Number 73

December 2011

Billage Boice The Dersingham Magazine

"Christmas Presents" by Jill Ilett

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Editor's Notes



There has been a lot of discussion over the past couple of years about falling insect populations. The chief method of determining this has been centred on the apparent lack of "flysquash" on the front of our vehicles. Counter arguments have been raised to say that as cars are more aerodynamic than they were this accounts for the lower collection rate. I must admit that I have gone along with this, noting the relatively poor catch on my car. Until, that is, I was driving down through Northern France at the beginning of October and in one evening's motoring of

around 200 miles the front of the car was covered in dead beasties. What does this suggest? Is French agriculture kinder to wildlife? Have French midges got less road sense? For whatever reason, does the French way of life attract more flies? More research is needed I think.

I have also popped up to the lakes recently and noticed, in particular, how much more wildlife I see here around the village. It's unusual not to see rabbits, muntjack, squirrels, mole hills, game birds, small mammals scuttling across the road and lots of birds. Up there I saw just the one squirrel, a heron, a tawny owl and a few pheasants. This must prove that something suites the wildlife around here.

I was sorry to hear of the passing of David Watts who has produced several old photos for use in V V in recent years including the steam engine on the cover of the June 2008 edition. His last offering is the lower picture on page nineteen.

On a brighter note I was delighted to find a wet fish counter had appeared in the butchers. So quickly deciding to have cod instead of burgers that evening I got to thinking that we might have a fish column in V V so that is what you are going to get. If you have a favourite fish recipe or just a favourite species do tell and it may well be published.

I have for a long time realised that all questions become answered if you wait long enough. Some time ago I asked if anybody knew of the Vanden Plas 4 litre R estate car that was shown in the "Royal Family" documentary some 40 years ago. Well I now can tell you that it was one of 7 made but is sadly no more as it was "written off". Sorry, I don't know by who or how or when yet.

There is lots to read in this issue. I am constantly amazed at the high output of our contributors, it just keeps flooding in and long may it do so, in fact you sent in so much good stuff that I am holding over several pieces for the next edition.

Bombs, wartime and graves feature in this festive edition as do flights of fancy, village blacksmiths and alpine rallies with another splendid cover specially painted for VV by Jill Ilett. If you would like to buy the original do contact Jill.

Have a good Christmas and a Happy New Year and keep on enjoying Dersingham.

Tony

Dersingham Parish Council seeks new friends

In addition to our website (*www.dersingham.org.uk*), Dersingham Parish Council now has a dedicated *Facebook* account. Our aim is to post details of meetings, decisions, ideas, etc, (such as details regarding the proposals for a new Village Hall). So far, we have just 25 "friends" and would like a lot more, so if you are on Facebook yourself (or want to set up an account at *www.facebook. com*) do please search us out at *Dersingham Parish Council*, become a friend and stay on top! *Gill Sergeant*

Dersingham Village Voice is published by Dersingham Parish Council

Do you CARE for YOUR EYES?

You can see WE CARE at Wigram & Ware

8, Blackfriars Street, King's Lynn 01553 772878

4, Jubilee Court Hunstanton Road, Dersingham 01485 544850

Dear Village Voice



Since opening Potter & Dibble at 61 Manor Road in April this year, I have had many people coming in and reminiscing about when it was the general store, Parker's, and some of its other uses since that time.

Visitors too are fascinated by the huge windows, the office and the tiles which have been left in place and which I hope to continue to look after for quite some while.



I would be really interested to learn more about the shop's history from your readers.

If I get enough information, and especially pictures, I would like to create a display to exhibit in the shop for all to view. Photographs etc. would be copied and the originals returned of course. Likewise any other documents.

Angela Meakin

I recently found a Village Voice from 2007 that had information about a photographer Frederick Ralph. Frederick was my great, great grandfather. I was wondering if your readers had any other information about Frederick Ralph and his family. I am in the process of compiling a family tree and would be grateful if there was anything you could send me (or point me in a direction where I could find anything). Please E mail me on - lpcoolg@hotmail.com

Louise Gibson



Samaritan's Purse Operation Christmas Child

Many thanks for taking part in this worthwhile Project which gives happiness to so many children.

Boxes in 2010 went to :- Azerbaijan, Kyrgyzstan, Liberia, Mozambique, Haiti, Swaziland, Kenya, Zimbabwe, Belarus, Bosnia, Kosovo, Montenegro, Romania, Serbia, Ukraine - Crimea and Ukraine -Live.

A total of 1,116,918 boxes were delivered to children with 300 coming from Dersingham.

Joan Schorah

I recently became aware that the surface water i.e. the rainwater that

runs off the roof into the down pipes on my house does not go into a sewer, but runs by under ground pipe to a soak away. This is just an area that was dug out when the property was built and filled with rubble or ballast and as the name suggests the water just soaks into the ground, which is of a very sandy type.

Now the interesting thing is that Anglian water has charged for the service (ever since I bought the property some eleven years ago) of the removal of this surface water, which they do not provide. I raised this issue with Anglian Water, who accepted my claim and subsequently have refunded the money I have paid for this year, for the non removal of surface water. It could be that there are a lot of properties in this area that do not have access to a sewer and have soak ways.

Firstly, you need to check page 2 on you water bill under the section that shows SEWAGE SERVICE, FOUL/SURFACE. If this is the case then you are being charged for removal of surface water from your property.

Next check if you rain water down pipe goes straight into the ground, and not a gully. IF it goes straight into the ground then it is likely that your property has soak aways.

