucket of coal or a few extra logs were needed for the fire, and this would be done by torchlight.

Close to the church, a small shop-cum-bakery, stocked goods of every description, stacked from floor to ceiling, it was a mystery what the boxes contained, but it was the sweet counter that interested the children most.

Every Saturday morning, Amy and her brother were given sixpence pocket money to spend. (in years gone by, quite a lot of sweets could be bought for a small sum).

Daisy Middleton, the hardworking lady that owned the shop, had served the public for years. Opening early, and closing late, Jessie said the shop was certainly a little gold mine.

The children were told to sit on the bench by the door and wait their turn. Jake's feet didn't reach the floor. Sitting on his hands, swinging his legs, he grew more and more impatient. Mrs Thingy was there as usual, ordering her weekly goods, and taking her time about it. The dairy products were weighed and wrapped individually, then each item was priced and entered in a little red book. The church clock struck five, the shop closed at five-thirty on Saturdays. It would soon be teatime and they had yet to be served. At last, Mrs Thingy's goods had been totalled up and paid for.

The old dear had hardly got outside the door, before Amy and Jake had ordered their sweets at the counter. Jake usually chose jelly

babies, or a lollypop, while Amy preferred chocolate buttons or liquorice allsorts. Joyfully, they carried their small purchases home in a three cornered paper bag, not daring to eat any until their mother had approved, and certainly not before teatime.

While they had been down the shop, father had been busy chopping sticks, ready for the stickbox. On fine evenings, the children went wooding along the lanes with their mother, taking with them an old truck that had been constructed from a soap box. Four pram wheels found under the allotment hedge were a perfect fit. As long as the truck was empty, Jake would be sure of a ride, but there were times Amy deliberately tipped him out and made him cry.

Obviously the best place to find wood was in the park. Chasing squirrels was great fun. In the wintertime the children were told, villagers skated on the frozen lake there, but the very thought feared Amy. But winter was still a long way off.

Barbara Kerrison.©

A LITTLE FUN EACH DAY

Since retiring I have working friends frequently ask me what retired people do to make their days interesting. Well for example, the other day I went into town and went to a small shop on King street. I was only in there for about 5 minutes. When I came out, there was a traffic warden writing out a parking ticket. I went up to him and said, "Come on mate, how about giving a senior citizen a break?" He ignored me and continued writing the ticket so I called him a fascist. He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn tyres. So I called him a piece of stinking dog poo. He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing a third ticket. This went on for about 30 minutes. The more I abused him, the more tickets he wrote.

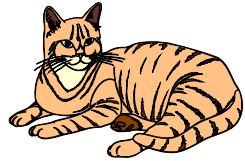
Personally, I really didn't give a damn. I came downtown by bus!

I try to have a little fun each day now that I'm retired. It's important at my age.



Hi Friends!

Chivers here! Thought I would put paws to paper and say hi! Trust you have all had a good month and a good valentine's day!



Mine started quite uneventfully. There I was, still crashed out in the airing cupboard (on my mums best jumper, hee hee), where I had been all night, partly because I became stuck and fell asleep, as I am no 'twiggy', when I was called to have my breakfast. After me and my mum and sister had gobbled down our tuna, (what happened to the smoked salmon?, it really isn't good enough), as it was a sunny day, I thought I would crash out on the garden chair to plan my day.

I thought I would start the day by terrorising the local mice and birds in the opposite field. I then decided to check out the neighbouring gardens and remind the local cats and dogs who is boss.

After wondering along a nearby road, I heard a faint singing. As I drew nearer, I became hypnotized by it. "What was this beautiful music", I thought. I must find out. The music became louder and louder and then suddenly I stopped in my tracks. There she was, a vision of pure white luxurious silky fur, big blue eyes and the most beautiful face I have ever seen. I stood on the coal scuttle, planning my seduction. I took up my aristocratic stance, held my tail and head up high and gave her my 'I am so handsome, you can't resist me look'. She responded by purring loudly. I made my way down to the grass and took a few steps nearer. Our eyes met, our hearts pounded with affection and then.....aaaaahhhhh! It was suddenly clear that this beautiful creature was not the only animal occupant of the household. Before one could say 'pussy galore', the alsation, (or was it a wolf?), was hot on my heels. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, my fur standing up like bristles and narrowly avoided becoming the beast's dinner.

