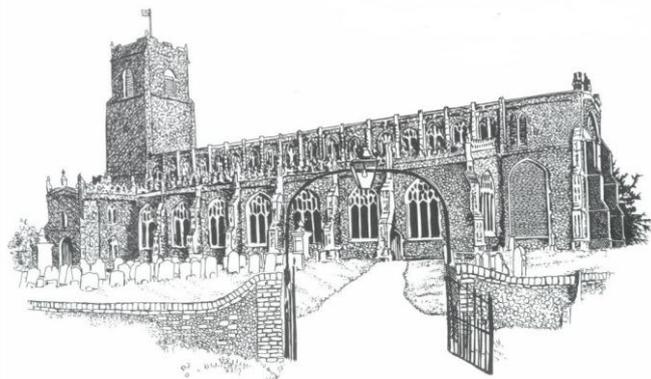


BLYTHBURGH PARISH NEWS



Issue 60

www.onesuffolk.co.uk/blythburghPC

September/October 2011

Village's seal of approval



A seal looks on approvingly as villagers pass by on one of the boat trips organised by English Nature as part of *Celebrating Blythburgh*. Full report and pictures Pages 6 and 7.

New life for the village shop

Local farmer Rupert Chantry and his wife Charlotte are finalising arrangements to take over the Blythburgh Village Stores in early October.

The shop will open from 7am to 6pm Monday to Friday and 9am to noon Saturday and Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Chantry run Peacock Farm, Thorington. Their lamb will be available on order and local produce will be stocked.

David Tytler, chair of Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton Parish Council, said: "Speaking personally, I give a warm welcome to Mr and Mrs Chantry and believe that they will bring a new enthusiasm and vigour to the shop, an

essential part of any village. I am sure that we all wish them well. I can only hope that they get the support they deserve."

PRESCRIPTIONS: Until arrangements are finalised with Mr and Mrs Chantry, prescriptions will be available from Abbey Cottage every Friday between noon and 2pm.

On Fridays 16 and 23 September only, prescriptions will be delivered to home addresses.

The Post Office closed at the end of August and the Royal Mail is currently seeking ways of providing at least a part-time service to the village.

PLEASE RESPOND TO THE FIRST RESPONDERS

Blythburgh First Responders attended five call-outs in July and August and urgently requires more volunteers to help in a variety of ways. Around 75% of the hours available were covered in a month. More members would help enormously. If you cannot be an active responder you can help with fund-raising, looking after the money and equipment or as secretary/coordinator of the group. If you are under 70 years old and fit, please call Ursula Mackley on 01502 478438.

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All creatures great and small...

Horses, a chicken, a hamster, a guinea pig, a ferret and countless dogs joined the congregation at Holy Trinity Church, Blythburgh, for the annual service of Blessing the Animals.

The service, which began in the late 1970s, was the inspiration for one of the most popular episodes of the *Vicar of Dibley*, written by Walberswick resident Richard Curtis. Around 100 people with their pets attended the service led by the Rev Malcolm Doney, a keen horseman who lives in Blythburgh and is a part time member of the Sole Bay Ministry.



At the end of the service, Malcolm mounted his horse Neville, who had waited patiently at the rear of the church with two other horses, to give the final blessing.

Earlier, Malcolm had told the congregation: "Animals give us an enormous amount – far beyond any function they might have as guardians, mousers, egg layers, hot water bottles, or even food.

"When I am riding round the fields with Neville, when I urge him into a canter up the hill, I'm often amazed at the willingness, the patience of

this powerful animal to allow someone as clumsy as me to sit on his back.



"And I can see by the fact that you have brought all these precious burdens here this morning that you recognise how much your animals mean to you. It's a privilege for us to be able to hold this service each year, to give you this chance to express your gratitude."



Pictures show Malcolm on Neville, blessing Finn the ferret with his owner Anna Burrows and a chicken looking unperturbed by the proceedings.

Pictures by Colin Maclean.

Please come to the next meeting of Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton Parish Council on Monday November 14 at 7.30pm. Have your say at the Open Forum at 7.15. All welcome.



