

BLYTHBURGH PARISH NEWS



Issue 61

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November/December 2011

Book your free panto seats now

Oh yes we are...going to the Pantomime at the Theatre Royal Norwich, thanks to the Blythburgh Latitude Trust.

Following the success of last year's trip to Pleasurewood Hills, the Trustees thought it would be good to try something different this year. So seats have been booked for *Sleeping Beauty* at the Theatre Royal Norwich on Saturday 7 January at 2.30pm. The coach will pick up at the bus stop on the northbound A12 at 12.40pm, and return to Blythburgh around 6.30pm.

This trip is open to all residents of Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton, but places are limited so book early. Deadline for applications is Tuesday 20 December. Tickets will be distributed on a first-come-first-served basis and any remaining will be available to close relatives of Blythburgh residents on the same basis.

Please apply in writing to Jenny Allen (Wolsey House, Chapel Road) or by e-mail to (jennyanddick@aol.com) with your name and address; the number of places requested; and a contact telephone number. Please say if any children are aged under 3 and would be sharing a seat with an adult. Please assume that you have got places if Jenny does not contact you.

The Blythburgh Latitude Trust is also looking for *The Big Idea*, a project that will have a major impact on the parish and its residents. Individuals and groups are invited to send their ideas to the honorary administrator Jim Boggis, Marsh End, Church Road, (478687).

It would be helpful if the suggestion could include a brief description of what is intended, who it would benefit, an estimate of the cost, and who would be responsible for seeing it through.

No increase in Parish Council precept

The Parish Council decided at its November meeting that there should be no rise in the precept for 2012-2013. Costs for the year are estimated to be £7,860, including administration, insurance, a contribution to village hall maintenance, subscriptions and donations, including £100 to Blythburgh First Responders. The precept will remain at £6,180 with an estimated end of year balance of £8,827.

Shop: Adnams still seeking tenants

Plans for new tenants to take over Blythburgh Village Shop fell through at the last moment and no replacements have yet been found. The shop remains shut. Adnams, the owner, says that it is doing its utmost to find new tenants and will offer them as much help and support as possible.

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Welcome to Christmas in Blythburgh

Even more is going on than usual at Holy Trinity this Christmas. Blythburgh Horticultural Society will be presenting a Christmas Tree Festival in the church over the weekend of 16-18 December (see Page 7).

During the Christmas Tree Festival, the Blythburgh Singers will lead a service of lessons and carols on Saturday 18 December at 4pm, and as has become the custom this service will be by candlelight, augmented this year by the Christmas tree lights.

On Wednesday 21 December members of the church will be singing carols around the village. Anybody who would like to join them should meet at 5.45pm at Wolsey House, Chapel Road. The carollers will sing for about an hour and there will be refreshments afterwards. Please let Jenny Allen know if you will be coming or if you would like a visit by calling her on 01502 478314.

Christmas really gets underway on Christmas Eve. Children (and their families) are welcome in the church for the crib service at 4.00pm, for the crib installation, carol singing and to hear the Christmas

Story. The Midnight Service will start at 11.30pm and on Christmas morning the family service with communion takes place at 11am. The season is completed with Choral Evensong for the Epiphany on Sunday 8 January at 6pm (note change of date), led of course by the Blythburgh Singers. There will be something for everyone however you like to celebrate this very special season.

The Blythburgh Christmas Tea. Thanks to the Latitude Trust and a team of willing helpers, the best Christmas tea in Suffolk will take place this year on Monday 19 December in the Village Hall, from 3.30 to 6pm. Expect sumptuous food, lively chat, and, just possibly, a very special visitor. Put the date in your diary now.

Susan's Indoor Christmas Market. The market in The Priory Chapel will be open on Saturday December 3 from 4pm and on Sunday 4 from 10am. A Make an Angel competition will be judged on Sunday at 2.30pm. For full details, please see Page 6.

Where to see a not-to-be-missed film

The ever-popular Flicks in the Sticks comes back to Blythburgh Village Hall on Friday 25 November with the Oscar winning *The King's Speech* starring Colin Firth, Helena Bonham Carter as King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and Geoffrey Rush as the speech therapist Lionel Logue..

The film is the private story of a public man, King George VI (known in his family circle as Bertie), the woman who loved him and became his queen, and the innovative Australian speech therapist Lionel Logue, who helped him control and come to terms with the stammer that had tortured him since childhood. It is a not-to-be-missed film and seats, priced at £5 each, are limited so please book now by ringing Ro Williams on 01502 478484.

