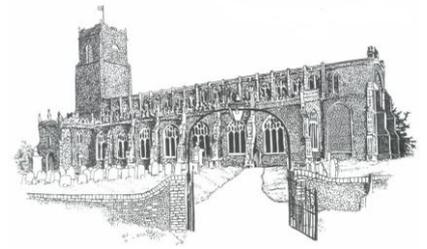


BLYTHBURGH PARISH NEWS



Issue 57

www.onesuffolk.co.uk/blythburghPC

March/April 2011

The search is on for a new parish council

In just a few days you will have the chance to serve Blythburgh, Bulcamp and Hinton by standing as a candidate in the Parish Council elections on May 5. The council has seven councillors. The names of all candidates will be published by April 6. Suffolk Coastal wants all nominations to go to be given to the parish clerk by March 22.

Candidates must be 18 or over, on the electoral register, or have lived, worked or owned property in the area for at least the past 12 months. Anyone employed by a local authority cannot be a candidate. Bankruptcy or a previous criminal conviction with a prison sentence of three-months or more would also disqualify you. Each candidate must have a proposer and a seconder, who must be on the electoral register

for the parish. Nomination forms are available from the Parish Clerk or the Electoral Registration Department at Suffolk Coastal District Council.

An election will be held if there are more than seven candidates. If there are seven or fewer those candidates will be deemed to have been elected unopposed. At the first meeting of the new council, members will be able to co-opt sufficient parishioners to make up the full quota.

Elections for Suffolk Coastal District Elections and the referendum on the alternative vote will be held on the same day. The local polling station will be the village hall. Whether a candidate or not, it is important to cast your vote. It is, after all, your parish council.

NOW'S the time to apply for Latitude tickets

Cut-price tickets to the sixth Latitude Festival in Henham Park from July 14 to 17, 2011, are available to people living in the parish of Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton, thanks to the continued generosity of Festival Republic, the organisers.

Residents can purchase one weekend ticket each or one day ticket for each of the main festival days, July 15, 16 and 17. Tickets must be paid for when the order is placed. Weekend tickets are £40, day tickets £14. Only residents with weekend tickets can attend the Thursday evening.

The tickets, distributed by the Blythburgh Latitude Trust, are offered on a first-come-first-served basis. Applications should be made to Jim Boggis, the trust's honorary administrator, Marsh End, Church Road, 01502 478687, or by email on blythburgh.trust@btinternet.com. Residents should say if they want family camping.

Any tickets unsold by June 1, 2010 will be made available to parishioners, again on a first-come-

first-served basis. Residents wanting an extra ticket can join a waiting list, held by the administrator. All tickets should be ready for collection around July 12. Details of this year's Latitude line-up will be on www.latitudefestival.co.uk from March 14.

Arrangements for children's tickets have been changed for 2011. Children aged between 5 and 12 require tickets priced at £5, which can be obtained when booking adult tickets. The proceeds of these tickets will also go to the Blythburgh Trust.

The trust, however, has only a limited number of child tickets and these too will be allocated on a first-come-first-served basis. Extra child tickets will be available from the festival website. Children 4 and under go free and need not be registered in advance.

Young people over 13 require a normal resident's ticket. All children under 16 must be accompanied by an adult.

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Council goes after four busy years

The present Parish Council held its last meeting in March before the elections on May 5. David Tytler, the chair, thanked the outgoing council of Sonia Boggis, Lucy Clapham, Alan Mackley, Roderick Orr-Ewing, Cliff Waller and Ro Williams for all their work. Councillor Tytler also thanked Binny Lewis and Robert Benson, who were councillors until they resigned in May.

He said: "The council can be proud of what it has achieved. It set up the Parish Plan, which is already benefiting the village; Blythburgh Speed Watch, with special thanks for the hard work of Binny Lewis; the Blythburgh Trust, which in two years has agreed grants of around £7,000; Celebrating Blythburgh, when 250 hot dogs and 250 hamburgers were consumed: support for First Responders; and the bus stop on the A12.

