

BLYTHBURGH PARISH NEWS



Issue 58

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May/June 2011

It's party time in Blythburgh again!

Celebrating Blythburgh will be back on Sunday July 31, following its successful launch last year. The draft programme is now being put together for the day, which will run from 10 am to 5pm. Events will take place throughout the day at Holy Trinity, The Priory and the Village Hall, starting with an open air service organised by Holy Trinity in the Priory ruins.

Holy Trinity will organise its own programme but it is hoped that it will include bell ringing, guided tours and illustrated talks.

The outline programme for the Priory garden is: the Jive Bunnies 1940s disco, live music from Handle With Care and a bouncy castle. There will also be a licensed bar, a barbecue, with free burgers and sausages for villagers, soft drinks and ice creams. There will be guided tours

throughout the day of the newly restored ruins. Natural England and the RNLI have been invited to set up stalls.

Blythburgh Carpet Bowls will hold a demonstration in the Village Hall inviting guests to try their hand. Blythburgh M@tters have been invited to arrange events in the village hall from about noon. This is likely to include indoor games such as air hockey, table tennis and pool. Light refreshments will be available.

Natural England will provide boat trips on the River Blyth throughout the day. It is likely that residents will be invited to book in advance and meet at an assembly point by the village hall.

An information desk will be manned outside the village hall and all events will be signposted.

Final arrangements for Latitude 2011

Applications for Blythburgh Latitude tickets close on May 31, any unsold tickets will then be offered to those on the waiting list, although these are likely to be very limited.

Tickets should be ready for collection around July 12. The festival runs from July 15-17. Weekend ticket holders can go on to the site on Thursday, although there is a reduced programme. Blythburgh residents will be required to show photo id when they first exchange their tickets for wristbands. The check is likely to be more rigorous this year than previously.

Details of the park and ride bus service will be published as soon as available.

Holders of weekend tickets, who visit on a daily basis can use the day car park, which provides easy access to the site. On first time entry, holders of weekend tickets should drive to the

weekend car parks, either Green Gate on the A145 or Red Gate 2 on the A12 to swap weekend tickets for weekend wristbands at the campsite entrances.

Blythburgh visitors can then drive to the day car park using their weekend wristband to enter the arena via the day entrance. Residents with day tickets can swap their day ticket for a day wristband at the day arena entrance.

The day arena entrance will only be available for entry/exit during Friday, Saturday and Sunday from around 10am to 3am.

Anybody who has been granted tickets but who can no longer use them should contact Jim Boggis, honorary administrator of the Blythburgh Latitude Trust on 01502 478687 or by email on blythburgh.trust@btinternet.com as soon as possible.

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Residents to solve traffic problems

Blythburgh Parish Council is to ask residents in Priory Road, Church Road, The Street, Church Lane, people with direct access to these roads and the Parochial Church Council to meet to solve the persisting traffic problems in the area.

Letters will be sent inviting interested parties to get together to develop an agreed solution to the persisting difficulties around parking and traffic flow. Council chair David Tytler will act as chairman in a private capacity until the group elects its own chairman.

The council hopes the group will agree a plan which can then be endorsed by the Parish Council. If successful, the process could be applied to other traffic concerns in the village.

The new council, which met for the first time in May, is David Tytler, chair, Alan Mackley, vice chair and chair of the planning advisory group, Roderick Orr-Ewing, chair of the financial planning group. John Blakesely, Lucy Clapham and Cliff Waller.

One vacancy will be filled by co-option at the council's next meeting. Contact Jim Boggis on 478687 if you wish to join the Parish Council.

Planning: The Parish Council supported an application to modify and extend an existing brick outbuilding/garage to create a studio for sculpture/pottery in the Bird House, Old Angel Lane. The application to open a small nursery on the triangular plot on land opposite Priory Lodge, Priory Road, has been withdrawn.

Congratulations to the Blythburgh M@tters group, which organised a successful Royal Wedding tea party, attended by more than 60 Blythburgh residents. The next event is the Village Treasure Hunt on 10 June, starting at the Village Hall at 7.15 p.m. Watch out for details of the next Village Hall film show. Enthusiastic audiences have already enjoyed *Mamma Mia!* and *Casablanca*. Call Ro Williams (478484) with suggestions.

For insomniacs. The Rev. Malcolm Doney has been doing Pause for Thought on Radio 2. At 5.45am, it was a tad early. Incidentally, the spell check offered, the Revered Malcolm Donkey.

