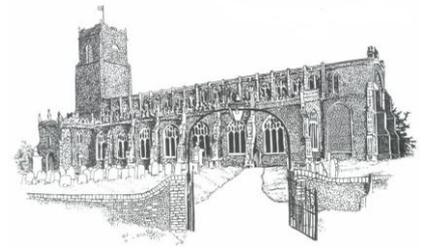


# BLYTHBURGH PARISH NEWS



Issue 48

September/October 2009

## Helicopter protesters heard loud and clear

Blythburgh residents angry about the helicopter which uses a garden in Angel Lane as a private landing site made their views clear in a passionate discussion in the Open Forum before the September meeting of the Parish Council.

Pamela Pringle, who lives next door to Peter Nash who has, since December 2007, allowed a friend to land her helicopter in his garden, made a dignified appeal to the Parish Council to take action. She had earlier provided each councillor with her correspondence file.

Whilst accepting that the pilot was within her legal rights to land in the garden, she said: "It seems intolerable that a non-resident can come and disrupt the peace and happiness of the village and cause such ill-feeling between two people who had been good friends and neighbours."

Mrs Pringle made her objections clear: "I cannot stress too strongly that while the noise, dust and general disturbance caused by the helicopter are extremely annoying; my most important objections are a genuine fear of an accident, and the serious adverse effect on my health."

She said that she had rejected mediation because she believed that it would have no effect.

In the sometimes heated discussion, led by parishioners, councillors responded to points raised where appropriate. The discussion was allowed to run its course to ensure the parishioners had ample chance to air their views.

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Whilst not all the 20 residents at the meeting spoke, it was clear that a majority supported Mrs Pringle. Others were ambivalent. Whilst the council had received letters backing her, the village as a whole had not expressed

any concerns. Peter Nash was unable to attend due to ill-health. A letter from him to the chairman was read to the meeting. In it he said he had always been open to mediation. "There has never been an intention to upset anyone in the village. By careful avoidance of property and the timing of flights, we hoped this had been achieved.

No advantage has ever been taken of the legal movements that could be made.

"It has been officially established that the transitory noise levels on lift off and landing are not obtrusive and additionally the helicopter now takes amended flight paths even further away from the village to lessen the apparent problem. Any villager wishing to know BWAV's ETA and ETD please contact me."

Professor John Allen, who also lives in Angel Lane, asked why no villagers objected to low-flying military helicopters over the village.

During the Parish Council meeting that followed, councillors concluded that safety, and to a lesser extent environmental issues, were the biggest concerns raised by the majority of the parishioners attending the meeting. The council has written to Suffolk Coastal, reflecting the views of the protestors, to ask if it has looked into the safety of the situation. If so, what were the conclusions? If not, the parish council has asked SCDC to look into the safety implications of the take-offs and landings.

Parish councillors also felt that as investigations of this nature take time, some effort should be made to contain the situation. Mediation appears to be the only answer in the short to medium term. Whilst mediation has been rejected in the past, the Parish Council has asked Suffolk Coastal if it would be prepared to offer mediation.

**David Tytler**

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## MARTIN SHAW revisited

**The composer Martin Shaw has already appeared as a Blythburgh Character. Professor George Odam, who met Shaw and is working on making the first recording of some of Martin Shaw's greatest songs, read the piece and kindly provided this article for the Parish News.**

I first met Martin Shaw when I was fifteen, after a performance of his cantata *The Redeemer* in Beccles Parish Church on Good Friday in 1954. My sister sang the soprano solo, and she had prepared me for the encounter. Although not great in stature, Shaw had a heavy port-wine stain covering the whole of the left side of his face; he wore a black opera cloak and a floppy fedora hat and so made an impression that stays with me still.

In later years my wife and I remember seeing Martin crossing Blythburgh Churchyard to Aldeburgh Festival concerts, similarly dressed, with his cloak billowing in the wind. I now believe that his great friend Edward Gordon Craig, son of the actress Ellen Terry, had given the opera cloak to him.