"I very much hope existing councillors will stand for re-election in May. All of us, however, owe a great deal to Jim Boggis, the clerk, who keeps us on the straight and narrow with his unfailing good humour and wise counsel."

Progress is at last being made on the

refurbishment of the play site in Highfields. Councillor Tytler reported that a group of parents had considered the proposed plans and had given their support to Adventure Playgrounds, one of the four put forward, with a suggestion on how it might be improved. The council has negotiated a £1,000 discount so that the price is now £15,078. The council agreed the scheme and will seek grants to finance it.

Good News: Thanks to Bolton Brothers, the recycling company, Blythburgh's paper bank has been reprieved. As part of its plan to do as little as possible for the people of Suffolk, the county council announced it was withdrawing support for the bank from March 31. Bolton Brothers will now run the site and make regular payments to the village hall.

Planning: The council raised no objections to a wind turbine to be erected at Union Farm, Southwold Road, Bulcamp. After considerable discussion at a special meeting, the council agreed to suggest that a line of trees be planted to shield the turbine.

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25 March

Starters

Dressed salad of king prawns

Pan fried local halibut

Pan fried North Sea squid

Main courses

Roasted monkfish tail

Smoked haddock cassoulet

Whole grilled sea bass

MEAT FEAST

29 April

Starters

Grilled black pudding

Devilled kidneys

Hearty Scotch broth

Main courses

Roast loin of Chantry lamb

Pan fried lamb's liver

Homemade steak suet pudding

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Thomas Gardner (1690 -1769)

We can thank Thomas Gardner for the first extensive account of 'Blithburgh's' history, included with his studies of Dunwich and Southwold published in 1754. Decay featured prominently in his description, and he could have met eye-witnesses of the great fire of 1676 which reduced Blythburgh to poverty. Gardner recorded a population of just 124 with no more than 21 dwelling houses. The book is revealing on the disputes between Blythburgh's lord of the manor and the men of Dunwich concerning rights relating to the river, harbour and foreshore.

Walberswick was a hamlet of Blythburgh and mention of trade at Walberswick Quay has encouraged the view that Blythburgh itself was a significant port. Only one Blythburgh name appears in Gardner's list of subscribers, John Grimsby, of Westwood Lodge, but the non-resident incumbent, the Rev. Ralph Blois, also ordered a copy. So too did The Book Club, of that literary centre, Beccles.

Probably of Worcestershire origins, Gardner married in London in 1713 and had brought his wife and numerous children to Southwold by 1726. In 1729 his wife, Rachel, died in her thirties. Gardner remarried at Reydon church in 1733 to twice-widowed Mary Jordan, whose second husband had been bailiff of Southwold. Gardner's social position in the town, living in a

cottage in Park Lane, was now established.

In London, Gardner had trained and practised as an engraver, publishing road maps as *The Pocket Guide for the English Traveller* in 1719. In Southwold he was collector of the duties on salt and, from 1748, deputy patent controller of the port in the excise. But it is as an antiquary that he is remembered today.

He was particularly interested in the fate of Dunwich and wrote in his Preface that it "will afford speculation sufficient to ruminate on the vicissitude and instability of sublunary things". He was an assiduous researcher. He talked to people, collected material evidence, and searched for documents. Fellow antiquaries lent him their collections. The value of his published work is enhanced because he was meticulous in identifying his sources. His background as an engraver contributed to the generous illustrations in his 1754 book.

Gardner prospered in Southwold. He was to own eight dwellings and had a share in the sloop *John and Sarah*. He was churchwarden in 1756, elected bailiff in 1757, and served as chamberlain in 1759 and 1764. Thomas Gardner died in 1769 and was buried in Southwold churchyard between his two wives, his headstone carrying the epitaph: Between Honour and Virtue here doth lie the remains of old antiquity.

Alan Mackley



Village Hall clear out

On April 2 and 3, the village hall is to be emptied of unwanted items – for example an Aussie hat – in preparation for re-decorating. If you or your group have left anything in the hall you want rather than see it sent to the rubbish tip, please collect it as soon as possible. This applies to all moveable items associated with a particular group's events such as notice boards etc.

