

# Dersingham Village Voice

Issue 46

June 2007

## IT'S THE END OF AN ERA!

Honorary Alderman George Pratt, who has lived in the village since 1953 and has been a Member of Norfolk County Council (16 years), Docking Rural District Council (15 years) and West Norfolk Council (12 years) has decided to withdraw from the local political scene, having not put himself up for election to Dersingham Parish Council this year, after some 45 years of service to the local community. George, a former Chairman of the Parish Council, will be sorely missed by his colleagues as his knowledge of the local area and of local government procedure and protocol have always been a major asset to them. We of the Village voice wish him well in his well-deserved retirement.



### **AND LET US NOT FORGET TO THANK THOSE OTHERS WHO HAVE DECIDED NOT TO REMAIN ON THE PARISH COUNCIL...**

for the efforts of former Councillors Sue Payne, Colin Smith and Andrew Seal must not be overlooked as each has played a major part in the management of the village over the past two to four years - good luck to each of them in whatever they aspire to do in the future.

### **AND WHERE DO THE REMAINING NINE MEMBERS GO FROM HERE?**

## Parish Council Report

The full Council meeting held on 26 March considered the findings of a meeting held on 22 March between the Council, Mr N Kelk and Rev M Brock. The Church Hall was considered to be the best choice for a Village Hall but it may in the long term be better to build a new hall on the site. Since the elections are imminent it was felt it was inappropriate to proceed further with the project other than to begin preliminary work on the lease.

A meeting was held on 3 March to consider remedial work to the War Memorial. Those present agreed that the top of the War Memorial needed re-pointing and the upper stepped area needed the moss to be removed and re-pointed. The lions needed to be cleaned and then coated with a water repellent, this would be done in the summer. The bottom steps needed to have the moss removed and be re-pointed as necessary. More quotes are being sought for this work.

In response to a request from a parishioner, slabs have been laid in front of the Parish Notice Board opposite Budgens.

There is now a suggestions box in the Library for the use of parishioners.

The meeting of the Parish Council held on 30 April was the final one for several Councillors who had chosen not to stand for the new Council. The Chairman thanked Sue Payne (the out-going Vice Chair of the Council), George Pratt, Andrew Seal and Colin Smith for their work.

During the public question session prior to the commencement of the formal meeting, a Parishioner reported that the Dersingham Institute Bowls Club had been told by its landlord - the Sandringham Estate - that its annual rent was to be increased from £100 to £800. The 60-member Club found this to be extremely onerous and, despite an offer from the Estate of a grant of £400 towards the cost, was fearful for its future.

Councillors expressed concern about the situation and promised to examine possible options to assist should the situation remain unchanged.

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## End of an Era for Dersingham Playgroup

Sadly, on Friday 30 March, Dersingham Playgroup closed its doors for the last time. The last four children (Owen White, Mason Hare, Sam Adams and Ryan Barnham) were all presented with specially designed mugs to mark the end of the Playgroup. They had a little tea party and the Mums had a glass of wine and some cake. It was a very sad day to see the group reduced to only four, when, over the last 25 years, the group numbers have been 18 to 24 children per session.

On Saturday 31 March the group had a sale of all equipment and the staff decided to donate the £600 raised to charity. I would like to thank Mrs Linda Scott and Mrs Debbie Nicholl for all their help. The last few days at the Playgroup had been very hard for myself and without their help I could not have managed.

I cannot finish this article without also thanking all the people that worked at the group and helped out over the last 25 years. The list of names is too long and I would hate to miss anyone out, but you all know who you are. These people have all made the Playgroup such a great success since it started in 1982.

*Mrs Lynn Reeve – Supervisor for 21 years*



## Editor's Notes



Just when you thought it couldn't be bigger, it is! This issue has 80 pages to keep you occupied, (thanks to approval from the Communications Committee), and what about the content? If you can't find something to interest you I will be very surprised!

The elections have passed us by and, along with our long standing Member, Paul Burall, we now have one new representative at the Borough Council in the form of Roy Johnston, at the same time having seen a further reduction in the number of Members of the Parish Council, these now being down to nine of the possible eighteen. What about it? Could you spare the time to give something to the community by putting your name forward for co-option? If so, then Sarah, the Parish Clerk, would be only too pleased to hear from you.

I have, in the past, attempted to encourage the young people of the village to contribute to the magazine, as their views do matter, and it is only by allowing them to have their say that 'the powers that be' may understand what is required in order to ensure that the facilities within the village are to their liking, and are not provided by adults who think that that is 'what is good for them'! Once again, I would ask any young person to write to me in order that we can publish how you feel about the facilities in the village, what is right with them, what is wrong, and just as importantly, what else could be provided that 'the old duffers' who make decisions may not be aware of. At the same time, perhaps our two local schools could think of creating some form of 'think-tank group' of pupils who could submit a combined effort of thought!

Before closing, it was drawn to my attention that the last issue of Village Voice wasn't received by many of you, and, if this occurs again, please let the staff in the Parish office know so that they can discover what the problem is. Every house in the village should be getting a copy of the magazine unless the occupants have made a request that the free paper - 'The Citizen' - is not sent to that address.

*Best wishes to you all, Bob Tipling*



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## Local Election Results

The results of the May 3rd Election of Borough Councillors for the Dersingham Ward has been announced as;

BURALL, Paul Richard	Liberal Democrat	942 votes (Elected)
JOHNSTON, Roy Douglas	Conservatives	855 votes (elected)
LAPPING, Mark Edward	Conservatives	619 votes
SERGEANT, Gillian Sarah	Liberal Democrat	733 votes

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No election was held for Parish Councillors for Dersingham, so the following Members were announced as elected unopposed;

BRACKSTONE Ronald Alfred	15 Windsor Drive, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6JL
BRUNDLE Valerie	The White House, Hunstanton Road, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6HQ
BUBB, Tony	7 Centre Vale, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6JR
BURALL Paul Richard	3 Sugar Lane, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6HX
HOUSTON John Gilmour	44 Hunstanton Road, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6HQ
MANSHIP Keith John	48 Doddshill Road, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6LP
MURRELL Dick	16 Viceroy Close, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6YR
RICHES Jean May	67 Doddshill Road, Dersingham King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6LP
SERGEANT Gill	5 Jubilee Drive, Dersingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk PE31 6YA

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As the full complement of Members of the Parish Council should be eighteen and only nine Members are now in post, it will be necessary for a co-option process to take place in order to fill the nine vacant positions. Should you feel that you would like to take an active part in the management of the village the first step is to contact Mrs Sarah Bristow the Parish Clerk who will inform you of the method of application, Sarah can be contacted at;

The Dersingham Parish Council Office  
The Police Station, Manor Road, Dersingham, Norfolk PE31 6LH  
Tel: 01485 541465 E-mail: Dersingham@wncb.net

## Letters to the Editor

**Helen Buckenham of Dersingham writes;** Well, we are ready to do our (M.E.) publicity now on our 3 items from the hit West End Show, The Phantom of the Opera. As exciting, we feel, is the news that the actor Michael Xavier (who plays the part of Raoul in The Phantom) has accepted our invitation to be our newest Patron alongside actress, Samantha Bond, Lord David Puttnam and Lady Elizabeth Anson. He has expressed an interest in meeting us so we are trying to arrange a mutually agreeable date in the near future. (I thought the man to be quite sane originally but the poor thing must be barking!-He has NO idea what he is letting himself in for). Liz and I (jointly) and Mum (singley) have just undertaken to do this year's Grand Challenge to raise £1,000. It will be very difficult this time around for we have so little in the way of celebrity lots to auction but we keep plodding away sending off letters and, every now and again, a gem (like Michael) comes our way. What we wouldn't give for Sir Elton John's contacts though!

**Bridget Box of Dersingham writes;** My two dogs and I are volunteers at Tapping House Hospice in Snettisham. They are both PAT (Pets As Therapy) dogs. Lara is an eight year old Spaniel cross and is a 'professional' with five years experience of visiting. Islay on the other hand is a Black Labrador, six years younger and is a scatty probationer, just starting her PAT career. We all enjoy visiting the Hospice and give a lot of pleasure to the patients, staff and other volunteers. We are also very much involved in fundraising for the Hospice. Tapping House is the only Hospice serving West Norfolk and the Fens and receives only 15% of its funding from the NHS relying for the remaining 85% on donations and voluntary contributions. To help raise funds for the Hospice we are planning a fantastic day out for all dog lovers – **The Norfolk Companion Dog Show**. The proceeds will go to support the vital care Tapping House Hospice provides for people with life limiting illnesses. **The Norfolk Companion Dog Show** will take place on **Saturday, 9th June 2007** in the grounds of the Hospice, Common Road (West), Snettisham, PE31 7PF. This will be a day of fun for all the family. Pedigree and Novelty classes for dogs, Art Exhibition, Side Shows, Games, Bouncy Castle, Barbecue, Dog Portraits. If you are a dog owner (otherwise beg, borrow or steal one for the day) why not come along and enjoy yourself whilst helping to raise money for this very necessary facility. For more information about this event contact Fundraising Team 01485 542891

**Chris Wood, Retired Mariner of 44 Thetford Road, Watton 01953 882183 writes:** I am writing on two accounts: The Article in Village Voice No. 38, pp 22-24, 'Zeppelin Raid' - My mother and her uncle both separately watched this raid over King's Lynn. The uncle told his daughter that he could see the crew of the Zeppelin leaning over the side, and heard them discussing what to drop their hand held bombs onto. Graf Magnus von Platen-Hellermund was a distant (very) relative through marriage, and so I started researching this raid and his career – rather short as he crashed in Denmark in 1916 and was held in prison until he escaped in 1918, etc. Anyway, my researches eventually led to a photograph of him and his crew. The officers are in the gondola and the crew standing outside. The Zeppelin is in it's shed. I have a small copy from the Archivist and it is very clear, however, because of copyright, should you require a copy you should contact him at: E-mail: [archiv@aeronauticum.de](mailto:archiv@aeronauticum.de) I would be particularly interested in where Elizabeth Fiddick found the report by the commander of L4 to see if there is anything else in it which might be of interest for my family tree. The original reason for wishing to contact you is because I'm trying to find more about a great aunt who lived and died in Dersingham in the 1950s. She was Jemima Amelia Durrant nee Smith, 1872 - 1957, and her husband Frank Durrant about whom I know nothing. Her previous husband was an Edward Arthur Simkins, possibly of Downham Market, a banker, and they were living in King's Lynn in 1923 by which time he was retired. I cannot find when she married Frank Durrant but they were living in Dersingham by 18th. October 1945 when Millie was a founder member of the Ladies Branch of the British Legion - Dersingham & Sandringham Section. She and Frank lived at the still standing house called 'The Shrubbery', Manor Road, Dersingham and she died in King's Lynn hospital in late 1957, pre-deceased by her husband. From

her obituary she was also a keen member of the Women's T.O.C.H. and had been in the W.I. and at her funeral at the parish church, Dersingham, her coffin was preceded by the standards of the Lynn British Legion Women's Section, and the Dersingham & Sandringham Women's Section. She was also a member of the British Red Cross Society (I think she had nursing skills, and from whom she received the R.S. bar, whatever that is) and she may have been in the women's darts team as they were also represented at her funeral. I would be very interested to know if any of your readers might remember her or her husband, as I know nothing about her later life married to Frank apart from the above. I do have a copy of the obituary which lists the mourners, if that should be of any help. Any help will be very much appreciated, thank you.

*Mrs Margaret B Riches of Innisfree Park Homes in Bawsey writes;* I enclose an item which was published in a Spanish newspaper – The Costa Blanca News. It certainly helped me when I recently lost my dear Scottie, Mac, and I have passed it on to several friends in the same circumstances – maybe some of your readers could be comforted by these few words.

#### A Loan From God

God promised at the birth of time a special friend to give,  
His time on earth is short, he said, so love him while he lives.

It may be six or seven years, or twelve or then sixteen.

But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?

A wagging tail and cold wet nose and silken velvet ears.

A heart as big as all outdoors to love you through the years.

His puppy ways will gladden you and antics bring a smile.

As guardian or friend he will be loyal all the while.

He'll bring his charms to grace your life, and though his stay be brief,

When he's gone the memories are solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth return,

But lessons only a dog can teach I want you each to learn.

Whatever love you give to him returns in triple measure.

Enjoy each day as it comes, allow your heart to guide,

Be loyal and steadfast in love as the dog there by your side.

Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labour vain,

Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again?

I fancy each of us would say, Dear Lord, thy will be done,

For all the joy this dog shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while we may,

And for the happiness we've known forever grateful stay.

But shall the angels call for him much sooner than we've planned,

We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand.



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## **News from Dersingham Infant and Nursery School and Dersingham St. George's Church of England Junior School**

We are now nearing the end of another school year, how time flies! The Dersingham schools continue to work together to make the change from one school to the other as easy as possible and on the 3rd July children from the Infant school, who are transferring to us in September, will spend a day at St George's meeting their teachers and their classmates. The year 6 pupils from St. George's will spend the day at Smithdon High School taking part in induction activities. Moving schools is always a big step for our pupils and all the schools involved work closely together to make these days successful.

Norfolk LEA has been starting to look at the Structure of Schools across the county based on predicted numbers of pupils for future years and they will have visited all schools by the end of this term. The Hunstanton Cluster, of which we are part, has already had their visits by officers from the LEA and they have spent time gathering information about local situations in their meetings with Headteachers and representatives of the Governing Bodies. Dersingham St George's Junior School has been the school in the cluster probably affected most following re-organisation as numbers have reduced significantly due to the establishment of other local primary schools. The Headteachers and Governing Bodies are currently discussing possibilities for a way forward for our local schools, and we understand that the Norfolk LEA will have some proposals for all schools in Norfolk, including our own area, for consultation in September. We'll keep you posted with information as we receive it, but thought it important to set the context as we know it at this point.

### **Extended Schools**

We had a very good meeting with colleagues from both schools and the community to discuss the many services that already exist in the village for children and families. We are planning to explore the five core areas of provision in Dersingham at our next meeting in June:

\*Do we provide a varied menu of activities?

\*Do parents know the childcare that is available?

\*Can we extend the range of courses for adults?

\*Can we access the Children's Centre services?

\*What else can we do to link with the work of the community in terms of providing information?

And finally .....

You are invited to come and hear the children singing at the Methodist Flower Festival in May and see their work exhibited at the St Nicholas Flower Festival in July. The end of the school year is an opportunity to celebrate the success of our pupils and both schools will be celebrating in different ways. The Infant School have their celebrations in school and the St George's Prize Giving Service will be held at St Nicholas Church on the 12<sup>th</sup> July at 2.00pm.

Thank you for the support you have given to the schools over the year and a special message from Ann Pope – "Thank you for making me so welcome in my first year as head".

Jackie Austin

Head Teacher

Infant and Nursery School

Ann Pope

Head Teacher

St. George's Junior School

### **Dates**

29<sup>th</sup> June at 5.30pm – The Infant and Nursery School Summer Fair, stalls, entertainment etc

16<sup>th</sup> July at 6.00pm – St George's Midsummer Madness, stalls, entertainment and barbecue



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## SANDRINGHAM FLOWER SHOW WEDNESDAY 25 JULY 2007

Sandringham Flower Show is one of the most prestigious horticultural events in the East of England.

Set in the magnificent surroundings of Sandringham Park, with Sandringham House and Sandringham Church as a backdrop, this one day show attracts nearly 20,000 visitors each year.

Many of the region's leading nurseries and horticultural specialists exhibit at the Show. In addition to these displays the show features show gardens by leading designers built on the showground, in excess of 200 trade stands, both horticultural and general, a craft marquee, main arena events, children's entertainment and a military band.

The Cottage and Amateur marquees contain the judged displays



of vegetables and fruit,

flowers, floral

art and include open classes. In the Amateur marquee local gardening and horticultural societies also enter a judged display competition, whilst the Horticultural Trades marquee features amazing displays by leading nurseries.

The Gardener's Forum is the venue for gardening talks by top television gardeners Chris Beardshaw and Alan Mason who are joined by Martyn Davey who is head of

Horticulture & Design at Easton College. There is also a Gardeners' Questions event where you can put your questions to this panel of experts.

This year will mark the 126<sup>th</sup> Sandringham Flower Show which remains a unique event providing a memorable day for families, whether gardeners or not!

The Arena events this year include Chariots of Fire, Bob Hogs Sheepdog display, a marching display by The Band of the Parachute Regiment, and The Sandringham Grand Prix lawnmower racing event.

Additional attractions this year include a Victorian Steam Fairground with original steam galloping horses, hot air balloon rides over the showground, and a marquee of traditional rural crafts.

Entry to the Show is just £6 for adults and £1.50 for children and this includes entry to Sandringham Grounds, Museum and Church.

The profits from each show are donated to local charities and since 1977 the Committee have donated in excess of £367,000 to local charities. Last year £27,000 was donated.



*For further information contact Paul Murrell RVM on 01485 541501  
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requires

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## Sarah's Page



Hi - Well for this time of year we expect to have some sunshine but it has been raining for days and I bet your garden needed it or maybe not. It makes the weeds and grass grow. We are still selling green bags for your garden rubbish and will be doing so for the foreseeable future. Have any of you managed to set up a way that your road etc can share bins? Let me know. I have just been informed that Green Sacks are now 65p each and Trade Sacks are £36.43 inc VAT with immediate effect.

The Council this year are having a Children's Sports week starting on the 30 July until the 3 August. This year it will take place on the Sports Ground in Manor Road so we have some shelter if we are unfortunate with the weather. The Programme is in the centre pages so do not forget to book. If you would like to try another sport not on the programme please let me know and we might be able to put on a special session during the holiday's and put it on next year's

programme.

I attended a Clerk's meeting a few Saturdays ago and was told that there are monies available for teen shelters. The grant body wanted letters from children requesting shelters, so if you would like a shelter on the Recreation Ground, write me a letter or get together with your youth workers, family and friends and write one together and send it to me, so I can apply for the grant on your behalf.

I would just like to thank you for all the lovely posters etc that are being put up on the public noticeboard. We are getting so many that in very busy times we will not be able to advertise events more than two weeks in advance. Have you found the suggestion box in the Library yet? Some children have! I would love to see this being used also.

Unfortunately we did not get enough candidates to have an election, you must all be so happy with the present Councillors that you wished no change. We are now down to nine with nine vacancies. If you wished you had stood, and want to make a difference to your village, please put yourself forward for co-option. For more details contact me at the Parish Office.

I still have the diary of village events in the office but as yet I have received very little information from any of the village organisations etc. Please tell me what is happening as you may find it beneficial to your event. Put an A3 notice on the public notice board.

Well I think that is all from me. If there is something happening in the village that you wish to know more about, or not happy about, please do not hesitate to contact me at the office, and I will do my best to help.

