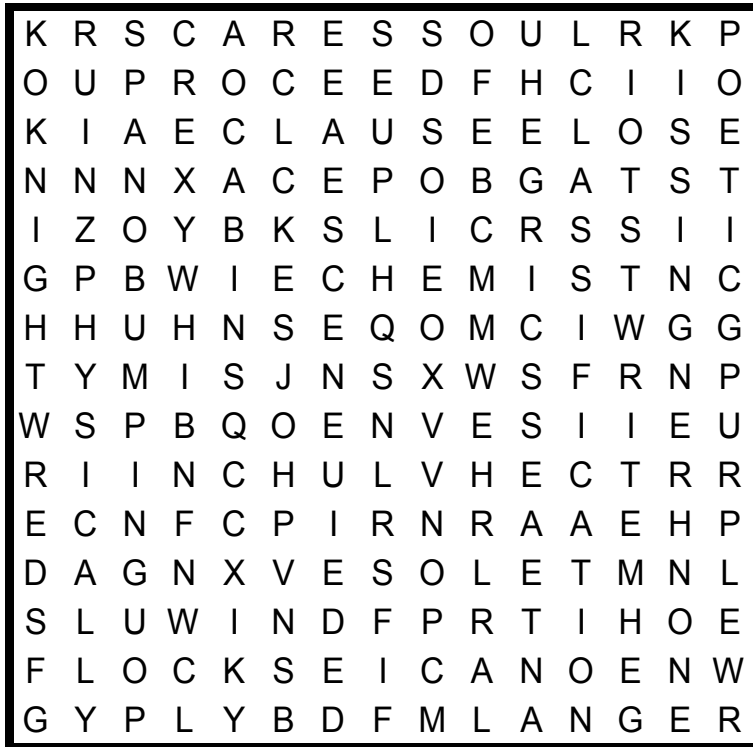


Wordsearch



Wordsearch Word List

- | | | | |
|----------------|---------|------------|--------|
| anger | flocks | matter | reds |
| before | hath | nerves | riots |
| bumping | hike | none | ruin |
| cabins | inch | peak | scares |
| canoe | kissing | physically | shows |
| chemist | knight | pine | soul |
| civil | know | placing | sour |
| classification | list | poetic | span |
| clause | lose | proceed | wind |
| create | lunches | purple | write |

Crosswords, Sudoku and Wordsearch now available online at
<http://www.johnbeales.co.uk/xwords.htm>

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

Editor – John Beales, 20 Church Close, Hepworth. 01359 250048

HEPWORTH SOCIAL CLUB

NEWSLETTER



Hepworth Street - mid 50's

Hepworth Charities Information
 see inside front cover

Issue
 No 110

October
 2007

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

Printed by John Beales, 20 Church Close, Hepworth. ☎ 01359 250048

“HEPWORTH” CHARITIES

Any pensioner’s who have lived in Hepworth for 2 years or more are eligible to apply for the annual grant, which is available from the Charities Trust and distributed during December in time for Christmas. Where a married couple is both of pensionable age only one payment can be made.

If your are not already on the list, and believe yourself to be eligible, could your please contact the Clerk to the Trustees:

Mrs Linda Walsh,
“Rowan” ,
The Street,
Hepworth. Tel: 01359 250014.

Many thanks in anticipation,

OVER 60’S CHRISTMAS LUNCH AND RAFFLE

The Over 60’s lunch and raffle has been an important social occasion for many years and we hope to continue this tradition for many more years to come.

We do rely on fund raising throughout the year to fund this and one of the ways that we do this is by holding a Christmas Raffle. We hope to distribute these tickets with this magazine next month.

The tickets will be supplied with an envelope in which to return the counterfoils and money or return unused books or part books. We are looking for a few volunteers to allow the envelopes to be posted through their door so we can collect them from these points.

If you think you can help by being a ‘post box’ to receive these , please let us know. Obviously the envelopes are sealed so there is no money to count or whatever. We’ve already got volunteers from North Common, The Street, and Church Close but we’re looking for someone from Market Weston Road, Beck Street, Summer Road, Clay Lane and Dunhill Lane. If you can help it would be much appreciated. Please ring 250048 for more details.

Very many thanks
Margaret

For Sale

FREE for everyone to advertise .

Spotlight bulbs

100w screw in R80 spotlight bulbs 25p each or £2.00 box 10

Standard light bulbs

40w, 60w and 100w £1.00 per 10

Printing Paper

(As used in this newsletter) £2.50 per ream - 500sheets

Ring 01359 250048 for further details

For next months issue please let me have your free ads by 20th of October. If you would like to include a picture then feel free. Don’t forget contact details etc.