We plan to be really, really ruthless and show no mercy – out it will go unless claimed. Any problems? Contact Olive Forsythe on 478521.

FIRST RESPONDERS

Blyth Valley Community First Responders cover Blythburgh, Wenhaston and Walberswick. At present there are seven volunteers: four in Walberswick and three in Blythburgh. More are urgently needed. Please ring Ursula Mackley on 01502 478438.

The group responded to four call-outs from January 24 to March 7: two patients who had collapsed; one with chest pains and one who had fallen.

Blythburgh Speed Watch completed 17 hours monitoring in February. Eleven vehicles exceeded 30 mph, the highest speed was 48 mph on Dunwich Road.

BLYTHBURGH VILLAGE HALL
FRIDAY 25 MARCH 2011 AT 7.15
TICKETS £4.50 EACH



I

Tickets available from:
Ro Williams 478484 or
info@blythburghmatters.org.uk



MRS CLAPHAM INVESTIGATES

Putting the cat among the plimsoles

I owe Delilah a huge apology. You may recall that I mentioned one of our cats was a bit of a Norfolk dumpling and had been making nests around the house, under the impression she was expecting the patter of tiny paws.

I was a little doubtful, due to her apparent lack of grey matter. I mean, she has spent the first year of her life sitting about with a faintly cross-eyed, vacant expression - watching, mystified, as her brother, Samson, brings her a plump mouse to play with or cavorts wildly around the room and up the curtains before landing on someone's shoulder.

"But why?" You can almost see the cartoon bubble coming out of her pretty head.

Last summer she disappeared for a whole week and, knowing what teenagers can be like, I worried in case she ended up pregnant at far too young an age and ruined her future prospects.

But no, she returned, no telling bump emerged and she continued to sit around with a vacant expression on her face.

In fairness, I had decided to let her have one litter of kittens, carefully ensuring her brother was sorted out early on, poor chap.

Then, around New Year, Delilah vanished and reappeared again but this time she had a slight swagger and a more contented air about her. Having realised that she just isn't cut out for university or a high-flying career, we accepted that motherhood was probably her best bet.

But as time progressed and she started to inspect the house thoroughly for a suitable nesting site, it seemed she wasn't cut out for this either. Please tell me no normal mother-to-be would have to be persuaded that the perfect place wouldn't be in the washing machine, behind the loo or up the bathroom chimney?

She and I had a few tussles and, having left boxes in suitable places - all studiously ignored, apart from the one on the kitchen table which she (alarming) moved in to for a month - we finally reached a compromise.

Actually, having discovered her at the bottom of the wardrobe, settled among piles of shoes, I gave in, cleared everything out and agreed it was an ideal spot.

Then there was the worry about her size. I don't know if you've ever seen a small tortoise-shell cat, showing every sign that she'd got too near

somebody who'd got over-enthusiastic with a balloon pump. Well, I have.

She just got bigger and bigger. When you picked her up you could have sworn she'd swallowed a vat of boiling vegetables. Was she calm? Completely. Did she complain when she got stuck in the cat-flap? Not a bit of it.

No, all Delilah wanted was food - and lots of it. "She's not eating for two you know", said a severe Mr Clapham, as I

fed her juicy bits of his roast chicken. And, of course, he was right. She was eating for herself - and seven kittens

A week ago, she announced she was going up to the wardrobe and I'd better move it if I wasn't going to miss anything ...

Having held several paws while they delivered their brood, I was pretty confident of my mid-wifery skills, so happily followed, to find she'd popped out four in about two minutes. After a great deal of coo-ing, I left her to it, only to discover another three an hour later.

All seven are fat and healthy, totally spoilt by their besotted mother.

How could I ever have doubted her intelligence?





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VISIONS BY JOHN ALLEN

It's hard work making dreams reality

I have now completed my first set of VISIONS: this is a time to take stock, define visions more carefully. This inevitably means words, what they mean and where they came from. The nature of time comes into the picture too.