*Sarah*

### **Dersingham Parish Council Office Opening Times**

Monday 10.30 am to 2.00 pm	Tuesday 10.30 am to 2.00 pm
Wednesday 10.30 am to 12.30 pm	Thursday 10.30 am to 12.30 pm

### **The Dersingham Parish Council Office is at**

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## A Special Letter About A Special Cause

To the Editor,

British Heart Foundation Charity  
Bike Ride London to Brighton,  
17.06.2007

My brother Darren and myself are hoping to raise awareness of The British Heart Foundation and the work that it does, which is absolutely crucial for those affected by heart disease, and also for the families of those affected.

Our family has a very personal motivation as my niece, who is only 4 years old, was diagnosed with a serious heart condition towards the end of 2006. My niece spent several weeks at Great Ormond Street Hospital, she is now stable but is currently awaiting a heart transplant. Each day we hope it will be the one when the phone rings to provide her with the operation that will ensure that she has a chance of reaching adulthood.

I am taking part in a 54 mile bike ride from London to Brighton on the 17th June 2007, in aid of the British Heart Foundation, and Darren is taking part in a 50 mile cycle ride in Norwich starting on Monday 4th June 2007.

At the time I am writing this letter I have already raised a figure in the region of £1,500.00 from both private individuals and also from some local businesses, and I will continue to gain sponsorship and donations until the event on the 17th June 2007.

The following businesses have contributed to this worthwhile cause, and I would like to thank these businesses for their generosity, and the support that they have shown toward both myself and my brother Darren.

M.J. Taffs Roofing  
Booth and Son Restoration Ltd  
Coach & Horses Public House  
Rossiters  
Hewden Hire  
Jamie Asker Car Repairs

Ray Barlow Commercial Repair  
STM Installations  
The Feathers  
Dolly Dusters  
Eddie Herbert Roofing  
Torc Motors



Photo courtesy of the Lynn News



## THE EIGHTH OF THE WINTER ALE

By Frank Nichols, Steve Nowell & Ian Stockwell

Thursday evenings tended to follow a similar pattern for the Three Not-So-Wise Men. At 7.20 they would arrive at St Nicholas' ready to rehearse the hymns for the following Sunday. At 7.45, Oswald the organist would turn up full of apologies and excuses for being a quarter of an hour late. This was usually blamed upon massive gas pipeline excavations (or similar) being carried out locally, but no-one else had ever seen or heard of these. Then, between 7.50 and 8.20 the choir and Oswald would rehearse the said hymns to perfection, and finally the 'Notices of Events' would be read out. These usually consisted of forthcoming weddings - which the whole choir were very keen on because they actually got paid for their efforts; funerals, at which the deceased had specifically requested that the choir should NOT sing; and 'special functions' for which the choir members would not necessarily receive any remuneration, but would be liberally plied with food and drink at no cost to themselves. As soon as these notices had been read out, the Three Not-So-Wise Men would attempt to slip out quietly, hopefully unnoticed, to go to their meeting at the Feathers at 8.30. Not for them was twenty-odd more minutes of village tittle-tattle in which the lady choristers seemed to specialise. Oswald, who was also not averse to fine ale, was left for this last period to the tender mercies of one of the ladies who, it was generally agreed and observed, had a 'crush' on him. On arriving at the Feathers it was usually Oliver or Larry who got the first round of halves in. Then came the niceties such as the touching of glasses, and from the ensuing chit-chat would emerge the topic for the night. The second half pint would accompany a bearably sensible conversation about the topic in question with Oliver, more often than not, leading the way. But Larry and Miley (Miley in particular) would warm up after two halves with more outrageous suggestions.

On the Thursday following Miley's explanation and panic about 'matter and antimatter', it was he who introduced the subject of:-

### BALD VICARS

"Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, Church of England clergy have become increasingly bald. Just look at our vicar, Humphrey, for example. But I know why. It's all to do with 'matter' and 'antimatter' as I said last week"

"You're over-stretching that brain cell of yours again, Miley. Give it a rest and let's look at the matter (sorry about that word) logically" said Oliver. "The fact is that it's all to do with heat. You see, years and years ago the clergy wore hoods for warmth. This protected their hair. With churches being rather cold, vicars still needed a lot of hair to keep their heads warm. But then candles were introduced more and more, not for the deliberate reason of heating, but that was a definite side effect. So Vicars then needed less hair and it began to fall out. Then, as I am given to understand, stoves were introduced into some churches to boost the temperature. Vicars became balder. Nowadays of course many places of worship have full central heating and you will notice that a lesser number of hats are worn in church today. So, nature has taken its course and we now have a generation of vicars who don't need so much hair - hence bald vicars."

Larry was almost incensed. "What a load of undiluted piffle, Oliver! You're off your trolley!"

"Have you got a better theory?"

"It's all to do with 'matter' and 'antimatter', as I told you". Miley was determined to have his say. "It's like this, antima...."

"*Be quiet, Miles!*" said the other two together. It often happened this way - they wouldn't listen to his version of commonsense. Miley flounced out of the room and sat sullenly in the bar next door with his half pint. Fortunately, Julie the Buxom Barmaid took pity on him and came round from behind the counter to give him a great big hug.

“Go on, Larry. Let’s have your ideas” invited Oliver when Julie finally coaxed Miley back into the company of the other two.

“Dead easy - it’s all to do with magnetic fields”.

“Yes! You’re nearly on the right track at last!” shouted Miley, thrusting his arms into the air.

“MILES!!!”

“Sorry, chaps. Go on Larry”.

“You see in our church, like many others, there is a loop of wire which runs round the building. This is called a ‘T-loop’, honestly, and it helps people with hearing aids to hear the services a lot better. Now the T-loop wire has a magnetic field surrounding it; that’s why it works. Miley explained that to me. And that’s the essential factor. But also we have a ring of powerful lighting in church. So, to my way of thinking, there must be a magnetic field associated with that as well. With all this magnetism flying about it seems pretty obvious that Humphrey is constantly exposed to it, bearing in mind how much time he spends in church. Now you may have noticed that he waves his arms about a lot as well. Miley told me that if you move a wire in a magnetic field an electric current will be developed in the wire. For this argument, gentlemen...” (Larry was pacing up and down the room, leaning forwards, with hands behind his back) “...we can say that Humphrey is like the piece of moving wire and has an electric current induced in him; with an associated magnetic field. The result, dear fellows, is that due to the interaction of all these magnetic fields around him, his hair stands vertically erect and is tugged upwards until it is dislodged from his scalp. And that is why he has lost his hair. How about that then, gents?!”

Oliver was the first to respond. “In all the meetings we have held, that lot was the most preposterous load of codswallop that it has been my misfortune to listen to!” Larry corrected him; as ever.

“...‘to which it has been my misfortune to listen’...if you don’t mind. You have a nasty habit of ending sentences with ‘to!’”

It was now Miley’s turn and in his opinion it was to be the indisputable finale. “I talked at length last week about ‘antimatter’ and how it originated from the ‘Big Bang’. But there are some very clever scientists in Switzerland who can actually produce anti-particles. This happens at the CERN Laboratories. What’s more, they have found that these particles can be harnessed to some extent by containing them within a magnetic field and thus prevent them from coming into contact with normal particles. If they did, of course, they would annihilate each other as I explained last week. Now I put it to you, my illustrious friends... (Miley was, just as Larry had been, walking up and down but clutching his lapels looking more like an out of work barrister, complete with grey wig) ... that some of these anti-particles have escaped from the magnetic field and have merged with one another to form ‘anti-bats’. An ‘anti-bat’, I should explain, is the ‘anti’ version of that mouse-like creature with leathery wings which we have in our church (there could equally well be ‘anti-people’ being created also, but I’m only concerned with ‘anti-bats’ for this hypothesis). Right; so the ‘anti-bats’ are attracted to places where normal bats reside - like St Nicholas’ church; but once they get there they are entrapped within that magnetic field associated with the T-loop which Larry described. The vicar spends all his time in this magnetic field also. So he is bombarded with ‘anti-bat’ droppings”.

Oliver and Larry looked at each other and sighed in such a way as to signify ‘poor demented fellow. We must humour him.’ Oliver looked at Miley compassionately. “And so, dear friend?”

Miley prepared himself to deliver his conclusion. “It comes down to this. There are tribes of South American Indians who live in caves which house thousands of bats. These Indians all have thick, long hair and it is well known that bat droppings are an excellent fertiliser. Therefore ‘anti-bat droppings’ must *obviously* be a weedkiller and hair remover. This is Humphrey’s problem. Switch off the T-loop; the ‘anti-bats’ will combine with the normal bats and destroy each other and his hair will grow again!





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**Dersingham**

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Proceeds to St. Nicholas' Church

## Your Representatives on The Borough Council



**Paul Burall** - Liberal Democrats

Paul Burall moved to Dersingham with his family in 1979, having previously been a Parish and County Councillor in Berkshire for some eight years. Paul joined Dersingham Parish Council in 1991 when he ceased to work full-time in London and instead began freelancing. He was also elected as a Dersingham Borough Councillor that year.

Paul now works as a freelance journalist and lecturer specialising in the links between business, design and the environment; he also writes regularly about land use planning. He is a Board member of the East of England Development Agency and Renewables East, and chairs the Inspire East Advisory Board. He is a former vice-chair of the Town and Country Planning Association and has served on its Policy Council for more than 15 years.

On the Parish Council Paul has chaired the Finance & General Purposes Committee and has edited Dersingham Data since 1992.

### **Roy Johnston** - Conservative

Roy Johnston - newly elected to the Borough Council has been a resident of Dersingham since 1972. He spent his working life in various branches of the engineering industry, particularly related to the production and application of metals and alloys. This took him to many parts of the UK and the world, especially Australia, South Africa, the United States, Europe and Asia. Among his many qualifications he holds a PhD in Engineering from the University of London, is a Fellow of the Institution of Materials Minerals and Mining and is a Chartered Engineer. He is a Freeman of the City of London and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Engineers. Since retirement, Roy has been able to indulge his love of the arts, especially theatre and cinema, as well as music, painting and sculpture. He is a Member of the Royal Shakespeare Company, The Royal National Theatre and a Friend of the Royal Academy of Arts. He is also a Member of the National Trust and English Heritage. He is currently a Member of the Board of a charitable Trust in London and is a supporter of a large number of charities. He regularly attends both St Nicholas Church, Dersingham, and the Sandringham Church.

Since 1972, Roy has seen Dersingham grow quickly to what is now a small town. He is well aware that local people are more concerned with local rather than national problems and they look to their representatives on the Council to help them find solutions. He is determined to do his best on their behalf and to give assistance wherever he is able, either through his own efforts or by advising on the best authority to approach.



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## The Auctioneer and the Vicar's Wife ...

No, it's not a naughty story. But it is a story, and it is entirely respectable. It's the story of a very successful fund-raising day for the Friends of St Nicholas Church. Who are the Friends? Well., they are a registered charity, and membership is not confined to members of the church, or even regular worshippers. It is open to anybody who sympathises with their aim of raising funds to help preserve the fine historic church building for the benefit of future generations in Dersingham.

In recent years they have organised dinners at Sandringham Visitor Centre, with guest speakers including the script writer of Jurassic Park, Julian Fellowes, Princess Diana's brother Earl Spencer, and last year the highly popular TV personality Michael Palin. This year, at the same venue, they provided a full day of entertainment. In the morning and afternoon there was an Antiques Road Show and Valuation Day, with experts provided by Keys Fine Art Auctioneers of Aylsham. Keys' auctioneers were impressed by the quality of the antiques brought for inspection, and the customers were impressed by the value placed on their treasures, so much so that many items were left with Keys to be included in forthcoming auctions.

And the Vicar's wife? Well, she made a distinguished appearance in the evening. After a champagne reception, an excellent 3-course dinner was followed what, for me, was the highlight of the day. Alan Bennett is one of our foremost living playwrights, and one of his great talents is the ability to capture the essentials of the lives of people like ourselves. You have probably seen on television his series called 'Talking Heads', where a single actor plays the part of an everyday person, and recounts aspects of his or her life. Issy Huckle of Westacre River Studios played Susan, the Vicar's wife, in Alan Bennett's 'Bed among the Lentils'. Susan is depressed by the tedium of her life, lived in the shadow of her husband. He is worshipped by the good ladies of the parish, the acutely perceptive description of whom brings them to life with an uncomfortable reality. The vicar's optimistic relationship with the bishop affords a humour enjoyed by all, including the real life vicar and bishop in the audience. Life's stresses lead Susan to make increasingly frequent raids on the communion wine, and to enter into a short-lived dalliance with an Asian grocer, hence the 'bed among the lentils'.

All in all, it was a wonderful day that raised nearly £4,000 for this most worthwhile of causes, preserving the built heritage of our environment for the benefit of ourselves and those who come after us.

*Walter Blaney*



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**SATURDAY 23<sup>rd</sup> JUNE**  
**1.30PM START**

**Brownies** **cubs**

Games, Stalls, Stocks, Teas,  
Ice creams, Strawberries & Cream, Cake Stall,  
Greasy Pole, Plants, Tombola  
Grand Raffle – drawn at 3.30pm  
In and around the Scout & Guide HQ, Manor Rd.





Both optimists and pessimists contribute to our society.

The optimist invents the aeroplane and the pessimist the parachute.

*-quoted by Gill Stern*



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## Dersingham Brownies Pack Holiday



25 members of the 1st and 2nd Dersingham Brownie Guides recently enjoyed their annual Pack Holiday. The brownies with their adult and young leaders spent 4 days from the 2nd to the 5th April staying at the Alderman Peel High School in Wells-next-the-Sea.

They enjoyed the experience of living together, sleeping on camp beds and participating in many activities. They went swimming, those brownies that wished were able to gain their swimmer's badge. They took a trip on the Wells to Walsingham Light Railway – on arrival at Walsingham they had a most

interesting tour of the village. In the morning they visited the old gaol, the courthouse and Shirehall museum, after a picnic lunch they did some shopping and then visited the Anglican Shrine.

During their Pack Holiday the brownies were able to work towards and gain a number of interest badges including cooks, agility, pack holiday, pack holiday advanced and craft. The theme of the holiday was Robin Hood and the craft activities, games names and rooms were linked to this. On the first evening they had an opportunity to sew badges on their campfire blankets and enjoy a pyjama parade. On the second afternoon and evening they had an 'archery' competition and Easter egg hunt and on the third evening they enjoyed an indoor 'camp fire' where they sang songs and toasted marshmallows over t-lights.



During the Pack Holiday the two oldest brownies, Charlotte Ashley and Charlotte Bowman jumped over the toadstool to Guides. Our two Young Leaders who are working towards their adult leaders qualification both renewed their promise as adult leaders.

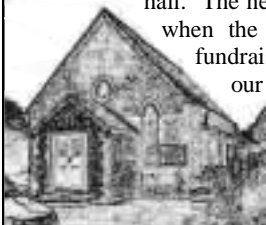
All the participants, brownies and leaders had a marvellous time and are already planning for next year.

*Lynne Wheeler & Sandra Hullett, 2<sup>nd</sup> & 1<sup>st</sup> Dersingham Brownie Guiders (6-4-07)*

## Methodist Church

Our planned refurbishment programme has now started with new windows and roof lights in the hall. The next phase is to complete the hall refurbishment to enable this to be used when the Church is refurbished. Thank you to everyone who supports our fundraising events, please continue to support us. Anyone is welcome to join our services and other events. If you are visiting the Burnham Market Craft Fayre on Saturday 18th August, please visit the Methodist Church in Station Road, adjacent to the recreation ground car park, where the Dersingham Methodist catering team will be providing refreshments.

*Elizabeth Batstone, Church Secretary, 01485 541068*



# St. Nicholas Church Dersingham



## FLOWER FESTIVAL

*"Through The Years In Flowers"*

Thursday 19th to Sunday 22nd July 2007

Church Open 10.00a.m. – 6.00 p.m.

Church Hall 10.00a.m. – 5.00p.m.

Stalls – Used Book Shop – Nearly New Clothes

Morning Coffee – Lunches – Afternoon Teas

CONCERT IN CHURCH

**MATTHEWS NORFOLK BRASS**

Friday 7.30p.m. 20th July

Tickets £5 incl. refreshments

(purchased at the door)

SERVICES IN CHURCH

22nd July

10.30a.m. Morning Service With The Bishop of Kings Lynn

6.30p.m. Evening Service "Songs of Praise"

together with Salvation Army Band

## Something's Budgin' at Budgens!

I am Jonathan James and together with my wife, Rebecca, we are now the proud new owners of Budgens Dersingham. The store will continue to trade as Budgens and offer the same, superb range of fresh and grocery products that you have enjoyed to date.

Four years ago, Budgens decided to sell their shops to family-owned businesses, such as ours, to enable us to compete with the large grocery retailing companies. For generations villages like Dersingham have relied upon the local, family-owned village store to provide much needed services and be a focal point for everything that takes place within the community. Over recent years, the number of these stores has declined leaving a void that is often impossible to fill.

Our business, based in Ely is an established family firm dating back to 1860. We currently own 3 service stations, (one in Ely and two in nearby Chatteris) and one Supermarket in our home town of Soham. This means that we operate in five communities, with Dersingham making six, and we pride ourselves on the very close relationships that we have with them all. With the combination of the superb team at the Lynn Road store, headed up by Karl Mendham and the wonderfully friendly community of Dersingham we are both very excited by the prospect of helping continue to provide the much needed services that Budgens offer and indeed expanding that to the specific needs of the village and surrounding area.

However, we really need your help. Any products or services that you need and think that we can supply, or any community group/activity that you feel may be able to benefit from our sponsorship or assistance, then please ring me on 07736 809882 or speak to any team member at the store.

You will notice a number of new products and services will be added over the next few weeks but we will do our utmost to provide any others that you require.

We look forward to meeting as many of you as possible in the forthcoming weeks and promise to ensure that we will combine the wonderful service and products that are currently at the store with that unique atmosphere that you get when dealing with a family run business.



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### Norfolk Film Month at the Library

Throughout the month of May Norfolk Library and Information Service is celebrating the contribution films make to our culture. The libraries have selected themes including classics, comedy, Sci Fi, Golden Oldies etc to celebrate and all libraries have arranged free internet taster sessions on a film related subject. Please contact your local library to reserve a place.

Kings Lynn Library, London Road, Kings Lynn PE30 5EZ - Tel: (01553) 772568 / 761393

Gaywood Library, River Lane, Gaywood, Kings Lynn PE30 4HD - Tel: (01553) 768498

There is a 'rent three for the price of two' offer running and if you borrow a film during May you will be entered into a draw to win a portable DVD player.