On page 3 under CUSTOMER SERVICE it tells you how to apply to pay a lower charge and gives a telephone number to ring.

Mr G Bhagat

From the Parish Council Office



Winter is approaching and the concerns of the Parish Council have turned from grass cutting to perennial problems of gritting! Hopefully there won't be a repeat of last year's problems and the buses will manage to run safely this year, and we may even have more grit bins in the village.

Norfolk County Council are also starting their cost (and emissions) saving part-night lighting scheme on some Dersingham streets. This means the lights will be off between midnight and 5am. If your street is affected, you will have already been contacted by Norfolk County Council, but there is

also a list of these streets available from the parish council office. If you have any queries about this scheme you can contact the County Council direct on 0344 800 8020.

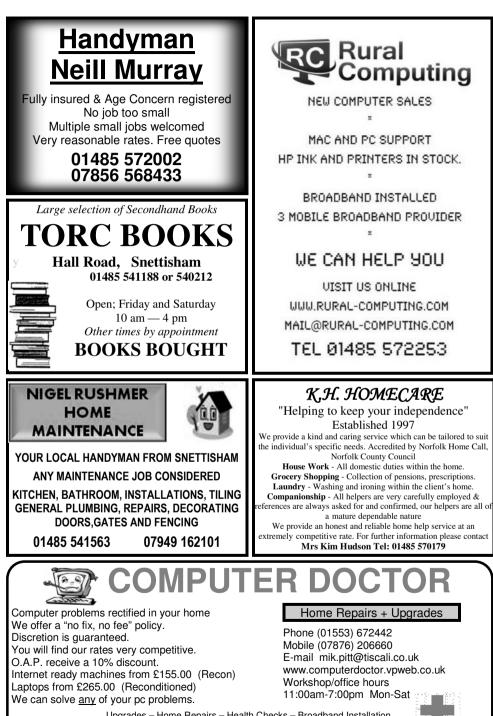
I've been asked to remind you that you can still use the footpath through the churchyard for access to the doctors and to help keep our village looking attractive by noting and reporting any rubbish. The Borough Council Cleanup Line is 0500 253 2687 – they are very helpful and will come along and collect pretty much any mess.

Another useful new phone number is 101 – it replaces the old non-emergency police number that I could never remember!

Christmas is coming and the parish office will be closed from Tuesday, December 20 until Monday January 2nd, re-opening on Tuesday January 3rd. All that remains is for me to wish you all, on behalf of myself and Anita, a very happy Christmas and peaceful New Year!

Rosie





Upgrades – Home Repairs – Health Checks – Broadband Installation Wireless Network Set Up – Virus Removal – Slow Computers Cured.

THE FRIENDS OF ST.NICHQLAS' CHURCH A GOODLY GATHERING FOR A GOODLEY EVENING

On the first Friday in October, St. Nicholas' Church Hall was the venue for an Antiques Valuation Evening, to help to raise money for The Friends of the Church who have, over the past I7 years, made grants to the Church of more than £88,000 for the repair and maintenance of its fabric.

We were very fortunate to have secured the services of Paul Goodley as our expert valuer. He had travelled from Aylsham where he practices as Auctioneer and Valuer in the well-known firm of Keys, established by the late Geoffrey Key back in the early 1950's.

The many items to be valued included pictures, silver and plate, glass, ceramics of every kind and so on. They included not only comparatively recently purchased items but also treasured heirlooms of every



kind. Those who had brought items to be valued were able, in many cases, to learn a good deal about the history of their pieces.

It was fascinating to see a professional valuer at work on such a wide range of antiques and to benefit, not only from his encyclopaedic knowledge of the subject, but also to enjoy his various humorous comments distilled from some amusing incidents from his long experience.

The values varied from a few pounds to a few thousand pounds. While those present were enjoying the refreshments which followed, there were some expressions of disappointment and some of delight as the various figures were discussed. But generally it was felt that those present had had a very enjoyable and instructive evening.

The Friends of the Church were pleased that, additionally, the event had proved to be a financial success. \square

Nigel Sissons

It's great to know that your work's appreciated, isn't it?! by Steve Nowell

I wrote with the best of intentions About funny things called 'dimensions'. But how could I know That you would be so Bamboozled by what I've just mentioned. 'Dims' one, two and three Were no problem you see. But 'four' was a different matter. "There's no such thing" I heard you sing "Just stick to your rubbishy chatter!!"



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7	1	4	8	6	9	3	2	5
6	8	9	2	3	5	4	7	1
2	3	5	4	7	1	8	9	6



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CAROLE BROWN HEALTH CENTRE (CBHC) PATIENTS' PARTICIPATION GROUP (PPG) NEWS

From: Tom Morris, PPG Committee

Making Appointments

There are now three ways in which you can make an appointment. For an appointment with a doctor, and you can book, cancel or check an appointment using the secure telephone booking service on:

01553 696888 at any hour of the day or night.

All you need is your telephone number and date of birth for the system to recognise you. Alternatively you can also make an appointment with any of the doctors or nurses by calling on 08444 77 33 77 during working hours.

Unless unavoidable, you are recommended not use this facility between 0830 and 1030 when this number tends to be busy. Finally, those with internet access can make an appointment by going to the practice website:

http://www.vidahealthcare.nhs.uk.

Missing Appointments

In 2010, 9,406, yes that's right, nine thousand four hundred and six appointments were missed by patients of the Carole Brown and Gayton Road Health Centres. That equates to 40 appointments missed every day which is equivalent to one doctor's entire day being wasted! Surely this situation, which is replicated across the whole of the National Health Service, cannot be allowed to continue and a solution must be found. Could we finish up as in the Dental Service where a financial penalty is sometimes incurred for missed appointments? Let's hope not, but please if you cannot make an appointment, call to cancel it, even if it is at the last minute.