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BLYTHBURGH CHARACTERS

Augusta, Countess of Stradbroke (1830-1901)

Born Augusta Musgrave, she married Henry Bonham of the 10th Hussars, and in 1856 was widowed at the age of 26 with three young children. The following year she married John Edward Cornwallis Rous, second Earl of Stradbroke. He was 61 years old and in need of an heir. Marriage clearly suited the ageing earl. They had six children and he lived to just short of his ninety-second birthday.

Lady Augusta was no figurehead. But as the highest ranking lady in the neighbourhood, she was patroness of numerous bodies, including the 1882 bazaar to raise money for Blythburgh church. However, it was on the letters pages of *The Times* that she came to national attention.

In 1874 agricultural workers went on strike. Wages in Suffolk were among the lowest in the country. Farmers, as employers, were more directly involved than estate owners, but an increase in costs affecting tenants' ability to pay rent could harm estate income.

The Bishop of Manchester wrote to *The Times*. He asked whether farmers were going mad and speculated about possible consequences of the lockout, including the prospect of a peasants' war. He criticised landowners who could spend the entire income from a 300-acre farm on a ball or pair of horses. That was too much for Lady Augusta.

She answered the bishop's letter. The Henham estate had spent money improving workers' cottages, and she was implacably opposed to trade unions. She protested at the burdens placed upon landowners to further the interests of the commercial classes. The architect E. M. Barry, who had worked at Henham, supported

her. He noted that the bishop was known as the talking bishop and, like most people who always talk, he talked a great deal of nonsense.

The bishop disputed Lady Augusta's 'idyllic picture' of a well-cared for agricultural population, contented and sober, lodged in cottages with a quarter of an acre of ground, with children rosy, happy and well-educated. From his own observations he concluded that generally conditions were quite the opposite. What could workers do but combine and strike, if reasonable demands were rejected?

The bishop quoted a letter of support from a Suffolk landowner but that supporter was described by an ally of the countess as an imbecile. The countess responded with a claim that returns on investment in agriculture were very low and rents could not be reduced. The countess continued that the market determined what farmers received for their produce. There should therefore be a free market for labour and no coercion.

That first great agricultural strike failed. But although the farmers and landowners won that battle, they did not win the war. The free market lauded by Lady Augusta depressed product prices as cheap grain flooded in from North America. Tenants could not pay their rents and landlords' incomes collapsed. The Henham estate income fell by over 60 per cent.

Henham survived and Lady Augusta was the last countess to enjoy a life style that had lasted through a 200-year golden age and was essentially extinguished by the start of the First World War.

Alan Mackley

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,

Alan DeThabrew

Clerk: Jim Boggis. 478687

BLYTHBURGH ASSOCIATIONS

Carpet Bowls: Beryl Stringer

**Horticultural Society
Jenny Allen 478314**

**Neighbourhood Watch
Rob Benson 478047**

**Speed Watch: Binny Lewis 478624
Village Hall: Olive Forsythe 478521**

The sun shines down on Blythburgh

The sun shone brightly on the village for the second *Celebrating Blythburgh*. A day of free events began with a service in the ruins of Blythburgh priory, led by the Reverend Malcolm Doney, supported by singers led by Charles Morris.

This was the first service in the Augustinian Priory for nearly 500 years and attracted a great deal of media interest with reports on *BBC Radio Suffolk*, and in the *Eastern Daily Press*, *East Anglian Daily Times* and the *Southwold Journal*.

In welcoming the 60 plus congregation, Mr Doney said: "This is a sacred place that echoes with prayers, music, and a quest for the transcendent. For many hundreds of years people have come here to bring their joys, their sorrows, their hopes and their fears to God. There's been a bit of a gap, but now a normal service has been resumed. It's a delight to help bring the tradition alive this morning." In his address, Mr Doney said: "I believe Blythburgh is still a holy place. And its soul comes from its people...What I want to celebrate is the



carers...responders. We have in this village people who are prepared to use their individual gifts and abilities for something beyond themselves. This is as sacred as anything the monks were doing here in the middle ages."