Martin Shaw, composer and organist, born in 1875, was the eldest son of James Shaw, organist of Hampstead Parish Church, and first glimpsed Blythburgh riding in the carrier's cart from Darsham Station to Southwold when he was barely two years old. In 1888, what Shaw later described as an old nurse brought 13-year-old Martin, and his six siblings to Southwold. They arrived on the Southwold railway, *as it jostles and sways along through Blythburgh and Walberswick* (in Shaw's own words) to take the sea air because of a family attack of whooping-cough.

The Suffolk climate obviously suited them, since they stayed long enough for Mrs Shaw to join them for the birth of her seventh child Agnes Berry, in Southwold that September.

Martin was to return regularly to the Southwold area, where he formed some of his most influential friendships, the first in 1897 with Craig, when he was staying at South Green Cottage in Lorne Road. In later life Shaw returned to Blythburgh and in 1926 wrote in his autobiography that he stayed with Mrs Grace Packington at Vulcan Villa (now Forge Cottage).

Two years before, he had left his post as organist of London's St Martin's-in-the-Fields to concentrate on his composing and the editing of *Songs of Praise*.

Having just had successful performances of his ballad opera *Mr Pepys* in Hampstead, he took a holiday for a fortnight's riding. His horse was hired from Jack Stannard, of Blythburgh, who told Shaw that the Henham Hunt, under its master, the Earl of Stradbroke, would be meeting at Walpole and invited Shaw to accompany him.

The next day they rode the eight miles to the farmhouse of Mr Neave where, despite being a stranger and complete novice, Shaw was welcomed with what he described as old English hospitality. He wrote:

"Another thing that I soon learned, was that it is the democratic sport *par excellence*. I think that first hunt of the harriers at Walpole was the most enjoyable hunt I ever had. It was so new and wonderful. My horse was a hunter and could, upon occasion, jump quite well. Most of the jumps were over ditches, but there were one or two obstacles — wooden rails and such-like. The correct procedure for a beginner, of which the thought beforehand had intimidated me, proved easy enough to master. It was simply to do what the others did. Thus convention has its uses! We finished up with a mighty tea at the farm-house, where the cups of tea were laced with old brandy; and I got home about seven gorgeously tired." (*Up to Now* OUP 1928)

Shaw was never to forget this happy Blythburgh event and returned the next year for more. At the height of the Second World War in 1944, Shaw and his wife Joan (Cobbold) returned to Blythburgh and took up residence at Church Farm in Church Lane, soon using the address Puddings, Blythburgh, Halesworth.

Two Cobbold sisters were then living in Blyth Cottage on the junction of the A12 and Angel Lane, and when they died, in 1945 the house was passed to Joan and the Shaws moved in, changing the name to Farthings, which it still retains.

Ralph Vaughan Williams, a great friend of Martin's, wrote that the house's name suited Martin, retired organist of St Martin's since "I owe you five farthings, Say the bells of St Martin's". The Shaws remained there until 1952 when they retired to Long Island House on the East Cliff at Southwold, where Martin died in 1958.

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# Flytippers will be hunted down...and shot?

What's your tittle: a nice bottle of St Peter's Organic or Suffolk Gold? Or maybe you prefer Berry Brothers' House Red from The Market Place Wine Shop in Halesworth. Then again your choice might be High House Fruit Farm apple juice or Paddock Australian Shiraz to go with your Greek gilt headed sea bream delivered in polystyrene boxes from Greece.

Or did you have a clear out and get rid of two cast iron hanging baskets, dead plants, broken crockery and glass, dozens of children's books and black plastic sacks of builders' waste?

But you might have decided just to dump the cardboard packaging from the recently bought children's equipment, carefully tearing off the address label to avoid it being traced back.

Did you be bother to take home the cardboard boxes used to transport bottles and jars to the recycling point and put them in your own brown bin provided by the council. No. Nor to take home the plastic carrier bags you've taken stuff in to the recycling point.

But your house is probably clean as you dumped two 5 litre containers of UBK industrial cleaning fluid and a cardboard box which once contained Dettol.

If any of this applies to you then please note, we're out to find you.

The recycling point is just that. It is not a

rubbish dump. Discarding rubbish around the bottle, paper and tin banks is flytipping. And guess what: flytipping attracts a fine of up to £5,000 even if you didn't dump it yourself. If it's yours, you are liable.

The whole area was cleaned up by the council at the end of August but within days, the rubbish was building again. By September 3 it was so bad that dozens of fish boxes, carefully flattened wine, potato, beer, and vegetable boxes and again builders' rubbish filled a local resident's large hatchback.