Surplus Magazines

Patients attending the surgery will have noticed that there is always a great mound of magazines available for light reading. Some of these are so old that they could be classified as 'collectables' in the antique trade! Surely, patients are not using the surgery to dispose of their waste paper? Perish the thought! If you wish to kindly donate reasonably current magazines for reading in the surgery, please give them to the receptionist who can then act as a filter...

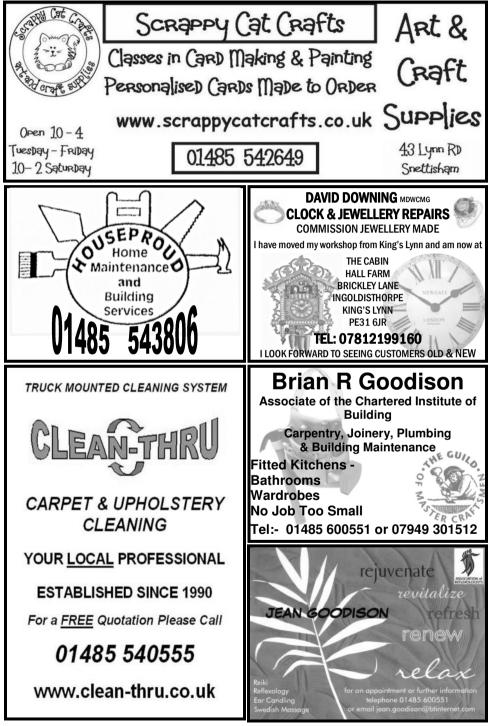
Deaf Aid Batteries

These are now available at the Reception Desk.

Unused Medicine

Our practice prescribes about £4 Million worth of drugs each year. Recently, some £700 worth of unused drugs was found in a patient's home. Please only ask for drugs on your repeat prescriptions when you really need them and use them. \Box





Village Voice Live - October 4th &November 1st The Public View of Stately Homes

On this Tuesday evening Helen Walch who, as the pre event advertising described, runs the public face of Sandringham came to tell a well packed village hall "*how it's done*". She explained that her job title was Public Enterprises Manager and she was responsible for all the people who visit Sandringham and pay money, in the shop, in the restaurant, in the gardens and visiting the house. Her job she said was to "keep the roof on" and there was an awful lot of roof to keep on. She remarked, albeit in a humorous tongue in cheek fashion, that if she could find a way to charge for car parking she would. However this remark, with one or two others during the evening about finding ways to get even more money out of the visitors struck a discordant note with this member of the audience at least seeing we are talking about the upkeep of the private home of the most privileged and one of the wealthiest families in the country.

One of the difficulties of her job was to strike a balance between maintaining the estate for the enjoyment of the Royal family and also for the visitors. As a private house there were restrictions on how you could raise money unlike properties run by the National Trust that could for instance hire out their houses for commercial advertising, films etc. She commented on how communications had changed even in the seven years since she had been appointed. In her job she dealt with queries and bookings from all those organisations that wished to visit. In the past when done by letter it was accepted that replies could take up to a week. With the advent of the fax machine they were expected the next day. Now in the age of the e-mail a reply was expected within the hour.

She told the audience about the preparations for 2012 which was not only the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen's accession but also the 150th anniversary of the purchase of the estate by Queen Victoria. For this reason a book detailing the history of the estate from 1862 would be published.

She commented on the fact that there used to be a bear pit complete with bear on the estate. This animal was a popular attraction for the family and well looked after by his keeper until said bear appeared to fancy his keeper for dinner. He was despatched to London Zoo forthwith.

The audience also saw an example of the commemorative mug that will be on sale next year and one lucky person won it in the raffle.

After the tea break Helen spoke about the Flower Show and the problems met with to make sure everything runs smoothly. The first show was held in 1866 and the firm that erected the marquees then, Trenowaths, still do it today. As the treasurer she ensures that the proceeds from the show are given to support local charities. After a few questions were asked and answered Steve Davis thanked Helen for a most interesting insight into the running of a Stately Home.

CLIO

The Gaywood Valley Project

The Gaywood River reaches out into the countryside to the east of King's Lynn. Its valley, which extends several miles either side of the river itself, is rich in wildlife and history and forms the *Gaywood Valley Project*. This highly informative evening was presented by two Gemmas, both of whom enthused over the wonderful natural beauty our local area. Gemma Clark the Project Officer from *Norfolk County Council* gave us the background to the project that is part of the international *Sustainable Urban Fringes (SURF)* initiative and has an impressive list of project aims including the memorable comment "*If the King's Lynn area were a football team, it would be in the Premier League*". Gemma Walker a *Wildlife and Community Officer* with *Norfolk Wildlife Trust* gave us their side of the deal, the importance of creating "*Living Landscapes*", with corridors linking landscapes together helping to preserve species by allowing them to migrate to new habitats as climactic and environmental changes take place. She encouraged us to get involved with submitting local wildlife records. A *Google* search will take you to many online links for this worthwhile project.