There was something for everybody, the young, the old, and the in-betweens. Tours of the

priory ruins, not normally open to the public, and an illustrated talk on Blythburgh history, complemented the more energetic displays of village life in the car park and garden of The Priory, and the village hall.



Blythburgh artist Paul O'Leary exhibited his work in the church where cream teas were also provided.

The Priory car park became Blythburgh's market place with stalls set up by village organisations, the RNLI and Natural England. A bouncy castle, provided by M. R. King, of Halesworth, kept the youngest occupied. Blythburgh's Speedwatch group, the first in Suffolk, was on display, and so too were this year's drought-defying plants.

The prize-winning exhibits from the Horticultural Society's show made a colourful display alongside a demonstration from Blythburgh's bee man



holy community of Blythburgh: the people. Just looking around this gathering I can see people who are organisers, communicators, fixers, growers, bakers, singers, makers, helpers,



John Blakesley, who brought along some of his workers and their queen.

Visitors to The Priory garden enjoyed 1940s dance music from the Jive Bunnies and live music from Handle with Care entertained everyone. A licensed bar and a BBQ, free to parishioners, were also big draws. Boat trips on the Blyth, arranged by Natural England, ran throughout the day.



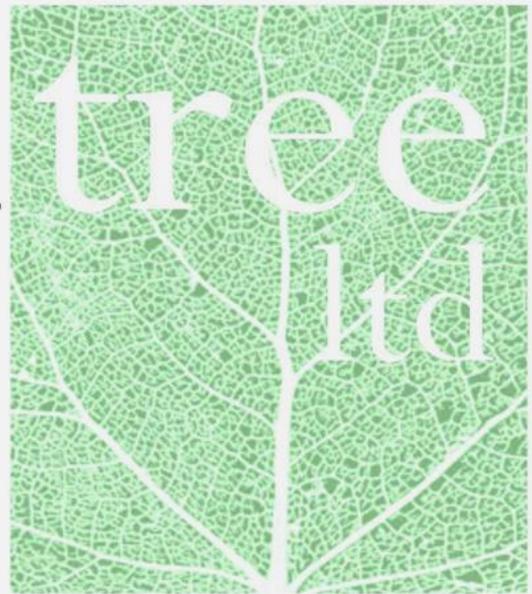
Carpet bowls in the Village Hall proved very popular and in the afternoon table tennis, pool and air hockey took over. Paintings from the weekly art class run by Andrew Pitt were also on display.

Celebrating Blythburgh was supported by the Blythburgh Latitude Trust and Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton Parish Council. David Tytler, Chair of the Parish Council: "We are grateful to all those who worked hard to make the day such a success but our particular thanks go to Nick and Susan Haward for the use of their garden and the priory ruins."

Pictures by Laura Tytler.



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MRS CLAPHAM INVESTIGATES

Mud, mud, glorious mud...

Move over Glastonbury, Latitude is finally up there with the big boys - this year was a proper mud-fest. Well, you can't really call yourself a festival without providing a sea of gunge for revellers to, er, revel in.

Not that I believe in those wacky photos of kids having a fab time rolling in the stuff. For a start you won't find anywhere to wash it off and mud-filled wellies (however designer) aren't the most comfortable footwear to stomp in for miles.

Anybody in the village who was lucky enough to get a guest ticket will know that this privilege means you have to walk to the furthest possible entrance in order to get in, then have your wristband checked four times as you spend another hour trying to find the right exit. Not only hard on the feet, but bad for the temper.

One neighbour, triumphantly arriving at the cycle park (she'd been sent three miles out of the way last year) was informed she must leave her bike and walk to a different entrance for her wristband and come back.

Being a softly spoken, charmingly feminine lady, they probably thought she was a pushover. Wrong. "NO," she yelled, stamping a pretty foot." It's YOUR problem - YOU sort it out!" The security guards, sensibly, gave in.

These chaps are a helpful bunch. Great if you're lost, or ill, always ready for a joke and a chat but - it appears - as baffled as the rest of us when it comes to those ruddy gates. Now we know our own festival will be here for the next fourteen years perhaps they'll sort it out.