Five speed watch sessions in April were completed without any vehicles speeding. Blythburgh Community Speed Watch is working.

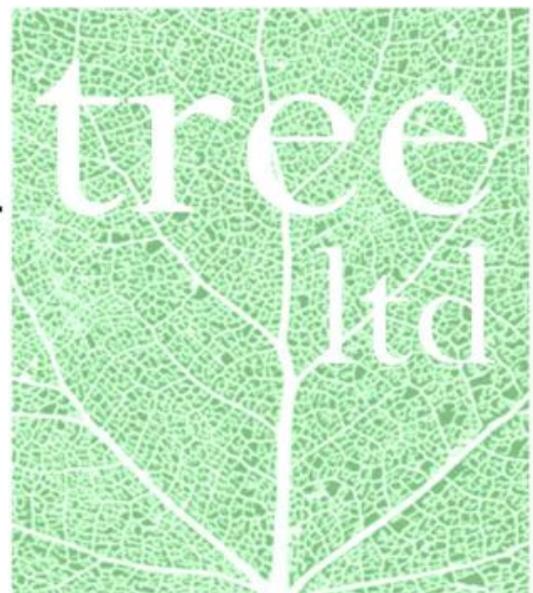
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June 18: to be arranged

June 25: Intrigue

July 2 /13: Prism

August 13: Strapped for Cash

QUIZ NIGHT

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The Rev. Thomas Henry Royal Oakes (1853/4-1945)

The Blythburgh vestry meeting of August 1890 – the parish meeting - was unusually well-attended. Thirty-six villagers were there, compared with just seven at the previous meeting.

The vicar, the Rev. Thomas Henry Royal Oakes, had declared the meeting to be illegal and no business had been conducted. So trouble was brewing. There were protests that the August meeting had not been convened correctly. The vicar countered that notices had been published without reference to him and he declared attempts to elect a new churchwarden illegal.

The minutes record that the meeting became disorderly and did not end until long after midnight. Tantalisingly, the reason for the anger is not known. But there seems to be a pattern. The Revd Oakes was at its centre.

Oakes was born in Madras, India. He studied in the United States and then London, being ordained deacon in 1886 and priest 1888. He was a curate in industrial Bradford, Yorkshire, before he came to Blythburgh. He was always ready to quote the law.

He took on the Blythburgh School Board, disputing the legality of their receipt of money from Neale's Charity to support poor pupils. It had hitherto been paid to his Sunday school. It was hardly a charitable act, argued Oakes, that Neale's bequest should be used to relieve the ratepayers of an obligation to provide money they legally had to find anyway.

Nevertheless, the Charity Commissioners ruled against the church; the newly created Parish Council thereafter appointed the trustees.

The disquisitionary Oakes even quoted church law to the bishop, writing that he had never been inducted to "the temporal possession of the goods and income amerced to the care of souls" so his position could be in question. The

bishop's reply was short. Oakes's legal status was that of perpetual curate and induction was not necessary. The freehold of church and churchyard was not his but the patron's. In Oakes's time the church fabric was in a poor state. Blythburgh was literally a church of falling angels.

Oakes annoyed the architect A. E. Street intensely by claiming ownership of specifications and drawings for the restoration of the church which Street declared were his property. Street supposed that Oakes was not aware of usual practice and that was an excuse, but he described Oakes's approach as an abrupt "stand and deliver without a semblance of thanks".

Street, who had been Blythburgh's architect since the start of restoration in 1881, declared in 1890 that he had had enough of 'the thankless business' from which he was anyway out of pocket. He refused to have anything more to do with Blythburgh.

There was also tetchiness in Oakes's relationship with his patron. It was proposed that Oakes should write to the countess of Stradbroke and other potential patronesses to support a bazaar to raise funds for the church. The response was that Mr and Mrs Oakes had worked very hard the year before, with discouraging results.

As for the suggestion that Oakes should arrange the printing of circulars – and find a conjuror – he was not sympathetic. Indeed, he made it clear that he would be away from home during the month of the event, although he would attend.

Oakes was Blythburgh's vicar for eight years. He then spent twenty-five years in Hampshire and another ten years in Norfolk, before retiring in his late seventies. Blythburgh must by then have been a distant memory but perhaps not an entirely pleasant one.

Alan Mackley

Next Parish Council meeting is 7.30pm, Monday July 12. Open Forum 7.15.

SONIA BOGISS CONTINUES HER TRAVELLER'S TALE

Sunshine - what a state to be in

What do you mean you've never been to Florida. I'd never had any desire to visit Florida but, ten short days later, Judy and I boarded a very early flight bound for Key West, Florida.