Dick Melton



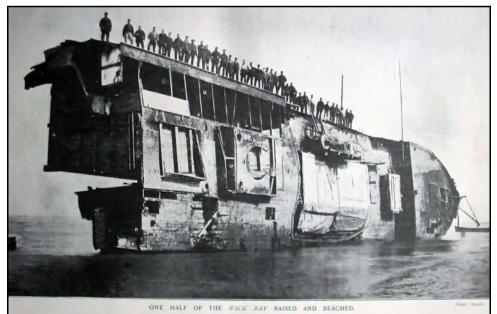
The first thing I am going to write about this month is a shipwreck that took place about three miles out in The Wash from the village of Wolferton. On Friday, 20th December 1889, the *S.S. Wick Bay* was in the Lynn Roads, twenty-two days out of Baltimore. Captain John Narden and his crew of 22 were looking forward to Christmas ashore. That afternoon the pilot cutter put George Blythe aboard to take the ship

through the tortuous channel which led to Lynn. About seven miles from the town, near Daisley's Beacon, the strong flood tide caught her on the beam and she was carried sideways on to a sandbank on the west side of the channel, where she grounded at 4 p.m.

The *Wick Bay* was an iron, single-screw steamer of 1193 tons register, owned at North Shields; she was carrying 625 tons of maize in bulk and 1,675 tons of linseed cattle cake in 20-stone bags. The ship and her cargo, destined for Mr William Burkitt, a prominent Lynn merchant, were together worth nearly £50,000,

The ship tried to free herself, but to no avail. A tug was engaged at Lynn and work began before high water on Saturday morning, but the combined power of the side paddle tug and the ship's engine could not move her and she began to settle deeper into the soft sand. A second attempt that evening proved disastrous, not only did she refuse to move but, as a contemporary report had it, 'about ten o'clock that night, portions of the engine gave way and the vessel commenced to fill with water.' In a desperate bid to save her, Captain Narden left the *Wick Bay* to arrange for tugs and barges to lighten his ship. Sunday morning brought a great many fishermen, who began to salvage the stores and cargo. That evening, with the crew at supper, a great crashing noise brought them topside to find the tide flowing over the deck, which had a split right across her width. Nineteen of the crew took to two lifeboats, leaving the two mates; a steward and the unfortunate pilot George Blythe on board. On Monday a further attempt to recover the cargo was abandoned and the vessel became a total wreck.

The wreck had to be moved as it was near to the main channel into the port of Lynn. In January 1890 the wreck was sold to a Liverpool salvage company who soon abandoned their efforts. Other salvage companies took on the job and the wreck of the *Wick Bay* was eventually cleared away on the 5th of November 1893, nearly four years since the ship had gone aground. I looked on an old map from 1867 and saw that there was two other wrecks in this area: one off Boat House Creek and one to the north of Snettisham, both on the Ferrier sand.



The Warren

After reading the Dersingham Village Voice it looks as if the 'big open space' on Sandringham View will be called The Warren. There always was a warren down there but that was the other side of The Drift on Ken Martin's marsh. All of the woods and fields in that area had names, such as Fiddlers Wood. The Little Wood. Baldings Wood, The Row Ground, Wagg's Field, Parker's Piece and Baldings Moat, One of the fields once had a sewage works on it belonging to the water board but I do not think 'Sewage View' would go down too well.

Personages of the past

I enjoyed reading the article by Martin Skerrit about Norman Towers, so I will add a bit to it as he was a near neighbour of mine, him and his family living at Holly Cottage, Lynn road, and us Melton family living at 'Restu' just four doors away in Lynn Road. I am, sad to say, a bit older than Martin Skerrit so I can remember Norman taking over the butchers shop from Mr Bird when he came out of the army, after being a Far East prisoner of war. I too worked as a butchers' boy for Ken Milton, who had the shop on the corner of Heath Road and Manor Road. Both Ken and Norman kept a string of greyhounds (four) and they would race them at Kings Lynn and Wisbech. As for Norman's ponies, when he first started keeping them he kept them on the Shut Up Common. He also had a small field down Manor Road behind Green Gates where Willow Drive now is. At one time he used to deliver meat around the village with a horse and a specially made cart. I also remember a man called Dan Greef, who lived down Manor Road, keeping a donkey on the Shut Up Common.

Martin Skerrit goes on to ask if I know anything about the Rev Glass, Billy Bird and the Willans family. I know very little about the Rev Glass; his full name was Thomas Oswald W Glass M.A. and he was vicar of St Nicholas church at Dersingham from 1959 to 1972. Some of that time I spent in the army and in 1966 I moved to Hunstanton.

As for the Willans family I used to deliver meat to a Mrs Willans, who lived in a large house called Hill Top at the top end of Sugar Lane. There was also a Frederic Jeune Willans M.V.O, M.R.C.S. Eng, L.R.C.P Lond., physician and surgeon, who was surgeon/apothecary to His Majesty's household at Sandringham and to Her Majesty Oueen Alexandra. He lived in West Newton and he had a branch surgery up Sandringham Hill in Dersingham. He was later to become Sir Frederic Willans.

Billy Bird was a coal man and haulage contractor and farmer. He also used his lorries to spread the sand and salt on the roads in the wintertime around the village. His coal yard was down Glebe Road and his farm, where he kept a herd of cows, was down the marsh, just over the station on the left. The Lincoln brothers also had a dairy herd at their farm half way down Station Road on the right, as did the Balding brothers at Dun Cow Farm. Most farmers kept cows those days.

Elizabeth Fiddick mentions George Blower's blacksmith shop in Manor Road. Us boys would go in there in the wintertime to warm our hands on the coal fire and some times hold the horses for him. He was a very nice friendly old boy and when he gave up the blacksmiths he went to Ingoldisthorpe with his wife and daughter, Sally, to be the landlord of The Ship public house.