For your nearest library tel 0844 800 8020 visit [www.library.norfolk.gov.uk](http://www.library.norfolk.gov.uk)

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The Editor has been fortunate enough to have been given the loan of many copies of 'The Sandringham Estate Magazine' dating from 1898 to 1903, which also incorporate 'The Church Monthly'

Permission has been kindly given by the Sandringham Estate for us to publish extracts from these magazines for which we are grateful.



The following article has been reproduced from the March 1903 edition and we will publish further extracts in future issues of the Village Voice.

### **WELL-DIGGERS PAST AND PRESENT**

BY THE REV. ARTHUR KELLY, M.A.

*Rector of Winslade and Tamworth*



The illustrations are from photographs specially taken by the Author for THE CHURCH MONTHLY

ALL of us recognise the importance of pure water, but whether we require it for drinking purposes or our morning tub, it is usually so ready to hand that we are not led to study the different processes by which it is obtained. Some facts are here given in regard to country wells – the dangers and difficulties of well-diggers, and two heroic rescues from death.

We are most familiar probably with the ordinary "one bucket up and down," which may be sufficient for a house, but for many purposes is utterly inadequate. "It takes me all the time the people are in church on a Sunday morning," a man said in reference to a well over 300 feet deep, "to draw up two buckets."

Various contrivances have, therefore, to be adopted. In one of the photographs the water is being drawn by two women, one of whom treads the large wheel some 12 feet in circumference; while the other - hidden at the back - is helping to push round the spokes with her hands. In several places the services of a donkey are utilized, like the one in the fine well-house at Kennel Farm, near Basingstoke, which will remind many of the better-known donkey at Carisbrooke Castle, where a well was sunk as early as 1150. "Jack" - the donkey at the Hampshire farm - is most proud of his work, and stood motionless in the wheel for more than a minute to allow full justice to be done to his photograph. The bucket contains about twenty gallons of water, and is brought to the surface in five or seven minutes.

Before alluding to the modern scientific ways of obtaining water in very large quantities, mention may here be made of an old-fashioned country well-digger, John Dibbs, of Odiham, in Hampshire, now eighty-one years of age, who thus described some of his experiences and methods "In making a well, three men at least are usually employed. Two at the top draw up all the materials, while the well-digger or sinker does only the digging and bricking. Before work is resumed in the morning, the men should see that all the tackle is perfectly safe. The chief danger is due to the presence of foul air, generally known as 'damps.' Deep wells should always be tested

with a candle before entering. If the candle burns to the bottom the well is free from 'damps'; but if not, pumps should be used to get rid of the bad air. When a man feels the least faint he should be drawn up, and no one should stop more than an hour before returning to the surface. To prevent accidents the men at the top should be always listening to the man at the bottom, and they should never leave the well at the same time. In case of any danger at the bottom, the sinker will give a signal to his companions above, so that they may tighten the rope, and be ready to pull him up. Other mishaps also must be carefully avoided. A signal should always be given before anything is put over the top of the well to lower it down. The digger then retires and stands underneath a little board resting on two iron spikes driven into the chalk, for at such a depth it would be dangerous for anything even as small as a marble to fall, as it would be like a pound's weight on a man's head, and might prove fatal. On one occasion a chisel was left near the mouth of the well, which caught the men's feet and fell down, the sinker having a narrow escape."

The old man proceeded to explain how a well is dug.

"In the chalk the sinking is made to the required depth, this being all that is necessary. But clay or running sand are more difficult soils to work in, as they slip in so frequently. The well in this case must be lined from the entrance with a circle of brickwork (flints are often used in Hampshire) until the chalk is reached, or, if there be no chalk, from top to bottom. There is a well in the Isle of Wight where the brickwork is 250 feet in depth."

It is interesting to hear how the work is carried out.

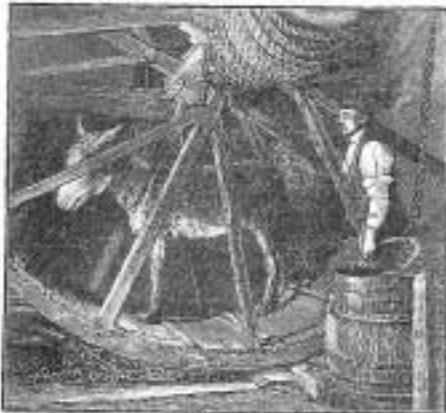
"A large curb of wood is made, like a tub, corresponding with the diameter of the well and from five to seven feet deep. Within this the circle of brickwork is built until it reaches the top of the curb. The first six courses may be cemented, followed by a few dry courses, the cement then being used again. The sinker then goes down and digs beneath this, so that the curb and the whole weight of the bricks will drop with a dreadful crashing noise. Afterwards the man is drawn up, and puts fresh layers on the top, this process being repeated as often as is necessary. Sixty feet of brickwork may be done in one piece, but if more is required this will be pinned and the whole broken up into lengths. It will easily be understood that, in undermining in this fashion, the greatest care is required on the part of the sinker to do the work evenly, lest the bricks should lurch to one side and become rickety. If the brick column would drop 100 feet, so much the better, but this it fails to do owing to the friction against the sides. Brickwork is now frequently superseded by iron water-tight cylinders, though the process is more expensive.

"I remember," he continued, "an experience which I dreaded at the time. I was employed to repair a well where the bricks had already been laid to a depth of 12 feet, but the sand oozed out below

this circle which had therefore to be carried further down. I made a platform on which I could stand by inserting planks resting on holes cut into the chalk. I then built up the brickwork from below until it joined that at the top. The most dangerous position was when I began to remove the platform. Above me was 10 feet of new brickwork. Had this moved in the slightest I might have been crushed to death. I kept my eyes fixed on the bricks. The least sound seemed to torture me. This was ten degrees worse than the work itself, but I succeeded without any mishap."

By setting the bricks in concrete this danger might now be obviated, as the column would not slip owing to the friction against the sides of the well.

"Once I undertook to clean out the well at



THE WELL AT CARBROOKE.

Sheephouses, near Odiham, which is very deep. This was formerly drawn by a wheel which a donkey trod, and must have been there two hundred years. First I took two cart-lines, used for tying hay and corn to the waggons, and joining them together, let them down into the well. Then I fetched two more, and afterwards had to return for another, which was just sufficient to reach the bottom. With these I was lowered down. (The modern engineer, I fancy, would think it a very risky proceeding to descend a well with cart-lines.) At first there was no trace of water. The well had been made a receptacle for rubbish, and contained heaps of stones, brickbats, wood, wheels, and cast iron. I must have dug up a ton of refuse, which was raised to the surface. I worked a whole day at this, and on the next, after an hour and a half's time, I began to find water. I gauged this well as nearly as possible, and saw that it was about 400 feet deep. With a plumb-line I could have told to an inch, as even if there were 20 feet of water, you can discover when the bottom is reached. I kept at my work until eleven o'clock.



Then I began to feel very faint, but as it was nearly dinner-time I thought that I would remain. Soon, however, I fainted, and dropped into the bucket, my legs dangling outside. My youngest brother was at the top to listen, and found that I had stopped working. I tried to cry out, 'Tighten up,' but had not the power to do so. At the top they said, 'There's something very heavy in the bucket,' but soon found that I was lying in it in a senseless condition. The farmer who was standing by was very much frightened, and asked what was to be done, so my brother told him to wet my lips with brandy. For hours I had been standing up to my waist in water, this driving the blood to my head. Three times I have been drawn up for dead, a plumber in one instance going down and fastening ropes to me. Once I was three hours before recovering my breath.

"There was another place in this district where a new well had been sunk, but as it was not deep enough to obtain a sufficient quantity of water, I undertook to lower it. As soon as I went down, I was almost senseless, knocking against the sides, and could not stay more than twenty minutes at a time. On returning to the surface, I had to lie down for half an hour before I could breathe with comfort. My shoulders were all covered with blood, which was running from my nose and eyes. Here I worked for three days. I have been in many wells all of a tremble, scarcely able to drink a cup of tea.

"In one of the wells at Sheephouses, for ten or fifteen minutes after I had gone down, I could not see any light. At last a glimmer appeared as big as a pea. As I looked at it, it grew bigger and bigger, this being all I had to work by. The air was so foul that no candle would keep alight. Pumps were seldom obtainable owing to the cost, so a sack full of shavings worked up and down, or a pair of bellows helped to expel 'the damp.' A brazier of lighted coals will serve the same purpose, as the bad air on being heated and rarefied will ascend."

"But what," I asked, "about the wages of the well-digger in your time?"

"Many think," he answered, "that he should not be paid more than an ordinary workman, but this is absurd if you realise the great dangers of this occupation. The price would depend on the kind of soil, as some wells must be dug more slowly than others. I had to engage my brother to

stand near the well's mouth to listen when I stopped work. For both of us I charged ten shillings a day. Once a farmer hesitated before he would agree to this. 'Work for this one day.' He said, 'and I will see how you get on at night.' Then he told me to come again in the morning, and I worked until twelve o'clock. When all the tackle was pulled out, he said to me, 'I am very sorry that I hesitated to pay you this paltry sum; I give you this pound very freely, and I would not go down myself into *that hole* if anyone would offer me a hundred bright sovereigns!'

"The well-digger must be prepared for several difficulties; you may come to a rock, and be there three days without breaking it, or there may be a great flint-stone which has to be smashed, and might take a fortnight. It would not be right for him to be paid by the foot. It is better for the sinker to calculate that this may happen in three or four places; but if he does not meet with these impediments, I do not think that he ought," he said with much honesty, "to take the extra money. The best way is to charge so much a foot, and an additional sum if these stones are met with. The sinker may not be able at times to do more than a foot a day, for the further you go down the longer it takes you to dig. In a chalk well I charged a shilling a foot for the first ten feet (an extra sum being paid for the brickwork), then sixpence per foot more for every ten feet in chalk.

"I will now tell you a very strange thing that once happened to me. I was cleaning out a well, and when I came up I was told to get my dinner with the servants. In the afternoon, as I was getting ready to do my work, the cook and the housemaid were watching me.

" 'Will you take me down?' the housemaid said to me.

" 'You can go down on my knee,' I said.

" 'I will stop to some other various time,' she answered, 'before I go down a well with you.'

"These were very curious words, as I am now going to tell you"; the old man's eyes filling with tears at the recollection of them, and none could have told the story more tenderly than he did.

"About five months afterwards I was going along the road near this house, when a man met me, and said, 'What a sad thing it is! They've lost Annie!' I didn't stop another moment, but ran straight for the well by the apple trees, where I found two hundred people. I pulled up the lids of the well, and after looking down for a moment, said, 'She's there!'

"The house belonged to an old sea captain, who flew at me like a dog, but a strange gentleman said 'Hush, Captain!' and spoke to me as follows; 'All the multitude have searched, and say that there is nothing in the well; why do you who has just come say she is here?'

" 'If you know anything about water,' I answered, 'and keep your eyes down, you will see that the water is troubled, bubbles are rising and bursting.'

"He looked at me and said; 'You're right; this man has sense; no one else understands.'

"Will anyone lend me,' I inquired, 'a small grapnel of iron?'

"Others wanted to try, but the Captain, who was now convinced, said: 'Let no one interfere with this man.'

"I let down the grapnel as gently as possible, and could tell when it reached the bottom. Then I said, as softly as I am spaking to you now: 'There she is!' The iron had caught on in some part of her dress, but lest it should bruise her, I went down the well and, pinning myself against the sides, saw that the hook had caught in her petticoat. Lifting her head up, I tied a rope round her, and we were both drawn to the surface. I sent for a sheet, and, covering her over with this, laid her on a door, much to the disappointment of the people, who wanted to look at her. Think what I had to endure all this time! The poor girl had been in the water for four hours without a bruise, nor were her hands even stained.

"The jury deliberated for an hour how this could be, and at last the coroner asked me to give my opinion. 'She may,' I said, 'have laid her hands on the two folding doors, which would then swing over and close behind her. At first she would fall at a rapid rate, then her clothes would spread out and hold her up, and she would go down quite gently. As an example, tie twelve pounds to an open umbrella; for twelve feet it would fall quickly, then much more slowly.' "

The old man proceeded to explain with a pice of string how he used to tie the candle at an angle to the line, so that it would not burn the string as it was let down. His favourite method of being lowered was to have a loop of the rope round each leg and one over his head with the knot against his chest. In this fashion he had worked all day long, giving the signals by jerking the rope. If none were given and his mates could not hear him working, they would draw him up, and even if he turned over he could not get loose. He preferred this manner of working, for this was safer than to go down standing in a bucket.

One or two facts he mentioned showed the endurance of the British workman in these good old days. A bricklayer by trade, he had frequently walked from North Warnborough to Aldershot, arriving at six in the morning and working until six at night, then walking back – this being twenty miles besides his day's work. "Once I walked four miles in my sleep; I found a man walking by my side, so I said, 'Good-morning. I don't know where I be.' 'No,' he answered, 'you be asleep all the way!'"

Hard work, however, breaks no bones, and I left him hale and hearty, thoroughly enjoying life despite his weight of years. His experiences were interesting as showing what risks he had run, and how bad was the atmosphere in which he had worked before the modern methods were available in these country places.  
(*To be continued.*)



## **The Royal British Legion – Women's Section Dersingham and Sandringham Branch**



For our meeting on 12 March we had a quiz as our speaker was unable to attend. Later, on 26 March we had our Group Meeting, this time at Hunstanton, with members relating their most embarrassing experiences, some of them hilarious, making a very enjoyable afternoon.

Our Spring Lunch was held at the Lodge Hotel in Hunstanton and we had an absolutely splendid meal there, it also enabled us to see old friends from the other branches.

We had to bring our 'May Meeting' forward to 23 April, due to the Bank Holidays in May. Mrs Mills, our Vice-Chairman, conducted the meeting as our Chairman, Mrs Hawkins, was on holiday. She entertained us with a delightful selection of poetry, then, all too soon, it was time for tea and biscuits plus the raffle. We concluded with the National Anthem.

Our next meeting will be on 4 June at the Orchard Close Community Centre at 2.15 pm.

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## St Nicholas Church

We have been very busy in the Church during the month of April. Starting on Good Friday with



our traditional Ecumenical Walk of Witness round the village by a group of enthusiasts from all the Dersingham Churches, starting at St Nicholas Church, stopping at the Memorial for a prayer and hymn and then along to St Cecilia's Catholic Church, along to the Methodist Church and then up Manor Road to the Heath and down to the Village sign. Then back along Manor Road finishing at St Nicholas Church Hall for Coffee and Hot Cross Buns. On April 12<sup>th</sup> to 14<sup>th</sup> we had our First Spring Arts & Crafts Festival where we had 168 paintings by local artists displayed in the Church, with various displays and

photographic competition. In the church hall were many Craft Stalls and the Catering Team were busy all day with morning coffee, hot lunches with traditional puddings and cream teas in the afternoons. There will be a Autumn Arts & Crafts Festival 27<sup>th</sup> to 29<sup>th</sup> September.

A new flag pole has recently been erected at the Church and on Friday 20<sup>th</sup> April at 5pm our vicar Rev. Michael Brock formerly blessed the new flag pole and the flag of St George which was then raised with the ceremonial blowing of a post horn, accompanied by the complaints of the donkey in the field below. Later that evening a Quarter Peal was rung for the 18<sup>th</sup> birthday of bell ringer Elizabeth Wheeler.

On the Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> April we held a St George's Lunch in the Church Hall with over 60 people attending a traditional Roast beef & Yorkshire pudding with all the trimmings, apple & rhubarb crumble and custard or fresh fruit salad, tea or coffee and homemade mints made by one of our admirable Catering Team. The lunch finished with traditional assortment of music led by Steve David and his guitar and banjo.

Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> April we had our Grand Sale. When you looked at the amount of items in the Church Hall on the Friday evening it was just amazing, someone said we have everything apart from the kitchen sink ..... and our Church Warden Neil Adams said well funny you should say that, (see picture! ), That's Neil with the kitchen sink! which went to a good home on the Saturday morning. It was a very busy morning and a lot of hard work, but we raised over £1,800, this money is raised traditionally each year to buy the flowers for the Flower Festival in July.



At the moment of writing this we are now gearing up for Coffee Morning Friday 4<sup>th</sup> May. A Spring Concert by The West Norfolk Singers on Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> May, and then the Open Gardens at the end of the month 27<sup>th</sup> & 28<sup>th</sup> May.

You may have seen that our Vicar Rev. Michael Brock has now been made the Rural Dean of Heacham and Rising with the Commissioning Ceremony held on Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> May with the Bishop of Lynn.

**FLOWER FESTIVAL 18<sup>th</sup> – 22<sup>nd</sup> JULY** – come and see the marvellous 60+ displays of wonderful flowers. This year's theme is "Through The Year in Flowers". Our grateful thanks go to Doreen Asker and Yvonne Fuller for organising the flower arrangements with their wonderful band of helpers.

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## Dick Melton's Column

After reading the letter about Life Wood, or Life Lane Wood as some people used to call it, I thought I would try to and find a bit more about it.

It is shown on Bryant's Map of Norfolk 1826, but then it covered a much larger area as it went south from the edge of Ingoldisthorpe Common as far as The Drift at Dersingham. This map shows no tracks or footpaths going through it. In the thirties the wood belonged to Captain Martin who lived in the house on the other side of the main road, in those days the wood was totally enclosed with a high wooden fence and it was strictly private.

If you look very carefully at a Dersingham Parish boundary map you will see that the Parish boundary comes down the hill from a point just North of Mill House, just to the south of High Farm and down through a small section of the wood, so that means that a very small area of Life Wood is in the Parish of Ingoldisthorpe.

When the railway ran along the western edge of the wood and we had steam trains, the woods were often set on fire by the sparks and cinders from the trains. Captain Martin would often send his gardener down to put these fires out, but sometimes they would spread and the fire brigade would have to be called.

Around about 1958 to 1960 the properties were built on the southern edge of the wood, Woodside Close, and it looks like it was about this time when people started to walk and make paths through the wood. The person who owned it at the time was a Mr or Mrs Assman, as Captain Martin had long since passed away. Also at this time Mr Walter Crisp, who was pig-man for James Jackson at High Farm, kept pigs and chickens in the wood at the Ingoldisthorpe end. Since that time the ownership of the wood seems to have changed a few times.

Now as to the footpath that runs through the wood, if you look in a Landranger Map for 1996 it shows a footpath and bridle path starting at the Old Station at Dersingham, going through Life Wood, across the Common at Ingoldisthorpe, and coming out at Snettisham Station. This footpath is also shown on Philip's Street Atlas of Norfolk 2003. So there you have it, that is what I have found out about Life Wood. I have no doubt that some more readers of Dersingham Village Voice will add a lot more to this.