But, all credit to Latitude, their long-term plans meant a far more efficient water system, the long drop loos are far more user-friendly, by the clever means of a small flap, so you no longer have to avert your eyes from the deep, dark pool beneath you.

On a more salubrious note, the new, permanent bridge over the lake is magnificent - wide enough to accommodate the endless stream of festival-goers and allow others simply to stand and stare at the coloured lights in the water and listen to the distant music from the main stages.

My highlight this year was Paloma Faith, sounding and looking amazing in an Indian headdress and some very colourful underwear. The actual highlight was being told by one of the roadies how rough she looked the next morning, slurping a bowl of porridge. Ha!

Chatting about Latitude with some young chums,

whose idea of fun is sitting round a camp fire all night, plucking guitars, sorting out the world and emerging from a soggy tent the following lunchtime, there were some really 'sick' bands there this year.

I resisted the temptation to say I knew there was a nasty bug about (naturally, 'sick' means great) and gathered that *Iron & Wine*, *Yann Tiersen*, *Eels* and the *Raghy Dixit Project* were particularly sick.

The Mister Scruff tea sanctuary, a new addition, was highly recommended -

the herbal tea, home-made ginger cake and psychedelic DJ were, apparently the best hangover cure ever. The loos were cleaner than usual and there was plenty of toilet paper. But the mud - ze worst!

Wood chippings didn't help the constant slithering from campsite to arena and some of the outsiders who came in and charged people up to £50 to tow them off the site at the end of the festival were especially unpopular.

All in all, our own Latitude was as good as ever - despite the rain. Can't wait to do it all again next year. What Mrs C won't be doing again is walking home alone along the A12 at 1.30 in the morning having lost her driver. Staying put in a wet tent is a much sicker idea.



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VISIONS

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A superb visionary, Leonardo Da Vinci drew pictures of inventions that he envisaged could eventually be built, such as armoured fighting vehicles, parachutes, helicopters, cranes, cannons, fortifications, motor cars and man-carrying flying machines. I recall visiting an exciting exhibition in Florence: above our heads was a replica of Leonardo's design for a man-carrying machine where the 'pilot' flapped wings by muscle power from arms and legs.

I imagined his return to earth to this very exhibition, where I could congratulate him on his vision. I would have said to him: "You were right about man's ultimate ability to fly in machines. They are commonplace today and some of them carry more than 500 people." He would probably have replied: "Surely the ropes and pulleys would be enormous."

Such an imaginary encounter highlights some important issues. Leonardo had no inkling of mechanical power as we know it. He employed muscle power of man and animals, and built many devices that harnessed water power. He also designed many machines powered by metal springs as in clockwork.

To design a flying machine he studied bird flight exhaustively and his sketches have recently been studied again and models made which show the ingenious means he adopted to reproduce controlled lifting forces by flapping wings. However the lifting forces were far too small, the weights of the pilot and the structure so large, that his design would never have succeeded.

Gian Battista Danti, of Perugia, insisted that Da Vinci should use fixed wings instead. Danti built and flew gliders from a windmill tower in 1494 and broke a leg, showing off at a wedding. He later became Professor of Mathematics at Padua.

So although we could now say that Leonardo's physics was wrong, nevertheless he implanted the vision that flying should be possible, and his sketches and writings were taken seriously. In fact the next giant step towards manned flight came 300 years after Leonardo when Sir George Cayley, the father of aeronautics, declared that for human flight the two forces of upward lift and forward thrust should be separated using a fixed wing for lift and a propeller for thrust.

He built a glider and flew a man in it. He experimented with engines using compressed air, steam, gunpowder and 'spirit of tar'. He did not recognise that the last, i.e. petrol, would eventually be the best, but only after another century of trial and error.

This wonderful story of the efforts of Leonardo, Cayley and the Wrights in achieving manned flight raises the question: how far ahead should a vision look? Leonardo himself cautioned against looking too far ahead beyond achievable success. In the event his attempts at flight were in fact 500 years before their time.

I was given several books about Leonardo recently where he is quoted saying "Beyond any doubt truth bears the same relationship to falsehood as light to darkness" eerily mirroring my words in the March Vision.