Well that's all for now it just leaves me to say to all my readers, have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. □



The Dersingham Beat



Since the last Village Voice in September we have had no Burglaries in Dersingham village. In relation to the Burglary other than a dwelling at Thaxters SPAR in the early hours of Thursday 29th September 2011; the investigation is still ongoing. If anyone has any information or saw anything suspicious please contact DC 1331 Moden at King's Lynn CID. There was an offence of Criminal Damage on Lynn Road for which a local male has been charged with Criminal Damage and Drunk & Disorderly Behaviour this month. There was a Theft from

BUDGENS for which a local male has been issued with a Penalty Notice of £80. We have had three FOR SALE signs damaged in Phillip Nurse Road, Stanton Road & Chapel Road; once again this is mindless criminal damage. We are now intending to erect cameras at a number of sites across the village in order to identify the offenders and deal with them robustly. Please be vigilant and if you have any information which will assist us in the investigation contact PC 9062 Lambert.

As Christmas speeds towards us at a worrying pace; I urge you to give consideration for your properties and possessions. Take a little extra time to think about securing your homes & vehicles. I know that as Christmas takes over our lives, we have so many festive plans to think about; we sometimes overlook security. Lock doors and windows, consider leaving lights on when it goes dark, and remove valuables from view in your vehicles. Just a small amount of time given to security can reduce the chance of opportunist spoiling your Christmas and New Year.

At the last Safer Neighbourhood Action Panel meeting (SNAP) the panel set two new priorities, one of which was the parking problems within the village. This is parking where restrictions are in place and or parking on pavements. This priority was set as a result of complaints brought to the attention of the panel. Parking appears to be a growing problem for the residents of the village. Please be mindful of where and how you park your vehicles, giving consideration for pedestrians and other vehicle users.

The next SNAP meeting for the Dersingham & Gayton area is at 7 pm 15th December 2011 at Great Massingham, Village Hall, so come along and have your say. SNAP meetings are chaired by a local councillor and the panel will be made up of a police representative, either an Inspector or Sgt from the local Safer Neighbourhood Team; a council representative, usually an Environmental Health Officer; and a representative from the West Norfolk Partnership, usually a Neighbourhood Officer. Other key local agencies which provide a service in the community may also sit on the panel, including neighbourhood managers, housing, health and education officials or voluntary organisations.

From all the Safer Neighbourhood Team at Dersingham, Maria, Ian, Jackie, Sally, Katie and myself have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in 2012.

You can contact the team on the **NEW** non emergency **101** number or contact Dersingham SNT, www.sntdersinghamandgayton@norfolk.pnn.police.uk \Box

Sgt Karen Faulkner

Nar Valley Ornithological Society (NarVOS)

Tuesday 29th November 2011, 7.30pm at the Barn Theatre, Sacred Heart Convent School, Mangate Street, Swaffham.

"Uganda – The Pearl of Africa" An illustrated talk by Allan Hale.

Visitors (£2) and new members will be most welcome.

Come along to find out about our monthly outdoor bird-watching trips and other events. Refreshments available.





Call Paul for advice or a no obligation quotation Tel: 01553 829894 Mobile: 07795 262395



Old Picture Corner

The old and the young celebrating the festive season. The top one is 1974, not sure about the other.



DERSINGHAM WALKING GROUP

We had good weather for our September walk along the coast between Hunstanton and Holme and for the early October stroll from Ringstead. Unfortunately, the same could not be said for the scheduled walk around Roydon Common on 12th October. Although ten of us arrived at the starting point, the heavy rain made the bare expanse of the Common look very uninviting so it was decided that 'discretion was the better part of valour' and that we should cancel the walk - only the second time we have had to do this since the Walking Group started over five years ago.



One of the most attractive walks in the area is around the grounds of Old Hunstanton Hall and through Ringstead Downs and we had a lovely autumn day for it on 6th October. It was a pity that only eleven of us were there to enjoy it but perhaps that was because it was the second time we had walked there this year. Also it was on a Thursday, rather than our normal Wednesday, but that is the only day of the week that one is allowed to walk in the Park at Old Hunstanton.

There were also eleven of us on the interesting tour of the sculpture trail and leisurely walk around some of the paths in Sandringham Country Park which Steve Martyn led on 30th October.

For the next three months we are restricting the programme to one walk per month. The details are:

WEDNESDAY 14th DECEMBER

Start at 1.30pm from the Pump House on the Fring to Bircham road (about I mile southeast of Fring) (map ref.L132/753 337). A 4 mile circular walk around Peddars Way and Fring led by Steve Martyn (07879 885516).

WEDNESDAY 11th JANUARY 2012

Start at 1.30pm from the lay-by off the B1440 south of Ingoldisthorpe cross-roads (map ref. LI32/683 325). A 4.5 mile circular walk around Ingoldisthorpe and Snettisham Park led by Christine Taylor and Geoff Toop (542807).

WEDNESDAY 8th FEBRUARY

Start at 2.00pm from 'Brays Pit' (Heacham Duck Pond) near Heacham recreation ground (map ref. LI 32/674 374). A 4.5 mile circular walk around Heacham beaches and village led by Valerie and Michael Smith (540728).

There is **NO CHARGE** for these walks: just turn up on the day (wearing suitable clothing and sturdy footwear). **WELL-BEHAVED** dogs are welcome provided they stay at the rear of the group.

The leaders are happy to organise and lead these walks but stress that each participant must

WINTER WILDLIFE TALK

Friday 9 December, 7 – 8.30pm 100 Million Years in Norfolk

In this evening talk Nick Acheson takes a journey through the wildlife and wild landscapes of Norfolk over millions of years.