Judy is my New York based wine teacher and hostess of The Sunday Philosophy Club. She burned her bra in the 60's, has silver hair almost down to her knees and is a former actress.

Key West is certainly different; the first bar we visited displayed a sign promising "sorry, we are open" and the beverages were served in glasses helpfully stating "better an awkward morning than a lonely night". Throwing caution to the wind, we set out to explore the Old Town.

Little remains of the Key West I am familiar with through the books of Hemingway. For tourist purposes, the family of six-toed cats still reside at his former house and any number of Hemingway look-a-likes frequent the bars (yes, there is an annual competition). Down by the quay the atmosphere is festive, people gather to party and watch the spectacular sunsets whilst jugglers, performers and artists compete to be the most outrageous and gather the biggest crowds. Overall, it is a pretty laid back place populated by colourful, interesting and, at times, deliberately shocking characters.

We took a boat trip to the Dry Tortugas. Just 90 nautical miles from Cuba, they were named for the early sailors – DRY (no fresh water) and TORTUGAS (turtles) the source of protein for voyages; apparently the turtles were laid on their backs on deck and kept alive until needed. In those days, the turtles were so numerous one could almost walk across the water on their backs. These days there are few turtles left and we were very fortunate (and more than a little excited) to see one in open water.

The Dry Tortugas are also home to Fort Jefferson - the second largest brick construction in the world. Fort Jefferson was never completed because they finally figured out that the coral island wouldn't support the weight of the brick structure and the planned armaments.

The seven islands that make up the Dry Tortugas look like half submerged white pearls in a crystal-clear blue sea teeming with brightly coloured tropical fish.

The sky is full of birds: gannets, frigate birds, herons, peregrine falcons - a birdwatcher's paradise. The downside is the blistering heat.

To round off our trip we drove through Florida Keys to visit Michael in South Beach (SoBe), Miami. As we approached what I think of as mainland US, we saw signs warning us to drive carefully because of crocodiles (or maybe they meant alligators) crossing the road.

Michael, originally in film, moved to SoBe in the 80s – before it became the "must live" place it is today. Because Michael is "local" we were treated to a behind the scenes experience.

The buses are efficient and cheap. There was also the added advantage of meeting people on them. Amazingly, people just talk and you are expected to join in; no subject is off limits and the locals are an eclectic mix.

The unbelievable life story of a Cuban lady going home after completing her shift at the hospital (she was smoking a cigar Winston Churchill would have been proud of).

The couple (mother and son?) with a carrier bag full of cash on their way to replenish supplies of what I didn't ask). The neighbours who ran a school for deaf students – I had no idea English signing was different from American signing.

Raise a glass to Blythburgh's Villager of the Year
Enjoy a glass of wine and a bite to eat, toast the Villager of the Year in the village hall on Friday May 20 at 7.00pm.

MRS CLAPHAM INVESTIGATES

How green was my jelly...

I don't think I've been offered jelly and ice-cream since I last played pass-the-parcel, made sure to say thank you for having me to my hostess before (clutching a pink gonk in sticky, fat fingers) being scooped up by my dad for the journey home. I must have been about five.

And I'm perfectly certain I've *never* been offered jelly and ice-cream with a shot of morphine on the side, as I was last week. But then, that's the NHS for you. Well, it was for me, as I got up close and personal with James Paget (or Fraggie Rock, as my nurse friend calls it) recently.

Having cleverly broken my ankle, by turning it before sitting on it - well, I like to do a job thoroughly - I found myself booked in to their day unit, awaiting an op to pin me back together.

Naturally, this wasn't an instant admission. Six hours in A&E, strapped up, sent home for three days (with a nice dose of their special sickness bug) in again, another five hours, before two large arrows were drawn on my leg - very reassuring - with a giant marker pen and I was asked to sign a jolly form telling me all the gruesome things which could go wrong.

Well, if my leg dropped off, the pins caused blood poisoning or I decided to stop breathing while under anaesthetic, I'd only have myself to blame, wouldn't I? I realise this is standard procedure, but it's hardly surprising that you end up a blubbering wreck the minute you're handed your delightful backless hospital gown and put on a trolley to wait. And wait....and wait.