Once upon the safe vantage place of the coal scuttle, I smiled and waived my paw at my intended girlfriend and decided to try another day after more careful planning.

I returned to my mum, had my supper, and chilled out, before taking up residence in the airing cupboard for the night. Perhaps I will try again tomorrow, on safer ground. If I can get unstuck in the morning from this darn cupboard!

I curled up on my mums best jumper and went to sleep. It wasn't smoked salmon I dreamt of that night!

Bye for now - fellow romantics, Chivers

THINGS CAN GET BETTER - CAN'T THEY?

A couple arrive home to their 5-bedroom house in a leafy suburb. Upon entering the house, they call out for their eldest daughter, whose 18th birthday it was that day. The expected answer did not come, so the father went upstairs. He knocked and entered his daughter's bedroom and saw a letter on the bed.

With the worst possible premonition, he read with trembling hands:

Dear Mum and Dad,

It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm telling you that I've eloped with my new boyfriend. I've found real love and he is so nice, especially with all his piercings, scars, tattoos, and his big motorcycle. But it is not only that, I'm pregnant and Ahmed said that we will be very happy in his trailer in the woods. He wants to have many more children with me and that is one of my dreams.

I've learned that marijuana doesn't hurt anyone and we'll be growing it for us and his friends. They're the ones providing us with all the cocaine and ecstasy we could ever want.

In the meantime, we'll pray for science to find the AIDS cure so Ahmed gets better. He deserves it. Don't worry about money, Ahmed has arranged for me to be in films that his friends Leroy and Jamal make in their basement. Apparently I can earn £50 a scene and I get a £50 bonus if there are more than three men in the scene, and an extra £100 if they use a horse. Don't worry Mum, now I'm 18 years old I know how to take care of myself.

I'll visit one day so you can both meet your grandchildren.

Your loving daughter, Aimee

PS Sorry Dad, it's not true, I'm at a neighbours house. I just wanted to show you that there are worse things in life than denting your new car.

CARAVAN RALLIES AT HEPWORTH

When we have caravan rallies at Hepworth, it is a tremendous source of income for the village hall. In the past, this money has gone towards things like the repainting of the hall, the purchase of the playground equipment and the upkeep of the football pitch. When the Caravan Clubs hire the hall, they also hire the field as well, so we would like to appeal for a bit of patience on the few weekends when they do camp in refraining from playing football on the field. The playground equipment is still there for you to use, as is the footway across the field from The Street to Church Lane. Many of these caravans have cost their owners, many of whom have retired, a lot of money, so any damage caused costs dearly to put right. I give below the dates that the Hall AND FIELD are hired to the various Caravan Clubs:

From Friday 17th March to Sunday evening 19th March.
From Thursday 27th April to Monday evening 1st May
From Friday 29th September to Sunday evening 1st October

So you see the field will only be in use by the caravans for three weekends out of 52 so please make them welcome. All the clubs have camped at Hepworth before and have said how much they have enjoyed their stay and how we've made them welcome.

Since Hepworth football team sadly finished, we've been lucky enough to have two other teams from outside the village, pay for the use of our pitch. This is another valuable source of income for the hall and we do our best to work with all our hirers to make the best use of our hall, playground and field.

Thank you
Margaret.

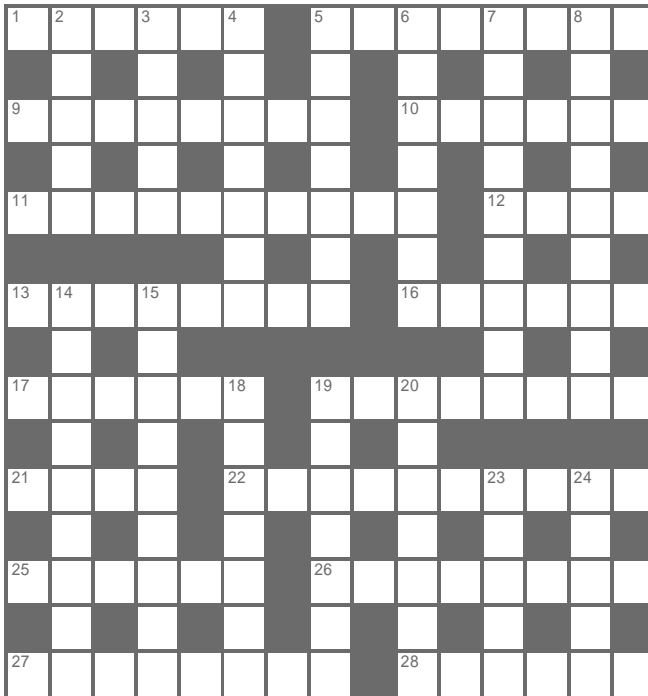


PAPER OFFER

Plain A4 paper (as used in this Newsletter)
80gsm. Suitable for laser, inkjet and handwriting
£1.50 per ream (500 sheets)