NEWS ROUNDUP

Speedwatch slows village traffic

Blythburgh Speedwatch volunteers completed 10 hours monitoring in October. The time was limited as the speed gun was recalibrated and away from the village for two weeks.

Three vehicle registrations numbers were passed to the Police for exceeding the 30mph limit. The highest speed recorded was 42mph on Dunwich Road.

Planning. The council had no objection to a planning application for the erection of a single storey and a one and half storey extension at Cherry Tree, Church Road, but did make some suggestions on how the building should be finished. It also recommended that cars should

not back out into Church Road. Suffolk Coastal District Council has approved an extension to the Mill End garden and for a garden shed in The Bird House.

In granting permission for more cabins at High Lodge, Suffolk Coastal has taken the Parish Council recommendations on the siting of the cabins and environmental restrictions.

Rosamund and John Blyth would like to thank all those who attended and contributed to the coffee morning held in their garden in aid of Macmillan Cancer support in October. A great success, it raised £240. The sun shone and the day was one of the hottest of the year.



Blythburgh Suffolk

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April 6 Greek May 4 Australian

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WEDNESDAY IS CURRY NIGHT

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Holiday openings: Boxing Day, 12pm to 4pm. New Year's Eve, normal hours.

Christmas Day, New Year's Day, closed.

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BLYTHBURGH CHARACTERS

Lady Elizabeth Mallaby (1911-2001)

This year is the centenary of the birth of Elizabeth Mallaby, remembered in Blythburgh as an active churchgoer, enthusiastic painter, the creator of a garden at Mill End, and founding member of the Horticultural Society.

Her peaceful twenty-two years in the village came after a life full of incident, excitement and danger. In the safe haven of Blythburgh she could have been excused if she had never wanted to see another ship or another island again.

She was born Elizabeth Greenwood Brooke in Mexico as bullets flew during a revolution. Her banker father volunteered for war service and in 1916 the family sailed for France. Their ship was torpedoed and they reached the Spanish coast in a lifeboat. After continuing to Biarritz, her father died suddenly and the family was stranded in France for the rest of the war.

Then it was school in England, and, in 1932, a journey to Tanganyika to support her pregnant sister. On the ship she met James Locker, a colonial officer serving in Nyasaland. They married in 1934 and went on to have three children.

In 1939, Locker was appointed Assistant to the Lieutenant Governor of Malta. The family was there for the start of air-raids in June 1940. Continuous bombardment meant a complete blackout, little food or drink, and immediate danger, and some of the best parties Elizabeth

had ever known. Non-essential personnel had to leave in 1941. One dark night they departed on a small merchant ship. Knowing some French and Spanish, Elizabeth was pressed into service in the wireless room to listen to messages from enemy pilots. Their ship survived attacks by Italian planes and arrived in Gibraltar, followed by a voyage down the African coast, dodging enemy submarines, to safety in South Africa.

James Locker returned to Malta but the family was reunited when he was appointed Government Secretary in St Helena, another island but a much quieter one. Then to the Gold Coast and after that to India in 1947. Locker died in Madras in 1951 when only 46 years old.

In 1955 Elizabeth married again. Her second husband was George Mallaby (1902-1978), headmaster, wartime civil servant and staff officer. A senior public servant after the war, he served as High Commissioner in New Zealand from 1957 to 1959 and was knighted in 1958.

The range of his interests is exemplified by his editorship of editions of Wordsworth's poems, and his stint as secretary of the National Trust in 1946.

On his retirement in 1964 they moved to Chevington in west Suffolk. After Sir George died in 1978, Lady Mallaby came to Blythburgh where she died in January 2001, in her ninetieth year.

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

Please come to the next meeting of Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton Parish Council on Monday January 9 at 7.30pm. Have your say at the Open Forum at 7.15. All welcome.

MRS CLAPHAM INVESTIGATES

An undercover Christmas

Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat...and my great friend Susan (she of The Priory and Susie's Café) starts to behave in a very strange way. Yes, even stranger than usual, which is saying something for a girl who's already as wonderfully mad as a box of frogs.

Around the beginning of October, her Bavarian head starts to fill with images of Christmas markets – and there is just no stopping her.

Crab apples, holly berries, rose hips - anything fat, bright and shiny is targeted - and great swathes of greenery, pine cones and dried flowers are swept up in her wake. As these are frequently adorning a village square or someone's front garden, I feel obliged to hold her back.

But her enthusiasm is impossible to resist. Although we have tried.

"No more Christmas market," was the cry last year, as we manfully manned, sorry, womanfully womanned our stalls in sub-zero temperatures, Rudolf-red noses glistening with frost.