Did I mention this was the *day* unit I was admitted to? This, apparently, means you're efficiently whisked in, op done, nice cup of tea, then home within 24 hours or so. As I lay there, leg elevated with a pillow, back and bottom-sore, I watched with half-a-dozen other ladies as fellow

victims - sorry, patients - were wheeled up and down to the operating theatres, wisdom teeth etc. removed - you could tell by the arrows marking the appropriate spot - hopefully - on the body - before going home.

All of us unlucky ones who were at the end of the queue, were kept starved and had to enjoy the sight of the others noisily slurping tea and gobbling food in a *very* heartless fashion.

After endless hours of this, the inevitable happens - you burst in to tears. One patient, who must have been more than 80, came from theatre crying for her mum. But that is exactly how you feel, small, scared and in need of your mum.

Lack of communication between theatres and wards, nurses and patients is simply not good enough for somebody who is vulnerable, in pain and trying not to fuss.

Of course, everything gets better when it's your turn. Everybody, from surgeon to porter is kind, efficient and reassuring - at last, you feel things are under control and then...you know nothing

until back in the ward being fed jelly, ice-cream, morphine and lashings of care.

This is where hospital food gets away with being, well, hospital food.

Having eaten practically nothing for three days - I just couldn't get enough of their um, sort of meaty cabbage-like meals and I had a delicious something which looked like cardboard with gravy, followed by what I swear was an under-cooked bath sponge with lumpy custard. Scrummy, I kid you not - you are *so* hungry you could eat a bed-pan. Now I come to think of it...

If you've detected a slight whinge, I have to add I am utterly grateful for the care I received in Paget - I'm sure they can take a bit of leg-pulling. After all, they pulled mine enough.





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VISIONS BY JOHN ALLEN

Praise be, the Harrier's still flying

The RAF/RN Harriers have been in the news recently, for the wrong reason I believe, and kind friends and even some strangers have tried to console me about their removal from service. The Vision that led to the Harrier was the recognition that the gas turbine was so powerful for its weight that an aircraft could rise upwards on its Propulsive Lift: Vertical Take-off and Landing (V/STOL).

As with Concorde, its origins go back far into history, but much, much further than the Concorde's 29 years. There is another reason for studying the Harrier: the special method that was used in its design.

Hero of Alexandria in the first century AD made a turbine (Aelopile) rotated by a jet of steam employing the principle of reaction used also in the Harrier's gas turbine. Leonardo da Vinci's visions were limited to clockwork and muscles but by 1894 Dow in the US had exhibited a turbine driven by hot gas.

The origin of the jet engine came from the RAF pilot Frank Whittle in the 1920s and once his construction began, an independent consultant advised the government whether his work was viable or not.

He observed in 1936 that this engine was so light in relation to its thrust that there was the possibility to lift an aircraft upwards at zero speed by engine thrust alone.

Much research is of a single discipline where specialisation leads to dramatic progress. Other

research does not and the development of the Hawker Siddeley Harrier, fell into this category.

An aircraft gas turbine requires a carefully-designed air intake to collect the right volume of incoming air and slow it down, so increasing its pressure entering the engine.

The Harrier jet thrust is more than four times that of a conventional aircraft and would demand an intake four times longer. This was impossible since the weight would be excessive and the fore-and-aft balance impossible to correct. This needed new solutions and a two-year programme of research was initiated on a very short, sharply curved intake, which fitted well into the overall design.

To reduce weight, the wing was made smaller than usual, the lift at take-off being supplemented by deflecting the jet thrust. So far so good.

However, at altitude, during close combat air-to-air fighting, the smaller wing was inadequate. Another project-directed-research programme was organised, which eventually led to a significantly greater lift than previous fighters.

The means adopted - notches, vortex generators and fences also gave superb low speed handling characteristics for the swept wing which was continued on the Hawk and must have contributed to the purchase by the Americans of both the Harrier and Hawk from Kingston. Please remember, Harriers are still flying in five other Air Forces, including the USA.

YOUR PARISH COUNCILLORS

Chair: David Tytler, 478521

Vice Chair/Chair planning advisory group: Alan Mackley

Chair financial advisory group: Roderick Orr-Ewing

Councillors: John Blakesley, Lucy Clapham, Cliff Waller, one vacancy

Clerk: Jim Boggis. 478687

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Carpet Bowls: Beryl Stringer

Horticultural Society

Jenny Allen 478314

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Margaret Hilda Marchant 1920 – 2011

Margaret Hilda Marchant was born in London on March 18, 1920 and educated at Wycombe Abbey Girls' School until she was 18 when she started training as a nurse at the Middlesex Hospital.