Location: Reffley Community Hall, Reffley Lane **Booking:** Just turn-up and join in

appreciate that there are hazards associated with walking and take responsibility for their own safety.

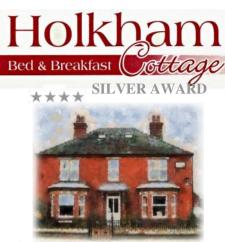
Should you have a problem with transport to the starting point, if you let me know a few days before the walk, I will see whether a lift can be arranged.

If you would like more information please contact me or the walk leader.□

Keith Starks. 542268

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WITH THE **Norfolk Brass** St Nicholas Church



Saturday 3rd December 2011 7.30pm Tickets in Advance £7.50 Incl. Refreshments Tickets purchased at the door £8.50

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The Sandringham Newsletter



by kind permission of the Sandringham Estate compiled by Helen Walch

Two large events took place at Sandringham in September – the Game and Country Fair in the Park, and the finish of the Norfolk stage of the Tour of Britain cycle race at the Visitor Centre. The Game Fair offered its usual eclectic mix of horses, poultry, steam engines, fishing, clay pigeon shooting and gundog trials; there were lots of activities and demonstrations, as well as crafts, country clothing and the ever-popular food and drink marquee. It's always a popular event, as there's so much to see and do.

Around eight thousand people are estimated to have come to Sandringham to see the Tour of Britain stage finish; Norfolk County Council laid on activities for all the family as well as a Produced in Norfolk Farmers' Market, so a great many people came to spend the whole day at the Visitor Centre. The race inevitably involved road closures and diversions locally, but working closely with the Council the Estate tried to minimise disruption and ensure that people who only wanted to visit Sandringham House or the Visitor Centre were still able to come, and that everybody could park reasonably nearby.

Two of the miniature cars in the Museum left Sandringham this month; the 1966 "James Bond " Aston Martin DB5 and the 1928 Citroen have both been lent to an exhibition at the Grand Palais in Paris called "Des Jouets et Des Hommes" (Toys and Mankind), which continues until February next year.

The first Historic and Botanic Garden Bursary Scheme student working in the Gardens has now completed her year and left Sandringham, and another young gardener has arrived from the same scheme, which enables enthusiastic and committed horticulturalists to increase their horticultural and other technical skills through practically based training placements, in a range of historic and botanic gardens. One of his projects is to produce a brief weekly information sheet called "Tree of the Week", which season ticket holders and regular visitors may have spotted has taken over from the monthly list of garden highlights. By concentrating on one plant at a time and updating the sheet weekly rather than monthly, the Head Gardener hopes that the information sheet will be more topical and be able to point out some of the more unusual plants in the Gardens here when they are looking at their best. So far this year old favourites like magnolia, rhododendron and copper beech have been covered, but also Parrotia, Cercidiphyllum and Cornus kousa, to name just a few.

Finally, the Animal Health Trust visited Sandringham in October as part of their detailed investigation of Seasonal Canine Illness which is affecting dogs across the country, and the cause of which is at present a mystery. They spent a day looking at various sites on the Estate, taking samples and talking to dog owners in their efforts to narrow down the possible causes of this illness. There is more information and a link to the Animal Health Trust website on the News page of our website - www.sandringham.co.uk



Maggie Gray



In 2008, the Norfolk Green bus company began naming their buses after wellknown people who were either born in the area or have some links to the many villages and towns which the company serves. And so begins a short series about some of these people, there may be those you have heard about, and hopefully, some you haven't.

TOM HICKATHRIFT, THE GIANT SLAYER

To begin at the beginning, Tom was the son of a Cambridgeshire labourer, and it is said that when his father died, Tom went into decline in a way, spending hours just sitting around, staring into space. His poor mother must have found it difficult feeding this large son of hers, six feet tall as an adolescent, and eventually growing to just over seven feet tall, a considerable height back in the 11th Century.

A local farmer took pity on Tom's mother and offered to let her have as much straw as she could carry, so she sent Tom and the farmer must have been somewhat dismayed when he saw Tom carry off what amounted to almost a wagon load of straw on his back. The next time he hid rocks in the straw, but Tom still managed to carry a huge load. Eventually he did find work, with a woodsman, doing the work of five men, for which his wage was a tree, which Tom simply carried home on his back to keep the fire going.

Tom's next employer was a King's Lynn brewer, where it was his job to deliver the ale to Wisbech. For this he was paid with a new suit of clothes and as much food and drink as he could consume – which would seem not to have been the best move on the part of the brewer, bearing in mind Tom's size and capacity for food!

The twenty mile trip to Wisbech meant that Tom had to go around a certain area which was guarded by the Wisbech giant. This man had been living here in a cave, where it's said he had amassed quite a hoard of precious things, gold and silver especially, presumably stolen from the people in and around Wisbech, whom he had been intimidating for years.

One day, perhaps emboldened by too many free samples of ale, Tom decided to cut across this piece of land as it would mean cutting his journey time in half. No sooner had he started across the field than the giant appeared. It is said that Tom ripped a wheel from his cart

to act as a shield, and an axle to use as a cudgel, and a prolonged battle ensued. In the end, being the younger and stronger of the two, Tom was the victor, and from that day he became an East Anglian hero.

Throughout his life, Tom was to have many more fights: he is reputed to have seen off a veritable army of several thousand men who were creating disorder in Ely, and to have fought the Devil – and won – in the churchyard at Walpole St. Peter.