Looking back on reality is very different from the anticipations and uncertainties as an idea is slowly converted into a recognisable entity. Concorde demonstrates this very well as do the efforts of the Wright brothers. One of my favourite quotes comes from Søren Kierkegaard (1813-55) a Danish theologian and writer: "The irony of life is that it is lived forward and understood backwards."

At the heart of the matter is the more general topic, an idea - something original that enters somebody's brain, by accident usually. I have restricted the word VISION to an idea that flourishes and eventually becomes a reality - such as the Red Cross.

I can recall my schooldays when I was asked at age 15 to write an essay saying what I wanted to be when I grew up. There was only one answer - an aircraft designer. I got 7/10 for my effort. Was this merely an idea or perhaps an ambition?

I feel it was a vision; as to be ambitious one has to make massive efforts to overcome obstacles and competitors. I had the fortunate experience of always being invited to the next job and had no fighting to do.

So I will settle for vision but I had to be very, very, patient since it was 33 years later that I became an aircraft designer - Chief Future Projects Engineer at Hawker Siddeley, which

built the Hurricane, Hunter, Harrier and Hawk and many others; producing a grand total of 46,000 aircraft. The fact that this was thought by many to be the best design team in the business was a nice bonus. I stayed there for 14 years and watched 35 designs start, change and grow in amazing ways.

There is a strange link between understanding, knowledge and seeing. Vision literally refers to seeing. In explaining an unknown matter to someone they eventually get the drift and say 'Oh.. I see what you mean' - not literally, but in the mind. One is enlightened. There is the Age of Enlightenment. Darkness is not knowing: seeing is understanding.

Visions are of different kinds. The processes involved in creating the RNLI and Red Cross are somewhat akin. The amazing outcomes resulted from many, many, unexpected individual choices.

Another kind arises in engineering. Here the hoped-for result of the original vision is a tangible device specially contrived to perform an original concept. *En route* from the back of the envelope to completion, many difficulties have to be defined and overcome. Generally, experience from analysing existing artefacts does not assist the task of sorting out these early uncertainties. As a designer I often felt my task was more like managing ignorance, although that was not in my job description.

But perhaps the most telling use of the word vision comes from Proverbs in the Bible: "Where there is no vision the people perish." Can such a handed-down vision help us today?

YOUR PARISH COUNCILLORS

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david@dytler.freeserve.co.uk

Vice Chair/Chair finance

advisory group: Ro Williams

Chair planning advisory group:

Alan Mackley

Councillors:

Lucy Clapham, Cliff Waller

Sonia Boggis, Roderick Orr-Ewing

Clerk: Jim Boggis. 01502 478687

BLYTHBURGH ASSOCIATIONS

Carpet Bowls: Beryl Stringer

Horticultural Society

Jenny Allen 01502 478314

Neighbourhood Watch

Rob Benson 01502 478047

Speed Watch: Binny Lewis 478624

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Clear water, Red Square, white nights

The heat and humidity is relentless; a wet travel towel wrapped round the neck helps, but not much. Tales of a fellow passenger being robbed of valuables whilst getting on the train in Ulaan Baatar is somewhat unsettling, but next stop is the Russian border.

I awake to absolute silence; our carriage is completely alone - no engine, no other carriages and no people. This is the Russian border and we have to wait a few hours to be connected to another train for the journey to Lake Baikal in Siberia.

Lake Baikal is the largest fresh water lake in the world; it is also very deep, incredibly clear and freezing cold at 6 degrees C - despite it being summer, total body immersion was out of the question. I do, however, take the plunge (forgive the pun) and try a Banya - think hot steam sauna, beatings with leafy twigs followed by a quick dash outside to plunge into a freezing pit of water. Once you start breathing again, the whole process is repeated.