He took the debris to the Southwold tip, which its owners could have done.

But the tippers didn't stop. Five days later, more boxes, one for a thousand serviettes, had been dumped. A silver hatchback, part number plate EJ03, was spotted driving away. That car may be unconnected with the flytipping but remember, the site is being monitored.

Some of those serviettes may have been used to clean sticky fingers after eating a Goodfellas' margeuritta pizza, the box also dumped.

Flytipping isn't just a criminal offence. It increases everyone's council tax. In 2008 Suffolk Coastal District Council spent £600,000 on dealing with such problems.

If you are dumping waste at the recycling point, you have been warned.

Olive Forsythe

## YOUR PARISH COUNCILLORS

### Chair

David Tytler  
01502 478521

[david@dytler.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:david@dytler.freeserve.co.uk)

### Vice Chair/Chair finance sub-committee

Ro Williams

### Chair planning sub-committee

Rob Benson

### Councillors

Binny Lewis, Lucy Clapham  
Alan Mackley, Cliff Waller

### Parish Clerk

Jim Boggis. 01502 478687

## BLYTHBURGH ASSOCIATIONS

### Carpet Bowls

Beryl Stringer

### Horticultural Society

Jenny Allen 01502 478314

### Neighbourhood Watch

Rob Benson 01502 478047

### Village Hall

Henrietta Maslen 01502 478551

**Bookings 07850 140581**

## An early morning shot in the dark

Oh blissful, golden September days - the peace and quiet which wraps around you like a soft blanket when the holidaymakers have gone home.

I'm not an unfriendly soul but being pointed at and waved to by total strangers walking past the back gate, sending the dog in to hysterics - and my blood-pressure up - is more than the sweetest nature could stand for long.

Even worse are the groups who seem to feel they have a right actually to peer through the windows of The Green and The Priory - I even witnessed a couple wandering in to The Priory garden for a good old sticky-beak.

Be fun to see their reactions if we were caught staring through their double-glazing or over their privet hedges - but I have a feeling it wouldn't be long before we were being asked to explain ourselves down the local nick.

So late summer is always a joy as Blythburgh resumes its usual tranquil pace.

The birds return to the marshes - herons, little egrets, mallards, water rails, avocets and laughing ducks, shy with strangers, wing their way back and potter about the misty reeds, snacking on brown shrimps, noisily exchanging news.

Crabs settle undisturbed in to their muddy riverbed homes, nursing wounds inflicted by hundreds of screaming children, tempting them out of the water time and time again with bits of raw bacon, before chucking them in to buckets of sun-boiled water.

All is calm as Mr. C and I slumber untroubled by the yells and howls of small people we'd suffered

all summer in the surrounding holiday homes.

Until....BANG!!

I don't know if you've ever been awakened by the SAS popping round to perform a dawn raid at your place - no, neither have I, but it sure felt like it at half-past-four the other morning.

Still befuddled with sleep, being woken with a start in the early hours by the sharp sound of gunfire outside, it takes a second or two to decide you don't need to dive for cover, armed with a makeshift weapon (it would have been an electric toothbrush in my case).

Yes, of course we should have realised that the wildfowling season was upon us and it's perfectly acceptable - legal, that is - to run around with guns, terrorising every bird in the area, shattering the early morning piece for three hours.

Boys and their toys, we live in the country etc. etc.

I infinitely prefer the boys up at the bike track on a Sunday who, admittedly, can sound like a bunch of grumpy hornets when the wind is in a certain direction. But at

least they don't start playing with their toys until a civilised ten o'clock. And they have an endearing habit of not setting out to kill and maim.

I also have a soft spot for the odd twitcher (and some of them are very odd, believe me) who strolls past our back gate, complete with daft shorts and silly hat.

He knows he's only a visitor to the home of these wonderful marsh birds and, if he spots the occasional mallard on our roof, we know he's only going to point his binoculars at it.