Now a little story from my National Service days, 1960-1962, I was posted to Bergen/Belsen in West Germany as a duty truck/car driver. I had been there for about one year when the motor transport sergeant sent for me. He said "Melton, the Medical Officer's (camp doctor's) driver has been discharged, you can take on that job from now on." So the next day I reported to the Medical Centre to find out that for the next six months I would be driving a Second Lieutenant Ford. I drove him about, then I was discharged in March 1962 and we went about our separate ways.

I came back to Dersingham to live and in the summertime I worked at the Kit Kat Club in Hunstanton, and in the wintertime in a gang on the land. In 1965 I had a slight accident to my arm and so took myself off to the Dersingham Surgery (Bank Road). I waited until my name was called and then went in. The doctor looked up from his desk and said "Hello Gunner Melton, what can I do for you?" and there, lo and behold sat Lieutenant, now doctor, Ford – and as we all know Doctor Ford was with the Dersingham/Snettisham/Heacham practice for many years. Another little bit of squit from Dick, but true!

I worked on the land a bit before I left school, feeding the pigs, hoeing, pulling flax and such-like, though my main job when I left school was as a butcher's boy. When I came out of the army in 1962 I didn't go back to the butcher's – I was a lorry driver, a fencer and worked at a concrete plant, then, just before Christmas 1962, I went to work on a farm plucking turkeys. It was piecework so you had to be quick to earn your money, also you had to make sure not to rip them.

At the start of 1963 I got myself a job on a farm, in a gang of five, riddling tates (potatoes), this was a very rough winter with a sharp frost every day, and a lot of snow. We were working outside



riddling the tates from a grave (clamp). The first thing we had to do every morning was to melt the frost and snow off the grave with a Calor gas blowlamp, then we would take off the soil with pick axes. To earn our money we had to riddle ten tons a day! The only shelter we had from the snow and the wind was an old hessian sack stretched between some poles. We took it in turns doing the different tasks around the riddle, the coldest job was picking off the clods and tates, the warmest job was forking on.

Every job that I did with this gang was piecework, either by the chain (22 yards) or by the acre. We picked all the tates by hand in a gang of five. We would start picking straight after harvest and it would take us up to the end of October, as this farm had a fair acreage of tates. We picked into baskets then emptied the baskets straight into a trailer. The basket was strapped to your wrist by a strong leather thong so that you did not lose it when you emptied it. We would have a small Massey Ferguson pulling the trailer and this would go backwards up the rows. It was a waste of a man having a driver on the tractor so we would set the throttle and just let her tick over. When it got near the headland one of the gang would jump onto the tractor before it went into the dyke (no health and safety in those days!) Two men would pick each side of the trailer and one directly behind so that you would pick up five rows of tates at a time. The tates would then be taken in the trailer to the edge of the field where another two men would be making the grave to store the tates until they were needed. Straw was put on the tates first, then a layer of black polythene, then another layer of straw, and, finally, a good layer of soil. Every yard or so along the ridge of the grave they would make a hole with a wisp of straw sticking out so as to let the tates breath.

The first year I worked on this farm the boss said "Right! Tomorrow we start chopping out the sugar beet, so bring your hoes." I had mine all ready at home, the blacksmith who had a shop around the corner from where I lived had put a new nine inch blade on it for me. When I got to work the next day with my long-handled hoe strapped to the crossbar of my bike the boss said "what are you doing with that? Get a short-handled hoe out of the shed. We don't use long-handled hoes on this farm as the soil is too heavy!" So that was my introduction to chopping out sugar beet

with a short-handled hoe. It made your back ache for a couple of days but you soon got used to it. On the same farm we also had a lot of soft fruit, and that too was all picked at piecework rate. When I worked on this farm it was on the border of Norfolk and Lincolnshire, but we did everything the Lincolnshire way, as the boss had been born and bred there. All through the spring, summer and autumn we started work at 7 am, and when there was a lot of work on you worked through to 7 pm and your doky times were different, breakfast was at 8.30, dinner at 11.30 with tea at 3.30. We only worked Saturdays if we were extra busy, like at harvest-time. I also worked behind the bar at the Kit Kat at Hunstanton at the weekends, and as I had 15 miles there and back to work on the farm each day I didn't get much time to myself so I packed up on this farm and got a job nearer home.

I then got a job in another gang that was operating out of Gayton near King' Lynn. They gave me a van to drive so I didn't have to use my motorbike. With the van, each morning I had to

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pick up about ten women and take them out to where the work was. Mostly the work was around Holt and Fakenham – High Norfolk as they would call it – once again we were working piecework picking carrots, tates and parsnips. I well remember one day we were working in a field at Muckleton, near Burnham Market, when the gangmaster came round and started tipping all the carrots out of the sacks. I said “What are you doing that for?” “Well,” he said “A lot of you are putting clods of earth, weeds and carrot tops in the bottom of the sacks to fill them up quicker!” It was an old trick and was done all the time but we didn’t do it any more as the gangmaster threatened to sack all of us.

I left this gang soon after that and went to work in an onion factory, it was OK but Oh! The smell! We would burn the skin off the onions first and then you had to take the rest of the skin off with a short-bladed knife. I worked on the bagging machine so I was on day work, but all the women, about sixty of them, were on piecework. The factory was in Hill Street in Hunstanton, where the Post Office Sorting Office is now, and a lot of the women came to work and went home on the bus. When they went home in the afternoons the other people on the bus would not sit near the women as the smell was too strong – I only stayed there for a week or two!



I then went to work with a chap from Eastree near Peterborough, we worked all over the fens near March and Wisbech. It was a long way go each day but the money was good. We were cleaning out dykes and ditches (roughen). We would do all the small dykes and ditches with a shovel and scythe where they could not get a machine in to do it, and, again, this was piecework, we were paid so much for each chain’s length that we did. It was hard work but you were sheltered from the wind and the elements as you worked in the bottom of the dyke or ditch all the time. I did this for about a year then I went back to Hunstanton where a chap I knew set up a carrot-topping station. So there I was, back again working with about sixty women, but it was not as bad as the onion factory, as there was not the smell. In the summer of 1967 I was offered a full-time job at the Kit Kat public house on the seafront, and this I took. So that ended my time in the agricultural industry, or as a farm-worker as we were known.

Mr D. Wright from Solihull writes in the Village Voice about the Mann family and the Rev. Hervey. As he says, Canon Frederick Alfred Hervey M.A., C.V.O. was the Rector of Sandringham in 1899. In 1904 he still held his position although by then he was Domestic Chaplain to His Majesty The King and also Canon of Norwich.

The Mann family were very well known in the Dersingham and Sandringham area. In 1904 William Henry Mann was the postmaster at Sandringham and at the same time another William Henry Mann kept the Feathers Hotel. He was also a jobmaster, which I believe was an early form of gangmaster. Another member of the Mann family, Henry Mann, was a farmer in Dersingham but I cannot find the name of the farm. I think I am right in saying that there are still members of the Mann family living in Dersingham.\*

Now I need a little bit of help from the readers of Village Voice, in 1904 a Mr James Jackson was a farmer and dairyman at Blackheath Lodge in Dersingham. I hope that someone will be able to tell me exactly where Blackheath Lodge was.

*\*(Editor’s note; As promised, everything is to be revealed about the Mann and Walker family in a series by Elizabeth Fiddick, which is starting in another part of this issue, and Dick is quite correct in his assumption that members of the family are still resident in the village.)*

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## Royal Artists at Sandringham



Sandringham House, Gardens and Museum are once again open to the public until the end of October, and the exhibition in the ballroom of Sandringham House is certain to attract particular interest this year. Paintings in oils by His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh and watercolours by His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales are being shown together for the first time ever at Sandringham. The Duke of Edinburgh took up painting soon after his marriage in 1947, when an old friend, Denys Dawnay, gave him a small sketching set and told him to get on with it; His Royal Highness enjoyed it sufficiently to continue, on and off, ever since. The Prince of Wales's interest began during the 1970s when he was inspired by Robert Waddell, who had been his art master at Gordonstoun in Scotland, and he has been painting for most of his adult life, during holidays or when his official diary allows. The exhibition at Sandringham is based around views of the Royal residences and the landscapes around them. The Duke of Edinburgh frequently took his paints with him on his travels all over the world, and a selection of scenes captured on these journeys are also included, as well as a charming study of Her Majesty The Queen at the breakfast table. The Prince of Wales has lent his collection of landscapes painted at and around Royal residences, so Windsor Castle, for example, has been painted by both artists, as have the wide Norfolk skies. Painting and drawing is something of a Royal family tradition. Queen Victoria sketched landscapes and portraits; The Duke of Edinburgh's father, Prince Andrew of Greece and Denmark, was an accomplished painter in watercolours; and his maternal grandfather, Prince Louis of Battenburg (later Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven) supplied the Illustrated London News with sketches during a tour of India by the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) in the 1870s. Sandringham's ballroom exhibition is included in the entry fee for the House, and changes every year. Its aim is to show part of the Royal Family's private collections which are not normally accessible to visitors.

Details are obtainable on Tel: 01553 612908 or [www.sandringhamestate.co.uk](http://www.sandringhamestate.co.uk)

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## Dersingham Walking Group

Details of the June walks (13 & 24) were given in the last edition of Village Voice. The programme for the rest of the summer is;

**Wed 11 Jul** Start 6.30 pm from car park off the Ringstead/Burnham Road (map ref: L132/723 4050). A 4.5 mile circular walk around Courtyard Farm led by Pat Reed (540757)

**Sun 22 Jul** Start 10.30 am from West Acre Common (near Mill House) (Map ref: L132/788 151). A 7 miles circular walk around the Acres led by Keith Starks (542268) **BRING A PACKED LUNCH**

**Wed 8 Aug** Start 6.30 pm from Leziate Village Hall car park (50p per car) (Map ref: L132/681 192). A 4.5 miles circular walk around Leziate and Ashwick led by Keith Starks (542268)

**Wed 29 Aug** Start 6.00 pm from layby off A149 near Burnham Deepdale church (Map ref: L132/804 443) A 4 miles circular walk around Burnham Deepdale Farm led by Pat Reed (540757)

**Wed 12 Sep** Start 2.00 pm from Cliff Parade, Hunstanton (near lighthouse) (Map ref: L132/675 418) A 4 miles circular walk to Holme led by Chris Chater (541177)

**Sun 16 Sep** Start 2.00 pm from Sandringham Visitor Centre (Map ref: L132/689 287). A 4.5 miles circular walk in the Country Park led by Christine Taylor and Geoff Toop (542807)

*There is NO CHARGE: Just turn up on the day or contact the walk leader or me if you want further information. WELL\_BEHAVED dogs are welcome provided they are kept at the back of the group.*

*Keith Starks (542268)*

# Garden Waste Collection Service



We have introduced a new, easy and convenient scheme which will enable you to have your garden waste collected and composted for an annual fee of £36.00.

This annual fee covers your brown bin collection for 12 months from the time when we deliver the bin and make the first collection. Collections are every two weeks except during the Christmas period, 25 collections will be made each year.

To apply for a brown bin fill in the application form and send a cheque made payable to 'Borough Council of King's Lynn and West Norfolk' for £36.00 to:-

Recycling and Waste Management Team  
Borough Council of King's Lynn and West Norfolk  
Central Depot, Hamlin Way, King's Lynn, Norfolk, PE30 4NG

or alternatively complete the direct debit mandate and we will collect £9.00 each quarter directly from your bank account, this option is available via our website on [www.west-norfolk.gov.uk](http://www.west-norfolk.gov.uk) or contact 01553 780758.

Garden waste should be placed loose in the bins and can include:

- |                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| * hedge clippings | * twigs and small bracken                            |
| * cut flowers     | * windfalls  |
| * grass cuttings  | * leaves   |
| * shrub prunings  | * vegetable waste from the garden (e.g. potato tops) |

The Brown Bin Scheme Application form

I would like to participate in the Garden Waste Collection Scheme and enclose my cheque for £36.00 payable to Borough council of King's Lynn and West Norfolk.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

..... Postcode: .....

Telephone Number.....

# DERSINGHAM CHILDREN SUMMER SPORTS



30<sup>TH</sup> JULY  
TO  
3<sup>RD</sup> AUGUST

Sports Ground  
Manor Road

DATE	ACTIVITY	AGE	START TIME	FINISH TIME	COST
Monday 30 July 2007	Multi Sports Ref A1	5-7 yrs	10.30am	12.00pm	£2.00
Monday 30 July 2007	Multi Sports Girls Session Ref A2	8-14 yrs	1.00pm	3.00pm	£2.50
Tuesday 31 July 2007	Football Ref A3	8-14 yrs	10.00am	2.00pm	£4.50
Wednesday 1 August 2007	Football Ref A4	5-7 yrs	9.30am	11.30am	£2.50
Thursday 2 August 2007	Cricket Ref A5	8-14 yrs	10.00am	2.00pm	£4.50
Friday 3 August 2007	Rounders Ref A6	8-14 yrs	9.30am	11.30am	£2.50



## CHILDREN'S SPORTS PROGRAMME

### CALLING ALL CHILDREN TO COME AND JOIN IN THE FUN

All of the sporting activities will be taking place on the Sports Ground in Manor Road.

Please complete the booking form overleaf and forward together with payment to:

Sarah Bristow,  
Clerk to Dersingham Parish Council,  
Police Station, Manor Road,  
Dersingham PE31 6LH.

Please make cheques payable to Dersingham Parish Council.

Places are limited so please book early to avoid disappointment.

A packed lunch is needed for the Football and Cricket Activities, ref. A3 and A5.



# BOOKING FORM

NAME:.....

.....

AGE .....

ADDRESS:.....

.....

.....

ACTIVITY REQUIRED.....

REFERENCE NO:.....

PAYMENT AMOUNT ENCLOSED:.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT/GUARDIAN:.....

PRINT NAME:.....

DAYTIME



## Democracy Rules OK?

Election Promise:  
To rid our streets  
Of malefactors and ne'er-do-wells!

Ex-Headmaster Brian Stimpson  
Elected to Middlesborough Council  
In a Landslide!

Party Leader John Cleese  
Delighted  
Clockwise Party celebrates.



Of their behaviour directly.  
It was very popular  
Among Staff and Students!

Now Council Chairperson  
Jeremy Beadledom  
(Of the Pervasive Party)

Has persuaded the Council  
To adopt  
This vigilant policy



These voices from above  
Will be under  
The control

Of Sir Alan Aspartame  
Whom Mr Beadledom  
Has asked

To be their Trouble-shooter.

P.A.System proposed. Installation  
Throughout Middlesborough  
Deemed politic.

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Patent System was introduced  
21 years ago

At his Comprehensive School  
And enabled him  
To advise his pupils

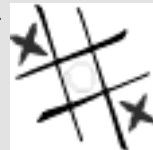


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Or misappropriating Road Signs,

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Or vomiting

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Castigated and

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make good.



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**\*Terms & conditions apply**

## **Summer Events at Park House, Sandringham Spring/Summer 2007**

**Saturday 16th June 8 pm till late In the Marquee**

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### **'SOLID GOLD'**

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**Sunday 12th July**

### **Park House Country Day & Companions Dog Show**

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**Gates open 1.00 pm with entries for dog show accepted 12.00 noon on day.**

**Entry £1.00 per class (for dog show) with general admission £1.00 per person payable at gate.**

**Sunday 19th August 2007**

### **'Sherry, The forgotten Wine'**

An Evening Talk and Tasting by wine expert Colin Gurteen, on the regional wines of Jerez de la Frontera in South West Spain, with a video and a chance to taste different styles of sherry, to suit all occasions.

**Tickets £10.00 to include Tapas and wines**

**Tickets for all events are available in advance from Reception at Park House Hotel**

**Yes! It IS the ladies of the W.I. On 3 February 1954 but what was the occasion?**



## MORE MEMORIES - From Len Westlove

In the February edition of Dersingham Village Voice, the Editor was kind enough to print a piece I had sent in. But it was not just the fact that it had been printed that made me feel good. When I saw it in print I felt a huge sense of relief; as though a massive weight had been lifted from my shoulders and mind. It was... well, like, an 'unburdening'. No longer would I have to keep that story to myself as I had done over the years; I had laid bare my chest. [If you didn't see that edition of The Village Voice PLEASE don't try to get one now for the purpose of reading the aforementioned article - it was merely the love-sick twitterings of a mid-teens boy; or should I say 'yob'?] So, in February 2007 I found out the therapeutic value of writing and exposing oneself - but only in a literary manner I hasten to add - to the world. Life got back to normal, until today. You see I have other secrets I wish to share with you. So I rang up the Editor and he said that if he had any room left in the June edition he would see what he could do. Here goes:-

A PASSION FOR EXPLOSIVES - I was lucky enough to be born with sufficient brain cells to get me a good education, mostly at King Edward VII Grammar school, Kings Lynn. But after some excellent GCE results at the age of 15 I became distracted by other things (girls and drinking, mainly) and slid quietly out of favour with the Headmaster by finishing my 7-year stint at KESGS with pathetic A Level results. But as well as having the ability to solve problems I was also blessed with minimal commonsense. I would try things just for the sake of trying them, regardless of the predicted outcome. This was harmless (well, mostly harmless anyway) as far as everyday living was concerned but it was hardly a qualification for messing about with explosives, which fascinated me beyond belief. The consequences were that I managed to create a fair amount of damage both deliberately and unintentionally as well as scaring my parents half to death at a time of life when they should not have to put up with constant worries. [Depending on what the Editor says, I might possibly put pen to paper about my explosive activities at some future date.] It surely goes without saying that an interest in explosives combines very well with an interest in gulls.

At school we had a Combined Cadet Force with two branches. Namely the Army Cadet Force and the RAF Cadet Force. I had always been very keen on anything to do with flying so my preference was to join the RAF Cadets. Unfortunately one had to pass an examination to graduate from Army to Air Force and that was too much like hard work so I failed the exam and remained in the Army Cadet Force for another year. On the plus side, however, the Army Cadets did quite a lot of training with real rifles (Lee Enfield .303's as used in the 2nd World War) Every Summer holiday we could go away for a week in a real army camp and pretend to be soldiers. We took our rifles with us. The highlights of the week away were chatting up the local girls - I remember our camp at Folkestone with a great deal of pleasure - and using live ammunition on the outdoor rifle ranges, which were some 200 yards long if my memory serves me correctly. It was on one of these ranges that I came very close to giving one of my fellow cadets a nervous breakdown. We were using Bren Guns at the time. These lovely beasts could rattle off a string of bullets on a single pull of the trigger. We were given ten live rounds. The theory was that we would let the first five go aiming at the archery-type targets held high above the butts. It was all quite safe because the 'butts' consisted of large mounds of sand to protect the poor souls who were supposed to indicate, by means of pointing with a large triangular marker, where the shots had hit the target. I fired my first five. Up came the pointer at the butts. It swung side to side then stopped for a few seconds. This was to tell me, somehow, exactly where the five shots had struck the target. But the temptation was too great. I let the second group of five go at the stationary pointer. Fantastic! The pointer disintegrated into a million splinters of plywood! This was all too much for my colleague in the butts who was left holding aloft a shortened stick with a very splintered end. He was escorted, ashen-faced and trembling, from the butts. I was never allowed on another long rifle range during all my time as a cadet.