It is in this marshland area of Norfolk where many of the physical reminders of Tom Hickathrift are said to exist. In Tilney All Saints churchyard, an oval stone, some eight feet in length, is said to be his gravestone. Local legend has it that to decide where he was to be buried, Tom stood some three miles away and threw a stone, and wherever it landed would mark his final resting place. The legend goes on to say that at one time you could see a cross within a circle marked on the stone, meant to represent the wheel and axle Tom used to fell the Wisbech giant, by far his most famous victory.

Yet despite the local legends, and physical objects like the supposed gravestone and 'Hickathrift's Candles', three old stone crosses also to be found in the area, there are some writers who doubt he existed at all.



NICHOLAS GODFREY-COLE

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2nd Dersingham Brownies Quilts 4 London

On 30th September 17 girls from the 2nd Dersingham Brownies held a sleepover at West Newton Village hall. It gave the oppurtunity for some to have their first experience of a Brownie



residential event, while the more experienced girls could help and lead the first timers. As well as helping in the kitchen, playing games, toasting marshmallows and singing, the Brownies were taking part in the Quilts 4 London project, part of London 2012 Cultural Olympiad. The project is



aiming to make 14,000 pennants, one for every athlete as a gift. The Brownies each designed their own pennant and then decorated them using a variety of collage materials, old brownie badges and fabric pens.

These will now be sent to London in preparation for next year. All the girls received a Quilts 4 London badge to wear to show that they have participated in the project.

1st Dersingham Rainbows

Rainbows celebrated 18 years since they opened on 16th September 1993 with a party and a gift to the unit, a unit banner. During the summer a new banner was made for the Rainbows by their

leaders, which was blessed by Rev Michael Brock of St Nicholas. Dersingham. To continue the celebrations the Rainbows all made their own party pizzas and party cocktails, as well as playing many different games.□ Lynn Wheeler



Dersingham Methodist Church Christmas Services

Sunday 18th December 10.30 a.m.
6.00 p.m.Service led by Rev Kim Nally
Carols by candlelightSunday 25th December 10.30 a.m.
Sunday 1st January 10.30 a.m.Worship on Christmas Day
New Year's Day service

Join us to celebrate this special time of the year.

Christmas thoughts

When you read this article Christmas Day will be fast approaching and preparations will be in full swing. Some people will be getting rather worried we will hear phrases such as 'I won't be ready for Christmas I've so much to do' 'I think Christmas should be abolished', 'I don't like Christmas', 'I don't know what to buy, they won't like whatever I get', 'too much fuss is made of Christmas'. We will see queues in shops as people hunt for last minute presents, shopping trolleys will be overflowing as siege mentality takes over, tempers will be stretched to breaking point! Is this really what Christmas is about?

The Christmas story is very simple, a young couple with nowhere to stay; an innkeeper offering help; a new-born baby; shepherds, generally not welcomed by the town's people, visiting the baby and wise men travelling for many miles to give the baby some unusual gifts. Those who were present on that occasion saw not just a new born baby but hope, joy, peace and love. Yet somehow over the years the simplicity of that first Christmas has been lost and we have set ourselves difficult tasks as if this was how to celebrate Christmas. No decree has been issued to say we must buy very expensive gifts, eat and drink too much, run up huge debts, wear ourselves out and become miserable in the process. Christmas is what you make it. What will you make it this year?

The message of the first Christmas is the same as it is this Christmas – Jesus, God's son, born into the world bringing hope, joy, peace and love to us all. Jesus is the heart of Christmas, welcome him into your celebration.

Everyone at Dersingham Methodist Church sends you blessings for a Happy Christmas and hope for a peaceful New Year. $\hfill\square$

Elizabeth Batstone

Henry Bell: The man who built King's Lynn

The life of a man who has literally shaped King's Lynn's landscape is the subject of a new exhibition .

The Henry Bell exhibition, appropriately housed within the King's Lynn born architect's most iconic building, the King's Lynn Custom House, uses pictures, models, plans and other documents to trace Bell's life and to explore the impact he had upon King's Lynn.

Hired by the influential merchants, who ruled King's Lynn during the post-Restoration period, Bell was tasked with creating statement buildings that would convey the town's sophistication and draw Europeans to spend their money in the town.

The result: the Custom House - an elegant merchants' exchange, and the Duke's Head Hotel - a place for foreign guests to stay and be entertained by the town's elite.

The exhibition also contains drawings of the elaborate market cross designed by Bell which used to grace the Tuesday Market Place. The octagonal cross, created in 1710, was demolished in 1831. Colouring activities are available for young architects of the future.

Entry costs £1 for adults and 50 p for children. The exhibition is open Monday - Saturday 10.30 am-3.30 pm and Sunday 12 noon - 3.30 pm.

The exhibition runs until April 2012.

For more information please contact Karen Cooke, Assistant Tourist Information Officer, on, 01553 763044. □



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St Nicholas Church News

A big thank you to all who contributed to our Harvest Festival - the Church looked wonderful, the Women's Refuge were very grateful for all the wonderful items they received.

Our Church Hall is looking really good now it has been painted and the grounds are being cleaned up. The Committee have organised **a Launch Lunch on Sunday November 20th**, to enable work to start on the inside of the Church Hall beginning with the renovation of the toilets.



On Sunday 27th November at 6.30pm is our Advent Carol Service. During December there will be a mid Week Communion Service each Wednesday at 12noon.