### **BLYTHBURGH VILLAGE HALL**

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Simon Barnes of *The Times* spends an evening with Blythburgh's mothman

# A moth like Oscar, can resist anything except temptation...

Out of the dark they come, whispering into our lives in a bewildering number of forms - soft, feathery, fluttering things, flying at the lights as if their one ambition in life was death. Even those normally squeamish about insects will take pity on a moth, welcoming the fragile creature into cupped hands, feeling the soft tickle of its feet and wings, carrying it to the door to fling the beast back into the night.

Moth is not a word that narrows the field. You might hope to see 60 different species of butterfly in this country; a truly energetic twitcher will make a point of seeing at least 400 species of birds. But there are more than 2,500 species of moths in this country: an appalling number, one that makes all but the mad give up before they have begun.

David Wilson is not exactly mad. Rather, he is possessed of the singularity of nature shared by musicians, chess players and mathematicians. Wilson is a moth-man and the illustrator of *The Colour Identification Guide to Moths of the British Isles*, now in a new and revised edition, a hymn in muted tones to the impossible glories of biodiversity.

But are they so muted? True, the coffee-drinking shades of brown and cream predominate, but they are mixed with green, red, orange and sharp black and of them are nothing less than gaudy. And the size of them: Wilson showed me a drawer-full of death's head hawk moths - not so much insects as honorary birds. We were there to do some mothing. Wilson had set up three moth traps between his house in Blythburgh and the Blyth estuary: each with a mercury vapour bulb to bring them spiralling down. A moth, like Oscar, can resist anything except temptation.

They fly into the cosy confines of the trap, to rest up on the niches and crevices of the egg-boxes awaiting them, ready for examination.

It is a process that has you marvelling at three things simultaneously: at the skill and knowledge of the moth-er, at the endless forms of moths, and at their quite sensational beauty. The beauty of moths comes in two forms. The first is an aspect of their number and their variety. So many subtly differentiated variations on the theme: flame shoulder, common wainscot, reed dagger, silver-ground carpet, white ermine.

But the beauty also comes from one or two exceptional animals. The cream-spot tiger, for example, *Arctia villica*, if you prefer. At first you see a shifting triangular cape of espresso liberally splashed with cream, arresting and dramatic. I was able to stroke the wing open with a careful finger, to reveal the underwing of outrageous luminous peach, with a body of bright ginger.

After that, the pale, infinitely subtle green of the light emerald: the more you look, the more it becomes clear that every moth is beautiful. Your eye accustoms itself to the palate of the night, and even to the subtle variations that separate one near-identical moth from another..

A visit to the traps: dew on the grass, insects around my face, moths landing on various bits of me for a moment's rest in the fascinating dazzle of the light. Then back to the house, to talk wildlife and have a drink, and then out into the dark again, to see what the night had brought. A bit like unwrapping Christmas presents every hour on the hour. I felt like someone who had been let into a secret. Their colossal numbers deter all but the specialist: there are 112,000 species of moths and butterflies worldwide, compared with a mere 10,000 birds.

I spent an evening in this secret world, and it was one of those confirmation experiences: the wild world really is more beautiful and more various than we will ever understand.

*This article is reprinted by kind permission of The Times and Simon Barnes*

# **The Blythburgh Latitude Trust is now making grants**

The Blythburgh Latitude Trust has made several grants to applicants living in the parish. The grants, worth several hundred pounds, have contributed to the cost of educational and leisure equipment.

But the trust would like to do more. Does your child need a musical instrument; do you need significant work done on your garden or your home that you cannot do without help? The trust may be able to step in and provide support. It is here to benefit full-time residents who can show a need which cannot be met from other sources.

Grants will also be made to local organisations where a majority of members are full-time residents of the parish, and to support initiatives to build community life in Blythburgh. Funds are provided by the sale of tickets to the Latitude Festival, thanks to the organisers.

Normally, grants will not exceed £200. But exceptional circumstances could result in a higher award. Applications for children under 16 should be endorsed by parents or carers. Only one payment a year will be made to any applicant but, successful or not, all can re-apply the following year.

**All applications are treated in absolute confidence**

**Applications should be sent to the honorary administrator, Jim Boggis, Marsh End, Church Road, (478 687) He will offer advice on how best to complete the application forms.**

## PARISH COUNCIL NEWS

## Council says landfill site is unacceptable

The September meeting of Blythburgh Parish Council decided that the use of Thorington gravel pit as a landfill site for non-hazardous waste was unacceptable as the site is an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty and close to a number of sensitive wildlife sites.