During the course of a cadet year we went on two or three - can't remember now exactly - training exercises at Roydon Common. These were quite good fun as well. We were divided into two groups, or pairs of groups, and the idea was (I think) that each group should hunt down and 'capture' members of their opposing group. A capture was denoted by retrieving the beret from the opposing 'soldier'. For reasons which I never really understood, every combatant had his own rifle and was given five rounds of blank ammunition. The ruling was very strict. One must not point the gun and fire at an approaching enemy unless he was at least 25 yards away. Fair enough; but was it really my fault that my estimate of 25 yards was more like 10 yards? Similarly was it really my fault that 'the enemy' turned and ran with a dark brown spot of lightly burned cloth on his battledress tunic? I seem to remember the little creep reporting to the Major in charge of the whole operation "Sir, Sir, I've just seen Westlove Sir and he's off his trolley Sir and he tried to kill me Sir honestly Sir." On another expedition to Roydon Common we had a spell of digging ourselves foxholes and trenches to hide away from the 'baddies' who were supposedly trying to catch us. This was good because the long periods of inactivity gave me the chance to carry out a little experimentation that I had been itching to do for a long while. Again, we were issued with 5 blanks. Now I had often wondered what it was really like having to spend days beyond measure cooped up in a foxhole, having to forage for food with nothing but a rifle and 5 blanks, and a pencil and paper. Having the blank shells was fine but pretty useless when it came to killing something to eat. But could the pencil be wittled, or chewed, until it was just the size of a bullet? Whilst I was contemplating this a noise like a Red Indian war whoop broke the silence. I had been caught. I immediately gave up my beret and suggested that the lad who wanted it should b..... off and let me do my thinking in peace. He co-operated. With the assistance of my ever-ready penknife I cut an inch off my pencil and, after some modifications, stuffed it in the breech of my rifle leaving room to put a blank shell behind it.

All I needed now was a target. Luck was on my side. After a few minutes a rabbit hopped into view about 20 yards away. I set the gun's sights; took aim; and fired! The rabbit stopped scratching the earth, looked my way, looked away again and carried on scratching. If I didn't know better I could have sworn that he raised a paw and gave me the two fingers salute. So what happened to the pencil stub? I have, and had, absolutely no idea. It certainly didn't disturb my little furry friend but there was no evidence as to what had happened to it. I suspect it left the muzzle as a cloud of something like fine sawdust. Eventually it was time to get on the bus to go back to school. It had been a good day. Arriving at KESGS we got off the bus and lined up outside the Cadet Hut. It was only then that I noticed that all the other lads had a rifle apiece but I did not. The Major noticed it too. "Westlove. Where is your rifle?" "Don't know Sir. I Reckon it might be somewhere on Roydon Common. " "You WHAT! You reckon it MIGHT be on Roydon Common? "Sorry Sir. But I've also lost my shoes. I believe them to be at Roydon as well." (We had changed our foot wear when we arrived by bus at Roydon.) "I couldn't care less if you'd lost the crown jewels Westlove. The fact is that you have left a perfectly serviceable firearm for someone to find and possibly use" I smiled slightly. The poor Major looked really upset. "Oh I don't think so Sir. After all there's no bullets to go with..." "WESTLOVE! YOU ARE A GANGLING CRETIN! WHAT ARE YOU? The Headmaster and the Major used their cars to take eight of us back to the common. We spread out in a long line to comb the area thoroughly. After a few minutes I had some quiet words with the Major.

"SIR! I SAY, SIR! I'VE FOUND THEM! "The rifle and your shoes? Please tell me you've found your rifle, Westlove." "Err... no. I've found my shoes. Please don't cry Sir. I don't think Majors do that." The rifle was found.

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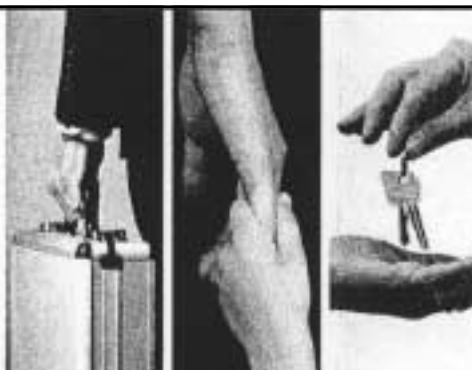
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# Sparrowhawks

by David Bingham

*Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean  
And so between the two of them, They licked the platter clean!*



I saw my first sparrowhawk in the 1970s, a good ten years after first becoming interested in birds. This would be a shaming admission today because they are so common that it would be unusual for me not to see at least one a week in Dersingham. Back then; sparrowhawks were far from common because they were one of the species being devastated by the use of DDT as a pesticide in agriculture. It was the publication of Rachel Carson's groundbreaking book 'Silent Spring' in 1962 that alerted the world to the dangers of DDT. This book is often credited with launching the global environmental movement. The pesticides were being concentrated as they moved up the food chain from plant eating insects to insect eating birds and

then to bird eating birds - resulting in a measurable thinning of the eggshells of hawks and falcons. This led to breeding failures of predatory birds throughout their range but particularly in agricultural areas. It would not have escaped the notice of readers of 'Silent Spring' that humans were also at the top of the food chain and so action was taken rather more rapidly than would be the case if only birds were being affected. The UK was slower than most developed countries to respond and didn't completely ban DDT until 1984. DDT was banned globally in 2004 except for its use in disease control, where it is making something of a comeback as an indoor spray to kill malaria-carrying mosquitoes.

Sparrowhawks have evolved for life in woodlands where their short broad wings enable them to dart through closely spaced trees in search of prey. Darting through our gardens trying to catch unwary birds on our feeders is a very similar lifestyle. They can also be seen circling high above the village on the lookout for likely hunting grounds. The Anglo-Saxons name for the sparrowhawk was *spearhafoc* and this seems to capture the spirit of their fast and deadly hunting technique. Sparrowhawks are a strongly sexually dimorphic species with much larger females than males (we are sexually dimorphic in the other direction but with more variability). A likely reason for this disparity in the size of Mr and Mrs Sparrowhawk is that it enables males and females to specialise in different prey items and so they require smaller territories per pair than would otherwise be the case. Female sparrowhawks can take prey up to the size of a town pigeon while males tend to concentrate on 'sparrow' sized prey. Other birds of prey have also evolved this strategy for reducing intraspecific competition, which is sometimes called the 'Jack Sprat Effect'. We regularly get sparrowhawks making kills in our garden where starlings and collared doves are the main victims. Starlings make a tremendous noise when caught and I saw a sparrowhawk take one and drown it in the pond last year. It was difficult to decide how purposeful this act was but it certainly cut out the noise. Collared doves don't seem to have an alarm call and accept their fate in Zen like silence. The sparrowhawks are just doing what sparrowhawks do and we should be glad to have them around. It is a good plan to hang your bird feeders in a tree if possible to give your garden birds a fighting chance of escaping a marauding sparrowhawk - bird tables out in the middle of a garden make a tempting (and unnatural) target. It is still best to continue to feed garden birds even if a few are taken by sparrowhawks because cold and hunger are bigger killers than birds of prey ever could be and we should celebrate the diversity that these majestic hunters bring into our lives.



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# Dersingham Minors FC Presentation 2006/7

Held on 19 May 2007

Thanks to the following: Richard Southgate for the completion of the Charter Standard which we now hold as a club, Darren White for the junior goals at St Georges School, Joanne and Julie for running both the shops during the season, committee members, managers and all sponsors. At the end of the season the club has got 3 league champions, 1 joint champion, 1 runner-up, 2 cup winners, 1 runner-up, a 3rd place, 4th place and 5 losing semi-finalists. Every child received a squad trophy for this season.

## The winners are as follows:

### Under 8 'A'

Player of the year; Henry Thornton  
Players player; Ben Simmonds  
Manager's performer; Ben Simmonds  
Most Improved; Michael Graves & Kale Heath

### Under 8 'B'

POY; Macsen Heath  
PP; Jamie Hilton  
MP; Connor Daniels

### Under 9 'A'

POY; Alex Havers  
PP; Lewis Jeavons  
MP; Lewis Jeavons & Josh Hazell

### Under 9 'B'

POY; Ashley Ward  
PP; Jake Biggs  
MP; Harry Sutton

### Under 10 'A'

POY; Aaron Herbert  
PP; David Ward  
MP; Jack Dennis  
Top Scorer; Alex Kettle  
Most Improved; Thomas Nicholls

### Under 10 'B'

POY; Conner Walker  
PP; Conner Walker  
MP; Kyle Burnham

### Under 11 Mini Soccer;

POY; Josh Ramm                      PP; Nathan Jeavons                      MP; Thomas Carlton

### 11 a side teams;

### Under 11s

POY; Jodie Duckhouse PP; Daniel Tuddenham MP; Tim Race

### Under 12 'A'

POY; Dominic Ebbs    PP; Jess Desborough    MP; Chris Lake

### Under 12 'B'

POY; Dean Rose                      PP; Alistair Kissock                      MP; Scott Bradley  
Most man of matches; Ashley Smith & Adam Ayres

### Under 13

POY; Peter Melhado                      PP; Kames Kipling                      MP; Callum Howell

### Under 14

POY; Luke Biles                      PP; Jack Berry                      MP; Jack Berry

### Under 15;

POY; Perry Cracknell    PP; Marcus Wills    MP; Mark Harman    Most man of matches; Owen Everitt

**Under 16;** Most improved; Tom Raines    PP; Danny Curry    MP; Alistair Poll

### Girls' Teams;

**Under 12;** POY; Bethany Coe    PP; Gemma Crane    MP; Emma Lee & Deanna Taylor

**Under 14;** POY; Holly Melton    PP; Sacha Kite MP; Lucy Carlton

**Under 16;** Most improved; Katie Walker    PP; Lindsay Baird    MP; Lindsay Baird

**100 goals for the club;** Timmy Pepper & Luke Biles - **200 goals for the club:** Gary Bowman

**The Jamie Griffin Club Person of the Year goes to:** Jack Southgate

All new players welcome phone Karl 543228 for details on training nights or days. Particular interest from under 11 girls and newly formed ladies' which trains on Tuesday evening 6.30 at the pastures

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### **Dersingham Evening W.I. Report – March/ April**



At their March meeting, members were intrigued to see the speaker, Mr Adrian Charlton, arrive with a long blanket wrapped package. After setting up a display of baskets of various shapes and sizes he opened the package to reveal two bundles of willows, which he proceeded to weave into an intricate design. As he worked he explained the use of different types of willow, pointing out that it must be kept damp to keep it supple for working, hence the blanket to keep the moisture in. Members were encouraged to ask questions as Mr Charlton continued to weave, and after an hour had the satisfaction of seeing the results, a beautiful peg basket.

A coffee morning at the home of Shirley Brooks raising £44, plus a 'Wine and Eats' evening at Dianne Neeves' home, raising a further £80, boosted W.I. funds.

The sum of £27 was added to this from a Bring and Buy sale. An auction, much enjoyed by those who attended raised a further £85.00.

'Pennies for Friendship' collected at the meeting, and donations made in lieu of paying for tea and coffee at meetings enabled £110 to be sent to the Associated Country Women of the World fund.

A letter was read out from local M.P. Mr Henry Bellingham, replying to one we had sent him regarding dismay at the closure of community hospitals.

April saw over 60 ladies celebrating the 45th birthday of the institute, enjoying a delicious meal prepared and served by committee members. The after dinner speaker was local author, Mary Mackie, who gave readings of several pieces of her work.

Members are now looking forward to the May meeting which will include among other items a 'Pudding Party'.

*Phyl Jones: 01485 540669*

## St Cecilia's Church

Recently, Saint Cecilia's Catholic Church had the pleasure of hosting the baptism of Sofie Rosemary, the daughter of Samantha and Neil Balderson of "The Feathers Hotel" in Dersingham.



(Picture Left). Over 100 friends were able to be there and share in the family's happy day. We welcome Sofie as one of the newest members of our Church and hope that she will soon be a regular part of the Christian family at St

Cecilia's.

\*\*\*\*\*

St Cecilia's congregation was sad to say goodbye recently to the Golan family, who have returned to Poland after two years with us. We wish Marcin and Alieya and their lovely daughters Antonina and Michalina (pictured right) every happiness in the future and hope to see them again in Dersingham one day.



## ~~Sandringham Fire Station~~

April started off exactly the same as last – does not bode well for a quiet summer! We have received a large number of calls to small grass and rubbish fires, some of them taking us deep into King's Lynn. On one particular fine day one of the fire engines from Sandringham was called out at around 11am and did not return until tea-time having spent the time attending three summer related calls. Having said all that I am now writing this at the fire station with the rain pouring down the windows so maybe the rain dance has worked.

Jamie and Chris are continuing to study hard, there is a huge amount to learn in the field of firefighting. Their 24 month probation exams are approaching and it is the role of Paul Edwards and Tim Nurse to ensure that they have reached the required standard before being assessed by an officer from King's Lynn.

Nationally the fire service has undertaken a huge amount of modernisation and the 1<sup>st</sup> May saw one of the many steps. Some of you may know the rank structure as; Fireman, Leading Fireman, Sub Officer, Station Officer, Assistant Divisional Officer, Divisional Officer, Senior Divisional Officer, Deputy Chief Officer and finally the Chief. These ranks have now been superseded by the following roles; Firefighter, Crew Manager, Watch Manager, Station Manager, Group Manager, Area Manager and Brigade Manager. And visually, if you see us out and about our helmet rank markings have changed. We used to have yellow and one strip for a LFF, now the CM (old LFM rank) wears yellow with two stripes. The Sub Officer and Station Officer ranks have been amalgamated into the WM role and they all wear white helmets. Very confusing but it does simplify the rank structure within the service.

We are still very happy to hear from you and would welcome any comments addressed to the Fire Station, Dodds Hill, Dersingham or email Dennis Wright at :-

[Dennis.Wright@fire.norfolk.gov.uk](mailto:Dennis.Wright@fire.norfolk.gov.uk).

*Tim Edwards – Firefighter, Sandringham.*

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## **“SAM – Son of a Norfolk Warrener” Part Five of a Series of Six**



Formerly created in the form of a book written in 1998 to 1999 by Steve Nowell in conjunction with Sam Burlingham and now presented with their permission as a six part series in ‘Dersingham Village Voice’

Editor's note: This article is presented in its original format with little or no alteration to its content. Some of the expressions used in the account may not be as politically correct today as some may wish, but my opinion is that updating it to meet current standards would actually detract from what is a fascinating tale of this Dersingham man's life. Sam is now aged 85 years and still lives in the village.

### **Chapter 8 - Torpedoed!**

Sam spent a brief period on HMS Lightning escorting the aircraft carrier Ark Royal. He saw the Ark Royal sink, and to this day maintains; a) that it should never have happened and b) that he can never agree with the official reason for its sinking. The Ark Royal was escorting a convoy. At the end of this duty it should have returned directly to Gibraltar, but its Captain decided to do manoeuvres to give the pilots practice in take-offs and landings. Sam was on watch when the fatal explosion occurred and definitely remembers that the bulk of the blast came out of the funnel. Sam still feels that such an explosion was far more likely to have come from within the ship, and was not due to a torpedo attack. The ship sunk slowly but the planes were unable to land on it due to the sloping deck and had to fly back to Gibraltar, which they only just made on their fuel. The Skipper of the Lightning offered to put a line on board the stricken aircraft carrier but this offer was refused. Eventually a tug arrived from Gibraltar at midnight - the explosion occurred at 15.45. After a while the Ark Royal sank, which wouldn't have happened if its captain had accepted a tow from the Lightning and thereby made greater speed and distance towards Gibraltar.

It was during the North Africa Campaign, whilst patrolling out of Algiers, that Sam's ship was torpedoed and sunk. The ship had been at action stations for twelve days and twelve nights. On the thirteenth night it ran into a nest of E Boats in half moonlight. The first torpedo hit the bows but this was not disastrous as all the watertight doors were closed. The second torpedo struck home right in the engine room and effectively cut the ship in half. It folded like a 'V'. Someone knocked on the door of X turret and said that the abandon ship order had been given. Sam looked out of the turret and found himself considerably more than house height above the water as the ship had folded. He looked over the guardrail and saw his mates in a Carley raft down below so he jumped over the rail. But the raft was already full. The only option was to hang on to the cord which ran round the raft. The E Boats came alongside and asked who wanted to be taken prisoner. We are not allowed to print Sam's reply word for word, but the essence of it was NO!! Some of the crew, however, elected to be taken prisoner. Fortunately they were not prisoners too long. Sam recalls that the cook on the Lightning was a rather fretful chap who always wore a lifebelt anyway, but in times of action put on another two. It was his misfortune that he had put on the last two incorrectly when the order to abandon ship was given and was consequently turned upside down in the water and drowned when he jumped overboard. Sam and his mates were picked up at 4.00 in the morning after being in the water six hours. Even now, he suffers a lot with a severe stiffness in the finger joints in cold weather which he attributes to clinging on to the rope round the Carley raft for all that time. They were put ashore at Algiers and billeted in a French school. As usual, Lord Haw Haw took delight in broadcasting to the British people that the Germans had sunk another ship, in this case the

Lightning. So Sam's wife and his family knew that his ship had been sunk but did not get to know for a long while that Sam was safe. It is still a matter of regret for Sam that his wallet went down with the ship. He always had it with him, but when he was called to action stations before being torpedoed, he left the wallet in his locker and consequently never saw it again. The particular reason for his regret is that the wallet contained the caul, which his mother had given him, and the

head-square from the nurse who he had rescued from the sea. The survivors from HMS Lightning who were not taken prisoner were put ashore in Algiers. After a short recovery period in a French school, Sam was put in charge of 40 Algerians (again, we are not allowed to print his exact description!). A chap from Woolwich arsenal was with him and they had a lorry.



A Carley Raft  
Every day they would travel 20 miles inland to visit ammunition dumps. On one particular occasion, they arrived at a dump to find all the locals in a state of turmoil. Some young boys had got over the wire during the night. The tins in which detonators were kept looked very much like tins of bully beef. The boys had thrown some of these cans over the wire, believing them to contain food, and one had exploded, killing one of the lads. Sam spent some time in an isolation ward in an Algerian hospital suffering from dysentery from which he considers he was lucky to recover.