(NB for obvious reasons the editor reserves the right to decline an advertisement)

But Everyone Does It

Little Johnny is approached by the lifeguard at the public swimming pool.

"You're not allowed to pee in the pool," said the lifeguard. "I'm going to report you."

"But everyone pees in the pool," said Little Johnny.

"Maybe," said the lifeguard, "but not from the diving board!"

☺

Sudoku Solutions (from page 19)

2	3	6	9	4	8	1	5	7
1	5	8	2	3	7	9	6	4
7	9	4	1	6	5	3	2	8
3	8	9	6	5	1	7	4	2
4	6	2	7	8	3	5	9	1
5	7	1	4	2	9	6	8	3
9	1	5	8	7	4	2	3	6
8	2	3	5	1	6	4	7	9
6	4	7	3	9	2	8	1	5

1	6	7	2	8	5	3	9	4
2	8	9	3	7	4	1	6	5
3	4	5	6	1	9	8	2	7
6	9	2	4	5	1	7	3	8
8	1	4	9	3	7	6	5	2
7	5	3	8	2	6	9	4	1
4	3	1	7	9	2	5	8	6
5	2	8	1	6	3	4	7	9
9	7	6	5	4	8	2	1	3

DOG FOULING

Once again, we would ask for dog owners to clean up the mess their pets leave on pavements. Recent dog fouling has again taken place on the pavements in the village, when a non dog-owner actually cleared away the excrement left on the pavement.

She says that judging by the amount of fouling, that this came from a large dog, so if you are responsible, please take heed and have a 'doggie bag' handy when walking your pet. There is a dog waste bin just on the corner of Wood Lane.

As a multi-dog owner myself, I am aware that not all people like dogs, but it is not their fault if their fouling is not cleared up, it's ours!! I always carry 'doggie bags' with me and one of these days I'm hoping to train them to clear up their own mess!! However until that time, I shall continue to do it, not only because I don't want my dogs to get a bad press, but I don't want to be accused of not being a responsible dog owner myself!

Please be aware that other people use the pavements including children on their way to and from school. It is our responsibility to set an example to them as future adults and dog owners too.

Thank you
Margaret.

Lost and Found

Having filled his tank, paid for his fuel and driven away, the man realised that he had left the petrol cap on top of his car. He stopped and looked but, sure enough, it was gone.

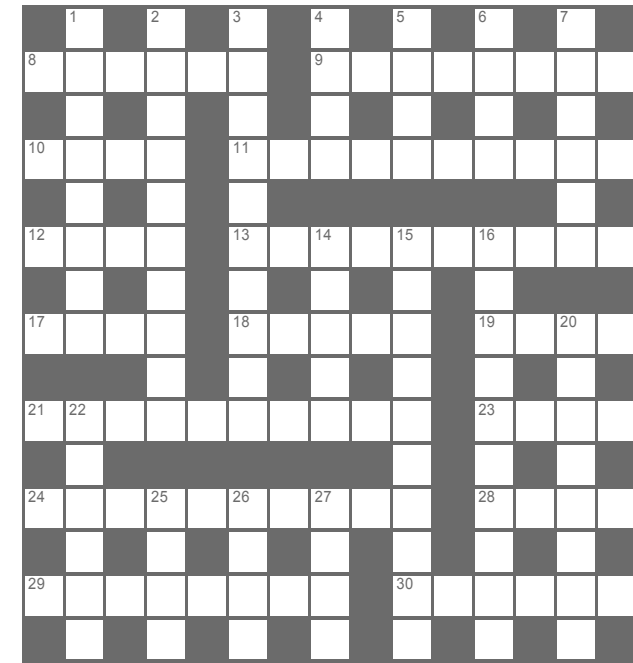
Well, he thought for a second and realised that other people must have done the same thing, and that it was worth going back to look by the side of the road since even if he couldn't find his own petrol cap, he might be able to find one that fits.

Sure enough, he hadn't been searching long when he found a petrol cap. He tried it on, and it went into place with a satisfying click.

"Great," he thought, "I lost my petrol cap, but I found another one that fits. And this one's even better because it locks.".....