In 1943 as a fully qualified nurse, she enlisted in the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps and was posted to Cairo. She was sent to a hospital at Kantara on the banks of the Suez Canal, where she was a ward sister looking after British PoWs who had returned from Burma.

After 15 months, Margaret was posted to Naples and from there applied to go to the Far East. She was sent to Saigon before being posted back to Bombay. Released from the army in January 1947, Margaret returned to London to live with her parents, Hilda and Stanley and brother Hugh at York Terrace, behind the Royal Academy of Music. She took an almoner's course and became what is now known as a medical social worker, eventually working in Ipswich.

Margaret's story and her love of Blythburgh really began in 1907 when 18-year-old Hilda Holyman was given the choice of learning to play a wind instrument or the organ. She chose the organ and her teacher was Dr Stanley Marchant.

Hilda was his student for eight years before they married in 1915.

In the early 1930s, Stanley was organist and choir master of St Paul's Cathedral. Dr and Mrs Marchant knew and loved this area of coastal Suffolk. Passing through Blythburgh on a bus to Southwold, they decided to get off and see whether there was anywhere to rent. They were directed to White Cottage.

The family escaped from London, whenever Stanley's duties at St Paul's allowed. Stanley was knighted in 1943 and after his sudden death in 1949, Lady Marchant bought White Cottage. She lived there, until her death in 1974, aged 86.

She left the cottage to Margaret, who nursed her for the last 13 years of her life, a role she repeated for her brother Hugh in his last years.

Margaret never married and had no children of her own, but was a very conscientious Godmother and took a keen and kindly interest in her cousin's children and their children's children.

This obituary is based on the address given by Margaret's niece Kate at a service in Holy Trinity



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Notes from Daisy Bank XLV

The other day I walked across the marsh at the back of our garden. Since the breach has been repaired, the whole aspect has changed.

Where, before 2007, there were reeds, there are now vast open spaces of flat and hardened mud interspersed with the original dykes which appear undamaged and are full of water.

Without the water and the surrounding valley one could almost be on the moon.

When I spoke last year to Andrew Blois about the amount of time it would take for the marsh to return to pasture, he suggested as little as six months. Although sceptical at the time, I have to admit that even now there is a faint green blush forming around its fringes.

Of course we have lost the curlews and the snipe and their magical sounds but strangely these have been replaced by vast flocks of seagulls that congregate on the mud in late afternoon. Derek thinks they are resting after feeding off the pig fields further up.

We agreed that it's strange how before, we moaned about the floods and lack of protection and now the water has gone we miss it and its spectacular views. Are we humans never satisfied? Nevertheless it will be good to see cattle on the marsh again at some time in the future. Life after all is change and nothing remains the same.

Talking of change, on a personal note, after years of plodding away at painting, I think I have at last found what I have been looking for. In the early days, on the one hand, I churned out endless pictures of beach huts and the Southwold Light House done in a semi-abstract style, which seemed to go well. The name change to *Paul*

O'leary came about so that I could continue with that while, at the same time, churning out endless chocolate box type pictures of the surrounding countryside under my own name.

Then about five years ago, heartily sick of beach huts etc, I concentrated on the more representational type of pictures and dropped my own name in favour of *Mr O'Leary*.

It was about that time that I gave up exhibiting around Suffolk and concentrated on the annual exhibition at the church and the Gallery. Not a good financial and business decision but the right emotional one for me. I never have and never will regret it. Yes, I paint more pictures than I sell but my quality of life is so much better.

Having always been known for detail and '*I thought it was a photograph*' style, several months ago I eschewed the detail and took what for me was a brave step into the unknown. I think with the detail I was saying to the world, '*I'm really not an amateur, look what I can do*'. Showing off, which I'm good at. So, I'm now concentrating on the marsh and of course the church, done in a much looser way and somehow, it seems to capture the essence of this part of the world that I love so much. They probably won't sell as well as '*the photographs*' but so be it. It has to be the way to go.

For the last month or so, Daisy Bank and in particular our garden has resounded to the amazing glory of a song thrush. It refuses to be ignored and almost equals the intensity of a nightingale and, in some ways even surpasses it in the range of sounds it projects. It is at the same time relentlessly sad and almost painfully beautiful. It is life.

Paul Bennett

Raise a glass to Blythburgh's Villager of the Year

Enjoy a glass of wine and a bite to eat at the annual village meeting in the village hall on Friday May 20 at 7.00pm. Who is Villager of the Year, what has happened in the last 12 months? Question local councillors and those who run village groups.

Please be there...everybody welcome.