At the end of the North Africa Campaign Leading Seaman Burlingham was destined to go to Malta for the preparation of the Invasion of Sicily. But for a while there was no transport for him and he was billeted in Sfax (Tunisia) with the 8th Army. Eventually he was transferred to Malta where he spent eighteen months. After the successful invasion of Sicily, he was put in naval barracks at St Angelo (Malta) and had the job of ferrying officers round the ships. He was then put in charge of a coal-fired boat, dropping explosives against one-man submarines. During the day shift, the crew weren't over concerned about the possibility of submarines in the area, so the Maltese crew used to cut up explosives and fuses into small pieces and lob them over the side to stun the fishes. Many a good evening fry-up resulted from this leisurely activity! They weren't too worried about the enemy lurking in their waters at night either. The procedure was to tie up at the winch house, have a fry-up with the day's catch, and periodically send a Maltese running down the jetty to throw an explosive. Sam's comment - "Well we had to do something to show willing, didn't we?" It was at this time that Sam started taking his physical development very seriously. The chap in charge of the winch house was a big Maltese fellow who was a weight lifter and a wrestler and he feels that he owes this man a lot. He practised and learned the skills of those two sports thoroughly and 'before' and 'after' photos of Sam is definite evidence that he derived a lot of benefit from his labours.

Sam Burlingham has always been a great man for his food. That is not to imply greediness -just appreciation of good square meals. But at sea this could not always be the case. In fact some of the messes to which he was billeted left something to be desired food-wise. The occupants of the barracks were billeted eighteen to a mess in building three storeys high. At meal times, a rating from each mess was detailed to go to the central galley to collect the meals in tin dishes. They were then served up in the messes. Each mess had a number, which was given in at the galley to ensure that the correct number of meals was collected. On ships at sea, however, the system was different; especially on the larger ships like cruisers, battleships, and aircraft carriers. In these cases the food was dished up from central serving areas, with every man going to his appropriate area to collect his food.

The smaller ships that Sam served on were more akin to the land-based system described earlier. There were eighteen ratings to a mess, with one Leading Rating (Sam was one), to a mess; and there were port and starboard mess decks. Each morning, one man from each mess would meet the men from the other messes at an appointed time outside the 'Tanky' store. "To landlubbers, a Tanky is a Butcher" we are told. The Tanky would issue nine pounds of meat for each mess, plus potatoes. The meat used to vary beef, mutton, pork etc. - and when it was dished out, the mess used to decide upon the dinner menu. Four ratings from each mess were detailed for mess duties from 12.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Their job was to prepare meals, wash up, make tea, and generally keep the mess deck clean. During their period of mess duties, they also had to do the normal ship's duties such as lookout or guns. Each mess was also allocated a certain amount of money to spend at the NAAFI on 'extras'. Sam's mess always got something from the NAAFI so that they could have a

hot meal at 6.30 p.m. The meals were prepared in the mess and each mess had a number tag. The meals were taken to the galley to be cooked by the Ship's Cook; which was a permanent post on the ship. On long voyages it was not unusual to run out of potato, so boiled rice was substituted. During the Atlantic convoy runs they often had to make do with a dry dinner. Keeping a grip on one's plate in bad weather with the ship pitching and rolling was bad enough, but to keep gravy on the plate was an impossibility.

At the end of his tour of duty in Malta, Sam was sent back to Chatham. After some home leave he was drafted to a shore base in Scotland and shortly after that peace was declared. He had just a few months to serve to complete his seven years' active service. In retrospect, Sam doesn't regret any of his time in the Navy. Although six years out of the seven were in wartime, he would not have missed it. It was a great experience and he saw most of the world that he wanted to see. There were only two places that he might have liked to go to and they were Australia and New Zealand. He sums up his present feelings as follows. "I get a funny sort of satisfaction when I sit watching the telly and seeing all those folks queuing up and paying hundreds of pounds to go abroad. "Cos I reckon I did a lot better than that when I was in the Navy, and I got eighteen bob a week thrown in for good measure!"

## **Chapter 9 - Return to Farming**

Sam left the Navy in 1945 at the age of 25, Being used to service life and discipline he thought that the Police Force would be a good career which would suit him. He passed the initial exams but failed by a quarter of an inch to meet the height requirement. At that time, the Norfolk Police stipulated a height of 5 feet eleven inches. It was possible that he could have got into another county force but having been told after his height check that he should have put cardboard in his shoes (!) he was more than a little disgusted at the so-called 'integrity' of the police and decided to look for a job elsewhere. In a way he was pleased that he had not joined the police because he soon found out that his real love was the land, and farming.

Sam was married while in the Navy, so when he left the service he came back to the King's Lynn area where his wife had accommodation. Factory jobs were available and the pay was better than in farming jobs, but Sam could not face the prospect of being shut away from the great outdoors for five days a week so he started applying for land work. He was lucky, because soon after he started seeking work, the Royal Estate at Sandringham advertised for a farm hand with preference being given to ex-servicemen. Furthermore, a cottage went with the job. He applied and was successful. He felt that this was a very good start as the house was just as important as the job. Just after the war, horses were still the main source of tractive power in farming. Sam got the job of Horseman (a job he loved) which involved looking after and working the horses. Everything was good. He loved his work and the cottage was actually situated on the farm in the little hamlet of Appleton so he was completely integrated with the farm as it were. A few years later, tractors gained a lot of popularity and fairly quickly replaced the working horse. This was a sad blow for Sam as he "... loved training and working with these huge animals which weighed nigh on a ton but were as gentle and as affectionate as a dog." He became a tractor driver but felt that this was a lot more dangerous than working a horse which would at least stop if you said "Whooooa!" to it. With the tractor there was a lot of power to handle and it was a case of learning how to control it properly. He learned this new technique however and carried on driving for several years without accident.

There was quite a large flock of sheep on the Royal Estate and as Sam had experience of dealing with sheep before the war, he was given the job of assisting the Shepherd during the month of June. Initially this only amounted to catching the sheep to be clipped then winding the fleece after it was clipped. But the Shepherd was an elderly man and it wasn't too long before Sam took over the job of clipping them as well. "Though I says it myself, I did get quite good!" He soon discovered that the secret of clipping was to make sure the sheep was sitting relaxed and comfortably. When the Shepherd retired, the flock was sold.

It might be argued, but rather frivolously, that Sam was entitled to wear a badge with the

inscription "By Royal Appointment". His house was very close to the main farm buildings. Just over the road in fact. When Royalty were in residence at Sandringham, it was quite a regular occurrence for the King and Queen to bring the princesses up to the farm to see the cows being milked and Sam's family used to get a close up view of the Royal Family. But once in a while, the King would ask to see a new piece of machinery demonstrated and on these occasions it was Sam who would be asked to demonstrate it. It was while Sam was on the Sandringham Estate that King George VI died. He was one of the Estate personnel who stood vigil over the King's coffin in Sandringham church. His period of duty was from 12 midnight to 2.00 a.m. He recalls that when he arrived for his first duty the body was being embalmed. He says it wasn't exactly frightening being there in the night, but he was standing directly under the bell tower and the absolute silence was completely shattered every time the clock struck. That definitely WAS a bit tough on the nerves! Later however, Sam received a signed note of thanks from Her Majesty the Queen for his part in the vigil over the late King, her Father. He also received a note on behalf of the Queen Mother enclosing a copy of the sermon preached by the Vicar at Sandringham on the Sunday after the death of the King.

When Prince Charles and Princess Diana became engaged there was a lot of interest from the local press around King's Lynn because Diana was of course the daughter of Lord and Lady Althorp. Sam was interviewed and had quite a write up in the local paper. He worked on the Royal Estate for 10 years and in the latter years had the urge for promotion. At one time he could have got the job of Farm Foreman but it would have meant moving to Wolferton where there was no bus service and life would have been more difficult for his wife and family. After a brief discussion Sam let the Foreman's job go by for the general well being of his family. Later, however, he was offered the Farm Foreman's job for Lord Althorp at Ingoldisthorpe. The job was, in effect, to manage a farm of 600 acres. With a very good recommendation from the Agent of the Royal Estate Sam got the job. The accommodation was far better than either Sam or his family could have hoped for. It was an old hall consisting of four big rooms, an office, a pantry and a cellar downstairs; five bedrooms, a toilet, and a bathroom upstairs; and three more bedrooms in the attic. Sam says "Although it was a big rambling old place with no central heating or the like, we all loved that old house and never suffered any ills all the time we was there." On the farming side, as well as being an arable farm, there was also a highly successful beef rearing enterprise, rearing calves to fat beef and selling them at market. Several years they won prizes at the King's Lynn Fatstock Show. Sam stayed with Lord Althorp for 15 years until Lord and Lady Althorp got divorced. The farm then had to be sold. But Lord Althorp offered Sam a job with him on his father's estate in Northamptonshire which he would take over in the event of his father's death. Sam was 54 at this time He would have lived rent-free; got more money; had free light and coal etc. but none of the family felt easy about it. They decided that they were strictly Norfolk folk and wished to remain in that county so Sam and his family never moved to Northamptonshire.



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## My Patch

By Gardenwatcher

*Mon.* At last some nice warm weather. As yet nothing prickly has grown on one of my favourite sunbathing spots on a south facing slope under some trees...blisssss.

*Fri.* Cold again. A burst of growth in the garden—though mainly weeds. He has been out pulling them up maniacally. No sign yet of the Grass seed or the Carrots germinating yet.

*Sun.* A lot of activity with the clocks. Something about BST. To me this stands for Basking in the Sunshine Time. The boiling cauldron of promiscuity that is the pond is now full of spawn. Hopefully the tadpoles will eat all the blanket weed that has been growing throughout the winter affording me a better view of the fish.

*Wed.* Managed to loose my bell last night in next doors undergrowth. This means that I can indulge in some of my favourite pastimes undetected—surfing the kitchen tops, helping to wash up, startling people with my silent approach. First signs of the Carrots today. Two rows of Garlic have also appeared between the Carrots, supposedly to confuse the carrot fly. Hell of a lot of pigeons about! They seem to be particularly good at emptying the bird baths by dislodging the bath part – clumsy great things.

*Fri.* He pounced upon me whilst I was sleeping today and put a new bell on my collar—Grrrrrr!

*Wed.* I was awoken from a deep sleep under a bush by a new and terrifying noise not unlike a thousand cheap sheets being ripped. Obviously it was after me so I was obliged to flee. Upon inspection from a safe, high vantage point I discovered that it was himself pushing this blue carpet sweeper type machine over the blessed turf and it was discharging some white granules. Is there no end to the torture he puts me through? On the bright side however, there is no sign of last year's Beans yet. Tee hee, he will be planting new seed this evening I hear. Serves the miser right!

*Sat.* This has to be my favourite time of the year. It gets warmer, the leaves are bursting forth and the bushes are supplied with juicy young nestlings to augment my otherwise inadequate diet. I've had just a couple so far. Unfortunately my handlers seem not to be too pleased when I bring them in to the house. Obviously baby bird is a taste they have yet to acquire. I will put my back into educating them. My garden is dust dry and a lot of planting has yet to be done by him, but until he does, I can make use of the bare earth. I love a good roll in the dirt.

*Mon.* I couldn't remember if I liked tadpoles or not, so I hoiked a few out of the pond to try. I don't like them! I'll stick to next door's fish.

*Wed.* The weather has turned. It's cooler and showery so I have little inclination to go out. A brief sortie around the patch revealed germination of the Pak Choi and Chinese Cabbage. The Carrots are getting quite bushy and the Broccoli is about 6 inches tall (note that I eschew the metric system in all it's forms and welcome the news from Brussels) and should give them a good feed. Talking of a good feed, I haven't checked my bowl for nearly 20 minutes, must go!

*Fri.* Another wet day. Overheard them discussing the Peas and the fact that just 10% had germinated causing them much anguish. Midday brought hail, signalling a rapid retreat from my shelter bush and giving me the pleasure of leaving muddy pawmarks on the kitchen floor.

*Sat.* My early morning perambulation was most pleasant today. Lots of colour in the garden to admire. The Rhododendrons are at their peak, all except for one—a species example—that is supposed to be yellow. Planted about 6 years ago, it has yet to flower but now that the trees have gone it may prefer the new conditions and oblige next year, or he may have wasted his money.

*Sun.* Traditionally my day of rest and who am I to break with tradition. Yesterday's wind has stripped the Flowering Cherry of the remains of the flowers leaving a carpet of stalky bits on his lawn. I am in no doubt that some noisy and terrifying machine will be employed in their clearance. Where is the "Coopers of Stortford" catalogue? I need some ear defenders!

## Spring is Sprung....



*Spring is sprung...* and early this year – something to do with the size of my carbon footprint, I've been told. I saw my first flock of flapping caravans ages ago now; on the bypass they were, being overtaken, at speed, by a squadron of frantic motorcycle banshees, hell bent on hurling themselves headlong into the oblivion of Hades at the Snettisham roundabout, thus cunningly avoiding arrival at the crowded gates of Paradise that is Hunny.

And the same week I saw my first pair of flip-flops and long shorts, shortly after I heard my first cuckoos; in the crowded pub they were (the flip-flops, not the cuckoo), hanging from the dangling thin, white, shivering legs of a visitor from Essex who took most of the afternoon, and the entire bar staff of one, to order eight bags of crisps, two Froot Shoots, a pint of Guinness, a gin and tonic, "Oh, and can I 'ave two more Guinness, please. Oh yes, and a glass of red wine. What sort you got? Just 'ouse? Shirley! Shirley! They've only got 'ouse! What's that? Another pint of Guinness...? 'Ang on mate, I'll just go and check." - whilst twelve patiently queuing locals slowly and agonisingly died of thirst.

*The grass is rizz...* well everybugger else's is! I can't go to the pub for shame now. Cruel taunts of, "How long's yours then?" and "I'm on my third cut this year" still ring in my ears. *My* first cut of the patchy expanse of garden that I misguidedly refer to as a 'my lawn' revealed a huge, bright green swathe of moss... there *is* no grass to rise! So, I've decided to adopt the modus operandi of neo-rusticism. In fact I've developed a plan for the total neo-rustification of the entire garden.

Neo-rustic philosophy, you see, dictates that the gardener must allow the garden it's own space; allow it to grow and mature at it's own rate and in it's own way. In essence, this means 'do nothing but sit back and watch'. Very soon now I'll be able to hold up my head once more and brag at the bar of The Coach and Horses, my glass of Piddle In The Wind held high, about the size of my dock and the firmness of my plantain and enthuse about my virile and fertile moss that, even as I write, oozes remorselessly towards my neighbours' verdant and moss free pastures, with creeping ground ivy slithering close behind through dense cow parsley, ready to strangle the silver birches that strut and stride smugly along our boundary.

*Summer is a cummin in...*

Yep, I've already been tending the beds of potato crisp packets that, like a self-seeding perennial weed, arrive every year around this time behind the low wall of my front garden. They jostle for position and light alongside the serried rows of ice lolly wrappers and empty beer cans and bottles. How I wish the horticultural hoodies that plant them would come and harvest their crop, but no, they seem to be too preoccupied running for cover in the Stable Tap bar, avoiding the hugs of canvassing politicians anxious for their vote.

I have a confession. I'm a village spring virgin. Not the Morris Men, May pole, spring rite kind of virgin, or even the "Carry On Camping" kind of virgin – that would be silly. What I mean is; I've never seen the village at springtime before. Never had the joy of talking with a pair of bouncy, bug-hungry robins, hanging on my every hoe and spade stroke. Never seen the loud and fiery orange of the berberis, shouting at the quiet white of the apple tree next door, or the fat rosebuds of my climbers, just before they burst into bloated bloom, or the eight brown, steaming wooden carbuncles growing on the walls of Jannoch's Court that provide such an ironic counterpoint to the white and delicate pink profusion of blossom that blesses the opposite side of Chapel Road. Never had to sidestep the last few remaining members of the Iceni tribe, spotted seeking huddled refuge in the impenetrable overgrown madness and abandoned cars of Caxton Cottage. Never had to avoid the marauding packs of mobility scooters that tear recklessly around the village, apparently re-enacting some sort of pagan 'beating of the boundary' spring ritual. I've noticed that they park up in groups out side the post office and the two village pubs. The significance of these two locations has so far eluded me...

There's talk of golf once more, or 'gofe' or a 'good walk spoiled' as the neo-rusticists amongst us prefer to call it. Talk of birdies and eagles, putters and niblicks, bunkers and handicaps is yet another indication that the daffodils are withering and the caddies are being dusted down. Why do golfers crow about their handicaps and their delusions of adequacy? If I had a handicap, I'd visit The Carol Brown Health Centre and keep it very quiet. In all fairness though, a good fairway has been known to provide a useful emergency landing strip for my little Cessna when the engine decided to stop once. I do wish they'd fill in those bunker things though...

And talking of airplane engines – don't the RAF (or is it the USAF?) positively spoil us with their skilfully low and loud, full afterburner fly bys and free displays as soon as the sun is warm enough to enjoy the outdoors and the quiet peacefulness of the garden? How I love their boisterously playful aerial antics as they thunder across our rural sky, their low boom curdling my alfresco milkshake.

Yes, summer is upon us early this year, thanks largely, I'm told, to our collected and determined efforts over the last few centuries to burn all our fossil fuels in a mad dash to live the good life that is Dersingham today...

© Patrick Marks – May 2007.




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## Hunstanton & District Rotary Club

Your local Rotary club is typical of the tens of thousands of similar clubs throughout the world. All Rotarians share the same motto; "Service Above Self". The aim is to serve both the local and the wider communities. Members are drawn from a wide spectrum of experience and knowledge.

There are three aspects to life in Rotary. First is raising and distributing money. So far this Rotary financial year, and there are still two months or so to go, Hunstanton & District Rotary Club has donated some £15,000 to a variety of organisations. Locally the recipients include the Lavender Hill Mob Drama Group, Snettisham Salvation Army and Heacham Skateboard Association. National recipients include Guide Dogs for the Blind, GOSHCC and Lupus UK.T

The second aspect is that of actually working within the community. Examples of this include running mock interviews at Smithdon High School to help equip students for job seeking and/or university entrance; Citizen Awards made to local school children to encourage them to adopt a "service above self" attitude; distribution of parcels at Christmas time and a Community Award.

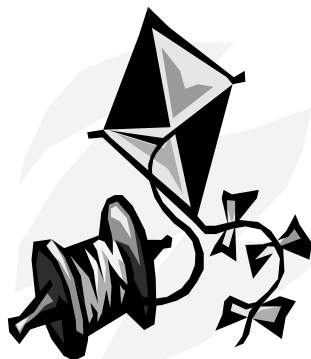
Thirdly there is, of course, a social side. Members of Hunstanton & District Rotary Club meet every week for a meal. There is usually a guest speaker. When this speaker is a representative of a worthy cause a suitable donation is made. Other social events, both formal and informal, are held throughout the year.