Crossword No 111



Across

- 8 ... skipped and jumped (6)
- 9 Is a cream (anag) (8)
- 10 Animal with antlers (4)
- 11 Tool to produce music (10)
- 12 A present (4)
- 13 Be grateful (10)
- 17 Showing great courage (4)
- 18 Seen in mirror (5)
- 19 Baby Bears (4)
- 21 Face to face (10)
- 23 Be paid (4)
- 24 Golf Clubhouse (10)
- 28 Lazy (4)
- 29 Put in place (8)
- 30 Used for measuring (6)

Down

- 1 For a moment (8)
- 2 Surgeries (10)
- 3 High regard (10)
- 4 Paddles (4)
- 5 Rip (4)
- 6 Solid (4)
- 7 Metal attraction (6)
- 14 An Oysters Treasure (5)
- 15 All around us (10)
- 16 Amazing (10)
- 20 House robbers (8)
- 22 In charge of publication (6)
- 25 Way out (4)
- 26 Opposite of live (4)
- 27 Nil (4)

CAR BOOT SALE – 1ST SEPTEMBER 2007

We would like to thank all those who helped on 'car boot' day. Thanks to Dave Stannard, Gary Bloomfield, Daniel Bloomfield and David Fennell with their help directing the traffic. Thanks also to Roy and Lily Winfield for running the Tombola stall. Last, but by no means list a big thank you to all who supplied prizes for the Tombola and items to be sold on 'John's stall'.

A total of £108 was raised for the Village Hall.

The Tombola raised £84.00 and the teas raised £20.50, giving a total of £104.50 towards the Over 60's Christmas Lunch.

John raised £99.00 on his stall which goes towards the production costs of the Social Club 'Newsletter'.

John and Margaret

Baptism

A drunk stumbles across a baptismal service on Sunday afternoon down by the river.

He proceeds to walk down into the water and stands next to the Preacher. The minister turns and notices the old drunk and says, "Mister, Are you ready to find Jesus?"

The drunk looks back and says, "Yes, Preacher, I sure am."

The minister then dunks the fellow under the water and pulls him right back up. "Have you found Jesus?" the preacher asked.

"Nooo, I didn't!" said the drunk.

The preacher then dunks him under for quite a bit longer, brings him up and says, "Now, brother, have you found Jesus?"

"Noooo, I did not Reverend."

The preacher in disgust holds the man under for at least 30 seconds this time, brings him out of the water and says in a harsh tone, "My God, man, have you found Jesus yet?"

The old drunk wipes his eyes and says to the preacher, "Are you sure this is where he fell in?"

understanding. So we are now sort of mates. I still play with him when he wants, I think of myself as a 'father' figure now. He does respect me and when I really growl at him he backs down.

Perhaps you don't know me that well, but I'm very famous for my jokes and here are -

Ten reasons why Dogs are better pets than Cats

1. Dogs will tilt their heads and try to understand every word you say. Cats will ignore you and take a nap.
2. Cats look silly on a leash.
3. When you come home from work, your dog will be happy and lick your face. Cats will still be mad at you for leaving in the first place.
4. Dogs will give you unconditional love until the day they die. Cats will make you pay for every mistake you've ever made since the day you were born.
5. A dog knows when you're sad. And he'll try to comfort you. Cats don't care how you feel, as long as you remember where the can opener is.
6. Dogs will bring you your slippers. Cats will drop a dead mouse in your slippers.
7. When you take them for a ride, dogs will sit on the seat next to you. Cats have to have their own private basket, or they won't go at all.
8. Dogs will come when you call them. And they'll be happy. Cats will have someone take a message and get back to you.
9. Dogs will play fetch with you all day long. The only thing cats will play with all day long are small rodents or bugs, preferably ones that look like they're in pain.
10. Dogs will wake you up if the house is on fire. Cats will quietly sneak out the back door.

Love from Pip, 'the gels' and Billy 'the kid'
pip@margaretellis.co.uk



Pip's Page

Hello Pip here,

It seems ages since I wrote and I can't remember what I said then, so if I repeat myself, just put it down to the fact that I've got verbal diarrhoea!!!! I think I told you that there were two 'gels' living with me then, well now we have another member of my 'pack'. His name is Billy and although he's a lot younger than me we get on fine. He's not as handsome as me which is just as well, otherwise we wouldn't get on so well. He's now been 'snipped and chipped'. Marg took him down for his op and left him there. I don't know why but we all felt very quiet when he wasn't here, I think we were glad of the rest!! Anyway she went to get him later in the day and he was very dopey (well – more dopey than usual) when he came home so we left him alone to sleep.