 01359 250048

Crossword 104



Across

- 1 Profoundly (6)
- 5 Set free (8)
- 9 Green eyed monster (8)
- 10 Thread (6)
- 11 Reinforce (10)
- 12 Top of the house (4)
- 13 Ekes out (8)
- 16 Unusual (6)
- 17 Thats handy (6)
- 19 Commerce (8)
- 21 Patella (4)
- 22 Stands out (10)
- 25 Heavenly (6)
- 26 Earth, wind, rain... (8)
- 27 Just a bit (8)
- 28 Yearn (6)
- 28 Corridors (8)

Down

- 2 Happening (5)
- 3 Throb (5)
- 4 Not as old as (7)
- 5 Beat in music (7)
- 6 TV, car, marriage (7)
- 7 Post noon (9)
- 8 Money matters (9)
- 14 Necessary (9)
- 15 Anguish (9)
- 18 Greatest length (7)
- 19 Electricity provider (7)
- 20 Win (7)
- 23 Zones (5)
- 24 Sooner or ... (5)



PIP'S PAGE

Hello Everyone, Pip here again,

Well, its been a hectic month here at the homestead. I'm now a Neighbourhood Watchdog. I bark at anything that moves and my two 'girls' do as well although I think you could say that Abigail is a bit of a 'dumb' blonde. She barks but at the wrong door!! Sometimes she just runs about the house barking, she doesn't know what she's barking at but just tries to sound fierce. When I start to bark all the dogs in the neighbourhood know that its their turn to bark too. Together we keep all intruders away. The neighbours are very pleased with me – they say things like 'Get on there Pip!' Abigail likes pink things, very 'girlie', she thinks or rather she knows, she's beautiful and when we're out walking, if she gets a piece of leaf or grass on her paw, it's an absolute disaster – we all have to wait until it's removed. My other 'girl' Miss – whatever you like to call her really, Miss Hap, Miss Take, Miss Adventure, Miss Understood – the list is endless, anyway she's really brave and fearless too. Whenever we're not sure about anything, we send Miss Whatever in first, she doesn't mind – she'll take no nonsense. Trouble is me and Abigail are a bit thick in the brains department but Miss Whatever can reason everything out, she knows the ins and outs of everything. If we've done something wrong and been told off – it's Miss that we send in waving the white flag. It works every time, she's a terrific diplomat. I'm quite well known for my jokes, so here's one for you this month – hope you like it! If you've got any good jokes, we'd like to hear from you too.

Talking dog for sale

A man sees a sign in front of a house in Luton: "Talking Dog for Sale." He rings the bell and the owner tells him the dog is in the back garden.

The man goes into the back garden and sees a black dog just sitting there.

"You talk?" he asks. "I do." the dog replies.

"So, what's your story?"

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The dog looks up and says, "Well, I discovered my gift of talking pretty young and I wanted to help the government, so I told the MI5

about my gift, and in no time they had me jetting from country to country sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders, because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies eight years running.

"The jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger and wanted to settle down. So I signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security work, mostly wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. I uncovered some incredible dealings there and was awarded a batch of medals. Had a wife and many puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The man is amazed. He goes back in and asks the owner what he wants for the dog.

The owner says, "Ten quid."

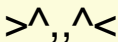
The man says, "This dog is amazing. Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?"

"Cause he's such a liar."

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR CAT?

We have been 'adopted' by a cat. She (I think) is very friendly but of course someone may be missing her. 'She' is being well looked after here and if she is not claimed will join our menagerie.

If you are missing your feline companion then please ring Mary Brooks on 01359 252241 - obviously with a description.