John Allen

Welcome to Joan of Blythburgh

A score of clergymen and countless church wardens were in a packed Holy Trinity for the induction of the Rev. Joan Lyon as the new team vicar by the Bishop of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich, the Rt. Rev Nigel Stock, and her installation by the Archdeacon of Suffolk, the Ven. Judy Hunt.

Mrs Lyon will have responsibility for Wangford, Sotherton and Uggeshall. She comes to Suffolk from the Anglican Church of Luxembourg,

where she was assistant chaplain to her husband the Rev. Chris Lyon, the chaplain.

Before that, she worked in Papua New Guinea for six and a half years and the collection on the evening went to support the work of the Papua New Guinea Church Partnership.

The Rev Simon Pilcher, team rector, said that the arrival of Mrs Lyon marked a new beginning for the Sole Bay Churches, which had a full team of clergy for the first time in 12 months.

Notes from Daisy Bank XLVII

I hate the dark winters and love the sun and the summer. This year apart from April and a few days in July, summer seems to have deserted us. In the winter I dream of those late afternoons sitting having a drink and soaking up the late sun.

The ideal is to go south to sunnier climes in the winter and come home in the spring and enjoy this green and pleasant land. But of course the practicalities and finance put a damper on all that. And what would *Alice* and *Molly* do while we were away. Hopefully they would miss us.

Alice, our little black and white stray, who came to stay with us a couple of years ago, has proved invaluable in showing people around the gallery. Several times now I have come back from the garden or from the house and there she is flirting with them. Unlike many cats I have known, she actively loves children and, of course, they love her. Often the visitors are more endeared with her than they are with the pictures - and who can blame them.

She also seems to know when we are coming home and is often on the steps waiting to greet us. Never had a cat like that before although the Siamese occasionally did something similar. Anyway she's good for business.

Molly, ginger *Molly*, on the other hand, is scared of her own shadow and spends most of her day upstairs in the bedroom, which she obviously considers the safest place she can be.

A few days ago the Horticultural Society of Blythburgh came to see our garden along with a few others. Quite a crowd but attentive when I regaled them with the history of the garden and how it had changed. Thank God we were more or less at the beginning of their tour so that they could end up in a proper garden.

After it was all over, Sonia and Pat sent us a card

to say how much they enjoyed it, which was kind of them. Pat said she liked the secret garden aspect of it all and in a way I suppose that's how it has turned out. Whether by design or neglect, I'm not quite sure.

While they were here they may have noticed two pairs of very dirty and jaded young children's shoes on the shelf of our cattery.

A few months after I moved here, my oldest friend, his wife and their two girls came for a holiday and from that time on came every year. On one visit in the confusion of packing up to return to Bristol, one pair of each of their shoes was left behind. When I phoned Ann to ask about returning them, she rightly said there was no point, as in a few months they would have grown out of them. So all those years ago – they are both now in their mid-twenties – I put them on that shelf and there they have remained.

Now green with mould but still whole they have provided a lot of interest over the years. I have even done a painting of them and sold it to somebody in Hertfordshire. And of course when Elizabeth and Jane return most every year with boyfriends and partners, there they are to greet them with memories of very happy childhood summers spent here at Fern Cottage.

For them they must represent hot summer holidays, boating and swimming down at the creek and trips to the seaside at Southwold and Walberswick. After all, we all remember our childhood summers as always being hot and happy. Often when I walk around the garden I can still hear their voices filled with laughter running up and down the paths. Halcyon days in Daisy Bank to be enjoyed in the memory rather than missed. No point in missing something when it can't be replaced, so better to enjoy.

Paul Bennett

Sign up now for the Blythburgh Fun Quiz

The Blythburgh Fun Quiz returns to the Village Hall on Friday September 30. Ro Williams will again be the quizmaster with questions on topics such as *Odd One Out*, *Who's Missing?* and *Sporting Heroes*. The quiz starts at 7.30 p.m. Teams are restricted to four people at £2 a head, but if you don't have a team please come anyway: there will be teams who need more members. Don't forget to bring your own refreshments. Blythburgh M@tters looks forward to seeing you there.