Next morning he was very pathetic (well wouldn't you be if you'd just lost two of your most prized possessions??) Marg took him back to the vet as she was worried about him. The vet gave him another tablet and told her that everything was well and there was no sign of anything wrong. (What she in fact said, which I overheard Marg say when she got him home, was that he was just being a bit of a 'wimp')

Anyway later on in the day he felt well enough to try again to have a game with me. Now, I don't do 'play', but I thought, as he was a bit down I would indulge him. First he grabbed my front leg, so I bit his ear. Then he knew who was boss!! I couldn't draw blood 'cos I've got no front teeth now but I did give it a good suck – Game On!! He chased me, I chased him and so on.

Now he wasn't supposed to have any walks off lead for a week and as the weather was bad Marg wasn't too keen on taking him out so she just took the girls. I don't DO walks anyway so me and 'Billy the Kid' were left alone together. This gave me a chance to tell him about my 'operation snip' before I came here. I told him that I had it without any anaesthetic with just a small branch in my mouth to grip for the pain, told him my teeth had been knocked out in a very fierce 'dogfight' (I had them taken out before he came under anaesthetic 'cos they were loose!) . He was enthralled about my tales of bravery and it was obvious then that he would look up to me and be afraid.....very afraid! This led to a sort of 'bonding' and male

An International Incident

I'm sitting here with a glass of brandy (for medicinal purposes only) on the balcony of an apartment in the centre of a large village on the Costa Tropical. It is approaching 2pm. The heat has risen well into the eighties and now that the Guardia Civil has left, and the clearing up from a little fracas of a couple of hours ago has been completed, the local population is winding down for the siesta.

In being so well located, Alice Sedgewick and I are ideally placed to observe the daily life of the population, which chiefly seems to consist of promenading up and down our street, loudly socialising with everybody they encounter.

If I may say so, Alice is not as worldly as myself, and I thought that bringing her to one of the Costa's would "bring her out" and help her to loosen up a bit, thereby enabling us to develop a more intimate relationship away from the stifling presence of her domineering mother. Naturally at this stage of our relationship we are still occupying separate bedrooms.

This morning being our first in the village, we decided to explore the delights of the local market that is held on this day every week. It really is quite extensive, overflowing from the large plaza nearby into several narrow side streets. We wandered through the usual array of clothes stalls, agricultural produce, leather goods and the like until we came upon a portrait artist, proudly displaying vibrant examples of his work. All of which in truth I have to say, bore an uncanny resemblance to Victoria Beckham. Not that that constitutes any criticism of Mrs Beckham I hasten to add.

With all the charm of a hungry alligator he seized upon Alice, and apparently being so deeply affected by her beauty, offered to encapsulate it on one of his canvases as a special favour to me for fifty euros. Alice not being as sophisticated as myself, did not realise that no slight was intended when I started to haggle at twenty. As a result of her ensuing pique, "Picasso" and myself never finalised negotiations, because she flounced off into a pasteleria just across the street, and regardless of my concerns about her figure, bought a large bocardillo. Alice is one of those women who after bearing a couple of children will balloon to size twenty or more!

From there on events rapidly spun out of control. Hardly had I left “Picasso’s” side when a dark skinned young man, snappily dressed in a white shirt and colourful tie (Alice continues to describe him as handsome) appeared in front of me.

“Good morning sir,” he started off, “have you ever considered buying a time share?” One glance at the pamphlets in his hand told me all that I needed to know. It is a very foolish person indeed who walks unprepared into Johnny Foreigner’s backyard, and my first reaction was to ignore him.

“How would you feel about coming to view one of our nice air-conditioned properties and enjoy a glass of wine,” he persisted. “there’s no obligation to buy.”

Clearly this approach was not working so I deployed plan B, which I had cunningly devised before leaving for foreign climes.

“Himmel, mein Gott, Brunnhilde! Eine vorsprung durch techniqer!” I shouted stridently at the returning Alice. The effect of this was exhilarating, all went quiet, the scene took on a freeze-frame quality as all eyes focused me; even the Spanish stopped talking. Flushed with success I continued with the only other piece of German that I could bring to mind.

“Haben zie eine zimmer frie ?” I demanded of my tormentor.

“ Swinehurt!” exploded somebody to my right, “you insult mine Frau!”

I ducked instinctively as a fist attached to a red-faced, blond man whizzed past and struck the face of the salesman. He was a game little fellow, and after extracting himself from the wreckage of “Picasso’s” display, rushed forward and smashed a large likeness of Victoria Beckham over his assailants head. Brunnhilde, clearly enraged at the sight of her husband’s head protruding from Mrs B’s cleavage, snatched up a large earthenware flagon of olive oil from a handily placed display, and with a flick of her magnificent torso, hurled it at “Picasso” and the salesman.