### Some Dates for Your Diary:

**8 July** Carnival Day in Hunstanton. This event is organised by the club to provide fundraising facilities for other organisations.

**28 & 29 July** The Club "takes over" Norton Hill Light railway at Snettisham. All proceeds from the weekend go to worthy causes.

**19 August** The Club's annual Kite Festival and Classic Car Rally is held at Smithdon High School. This blue ribbon event is one of the best of its kind in the county. As well as cars and kites there will be craft and trade stalls together with many other attractions. An excellent day out whether or not you happen to be a kite or classic car enthusiast.



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## Bernie's Bytes

### *Feedback from April Village Voice*

**Dick's piece about Dodds Hill.** The house next to Melton's at the top of the hill - at the time we were at school Shiptons lived there, there were two boys one was Peter who was about the same age as Dick and myself, can't remember the other name, I think the father was in the forces probably the navy. The family did move back to the village, in a bungalow in Manor road close to Manor Side, but moved on again several years ago. My grandfather Walter Proudfoot lived at the premises and worked for Stantons as a teamsman, although I was not very old I can remember him taking me into the stables on Sunday mornings when he went to tend to the horses. Lingwoods lived next door, there was a son Gordon and two daughters, Gordon was a tractor driver. They eventually moved down into the village, and I believe one of the daughters still lives in the village. When he finished work my grandparents moved to a bungalow in Bank Road. Fred Easton, who now lives in Post Office Road, lived in the houses up Ling House Road - Fred is a local boy who has done well for himself, I have had several chats with Fred about his younger days and the people and times gone past and he has a wealth of stories, a very interesting man to talk to. Dick says it's a mile to Ling house, from my running days Dodds Hill to Anmer via Ling House was one of my training runs and it's close to two miles.

**The By-Pass.** Another man who worked very hard for the village to get its new road was Ian Stockwell. Ian was a District Councillor for the village. He organised a march from the Dun Cow to the Sandpit which took place on a Spring Bank Holiday morning - the turnout from the village was bigger than expected and by the time it reached the Sandpit the police had closed the main road at Babingley and sent all the traffic heading for the coast round by Sandringham. One of the things stopping approval for the new road was the supposed existence of a moth on the fen which no one had ever seen or heard of. Ian had a homemade contraption which was a length of pipe with a wood plunger which he used to spray a white powder (probably flour) on the fen to get rid of the moth. The march created a lot of publicity and probably did a lot to get the road built.

**Steeplejacks** - A neighbour of mine, who has a holiday home here, owns a steeplejack business and has recently had the job of renewing the lightning conductor on Nelson's Column and tidying the old boy up, showed me some photos of himself alongside Nelson at the top of the column. Anybody interested in learning more about steeplejacks, Fred Dibnah's autobiography explains how ladders are set up on chimneys very well....

Something not said about Rowly Linford was the service he gave the church. Himself Teddy Rye the organist/ choir master and my father Wallace all reached sixty years service in the choir at about the same time, and it was something they were proud of, I suppose it will not be bettered in future years.

*Bernie Twite - Resident in Cyprus*



## Scarecrows at Wolferton

August Bank Holiday  
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and drinks at Social Club**

**Games for the children. Stalls on village green**

**A great day out for all ages - all funds raised to charity**

## The Nocturnal Wonders of Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve

Going for a stroll around Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve on a sunny summer's day is a real treat. The beautiful, descending song of the woodlark as it hangs in the air, the sight of a roe deer quietly picking its way across the heath and the multitude of different colours and tones of the bog combine to make a summer visit to the reserve a special occasion. For me, however, what makes the reserve unique is the transformation which takes place as the sun sinks to the horizon and the light begins to fade.

The first change occurs late in the afternoon. As the sun gets lower in the sky and the air temperatures drop, the sandy soils that have warmed up over the course of the day begin to radiate the stored heat back out. As well as maintaining the air temperatures on the reserve, this also intensifies the scent of the heather, bracken and peat. The rich, earthy mixture of smells that this produces conjures up memories of dusty tobacco shops - perhaps soon to be a thing of the past.

As the afternoon progresses, just prior to dusk, the thrushes launch into their daily symphony and the roe and muntjac deer begin to bark. A visitor to the bog could well be mistaken at this point for turning around and heading back to their car as quickly as their feet will carry them. However, for the patient observer, the best is still yet to come.

As the light fades further, the first of the nocturnal wonders appears. Male woodcock begin on their peculiar display flights, criss-crossing the bog whilst issuing a series of croaks, grunts and squeaks. This display flight is called 'roding' and serves to signal the presence of the eligible male and mark out his territory. Woodcock are polygamous, males often mating with several females. The roding flight of the male woodcock provides the rare opportunity to view this otherwise seldom seen master of camouflage. The females are completely reliant on their cryptic colouring for hiding them whilst they are brooding their eggs and young. Their eyes stick out from the sides of their heads allowing them 360° vision and giving the advantage of being able to view an approaching predator from any angle. This allows them to sit completely still in the hope that the predator will pass by without noticing the sitting bird. Woodcock are intelligent birds and have adapted ingenious methods of survival. A friend from the midlands has found several woodcock nests in winter when there has been a covering of snow on the ground. On each occasion, the nest has been positioned on top of a wood mouse nest. Presumably, these two creatures have teamed up to provide each other with warmth to help increase their rate of survival. The next of the nocturnal spectacles to begin its daily repertoire is the nightjar.

Nightjars spend the winter months in south of the Sahel in Africa, returning to Britain to breed from late April through until September. Nightjars have a very patchy distribution in Britain and are almost exclusively restricted to heathland and areas of clear-felled forestry land. It is perhaps no surprise, therefore, the loss of over 80% of Britain's lowland heathland since the early 1800's has mirrored a corresponding decline in the UK's population of nightjars. Dersingham Bog remains one of the best places in the UK (in my opinion the best) to view



Woodcock

nighjars. Like woodcock, nightjars are also incredibly well camouflaged. During the day, they rest on the ground or lengthways along tree branches. At dusk and dawn, however, they begin on their display flights, the males issuing a mechanical churring sound and clapping their wings to attract females. At about the same time, glowworms begin to 'light up' and on a good evening there can be up to twenty glowing along the reserve tracks alongside the bog. An interesting observation last year involved 13 glowworms sat atop of a wood chip pile in an area where they are seldom ever seen and on a night on which few were glowing on the rest of the reserve. The chip had come from pine growing along the edge of the bog and it is possible that the glowworm had been hibernating under the bark of the pines and had been passed through the chipper unharmed and transported to the other end of the reserve. It will be interesting to monitor the chip pile this year.

Natural England's staff at Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve host a series of guided walks throughout the year and several are targeted specifically at seeing and hearing some of the nocturnal residents of the bog. A full events calendar is provided in this issue of Village Voice.

*Ash Murray - Site Manager - Natural England - 16<sup>th</sup> May 2007*

### **Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve Events Calendar 2007.**

**Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> June 2007: Creatures of the Night** - Join Ash Murray as he take a closer look at some of the less frequently seen creatures that live at Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve, such as; glowworms, nightjar and woodcock. This walk will last for approximately two hours and will start at 8:30pm. Please bring sturdy footwear, warm clothing, insect repellent and waterproofs. For bookings and further information, contact Ash Murray on 01485 543044.

**Friday 13<sup>th</sup> July 2007: Creatures of the Night** Join Chris Betts as he take a closer look at some of the less frequently seen creatures that live at Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve, such as; glowworms, nightjar and woodcock. This walk will last for approximately two hours and will start at 8:30pm. Please bring sturdy footwear, warm clothing, insect repellent and waterproofs. For bookings and further information, contact Chris Betts on 01485 543044.

**Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> August 2007: Dragons and Damsels at Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve** – Eighteen species of dragonfly have been recorded on the reserve, including the rare Black Darter. Learn more about these attractive and intriguing insects by joining Will Stewart for a walk around the bog. This walk will last for approximately two hours and will start at 2:00pm. Please bring sturdy footwear, warm clothing and waterproofs. For bookings and further information, contact Will Stewart on 01485 543044.

***The event is free of charge. Please note, however, that booking is essential.***

**Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> October 2007: An Autumn stroll – Fungus foray of Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve** - An introduction to the fascinating and colourfull world of fungi. Learn more about these fascinating organisms by joining Ash Murray, as he looks for species such as the Foxy Spot, Fly Agaric, Deceiver and Ear Pick Fungus. This walk will last for approximately two hours and will start at 10:00am. Please bring sturdy footwear, warm clothing and waterproofs. For bookings and further information,



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# GEORGE MANN AND MARIA RICHES

1820 - 1861

by Elizabeth Fiddick



George Mann

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of October 1820 friends and family crowded into Dersingham Church to attend the marriage of George Mann and Maria Riches who took their vows in front of two witnesses, Jane Banyard and Thomas Cross and thus embarked on what was to be a long and happy union. At the time of their marriage Maria was just 16 and George 19. They would be together for 51 years before Maria died in 1871 and George twelve years later in 1883. Exactly when they met is not known. George's parents came from Roydon where he was born in 1801. At some point after that he came to live in our village. Maria's family lived originally in Edgefield near Holt and it was here that Maria was born and christened in the church in 1804. So sometime after 1804 but before 1820 Maria came to Dersingham. It is possible that Maria's father was John Riches who is shown on the Tithe map of 1839 to occupy a cottage and lands at the top of Dodds Hill and further land out on the Marshes called The Row. Three months before their wedding Maria gave birth to George's son, Francis, who was christened in Dersingham Church on July 30<sup>th</sup> 1820. They had five more sons. John was born in 1821. George was born in 1827 but died before

1830. Another baby to be christened George was born in 1830, and then came William in 1835 and Henry in 1839. Of their two daughters Marianne, who was born in 1824, died in infancy but another daughter born in 1833 was christened Mary Ann. We know from the records that George was a shepherd. The Tithe map shows that he occupied two pieces of land on the Marshes owned by John Motteux of Sandringham described as, *a garden*, and *a shepherd's garden*. He also occupied a cottage with a garden, which was situated on the left of the present Manor Road as you turn in from Lynn Road. This cottage would become an Inn after the family left in 1861. The cottage George and Maria knew was probably altered to fit in with its new situation. It was to be called The Albert Victor Inn (see picture, previous page) and is recorded in the 1871 census returns with the address as Heathside. Albert Victor was the older brother of Prince George (later George V.) and died of influenza at Sandringham in 1892 shortly after his engagement to Princess May of Teck. Many villagers will remember the Albert Victor, which ceased trading sometime in the 1980's, and is now a private dwelling once again. By the time the 1851 census was taken George is described as a Marsh Shepherd and his two sons George, now 21 and William 15, are also recorded as marsh shepherds. It is not difficult to imagine the Dersingham this family knew, as so much of it is still visible even if it has become obscured by all the modern buildings. In 1851 there were just 812 residents in 163 houses. By 1861 this had risen to 822 residents and just 166 houses. There were very few houses along what we know as the Lynn Road. On the seaward side through to Life Wood was arable, pasture or common land. On the opposite side was the Great Pasture and then common land to the end of the village. The houses were to be found on just one side of what we now call Chapel Road and they faced out across open land, and natural ponds, to The Wash. The first large building on the opposite side was Dersingham Hall where Marianne Brett lived with her son Edward, a solicitor, his wife, three daughters and five servants. There was just one farm at the top of Sugar Lane. The area around the church was much as it is today although the churchyard was much smaller. The area behind the tithe barn is called Dove House Close and was designated as Pasture. The vicar at this time was Edward Bellamy but he did not live in the village but in Ingoldisthorpe at the Old Hall. He is buried in that churchyard with his wife Mary and his son James. It was in Dersingham church on July 12<sup>th</sup> 1856 that George and Maria's daughter Mary Ann

was married to Frederick Jarvis. By 1858 the church was no longer the only place of worship as The New Connexion Chapel for the Methodists had been built close to The Cock Inn. The building is still there today. At the bottom of Dodds Hill opposite this chapel was another group of cottages but you must in your mind's eye remove the present old school buildings and restore the carstone cottage that was once the Manor House of Pakenham. Further cottages were to be found half way up Dodds Hill as they are today. It was here that John Riches, possibly Maria's father, had a cottage and land. There were more cottages opposite The Feathers than there are today. The rest of the village lived along one side of Manor Road. They faced across Rice's Common and up towards Sandringham. High above the village, was the windmill, a landmark for miles around, run by James Fitt. He lived in the Mill House with his wife Susannah, three sons, a housemaid and house servant. His brother was his assistant and he had one apprentice. The old Bake house in Chapel Road used by the Fitts in later years still stands although the storage barn that



stood next to it has been removed. So Dersingham was considerably smaller than today and you must remove all the modern housing in Sandringham View, the Mountbatten Estate, Gelham Manor, Centre Vale, Valley Rise and Park Hill to restore the common land, the pasture land, the Marshes grazed by sheep, cattle and horses, and the extensive warren nibbled by hundreds of rabbits. George and Maria would have walked out of their cottage and looked straight over Rice's Common and to their right across Badger Fen and Cranberry pasture out to the Wash. Sandpit Cottage would have been clearly visible where Robert Hillings, the warrener lived with his wife Barbara and three children and some time later George Chapman with his wife Elizabeth and three young children. When George and Maria were first married the old Manor House of Westhall next door was divided up for use as the Workhouse. After 1834, when the Docking Union Workhouse was built these cottages were once again used for private occupation. John Flegg the wheelwright lived there with his wife, 4 sons and a daughter. Then there was Robert Gallop, who worked for a local farmer, his wife and 4 children. John Lines, a retired carpenter, occupied another with his wife, daughter and two grandsons and finally there was Francis Nurse with his two young sons. There were four Inns where George could have enjoyed some liquid refreshment at the end of the day. The nearest was The Dun Cow, run for many years by John and Ann Waters. The Inn was but part of a working farm with about 135 acres and employing 3 men and 2 boys. The carstone farmhouse and other cottages, faced the farm buildings and the Inn across the road known even to many of today's older villagers as Cow Lane. After John's death Ann managed the farm and the Inn herself. The old Inn and adjoining barns were demolished just before World War 11 and replaced first by a "modern" Public House and finally by Budgen's. However the cottages on the opposite side survive to remind us of what has been lost. A few steps further on where Jubilee Court now stands was The White Horse farm and Inn. William Smith was the Innkeeper here and ran a smaller farm of some 15 acres. In the other direction from George's house was The Coach and Horses still trading today. Here Thomas Taylor was the Publican. Close by was the premises of The Cock, now The Feathers. As auctions, and sales of property were regularly held here it was obviously big enough even then to accommodate a large number of people and of course offer suitable refreshment afterwards. Archibald Petrie ran this Inn with its associated farm employing one man and two boys. George and his sons were Marsh Shepherds. Sheep had formed an essential part of the Norfolk farming system for centuries. They were an important source for manuring the land after crops had been gathered and were valued by landowners. In one document a great common is described in the area that supported 30,000 sheep. After the enclosure acts of the 18<sup>th</sup>

century Arthur Young, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, noted that in Dersingham the number of sheep had greatly increased. George would have been involved in the lambing season and the shearing. There are wonderful carvings on the Holkham monument depicting these events. In the summer the sheep were driven to graze on the marshes and it must have been quite a sight when all the sheep were driven down from the fields above the village and along the roads out to the marshes. In fact in her millennium interview in 1999 Gill Griffin spoke of seeing just such an event when she was a child. *"I remember seeing all the sheep come down the road.....it was a picture to see those sheep because they completely blocked the road.....People used to run outside to get all the droppings. You'd hear them coming and then you'd watch them go right down the road."* It must have been just that way in George's time, the sheep, the dogs, the shepherds and the villagers who gathered the droppings for their vegetable gardens. There were many farms of varying sizes in the village during George's time. Sheep were only part of the scene of course. The largest, Church Farm, covered 1500 acres and was run by Joshua Freeman who employed 39 men and 28 boys. Joshua lived in the farmhouse behind the church with his wife Susan, 5 children and 4 servants. Robert Farrin ran Hill House farm at the top of Sugar Lane. He had 330 acres employing 10 men and 6 boys. In Chapel Road today there is the lovely carstone cottage and outbuildings that house the successful Dersingham Pottery. On the cottage can be seen the initials G.C. and the date 1823. These buildings are all that remain of the Oak Farm complex run by George Chadwick. He farmed 145 acres with a workforce of 4 men and 2 boys. George had also at one time run the Malthouse that used to stand opposite the library. In 1965 a fire destroyed The Oaks, the house that stood next to the pottery and later our surgery was built where it used to stand. The other large farming concern was some 2-3 miles from the centre of the village but still within the parish boundary. This was Lyng House Farm run by Richard Stanton. Here 19 men and 7 boys worked the 330 acres. There were several very small concerns such as the 26 acres farmed by the Bussey sisters, Maria and Matilda, whose father had been a gamekeeper. They were also known in the village for their dressmaking skills. A great majority of the villagers are recorded as Agricultural labourers but there were other particular skills that were needed. The Frost family were the blacksmiths. Their smithy I believe stood just behind our library next to open common land and natural ponds. They lived in a cottage further down Chapel Road. The Mitchell family were the hurdle makers. Hurdles were the light fences used to pen the sheep and naturally in constant demand. The several members of the Flegg family were all wheelwrights. There was also a woodman, a sawyer, and a woodcutter to supply the materials for these occupations. Cattle were also reared on the farms. Arthur Young commented on the bullocks that were fattened on the marshes. At the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century 20,000 cattle and 80,000 sheep were recorded as being driven to London from Norfolk. Here Robert and John Balding were recorded as cattle dealers while one John Balding is also listed as a drover. At this time several families still earned a living from fishing. 8 men are listed as fishermen and 7 women as Fish Women. They would mostly have been involved with the mussel and cockle beds in the area. The Skelton family are particularly interesting. In the Tithe schedule of 1839 George Skelton is recorded as the keeper of the Wild Fowl Decoy, which is still recorded on modern maps. He must have been a familiar sight and friend to George down on the marshes. The usual method of decoying was to feed wild ducks using tame ducks as decoys. A signal would be given and the tame ducks would swim up the dyke, which was roofed with netting. The wild ducks would follow and once beneath the net roof their fate was sealed. At this time 1861 Mary Skelton was a widow and a new decoy keeper has not been recorded. Mary and her two daughters are listed as fish women while William the son is a fisherman. There were several carpenters and joiners in the village as well as several bricklayers. William and George Chambers who are recorded as bricklayers will feature in the fortunes of the Mann family later. Maria would have had frequent dealings with the shopkeepers. There were two large concerns. John William Parker was a grocer and Draper. His family would come to run Parkers Stores that many villagers can still remember trading at the bottom of Sandringham Hill in the premises now selling beds. Enoch Beckett ran another large grocery and drapers. It was Enoch

who was responsible for completing the census returns and on a personal note I wish that he had taken just a little more time over them, as his writing can be very hard to read at times. The Beckett family would eventually run the Post Office in the building we know today. Charles Reynolds ran another concern and there were two butchers. The Terringtons, Henry and John, not only had a shop but were also Boot and Shoemakers. Then there were two tailors, a milliner and several dressmakers. Another important member of the community well known to the Manns was Abraham Davis the carrier. He would transport goods and sometimes passengers to and from King's Lynn and other villages and so join with the other carts and carriers travelling from Snettisham, Heacham and Hunstanton regularly to Lynn. Abraham died in 1899 and the vicar commented at the time on, "*the quiet voice of the obliging old carrier...heard for many years on the Lynn Road urging on his old horse.*" There was also a postal service. In 1854 letters could be received from the mail gigs at 7a.m. or despatched at 6.15 p.m. from Isaac Bunn's place of business. This was the long cottage next to King's Croft, which was an important shop in the village for many years well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Later Enoch Beckett took over as the postmaster for the village. There were of course many children in the village. It was not until 1875 that the village school was built at the bottom of Dodds Hill but even before the 1870 Education Act there was a school in the village. Barbara Day ran a school in her property at Dodds Hill and several young women are recorded as schoolmistresses such as Jane Scott, Jane Holland and Georgina Coe. Most of the children recorded as scholars are between the ages of 5 and 12 but there are a few older ones still listed as scholars. We know that some 47 boys were employed on the farms. There was John Balls aged 10 who was employed as a Crow boy. James Nurse, 10 was a Cow boy as was Robert Chambers while his older brother John 11, was a shepherd boy. William Nurse was an Errand boy while other young boys are simply listed as agricultural labourers. It is likely George and Maria's children attended the school when they were small but it is certain that all the adults and children would have been actively engaged on the farms at Harvest Time. So this is the village where George and Maria spent their early-married life and raised their children. In the ten years between 1851 and 1861 the population recorded only increased by 10 and there were just 3

additional occupied houses. But after 1861 two events were to bring great changes to the village and to the family Mann.