All this cleansing proved a good investment because I spend the next five days and four nights on the Trans Siberian Railway. My world became very small but out of the window I saw land that had shaped history: vast tracts of

forest, enormous and numerous rivers and installations you still wouldn't photograph close up. We had a few short stops at unpronounceable stations when everyone rushed to stretch their legs and buy local food from the babushkas.

A real sense of camaraderie develops and you find yourself drawn into all manner of conversations and situations which are intensified by the slightly surreal circumstances. All too soon it is five days later and the new challenge is navigating the Moscow underground.

Moscow is the most expensive city in the world and, I would argue, also the most beautiful women in the world; for the first time, two pairs of trousers and five shirts seem inadequate for three months travel.

Red Square in the golden glow of a summer evening is breathtaking but I stand alone and remember historic footage of May Day parades and Boris Yeltsin with a tank.

The overnight train to St Petersburg is positively luxurious - and you get food. I stay in a hotel, stroll the streets, savour the "white nights", watch ballet and realise the football world cup is in its final stages; it has been a fantastic trip but I know I'm ready to be home.

VILLAGE LITTER PICK SATURDAY 19 MARCH



MEET AT THE VILLAGE HALL AT 10am TO COLLECT GLOVES AND PLASTIC BAGS

Notes from Daisy Bank XLIV

For ten days after the New Year we were amazed and entertained by a magnificent flock of starlings, whirling and swirling – evidently its called murmuring- over the marshes at the back of Daisy Bank. At about four in the afternoon, they would start to assemble and fifteen minutes later they were performing those wonderful swirling patterns in the sky.

The bonus for us was that it seemed most of them finished their performance by falling from the sky and into our conifer trees in the garden. And for the next few hours they could be heard squabbling over roosting positions until about eight in the evening when silence finally fell. Then, suddenly, after going through this routine every night with us as a very appreciative audience, they went and we never saw them again. What a privilege: short-lived but never to be forgotten.

After the Alfie story last time, we've now got another cat – this time a grey tabby – whom we spot from time to time but is obviously very scared. We feed him every night but never see him: so if anybody does know anything then please tell us. We could well be feeding someone else's cat or maybe it's Mr Fox.

I hate grey horrible weather and at this time of year I long to be in sunnier climes. If we could afford it, which we can't, I dream of a holiday villa in Tuscany or southern Italy but would we ever bother to go? If you already live in a magical house in a magical village, what's the point of leaving it? There I go again.

In a previous more affluent life I had two houses and a flat, the latter being rented and believe youme, was I glad when I was just in one place and not having to worry about the others. It reminds me that about that

time I had a Rolex watch, which was worth serious money. I was always worrying about that damn watch and was thoroughly relieved when on a drunken night out somewhere in the West End of London, somebody finally ripped it off my wrist. The following day I went out and bought a cheap Japanese one and genuinely heaved a sigh of relief. The more possessions one has the more worries one has.

The last few times we have been to Tuscany we have stayed at a small hill town in Southern Tuscany. It's run by an aristocratic and rather eccentric lady called Niccoletta. Rather than a villa it is like a small palazzo with an incredible rambling garden and a magnificent terrace looking out at the most wonderful view over the valley that runs north and south down the centre of Italy. When ever it's raining and I'm feeling miserable I try to imagine sunning myself on that terrace drinking a cold bottle of beer - I hate wine.

I introduced Nick Catling, a former resident of the village, to Niccoletta and he now runs photographic courses from Niccoletta's and very successful they are. In my next life I will be doing something similar but running painting holidays of course. There are a lot of things I will be doing in my next life, such as being an expert restorer of paintings by Caravaggio and being the world expert at authenticating work by the great man. So maybe it will have to wait until the time after or even the time after that. Spoilt for choice really.

In the meantime I will just carry on painting Blythburgh and the countryside that surrounds it to the best of my ability. Can't be bad!

Paul Bennett

Your chance to meet the new Parish Council

The next meeting of the Parish Council is on Monday, May 16 at 7.30pm. Raise your concerns and questions at the Open Forum from 7.15pm. This will be a particularly important meeting as it will be the first following the May parish council elections.