“Ah, was it Extra Virgin?” you may be wondering. For all I know it may well have been, but in the circumstances I was not going to risk

Ixworth Police Station Closure

Parish councils in the Bury Rural North Safer Neighbourhood Team area all had letters about 2 weeks ago from the Chief Constable about the constabulary’s proposal to close the enquiry desk at Ixworth Police Station. The letter offered a visit to parish councils by the acting deputy chief constable to discuss alternative public access.

When the matter was considered at the police authority last Friday decisions relating to Ixworth were deferred until there was more time to consider local views and the alternatives.

I have since been in further discussion with the Chief Constable. Although they are still keen to have local meetings we both think it is best that these take place when the future options for public access are more clear. This may take a few months. I will keep you informed

Best wishes

Joanna Spicer



Taking pride in keeping Suffolk safe



Sudoku - (solutions on page 23)

2			4			7		
	5			7				4
			1					
				1	7			
		2		8	3		9	
	7			2				8
	1			4			3	
8			5					
	4			9		8	1	

		7		8	5			
			3			1		
			6		9	8		
6	9					7		
	1			3				
7	5			2				4
4			7					6
5		8			3			
9			5					

KING'S FOREST RAVE - IDENTIFICATION SOUGHT

Suffolk Police are appealing for the public's help in identifying six people following the rave at the King's Forest in North Stow in July.



Around one hundred officers from Suffolk, Norfolk and Essex were called to break up the rave on Sunday 15th July, after repeated requests for the rave to close down and around one thousand people to leave the forest were ignored. Sound equipment was seized and five men were arrested at the scene on suspicion of committing violent disorder – a further two men were later arrested on suspicion of organising an unauthorised licensable event and money laundering. Six more arrests have subsequently been made in Suffolk and Norfolk for violent disorder, and all thirteen men are currently on police bail.

Detective Chief Inspector Stuart Hudson says, "We urgently need to trace the six men as they may hold vital information which may help us with our inquiries. These men, or anyone with information on their whereabouts, are asked to contact Suffolk Police or Crimestoppers as soon as possible.

"This rave was a large illegal gathering which took place within a Site of Special Scientific Interest, with people from across East Anglia (Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire) and London in attendance. It caused significant nuisance to residents and businesses in the area. Anyone found to be organising or attending an illegal rave is breaking the law and will be firmly dealt with."

Burglary - Stanton

Coney Walk, Stanton at around 2.30am 16/09/07 Offenders have gained entry to a house through an insecure window and stolen a handbag and keys. The keys were then used to steal a blue Yamaha motorbike and a silver Vauxhall Zafira. The motorbike was later found at the junction with The Chase, the car was found on the 17th Sept in Fornham Road, Great Barton

a misunderstanding, if you follow my drift.

The flagon burst spectacularly against the wall above "Picasso's" palette showering a mixture of paint and oil everywhere. "Picasso," now seething with anger launched himself across the street at Brunnhilde. The stallholder seeking reimbursement, rushed forward and slipped, thereby sending a further five people sprawling in the mire. Mayhem broke out as the general population sensing that this was too good an opportunity to miss joined in.

Alice and I wanted no part of this, and seeking deliverance took refuge in the nearby chapel of Our Lady of The Annunciation, and in recognition of the occasion lit a candle to St Christopher. The Holy Father, no doubt impressed by our piety, beckoned us over to the communion rail and asked us to join him in a prayer for "World Peece." Outside the battle raged for several minutes as he rambled on and on--- we had no idea what he was saying, it was all Greek to us.

Eventually the wailing of many sirens brought an end to hostilities and the priest returned to the real world, noting with distaste the half eaten bocardillo in Alice's hand. We walked in an awkward silence back to the entrance. Opening the great wooden door, the holy man looked out and surveyed the devastation. With an air of defeated resignation he rolled his eyes toward the skies and muttered. "Santa Maria! Ever since the Engleesh arrive!"

As I hope you can appreciate, I was stunned by this slanderous indictment of our fellow countrymen, and by a man of the cloth as well! My ire was roused, I was just about to point out that this disturbance was caused by a Spaniard and a German, when Alice shoved the remains of her snack into my opening mouth. "Leave it Fred," she hissed in a manner horribly similar to that of her mother, "You've said enough today already!"

Alice says she just hopes that nobody will be waiting for us at the airport.

The End.
Russell Kemp ©17/6/2006.

"The Cold Within"

Six humans trapped by happenstance
in black and bitter cold
Each possessed a stick of wood,
Or so the story's told.

Their dying fire in need of logs,
the first woman held hers back
For on the faces around the fire
She noticed one was black.