*The basis of this article is a book entitled 'The Mann and Walker Families with their Consorts' written as a family history by Mr Don McLean of Shipdham in Norfolk who has given us kind permission to use whatever material is included. Elizabeth Fiddick has, in her usual efforts to tell the full story, done additional research which is used to supplement the original.*

## Never Say Die

By Kathy Jordan © 12 May 2007

When something seems impossible –  
Keep going right on still,  
In times of dire adversity –  
Persistence is the skill.

Whilst some folk like to tread you down –  
Others wish you on your way –  
Just listen to the latter then –  
You'll surely win the day.

The pessimist will hinder you –  
The optimist will help –  
So backed up by encouragement –  
Downhearted thoughts will melt

So when some drawn-out task –  
Near sends you round the bend –  
Don't give up then you'll manage to –  
Master it in the end!!!

---

Here is the secret of inspiration:  
Tell yourself that thousands and tens of  
thousands of people, not very intelligent  
and certainly no more intelligent than the  
rest of us, have mastered problems as  
difficult as those that now baffle you—  
*William Feather*

## Are You One Of The Likely Lads In This Picture?



David Hare who loaned us this picture of a football team at Dersingham Primary School in the 1960s has been able to identify some, but not all of the boys in the photograph, perhaps you are one of the ones identified with a question mark, or at least know who they are, if so, please let us know!

Back Row – left to right

? - Stuart Riches - ? – Richard Crisp – Dennis Wright – Robert Daw

Front Row – left to right

David Rolfe – David Hare – John Daniels - ? – Alex Tunncliffe – Kevin Fitt – Billy Valentine

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## Who's New In The Driving Seat At The Coach?

A well-known face is now attending to the needs of customers at the Coach and Horses Public House in Manor Road in the village. Sheila Roythorne was, for 23 years, employed at the Feathers



This photograph shows Sheila (left) with Nettie Clarke and customer Chris Edwards

Hotel just up the road from where she is now, and where she says she spent some very happy years.

Originally from Bircham, Sheila worked in various office jobs but always hankered to work in the atmosphere of a pub and so started to work part-time in the King's Head at Bircham for two years before her marriage in 1977, when she moved to Dersingham. Still attracted by the idea of working in a pub, she started work at the Feathers Hotel in 1983, a year after her son was

born, remaining there until November of last year when she moved to the White Horse in Holme. Sheila says that when she heard that the Coach and Horses was up for lease she made a 'rash decision' and took it on, and says that she is thoroughly enjoying it. She has two grown-up children, Daniel, who is doing a PhD in Particle Physics at Warwick University, and Helen, who is engaged in a Licensed Retail Management Course at City College in Norwich and is also employed at the Nelson Hotel in Norwich. Sheila went on to tell our intrepid reporter that she has inherited a wonderful staff, in the persons of Tracey, Vanessa, Nettie and Wal, who have been very helpful.

The pub has three letting bedrooms which are currently being decorated in readiness for letting for

Bed and Breakfast in mid-June. Food will also be available every day during the summer season and for 5 days a week for the remainder of the year.

The team at Dersingham Village Voice wishes Sheila and her team every success.



## Dersingham First Responders



We would like to express a huge thank you to all those that supported our Grand Charity Ball on 11<sup>th</sup> May 2007. The final total is not yet in but so far a total of £2500 was raised on the night and Mr Steven Crown presented another cheque for £2600 which he raised following a magnificent effort in the Great Eastern Run in King's Lynn. The money raised will be donated to the DFR and the British Heart Foundation.

Two hundred and seventy guests arrived in style at the Ball on the Royal Sandringham Estate. Phil Burton took the keep sake photo along with the EDP Norfolk Magazine which will be published soon. A Champagne reception followed courtesy of Edward Parker Wines and then a sumptuous three-course meal served by Sandringham Private Events which included an Asparagus and Parmesan starter, Roasted Guinea Fowl followed by fresh strawberries and lavender shortbread.

The money was raised from a very successful £5 note raffle and auction. Prizes included a visit to the Royal Stud, dinner bed and breakfast at Blakeney Hotel and a Norwich City signed football.

To finish the night we danced to the Eddie Seales Band and Jak Ropa Disco. A final note to thank Paula Edwards and Lorna & John Leonard for organising the event. With this and other recent local donations we have been able to fund a second responder kit for use in our area.

If you would like to find out more about the Dersingham First Responders and how you could help fund raise or volunteer as a responder (no medical experience required) then please contact me on 07919 492225.

*Tim Edwards - DFR Coordinator*



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information please contact  
Steve O'Donnell: 07977 155931 or  
Robbie Willis: 01485 541887

## DIARY OF REGULAR EVENTS

Day	Time	Organisation	Event	Venue
Every Monday	2.00 pm	St. Cecilia's Church	Rosary Group	St. Cecilia's Church
Every Mon, Tues, Thur & Fri	9.00 to 11.30 am	Dersingham Playgroup	Playgroup Meeting	Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road
Every Mon & Fri in Term	9.30 to 11.00 am	Puddleducks Toddler Group	Toddler Group Meeting	Dersingham Methodist Church Hall
Last Monday in the Month	7.15 pm	Dersingham Parish Council	Full Council Meeting	Infant and Nursery School, Saxon Way
Every Tuesday	5.30 to 7 pm	2nd Dersingham Brownie Guide Group	Meeting for girls aged 7 – 10 years	Scout & Guide HQ Manor Road
Every Tuesday in Term Time	8.30 to 11.15 am	Parent & Toddler Group Meeting	St Nicholas Church hall	St Nicholas Parent & Toddler Group
Every Tuesday	8 pm	Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes	Sandringham Lodge Meeting	Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road
1st or 2nd Tuesday in the Month	2.15 pm	Royal British Legion Women's Section	Dersingham & Sandringham Branch Meeting	Orchard Close Community Room
1st Tuesday of the Month	7.30 pm	Village Voice 'Live'	Presentations by Guest Speakers/Groups	St Nicholas Church Hall
1st Tuesday of the Month	7.30 pm	Dersingham Methodist Church	Art Club	Dersingham Methodist Church Hall
2nd Tuesday in the Month	7.30 pm	Royal British Legion	Branch Meeting	Feathers Hotel
Every Wednesday	10.00 am to 4.00 pm	Dersingham Day Centre for the Elderly	Recreation & Leisure Activities and Mid-day Meal	Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road
Every Wednesday	10.00 to 11.00 am	Music+Movement	Pre-school Music, Dance & Drama	Dersingham Scout & Guide HQ
Every Wednesday	2.00 to 4.00 pm	Dersingham Mehodist Church	Carpet Bowls	Dersingham Methodist Church Hall
Every Wednesday	6.00 to	Beavers	Meeting for children	Scout & Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground
Every 2nd Weds of the Month	10.30 am	St Nicholas Men's Group	Men's Group Meeting	St Nicholas Church Hall
Every 2nd Weds of the Month	7.30 pm	Albert Victor Bowls	Prize Bingo	Albert Victor Bowls Club,
2nd & 4th Weds of every month	7.30 to 9.00 pm	Dersingham Fellowship	Prayer and Praise and Bible Study	Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road
3rd Wednesday of the Month	7.15 to 10.00 pm	Dersingham Evening Women's	Meeting	St Cecilia's Church Hall

Every Thursday	10.30 am to 3.00 pm	North West Norfolk Phobbies Club	Meeting	St. Nicholas Church Hall
Every Thursday	4.00 to 5.15 pm	1st Dersingham Rainbow Guide Group	Meeting for girls aged 5-7 years	Scout & Guide HQ Manor Road
Every Other Thursday	4.00 to 7.00 pm	Dersingham parish Council	Car Boot Sale	Dersingham recreation Ground
Every Thursday	5.30 to 7.00 pm	1st Dersingham Brownie Guide Group	Meeting for girls aged 7-10 years	Scout & Guide HQ Manor Road
Every Thursday	7.00 to 9.00 pm	1st Sandringham Guide Unit	Unit Meeting	Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road
Every Thursday	7.00 to 9.00 pm	1st Dersingham Scout Group	Group Meeting	Scout & Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground
Every Thursday	7.00 to 9.30 pm	Norfolk Army Cadet Force	Sandringham Detachment Meeting	The Drill Hall, Dodds Hill
Every Thursday	7.30 pm	St Nicholas Church	Badminton Club	St Nicholas Church Hall
Every Thursday Sept to June	2 pm	Park House Hotel	Rubber Bridge	Park House Hotel
1st Thursday of the Month		Dersingham Flower Club	Meeting	St Nicholas Church Hall
2nd Thursday of the Month	7.30 pm	Dersingham Horticultural Society	Meeting	St Cecilia's Church Hall
3rd Thursday of the Month	9.30 to 10.30 am	Dersingham Methodist Church Jigsaw Club	Meeting	Dersingham Methodist Church Hall
Every Friday	6.30 to 8 pm	1st Dersingham Guide Unit	Unit Meeting	Scout & Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground
Every Friday	6.45 to 9.15 pm	Dersingham Carpet Bowls Club	Club Meeting	St George's Middle School
Alternate Fridays	2.15 to 4.30 pm	Dersingham Seniors Club	Entertainment and Outings for the over-60s	St Nicholas Church Hall
1st Friday of the month	10.00 am to 12 noon	St Nicholas Church	Coffee Morning	St Nicholas Church Hall

## News in Brief

**The Community Centre in Manor Road was vandalised at some time between March 31 and April 2** when damage occurred to the roof and an attempt was made to set fire to a boarded up window. If you have any information about these incidents please contact PC Paul Powter-Robinson on 0845 4564567.

**Vandalism in the village seems to be on the increase again** – Reports have been received of damage to the telephone kiosk in Manor Road, of children being seen throwing stones at conservatory windows of properties which face onto the Pastures and of two attacks causing damage to another property in the village.

**An Easter Bonnet Competition and Fun Day** in support of the Royal British Legion held on the Sports Ground proved to be a disappointment to its organisers due to a low turnout. However, John Houston one of the organisers of the event is quoted as saying that those who did attend had an enjoyable time in the perfect weather conditions.

**Thomas Wheeler and his sister Elizabeth, members of the 1st Dersingham Scouts and Guides will be attending scout jamborees in Essex and Holland respectively** following a donation from Scout funds. Scout Leader Rodney Saunders said that this was a thank-you to them for what they had done to help scouts and guides in the area.

## DIARY OF SPECIAL EVENTS

Thu 7 Jun	7.30 pm	St Nicholas Church	LYRA in Concert	St Nicholas Church
Sat 9 Jun		Pets as Therapy	The Norfolk Companion Dog Show	Tapping House Hospice, Common Road West, Snettisham
Sat 9 Jun	8.30 pm	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve	Creatures of the Night Walk	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve
Sat 16 Jun	8.00 to late	Park House Hotel	'Back to the Sixties at Park House'	Park House Hotel
Sat 23 Jun		St Nicholas Church	Vicarage Tea Party	St Nicholas Church Vicarage
Fri 29 Jun	5.30 pm	Dersingham Infant & Nursery School	Summer Fair	Dersingham Infant & Nursery School
Sun 8 July	11 am	Dersingham Minors FC	Minors Tournament Girls Under 12,14,16 Boys Under 12,13,14	Dersingham Sports Ground Manor Road
Fri 13 Jul	8.30 pm	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve	Creatures of the Night Walk	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve
Sun 15 Jul	2 pm	Park House Hotel	Park House Country Day and Dog Show	Park House Hotel
Mon 16 Jul	6 pm	Dersingham St George's School	Midsummer Madness Stalls, Entertainment, BBQ	Dersingham St George's School
19 to 22 Jul	10.00 am onwards	St Nicholas Church	Flower Festival	St Nicholas Church and Church hall
20 Jul	7.30 pm	St Nicholas Church	Matthews Norfolk Brass Concert	St Nicholas Church
Wed 25 Jul	All day	Sandringham Estate Cottage Horticultural Society Trust	Sandringham Flower Show	Sandringham Park
Sun 29 Jul		Park House Hotel	Park House 20th Anniversary Garden Party	Park House Hotel
Sun 5 Aug	2.00 pm	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve	Dragons & Damsels Walk	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve
6, 7 & 8 Aug		St Nicholas Church	Children's Holiday Club	St Nicholas Church Hall
Sun 12 Aug	11 am	Dersingham Minors FC	Minors Tournament Under 7,8,9,10,11,12	Dersingham Sports Ground Manor Road
Sun 19 Aug	Evening	Park House Hotel	'Sherry, The Forgotten Wine'	Park House Hotel
Fri 24 Aug	11 am	Dersingham Minors FC	Charity Football Match Minors' Managers -v- Cricket Club	Dersingham Sports Ground Manor Road
27, 28 & 29 Sep		St Nicholas Church	Autumn Arts & Crafts Festival	St Nicholas Church and Church Hall
Wed 10 Aug	10.00 am	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve	Fungus Foray of Dersingham Bog Walk	Dersingham Bog National Nature Reserve
Sun 14 Oct		St Nicholas Church	Harvest Lunch	St Nicholas Church Hall
30 Nov, 1 & 2 Dec		St Nicholas Church	Christmas Tree Festival	St Nicholas Church



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## Norfolk Constabulary Western Mobile Police Station

West Norfolk Constabulary advise us that the Mobile Police Station will be open in Budgen's car park as follows; Wednesdays – see notice boards - when Public Enquiry Officers Linda Forder and Pete Shaw will be in attendance along with P.C.Stan Cobon. Services which include; Advice, Crime recording, Information, Lost and found property, Crime prevention advice and literature. Useful contact telephone numbers are; Crimestoppers: 0800 555 111 and Norfolk Constabulary: 01953 424242

Please also note a new number on which to report crime which does not require the urgency of 999, this being 0845 456 4567

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## Advertising in Village Voice

The Editorial Team would like to thank all of those who so generously support our magazine by placing advertisements in it, for without the income so generated there would be a possibility of the publication ceasing to exist. With this in mind it would be helpful if you were to support those who do advertise, and to then let them know that you used their services because you saw their promotion in our magazine.

For those readers who perhaps provide a local service but who do not currently advertise with us, you may consider a fee of from £12.50 for an eighth of a page per issue, to be very cost effective.

**Advertisements for inclusion** in the next newsletter should be in the hands of Sarah Bristow, Parish Clerk, Dersingham Parish Council, The Police Station, Manor Road, Dersingham PE31 6LH **by 4 July 2007** Enquiries regarding advertisements may be made by calling 01485 541465.

**Articles for publication in the April edition of Village Voice** must reach the editor at 45 Queen Elizabeth Drive, Dersingham, e-mail: [dersinghamvillagevoice@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:dersinghamvillagevoice@yahoo.co.uk) before the **deadline date of Wednesday 4 July 2007 for publication on Thursday 26 July 2007.**

(Contributors who are promoting events should take note of this earliest date of publication). Should you be providing graphics to accompany advertisements or articles, it would be appreciated if these could be in JPEG format.

It must be pointed out that the editor encourages contributions but reserves the right to amend and edit as necessary. Any contributions received will be accepted on the understanding that, unless a specific request is made that names, addresses, etc are not used, these may be included in the publication and may be maintained on the Parish Council's database.

Due to limitations on space it is possible that some items received may not be published, or may be held for publication at a later date. Contributors should also be aware that published material might appear on the Parish Council's Internet web site. The editor does not necessarily agree with opinions that are expressed, or the accuracy of statements made, by contributors to the Village Voice.

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**Village Voice is the bi-monthly Newsletter of Dersingham Parish Council**  
**The Production Team consists of**

Editor: - Bob Tipling  
'In-house' Photographer and Illustrations Editor: - Tony Bubb  
Layout Artist and IT consultant - Stella Caunt

# VILLAGE VOICE LIVE

Tuesday July 3rd

## SOME NORFOLK TREASURES

Norfolk's archives, held at the Norfolk Record Office, were the first in any county record office to be designated as being of outstanding national and international importance.



What makes them so special? Find out when Susan Maddock, Principal Archivist, gives an illustrated talk on Some Norfolk Treasures.

St Nicholas Church Hall, Manor Road, Dersingham.  
7.30 pm Admission £2.00 including refreshments. Raffle

# VILLAGE VOICE LIVE

Tuesday August 7th

John Maiden of the Hunstanton Civic Society presents an evening of two parts :-



Hunstanton Pier - Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow"

&



**"Hunstanton—A Journey Back In Time"  
(calling at the Dun Cow on the way!)**

St Nicholas Church Hall, Manor Road, Dersingham.  
7.30 pm Admission £2.00 including refreshments. Raffle