And Sus's usually delightful bash, held at her café on Southwold Christmas lights night, was a tad chilly. I can't say that a seafront café in temperatures of minus 6 and Siberian winds (cold enough to ice over the gas bottles and make it impossible to barbecue a burger) was the cosiest spot for a knees-up last year, despite the warmth of the welcome.

So the café doors are staying firmly closed this year. Instead - oh joy - Susie's Bavarian Christmas Market will be indoors. Even better, she and Nick are opening the Chapel at The Priory which has a huge fireplace and a roof. Bliss.

Magdalen Chapel, more than 600 years old, and the grand and oldest lady of The Priory, should

make a magical setting for the Christmas market, even if the lure of flashing Santa's (don't be rude) proves too much fun to resist.

And anyone who came to the brilliant *Celebrating Blythburgh* days in The Priory garden over the last two summers will know that Nick and Susan don't hold back when it comes to a red-hot welcome.

A sizzling barbecue and warming mulled wine or

hot chocolate will kick-off some candlelit carol singing. Craft stalls with home-made goodies, wreaths and decorations, beautiful beeswax candles, German biscuits, jewellery and stocking-fillers will fill the Chapel.

The Make an Angel competition is open to small people - so get creating, kids. Your Angel can be baked, sewn, painted, made out of pipe

cleaners, tin foil, loo-rolls – anything. Decorated with sequins, button, sweets...use your imagination but make sure they all have wings so they can fly to Blythburgh Church after the judging .

As for all those crab apples etc. that Sus-the-magpie has been hoarding, you'll find most of them in her glorious jams, jellies, chutneys and olive oils and her little Christmas hampers. Anything I'm allowed to have goes in to my arty-farty (something I'm often labelled with for some reason) decorations - the holly, I mean, not the chutney.

So, let me be the first to wish everyone a Happy Christmas – now, now, no need to be like that – and let's enjoy Blythburgh's very own *indoor* Christmas market.

Who cares if the weather outside is frightful...let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.



BLYTHBURGH HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY PRESENTS



CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH BLYTHBURGH

FRIDAY 16 DECEMBER 4pm - 8pm

SATURDAY 17 DECEMBER 9am - 6pm

(Service of Lessons and Carols at 4pm)

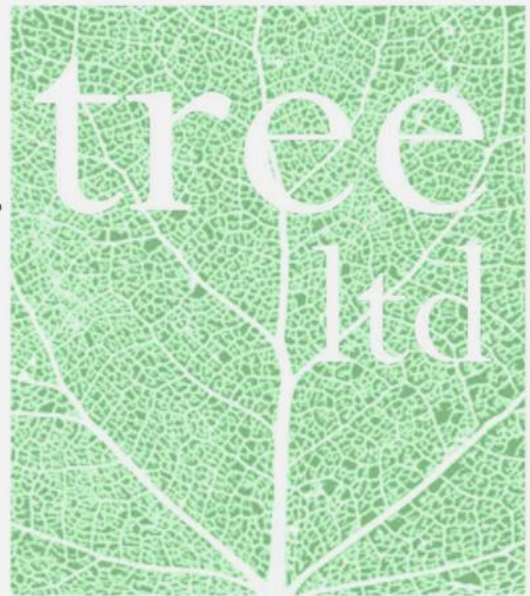
SUNDAY 18 DECEMBER 10.30am - 6pm

Mince pies and tea/coffee will be served

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VISIONS

Introducing Giovanni da Borgo Felice

I had an intriguing vision in 1966 when the Royal Aeronautical Society achieved its centenary. There was much celebration and historic journals described the achievements of the past but in industry we hardly knew what we might be doing next year. This to me showed a lack of vision so I proposed to the publications committee (of which I was a member) that we commission 24 papers from society fellows looking ahead 100 years.

These were called the second century papers and led to a book, *The Future of Aeronautics*. It all went smoothly: authors seemed inspired by the challenge, though some spoke of the impossibility of looking that far ahead, they had a go anyway. There was one hiccup. In my introductory chapter, I had a section entitled *Unbelievable Advances* and summarised some of the more way-out ideas, such as anti-gravity and the fifth dimension. I had a row with my boss, who said it would ruin my reputation – so it could in 1970.

After a lecture to the RAeS in 1997, I was invited to investigate and report on the effect on aircraft design of the availability of an anti-gravity drive. “Yes,” I replied, “I would love to tackle such a challenge, but tell me, what is the drive?” “We don’t know,” was the reply. However, one is very lucky to have such a challenge: it increases the momentum of creativity far more than I could generate alone. I reviewed all the patents, proposals, scientific(?) reports and articles. There must have been more than 1000.