The next man looking 'cross the way
Saw one not of his church
And couldn't bring himself to give
The fire his stick of birch.

The third one sat in tattered clothes
He gave his coat a hitch,
Why should his log be put to use
To warm the idle rich?

The rich man just sat back and thought
Of the wealth he had in store,
And how to keep what he had earned
From the lazy, shiftless poor.

The black man's face bespoke revenge
As the fire passed from his sight,
For all he saw in his stick of wood
Was a chance to spite the white.

And the last man of this forlorn group
Did naught except for gain,
Giving only to those who gave
Was how he played the game.

The logs held tight in death's stilled hands
Was proof of human sin,
They didn't die from the cold without,
They died from the cold within.

Author Unknown



RECYCLING

ALL YOU WANTED TO KNOW BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK !

A free presentation in Stanton Village Hall at 7 pm on Tuesday
16th October 2007

How your blue bin waste is sorted at the Materials Recycling
Facility at Great Blakenham. A presentation by MRF
staff including slides and videos of the facility.

The consequences: what can, and cannot, go in your blue
bin. A presentation by St Edmundsbury Borough
Council Waste Management staff.

The treatment of brown bin waste. A presentation by St
Edmundsbury Borough Council Waste Management
staff.

All welcome

Come along and find out more about recycling. The presentation
should last about 1 hour, including time for questions. Tea &
coffee will be available. Doors open at 6.45 pm.



Answers to Crossword 111

Across: 8 Hopped, 9 Americas, 10 Deer, 11 Instrument, 12 Gift,
13 Appreciate, 17 Hero, 18 Image, 19 Cubs, 21 Personally, 23 Earn,
24 Nineteenth, 28 Idle, 29 Position, 30 Rulers.

Down: 1 Sometime, 2 Operations, 3 Admiration, 4 Oars, 5 Tear,
6 Firm, 7 Magnet, 14 Pearl, 15 Everywhere, 16 Incredible,
20 Burglars, 22 Editor, 25 Exit, 26 Evil, 27 None.

Bonfires

Autumn is a popular time for bonfires. The word comes from medieval bon-fire of animal bones, but today it is likely to be garden waste that cannot easily be composted. Here are some pointers from the St Edmundsbury environmental health team (who frequently get calls about nuisances from bonfires) for making sure they do not cause annoyance.

- **Can you compost or shred and mulch the material?**
- **Only** ever burn dry material.
- **Never** burn household waste, rubber tyres or anything containing foam, paint or plastic.
- **Never** use accelerants (meths, petrol) to light the fire or encourage it.
- **Avoid** lighting a fire on damp misty days, on very still days or in the evening as the smoke will tend to remain at a low level.
- **Don't** light a garden bonfire if the wind direction is likely to cause the smoke to blow into your neighbours' garden.
- **Be considerate** to your neighbours at all times!

There are no specific byelaws prohibiting or restricting the lighting of garden bonfires within St Edmundsbury. However, where the burning of waste is considered to be a statutory nuisance, action can be taken under the [Environmental Protection Act 1990](#). To be considered a statutory nuisance, a bonfire would need to be a persistent problem which interferes substantially with your well being, comfort or enjoyment of your property. An industrial or trade premise bonfire emitting black smoke can be dealt with under the [Clean Air Act 1993](#).

If you are bothered by smoke from a garden bonfire:

- attempt to approach your neighbour; and
- explain the problem (and hopefully they will be more considerate in the future).

If this fails, and you are being persistently troubled by a bonfire, contact Environmental Health and Housing on 01284 757053, who will investigate your complaint further.

Thoughts on Aging

Maybe it's true that life begins at fifty. But everything else starts to wear out, fall out, or spread out.

There are three signs of old age. The first is your loss of memory. I forget the other two.

You're getting old when you don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along.

Middle age is when work is a lot less fun--and fun is a lot more work.

Statistics show that at the age of seventy, there are five women to every man. Isn't that a bad time for a guy to get those odds?

You know you're getting on in years when the girls at the office start confiding in you.

Middle age is when it takes longer to rest than to get tired.

By the time a man is wise enough to watch his step, he's too old to go anywhere.

Middle age is when you have stopped growing at both ends, and have begun to grow in the middle.

A man has reached middle age when he is cautioned to slow down by his doctor instead of by the police.

You know you're into middle age when you realize that caution is the only thing you care to exercise.

You're getting old when you're sitting in a rocker and you can't get it started.

You're getting old when you wake up with that morning-after feeling, and you didn't do anything the night before.

It's hard to be nostalgic when you can't remember anything.