The County Council's consultation document says that it is likely that an Environmental Assessment would be required in support of any planning application. Blythburgh Parish Council considers this essential. A number of issues have already arisen as a result of public consultation: one is the importance of the aquifer linked to Westwood Marsh in Walberswick National Nature Reserve, a site protected under national and international designations.

**Toby's Walks:** Following councillors' concerns that the walks, particularly the public lavatories, were being misused, the County Countryside officer said the council and the police were aware of the difficulties. A new ranger, with additional powers, has been employed to look after the site. Offenders can be reported to the police.

**Planning:** The council raised no objection to internal alterations at 23, Blyth View, Bulcamp, or to a 50 metre guyed mast to measure wind speed and

direction at Thorington Gravel Pit to test whether or not the site was suitable for wind turbines. A separate application would, of course, have to be made if a wind farm was planned.

The council has asked that planning permission for work at the Red House farm units, Hazel Lane, be deferred as other applications were in the pipe-line.

Permission has been granted for a one and half storey dwelling with detached garage at Lane End, Dunwich Road. Listed building consent has been refused for two new windows in a rear elevation at 38, Blyth View, Bulcamp.

**Playsite:** The cost of refurbishing the site is likely to be between £10,000 and £15,000 and the clerk is to look for possible sources of grants. There has been further vandalism of some of the equipment and the recently installed new gate has been removed.

**New Bus Shelter:** It has now been confirmed that the current bus stop is outside the extent of the clearway and the request for a new shelter has now been forwarded to the Quality of Life Locality Board for funding.

**Finance:** The council currently holds a total of £8,966.69 in its two accounts.

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## Seeking ways to bridge budget gap

The District Council is reviewing its services and priorities as it seeks to bridge an estimated £1 million a year budget gap in the next three years. The views of community leaders and residents are being sought on what services are less important than they used to be and where savings can be made through a survey in *Coastline* and on Suffolk Coastal's website. Town and parish councils are also being consulted.

The council is considering if more services can be provided more efficiently in partnership with other councils or organisations, as well as which services can be reduced or even discontinued.

A survey of councillors showed they thought the most important services were planning, coast and estuary management, waste and recycling, and environmental protection, while among those ranked lowest were cemeteries, the dog warden service, pest control, theatre management, and abandoned vehicles.

Among the proposed changes to priorities were commitments to supporting economic development and recovery, the achievement of a balanced supply of appropriate housing to meet

identified needs, and continued emphasis on preventing people becoming homeless.

**Last chance on coastal defences** Residents have till the end of the month to have their say on the Shore Management Plan for the coast from Felixstowe to Lowestoft for the next 100 years.

The options are:

- hold the line;
- build new defences in front of existing ones;
- manage shoreline retreat;
- no active intervention.

At its September meeting the Parish Council approved the key principles of the plan. In its response, the council said that as the defence of the A12 has been identified as being essential, the impact on the upstream area of any work to defend the A12 must be considered.

The council concluded: "The Shoreline Strategy Document stresses the importance of the relationship between flows within the estuary and the defence of the shoreline and there is therefore conflict between the Environment Agency's policy to stop defending the estuary from flooding and the need to defend the shoreline. It is of paramount importance that an integrated approach to estuary and shoreline defence is taken."

The plan can be seen at local council offices, public libraries, and online at [www.suffolksmp2.org.uk/policy](http://www.suffolksmp2.org.uk/policy)

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# Join the campaign to shop local in Blythburgh, Bulcamp and Hinton

Blythburgh Parish Council, in partnership with onesuffolk, Suffolk County Council's community website, is piloting a new service called Shop Local. The idea is to create a list on the parish council website of all businesses within the parish of Blythburgh, Bulcamp and Hinton so that people who live in the village can find local goods and services rather than going elsewhere for them. This should help

boost the local economy as well as protecting the environment by cutting down on travel. If you run a business in Blythburgh, Bulcamp or Hinton and would like to be included on the database, please fill in the form below and send it directly to the company that is entering the information on our behalf: Suffolkbiz, Brundish Training Centre, Framlingham Road, Brundish, Woodbridge IP13 8BB

