

Special Feature

To Bag or Not To Bag

So, there I am walking through Shipton with two bags of pooh belonging to some other person's dog and I have to admit, I'm wondering why. I have picked up the bags in the wild gardens where they had been left randomly in the foliage with no sight of the 'owner'. (Even my dog, Boris, thinks it's embarrassing to pick up other people's pooh bags.) I left them in place as we set out for our walk hoping that they would be gone by the time we returned. No such luck. In my mind I'm seeing a harassed young Mum with a stropky toddler, a new puppy and too much on her plate, so I'm thinking a spot of civic duty is called for.



pooh bagger is now here! The bags are now purple, not pink. I cannot believe my eyes! This dark episode in Shipton's history does beg one important question, 'When do we bag up?' The other day, I watched as a lady struggled against the odds to reach her dog's deposit under a bramble bush half way up the Ascott Road. She was a good egg to make that level of effort but, surely that is unnecessary? After all, we are collecting up a natural substance in a plastic bag then throwing it in a bin to go to a landfill site, which is supposed to be an absolute sin nowadays.

Keeping to the Rules

In my horse riding days we obeyed certain 'rules' to ensure we didn't upset the public. We stuck to footpaths or bridleways, didn't ride through crops, left gates either open or shut but, exactly as we found them and, we rode only on uncultivated land. Perhaps this last rule could be applied to dog walkers. Although for many - and for the sake of harmony in the farming community - it would be a good idea to observe the others too! If it is obvious that a piece of land is 'maintained' by someone or is within the village boundary, then pick up the pooh. It's simple and easy to apply. However, whatever you do, take the bagged up 'stuff' with you and pop it in a pooh bin for the sake of us all. Believe me, the offenders, once identified will be glanced at sternly.

Jan Harvey

Banned from the Wild Gardens

The next day I'm back to find more bags dotted down the sides of the path. A week later I find the owner of the woods erecting a hand - made sign, with attached pooh bag, telling the offending dog walker what he thinks of him/her. Then the woods close and we are all banned. This is too much. Suddenly dog walkers everywhere are unable to disappear into the sanctuary of the woods where we can enjoy the ponds and feed the ducks. We are all looking sideways at each other now with accusatory glances. I try to walk in a way that suggests such behaviour would be way beneath us. I hope we look convincing. A few days later and I am walking across the fields to Milton. Horror of horrors the demon