When you lean over to pick something up off the floor, you ask yourself if there is anything else you need to do while you are down there.

You find yourself in the middle of the stairway, and you can't remember if you were downstairs going up or upstairs going down.

Our Amy 'Thalia'

While chatting to her granny one evening as she helped to dry the dishes, the first thing Amy wanted to know was where the pony was kept, and had it got a name.

'Oh, we keep "her nibs" in the meadow beyond 'Cuckoo Wood' where its drier under foot' came the reply. 'At the moment she's recovering from an infection in her hoofs, and that's making her tetchy, so we thought it best if she rested. We realized something was wrong the moment we got her home from the horse fair. But she's on the mend now, and you'll see her soon, so don't go fretting yourself'.

"Is, 'her nibs' her proper name Gran?"

"Good gracious no child, her proper name is 'Thalia'.

"Ah that sounds better" Amy chuckled.

And so Amy's questions moved onto other subjects.

At the bottom of Larkin Hill, where the meadows seem to hum with the sound of bees collecting nectar from the patches of clover, the pony lived in an open-sided barn for shelter. And it was here 'her nibs' spent the next few months recuperating.

Amy well remembers the first time she saw the pony, it was wearing an old straw boater, with holes in the sides for her ears to poke through. Of course the girl thought the pony looked ridiculous. Needless to say, it was quite sometime before Amy stopped laughing and composed herself enough to see the purpose of this adornment.

Lowering its head, the pony came towards her and craftily stared at Amy's clenched hand folding a carrot. Puckering up her top lip, the pony proceeded to stick out its tongue. The more her tongue wiggled, the more the tongue wiggled, the more Amy laughed. Three carrots later, Amy was holding her sides with laughter, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Needless to say, for the next week or so, Amy looked forward to her daily jaunts down to 'Cuckoo Wood',

Post Office network changes

The Government has announced plans to secure the future of the post office network in view of declining customer numbers and increasing losses. Their proposals include closing 2,500 out of 14,300 branches and introducing around 500 new outreach branches. There are four types of outreach branches: a mobile branch, (run from a van); a hosted branch, (for example within a community hall); a home branch, (in someone's house) and a partner branch, (for example in a pub).

The new network has to meet certain criteria. Overall 99% of the UK population must be within three miles of their nearest branch and 90% within one mile. This takes into account obstacles like rivers, motorways and availability of public transport.

Looking at the proposal more closely, in rural areas 95% of the population must be within three miles while in contrast, in urban areas 95% of people must be within one mile, rising to 99% in deprived urban areas.

What this means for St Edmundsbury will be detailed in area plans. For parishes in Tim Yeo MP's constituency of South Suffolk, the East Essex and Suffolk area plan, will be prepared during August 2007 with public consultation during October 2007.

What this means for parishes in David Ruffley MP's Bury St Edmunds and Stowmarket and Richard Spring MP's West Suffolk constituencies will be detailed in the Norfolk and West Suffolk area plan which will be prepared during January 2008 with public consultation during March 2008.

The consultation will not involve discussion over the need of closure – this has already been determined. The consultation will be about exploring the most effective way the Government's policy can be implemented. What this means for individual post offices in the Borough is still unclear.

The policy can be viewed at: www.dti.gov.uk/files/file39479.pdf

Information



Post Office payment cards

From mid October residents in St Edmundsbury will be able to pay their Council Tax at either post offices or PAYzone outlets anywhere in the country using payment cards issued free by the council. Cards are being issued automatically to those who already pay by cash at the council's offices or who are current post office users. They contain only the payers name and reference number, not any personal financial details. Neither the post office nor PAYzone will charge for making a payment.

Cards are not being issued to those who pay by cheque. These residents should either post their payment or place it in the box provided in council office reception areas with their reference number on the reverse.

PAYzone is the UK's largest network of branded payments sites, with outlets selected for their long opening hours and their ability to service the local community, such as newsagents and petrol stations. Please visit the PAYzone website (www.payzone.co.uk) for your closest PAYzone point, or for how to register as a retailer. Customers can pay by cash, cheque and debit card at a Post Office or by cash or debit card at a PAYzone point.

To enquire about the card contact Council Tax, St Edmundsbury Borough Council, 01284 757275 .

Cruse Bereavement Care, West Suffolk Branch, is offering a training course suitable for anyone, including potential Cruse Visitors, who is interested in helping people who have been bereaved. The course will be run in Bury St Edmunds on ten Thursday evenings from 6.30 to 10 pm, starting 17th January 2008.