Answers to Crossword 104

Across: 1 Deeply, 5 Released, 9 Jealousy, 10 Cotton, 11 Strengthen, 12 Roof, 13 Measures, 16 Exotic, 17 Useful, 19 Business, 21 Knee, 22 Noticeable, 25 Divine, 26 Elements, 27 Slightly, 28 Desire.
Down: 2 Event, 3 Pulse, 4 Younger, 5 Rhythms, 6 Licence, 7 Afternoon, 8 Economics, 14 Essential, 15 Suffering, 18 Longest, 19 Battery, 20 Succeed, 23 Areas, 24 Later.

10 Top Reasons to Go Organic (and there are many, many more!)

1. Organic produce is not covered in a cocktail of poisonous chemicals. The average conventionally-grown apple has 20-30 artificial poisons on its skin, even after rinsing. Trust your instincts, and go organic!
2. Fresh organic produce contains on average 50% more vitamins, minerals, enzymes and other micro-nutrients than intensively farmed produce. Science says that it's good for you.
3. Going organic is the only practical way to avoid eating genetically modified (GM) food. And by buying organic food, you are registering your mistrust of GMO's and doing your bit to protest against them.
4. If you eat dairy or meat products, going organic has never been more essential to safeguard you and your family's health. Intensively-reared dairy cows and farm animals are fed a dangerous cocktail of anti-biotics, growth promoting drugs, anti-parasite drugs and many other medicines on a daily basis, whether they have an illness or not. These drugs are passed directly onto the consumers of their dairy produce or meat., which must be a contributing factor to meat-related diseases like coronaries and high blood pressure.
5. About 99% of non-organic farm animals in the UK are now fed GM soya. And there has never been a reported case of BSE in organic cattle in the UK. Common sense says that organic is safe food.
6. Organic produce simply tastes so much better. Fruit and vegetables full of juice and flavour, and so many different varieties to try! There are about 100 different kinds of organic potatoes in production in the UK, and that's just potatoes!
7. Organic farms support and nurture our beautiful and diverse wildlife. Over the last thirty years, intensive farming in the UK has led to dramatic erosion of the soil, a fall of up to 70% of wild birds in some areas, the destruction of ancient hedgerows, and the near extinction of some of the most beautiful species of



- butterflies, frogs, grass-snakes and wild mammals.
8. Organic food is not really more expensive than intensively farmed foods, as we pay for conventional foods through our taxes. We spend billion of pounds every year cleaning up the mess that agro-chemicals make to our natural water supply. And the BSE crisis cost us 4 billion pounds. Go organic for a genuine more cost-effective future.
 9. Intensive farming can seriously damage farm workers' health. There are much higher instances of cancer, respiratory problems and other major diseases in farm workers from non-organic farms. This is particularly true in developing countries, and for agrochemical farms growing cotton. So go organic if you care about other people.
 10. And if you simply like the idea of your children and grandchildren being able to visit the countryside and play in the forests and fields just like we did when we were young, go organic for the sake of all of our futures.

by Ysanne Spevack, Editor www.OrganicFood.co.uk

NEVER TOO OLD!

A guy is 67 years old and loves to fish. He was sitting in his boat the other day when he heard a voice say, "Pick me up." He looked around and could not see any one. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice again, "Pick me up."

He looked in the water and there floating on the top was a frog. The man said, "Are you talking to me?"

The frog said, "Yes, I'm talking to you. Pick me up. Then, kiss me and I'll turn into the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. I'll then give you more pleasure that you have ever could have dreamed of."

The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his front breast pocket. Then the frog said, "What are you nuts, didn't you hear what I said? I said kiss me and I will give you pleasures like you have never had."

He opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said, "Naah, at my age I'd rather have a talking frog."

Happy Birthday in March to:-

**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY**

17th Lucy Palmer
22nd 'Titch' Fowler
24th Beryl Lambert
30th Diane Goldsmith

Do you know someone you
would like to add to the list?
Contact Margaret on 250048

Tangled Woodland

Tangled woodland, still and waiting
For the sap of life to rise,
Boughs asunder, still reflecting
Winter in the dreary skies.

Tangled woodland pointing skywards,
New growth ready to burst through.
When the temperature is warmer
Nature will come through anew.

Suddenly, a morning's sunrise
Shines upon a whole new scene;
Woodland blooms in rainbow colours
Brighten up the shades of green.

All the creatures of the woodland,
Wide-eyed now, and multiply.
High above the sap has risen
To the blueness of the sky.

Bernard Arthur Howlett ©

Please could you let me have letters or articles for the April edition of
The Newsletter by the 20th of March - Many thanks

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