There was no consensus but what was very clear was that nobody seemed to have any idea what forces were needed to push large and fast aircraft around the skies over long distances. Fortunately I had wrestled with that problem for many decades. This was not the time to give up but to come up with some really new ideas.

I resorted to a “what-if study”, what could happen is so-and-so could be achieved. I “invented” some new engines that derived energy from the vacuum of space and created forces by manipulating the internal balance of matter. I designed four sizes of propulsive engine; redefined their mass, directions and

stabilisation of the forces and worked out the equivalents of miles per gallon.

Some startling results followed. One could “fly” sub-orbitally to Australia in just over an hour, to the moon in ten and Mars in less than a month. If that wasn’t enough, other versions could propel ships, trains, road vehicles and power stations, all without creating carbon dioxide.

I should add that space flights only need forces leading to an acceleration of one quarter of gravity, like accelerating in a Top Gear sports car as the traffic lights go green. I created preliminary designs seeking big advantages. I called the process mass-dynamic flight and interesting devices appeared such as the antipodal megaliner (1,500 passengers), mooncraft, marscraft, spacetourcraft and the quadriphibian.

I know that my physics so far is guesswork. Similarly Leonardo’s flapping wing man-powered device was the wrong technology, but also, like him, it could create a belief that one day new physics could provide the world with dramatic improvements to all its transport systems.

How likely is this giant vision? Well, Einstein introduced $E=Mc^2$ as that energy equivalent of mass, and mass dynamics only requires a very small fraction of this d . Feinmann spoke of balanced forces of extreme magnitude with the atom. Quantum theory allows zero point energy and absolute zero and Casimir measured the forces associated with this in 1948.

The result of my BAe study was to define two new ways of imparting motion to transport vehicles. It could apply to nearly all categories and my assumed values seemed about right. There is a sporting chance that no carbon dioxide would result and that all global transport could operate on surprisingly small amount of “fuel”. Referring back to the Harrier, my proposal ranks as project directed research in which the project happens to be all global transport.

For these reasons it looks as if my vision qualifies me to imitate those of Leonardo.

Giovanni da Borgo Felice is a pseudonym of John Allen

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***CITY AND GUILDS QUALIFIED**

Reg Watling May 1, 1920 – October 14, 2011

Reg Watling, Reg the Veg, was more or less Mr Blythburgh, having moved to the village from Hinton when he was eight. He went to school in Wenhaston and Blythburgh, while his mother worked at Glemham Hall.

Leaving school at 14, Reg went to work for an engineering company in Wrentham. As a young man, he went regularly to the weekly dances in Blythburgh Village Hall. I can see him strutting his stuff - with a twinkle in his eye.

Called up at the start of the Second World War, he joined the RAF as a ground engineer and spent most of that time in a tent in the North African desert, repairing a variety of aircraft as they returned from bombing raids.

It was here that he learnt the skills of metal work and carpentry, necessary to keep the aircraft in the air. Some years later he used his metalwork skills to fashion a metal peace rose, immaculate in every detail. Why did he do it? "Just to see if I could". The work took him two years. Once completed, the rose was thrown into his waste metal bin, where it stayed before being spotted by a visitor. It now has pride of place on the wall of a house in the village.

Whilst they never met during the war, Reg became very friendly with Group Captain Ken Hubbard, a distinguished RAF pilot, who retired to The Priory. They met for coffee once a week and frequently for a drink in the White Hart. One of Reg's favourite topics of conversation, not entirely seriously, was how the ground engineers were more valuable than the pilots. Engineers kept the planes in the air. Pilots damaged them.

When peace was declared, Reg made his own way back to Suffolk and the engineering job in Wenhaston, before moving to Lowestoft, where he was service manager of two garages and a company director.

In the early 1950s, he moved into a caravan at the back of his sister Connie's bungalow in the Dunwich Road. Reg was devoted to her and looked after her with great care and concern after her husband died. After Connie's death, Reg came to rely on the support of friends and I know that he was grateful to them.

On retirement, Reg carried out car repairs for friends and acquaintances in the workshop he had built in his garden. Garden? It is actually a large field accommodating a one hole golf course and a huge allotment.

In the last 25 or so years, Reg cultivated that land so it produced enough veg, from artichokes and beetroots, to potatoes and sweet corn, to feed half of Blythburgh on a weekly basis, something he did free-of-charge accepting the odd bottle of Famous Grouse as an occasional thank you. He was horrified at the suggestion that he might sell the veg.