For further information about the contents of the course and costs, please call 01449 720401 and leave a contact name and number; or send the same information to the Branch Treasurer at p.brasier@tiscali.co.uk.

Amy was the kind of kid that wandered about on her own for hours. She also daydreamed a lot. And it was on a misty evening, just as the dusk was setting in, that Amy decided to pay the pony another visit.

Varying her route away from the towpath, Amy crossed the humped back bridge over the river, but instead of going up Green Lane, she crept through a gap in a prickly hedge and walked along a grassy path, which she assumed would take her to Larkin Hill, where the pony slept in a derelict field-barn. It was pleasant walking along the pathway, with the last of the crab-apple blossom falling like confetti.

Expecting any minute to see a small herd of deer that frequented the copse of trees, Amy paused awhile and looked about her, but apart from a leveret and a few collared doves there was nothing else at that moment that held her attention.

Amy had been walking for sometime, when to her dismay the footpath suddenly ended in the corner of the field beneath a flowering horse chestnut tree. The only way forward was to climb over a primitive stile. Suddenly, there was a rustle in the bushes as a pair of partridges scurried away from her in the shelter of the hedge, and disappeared from sight in the undergrowth.

Then, to her delight, she heard the Cuckoo. Although she was too far away to see him, he was out there somewhere making an awful racket.

Following a narrow stream, Amy soon came to the old farm buildings at the bottom of Larkin Hill. Besides the stream, just before the willows, was the pony's paddock. The last of the daylight was casting shadows everywhere, but before Amy went inside the barn, she went to see the new wattle fencing that had been put up. This fence was mainly to stop any wandering hill sheep, stray badgers, or maybe 'Old Wylie' the fox, that happened to come that way at nightfall, and whose presence would certainly disturb the pony's resting hours.

Returning to the barn, Amy called out to 'her nibs' who came trotting towards her from the far side of the paddock. While filling the manger with fresh hay, Amy had the overpowering feeling of being

watched. Even the pony sensed there was something amiss, apparently showing her disapproval by scraping her hoof along the ground.

And in the silence, Amy could hear the faint sound of snoring, followed by a long drawn-out scream. And it was only after scanning the ban in the fading light, and was just about to go home, when the girl caught sight of a barn owls nest. Chiefly built with feathers, the nest was high up on a ledge in the rafters.

Whilst feeding their young, the pair of owls made frequent visits to the nest with field mice, bird fledglings, or a water vole, which they caught on the bank near the waters edge. And then, as if to make matters worse, a large bat put in an appearance, and was seen helping itself to the food that had just been put down. Not that the girl was afraid of rodents, she just didn't like them scuttling about her feet, as if they owned the place.

Realizing it was not a time to linger, Amy wished the pony goodnight with a pat on the rump, and hurriedly made her way back down the footpath. Suddenly, the moon came out from behind fleeting clouds, and as the mist was lifting, the rest of the way home to Lowbrook Farm, could be seen more easily.

Amy's echoing footsteps in the cobbled farmyard, started Flossie the dog barking. Next time, she told herself, it would be best to pay attention to her Granny's warning, and go to feed the pony at a more reasonable hour.

Barbara Kerrison ©

Dinner Party

At a dinner party, one of the guests, an obnoxiously loud young man, tried to make clever remarks about everyone and everything.

When he was served a piece of meat, he picked it up with his fork, held it up and smirked: 'Is this pig?'

Another guest, sitting opposite, asked quietly: 'To which end of the fork are you referring?'

☺

Forest Fires

The photographer for a national magazine was assigned to get photos of a huge forest fire. Smoke at the scene was too thick to get any good shots, so he frantically called his head office to hire a plane. "It will be waiting for you at the airport!" he was assured by his editor.

As soon as he got to the small, rural airport, sure enough, a plane was warming up near the runway. He jumped in with his equipment and yelled, "Let's go! Let's go!" The pilot swung the plane into the wind and soon they were in the air.

"Fly over the north side of the fire," said the photographer, "and make three or four low level passes."

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because I'm going to take pictures! I'm a photographer, and photographers take pictures!"

After a long pause the pilot said, "You mean you're not the instructor?"

☺

BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

Previously, we've published birth and anniversary dates. We'd like to get this started again as obviously our information is now out of date. If there are any messages you'd like put out in the magazine, please let us know by the 20th of the month previous to publication. It's sometimes good to get them published early as people sometimes do not remember the date and it really is nice to receive birthday and anniversary cards, isn't it?

If you've any articles you'd like put into the magazine, either write them and pop them through our letterbox at 20 Church Close or email on newsletter@johnbeales.co.uk.

Many thanks
Margaret