<b>Business Name</b>	
<b>Short Description</b>	
<b>Longer Description</b>	
<b>Website address</b>	
<b>E-mail address</b>	
<b>Telephone Number</b>	
<b>Fax Number</b>	
<b>Business Hours</b>	
<b>Address</b>	
<b>Post Code</b>	

If you would like an electronic copy of the form so that you can e-mail it please contact [elmswellshoplocal@suffolkbiz.co.uk](mailto:elmswellshoplocal@suffolkbiz.co.uk) and quote Blythburgh Shoplocal

**Come to the next meeting of the Parish Council on Monday November 9 at 7.45pm in the Village Hall**

***Everybody is welcome and you are invited to raise your own concerns and questions at the Open Forum from 7.30pm***

## Notes from Daisy Bank XXXVI

A week before he died, Dick Allen and I were sitting in his garden on a lovely summer day. The conversation ranged far and wide and included obscure places overseas that we had happened to visit and curiosity as to whether we'd been there at the same time or not. He talked quite openly about his predicament and was amazed that he had lasted into July, having been convinced that he would have left by April. Although I am philosophical about my own demise, I wonder when the time comes whether I can be as brave.

Being interested in tennis, one consolation is that he saw or heard Andy Murray win the two rounds before his semi with Andy Roddick and wasn't around when the latter took place. So he went to the Elysian Fields slightly confident that we would at last have a British Wimbledon Champion. Dick is buried near the southern wall of the church, near the roof he was so involved in making sure would be around for another couple of hundred years. He loved that church and he deserves that position so he can continue to keep an eye on it.

The sadness continues. The last of our Siamese, Murphy, has died. We had for some time known that things weren't good but as with everything it happened quite suddenly that morning and I knew in my heart that the time had come. Thank God our dear friend James, from Fromus Vets of Saxmundham, was on duty and able to come and do it quickly with Murphy on my lap and purring as I stroked him.

Within weeks of my partner coming to live here, Maurice and Murphy joined her, so she has never

known life without a Siamese in residence; it is particularly hard for her. It is a fact that Murphy lived a charmed life and it's a miracle he survived as long as he did. Within a few days of being let out after several months acclimatisation, Lilly our good neighbour, was phoning to say he was on her bird feeder helping himself to what was on offer.

From that time on it was a continual 'Where's Murphy'. Sometimes several days would go by with no sign of him. Endless nights walking around our side of the village calling, 'Murphy, Murphy'; my fellow villagers must have got sick of it. On one occasion I even found a nest in an old shed where he would overnight before a day's rabbit hunting. So much more convenient for him to be on the spot! Ken Hubbard, who lived on the other side of the church, would often phone to reassure us that Murphy was sleeping in the duck shed along with the rest of his chickens and ducks.

Eventually somebody told us that he had been seen crossing the A12 and at the time we even asked friends in Devon if they would take him, so convinced were we that he was living on borrowed time.

But in the end we just couldn't bear to part with him. I showed him the way under the bridge and from that time all was well. Joyce London who lived by the pub, phoned me once to say that he'd taken one of his brothers under the bridge with him. Life is going to be hard from now on as a huge light has gone out of our lives; Murphy was and always will be, irreplaceable.

**Paul Bennett**

## Record summer for Southwold lifeboat

A record £6,000 was raised for the Southwold and Dunwich Branch RNLI this summer through a highly successful book fair and a better-than-ever Lifeboat Week. The branch also received a donation of £1,035 from the Latitude music and arts festival held in the summer.

The Book Fair raised more than £2,250 and attracted 600-plus visitors. Many of the books were donated by Blythburgh residents. Lifeboat Week in August raised more than £3,663, compared with

£2,350 in 2008. Street collections in Southwold and the villages, including a very successful collection in Blythburgh, raised £4,358, compared with £3,986 last year. Other events: Southwold lighthouse tours, a balloon race, sponsored by Foxtail Lily, and a sandcastle competition, sponsored by Suzie's Beach Café, raised £785, more than twice as much as last year. Visitors to the town on Flag Day weekend also spent more than £1,500 on lifeboat souvenirs.

**Please send copy for the December/January issue of the Blythburgh Parish News to David Tytler, [david@dytler.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:david@dytler.freeserve.co.uk) by December 11, 2009**