As if this was not enough, he also worked as relief manager in a pub in Ipswich, the White Hart and the Bell at Walberswick. Reg could sometimes appear rather abrupt, but behind that no-nonsense exterior, he had a very kind heart. He would frequently walk single ladies from the pub to their front door, although they would often end up walking him back to his. After one party in the village, his hostess walked him home and had great difficulty in persuading him not to walk her back.

Reg had a long life. He put this down to good company, his garden and the occasional – very occasional – glass of Famous Grouse.

Not a great man for books – his reading was the *Daily Mirror* – his natural curiosity and good memory enabled him to amass a great deal of knowledge on many things. That insatiable curiosity led him, amongst other things, to run his own weather station for his own benefit. He did, however, love sharing the findings with anybody who showed the slightest interest, being able to show rain falls week-by-week over a number of years.

He was a great optimist, demonstrated when we went racing at Great Yarmouth. He opted for the longest odds, getting a great deal of pleasure on explaining how he was going to win several hundred pounds for a £2 bet. The fact that he never did, was of no concern.

Reg was also a very private man. He would be greatly embarrassed by all that has been said, and will be said, about him.

David Tytler

Notes from Daisy Bank XLVIII

Many of you will remember Ray St Clare Brown, Blythburgh Villager of the Year, who has now moved to Southwold. Ray was a part of The Blythburgh Group, several professional artists working and living in the village formed in 1996 and now sadly no longer.

For several years Ray and I have had fortnightly meetings, now alternately in Southwold and Blythburgh, where we discuss all that's wrong in the art world and what fabulous painters we both are to cope with it. A sort of mutual admiration society which is attended by *Mr Gordon* and *Mr Schweppes* who provide the liquid refreshment in order to oil our informed tongues.

The *Tracy Emins* and *Damien Hursts* of this modern world represent all that is alien to us whereas *Mr Turner* and *Mr Vermeer* are spoken of in hushed and very reverential terms. We share a love of the *Daily Telegraph*, although not its politics, and our conversation ranges from the many misdemeanours of my lurid past and the 'bohemian artist in Chelsea' life that Ray and Joan lived in the second half of the last century.

Mixing with such luminaries as *Francis Bacon* and *Lucien Freud*, Ray has many a tale to tell. By the time the bottle reaches half way to empty, it is time to return to our lairs/studios and look forward to the next session. Very enjoyable and long may it continue.

All last winter we got into the habit of feeding a feral cat outside in the garden. Over the summer we have been determined to get closer to it so that come the winter, it will hopefully take up residence in Fern Cottage. The thought of it spending another winter in some ghastly upturned dustbin or broken down shed is just too much for us cat lovers.

Although there is, as usual, a certain amount of animosity from Molly and Alice in case of any possible invasion, so far no blood has been drawn and apart from some fairly healthy 'hand bagging', we are sure that all will be well. Named Pansy it's a question of when, and no longer if.

Today, talking to Lucy down the lane and inspecting her six cats in situ, it turns out that Pansy is actually Delilah and is still mothering one of her kittens. She is obviously on a good wheeze, popping up for some extras as and when she desires. Although now feeding in our kitchen on the way to becoming a full member of the household, she obviously had no intention of ever doing so.

Why suffer unpleasantness up here with two rivals when all her familiars and comfort is awaiting her down the lane. I continue to be amazed by the resourcefulness of cats and their adaptation to any circumstance.

Daisy Bank is beginning to batten down for winter. The holiday cottage season is coming to an end and apart from the odd party of rambblers on their way to Wenhasston via the marsh path, the lane is starting to get very quiet. But there's always the ghosts still bustling up and down.

The Yarmouth Coach rattling by with Mr Dickens on his way to Blundeston, the odd troop of Norman soldiers on their way to give Hereward the Wake something to think about or a part legion of Roman Soldiers on their way to relieve the garrison at Burgh Castle. And just maybe, Mr J M W Turner on his way to Southwold to do a spot of painting. If I see him I'll invite him for a cup of tea and a chat. Perhaps he'll give me a few tips. God knows I need them.

Paul Bennett

First responders handle 24 emergencies

Blyth Valley First Responders, which covers Blythburgh, Walberswick and Wenhasston, have had 24 call-outs since January of this year, where responders drove to an address provided by the ambulance service. The two responders living in Blythburgh covered 55% of the calls. The group is in desperate need of new recruits and a recruitment campaign is to be launched shortly. In the meantime, anybody who can help in any way should contact the co-ordinator Ursula Mackley on 478438. You could help save a life. Full training and equipment is provided. The First Responders are supported by the Blythburgh Latitude Trust and Blythburgh Parish Council.