Our Services and Events During December are:

Christmas Tree Festival – Friday 2nd to Sunday 4th December 10am to 4pm Friday & Saturday & 12noon to 4pm Sunday 20 + trees decorated by local Clubs & Societies in the Church. Friday in the Church Hall where the Coffee Morning will continue all day with lunches being served and teas in the afternoon. Saturday in the Church Hall is the **St Nicholas Christmas Fayre** and **Father Christmas** will be in the Church, please bring your children to meet him. Sunday Church only 12noon to 4pm. The Church will also be open Saturday & Sunday 10th & 11th & Saturday & Sunday 17th & 18th from 12noon to 4pm to see the trees if you missed them during the Festival.

All our Services below will be among the wonderfully decorated Christmas trees

Sunday	11 th December, at 3pm – Tea & Carols, a light informal time
Thursday	15 th December at 6pm – Christingle Service
Sunday	18 th December at 6.30pm – Lessons & Carols
Wednesday	21 st December at 2pm – Carol Service with the Mothers' Union
Saturday	24 th December at 4pm – Crib Service
	at 11.30pm – Midnight Communion
Sunday	25 th December at 8am – Holy Communion
	at 10am – Family Service

101 is now the number to call when you want to contact your local police – when it's less urgent than 999.

When should I call 101?

To report less urgent crime or disorder and for general police enquiries. For example;

- if your car has been stolen;
- · if your property has been damaged;
- when you suspect drug use or dealing;
- to report a minor traffic collision;
- to give the police information about crime in your area; or
- if you'd like to speak to your local police officer.

How does it work?

You can call 101 to contact your local police force. The service is available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. For more information visit **www.police.uk/101**

What does it cost me to call?

Calls from landlines and mobile networks cost 15 pence per call, no matter what time of day or how long you are on the phone.

Can I call 101 if I'm deaf, hard of hearing, speech impaired, or if English is not my first language?

Yes, If you are deaf, hard of hearing or speech impaired you can textphone 18001 101. If you have difficulty speaking English, your local police can access interpreters who can translate your call.

Remember, in an emergency always call 999.

For example this is when you need an immediate response because a crime is in progress; someone suspected of a crime is nearby; when there is danger to life or when violence is being used or threatened.

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DERSINGHAM FLOWER CLUB October 2011

"Framed" was the theme for the October Flower Club meeting. As ever, members were able to interpret this in many different ways using seasonal flowers to give a warm Autumnal look. One arrangement by Jean was especially unique as she used her flowers to act as a reflection of each other as though looking through a mirror.

Ruth showed two modern arrangements she had created at a workshop organised by Sue Brinton, one a triangular frame of tied canes with the middle filled with peach coloured roses and orange gerberas on a bed of green sisal resting on a gold dish. The other was of different textures using varied types of materials to form globes, from black midelena to scrunched up newspaper. All this complemented the arrangement of lime green hydrangea flowers and fatsia leaves.

Doreen welcomed two new ladies Margaret and Brenda. As it was a practice evening Doreen gave advice and suggestions about the arrangements and revealed how they had been marked. Members were asked for their ideas for themes for next years programme. □

Doreen Asker

Lavender Lacemakers

The Lavender Lacemakers of Dersingham again attended the arts and craft festival held at St Nicholas's Church on the 22^{nd} - 23^{rd} - 24^{th} September 2011. We have been part of the Festival for many years demonstrating the art of lace making, but this year was slightly different for us. Over the past year everyone in our group worked really hard making bookmarks not only for adults but children also, so we could sell them at the festival and all the funds raised were going to the Church funds. It was our way of saying thank you very much to everyone for looking after us and making sure we had refreshments to keep us going during the day, as talking is a big part of the job. By the end of the festival we had raised £228 and we were all highly delighted with the final figure.

Six months ago we moved away from the Feathers in Dersingham to a new venue in the village of Anmer. We demonstrate at many venues throughout the year, Sandringham Arts and Crafts, Dersingham Arts and Crafts, Lavender Mill, Bircham Mill just to name a few. Finally, can I just give a really big thank you to all of the members in the group for all the hard work throughout the year in making the bookmark and for supporting all we do.

If anyone would like know anymore please contact me, Lynn Hallifax on 01485 533611.□



David Bingham Christmas is coming

The geese are getting fat – well at least the ones flying over Dersingham early in the morning should be because they are on their way to feed on energy rich sugar beet tops discarded in the fields after the harvest. I'm guessing that most long-term residents of the village know about these geese but for the sake of any newcomers the facts are worth repeating. They are pink-footed geese (yes it is strange that they are named after the colour of their feet but there we are) and they arrive each winter from their breeding grounds in Iceland and eastern Greenland. The entire population, numbering around 250, 000 birds, winters in the UK so we have a special responsibility for their conservation. There is a smaller breeding population on Svalbard that migrates through Scandinavia to winter on the Dutch and Belgium coasts. Pink-footed geese were traditionally a bird of the saltmarsh feeding on grasses but in recent years they have taken advantage of arable crops - mainly sugar beet where they aren't much of a problem but also newly emerged cereals where they are less welcome. Their traditional connection with saltmarshes and their need for safe roost sites on mudflats or sandbanks means that they are predominantly found around the coast.

Pink-footed goose numbers have been monitored since the 1960s and there has been an eightfold increase in the population since then. The distribution of the wintering geese has also changed with a very marked increase in the number visiting Norfolk. Back in the early 60s The Wash population was between six and seven thousand with only a handful of birds in north Norfolk and on Berney Marshes. The main Norfolk roosts can now hold between 80 000 and 100 000 geese and the Snettisham RSPB roost alone has held over 50 000 birds. We think of them as a common bird and they are doing well but it is worth considering that the human population of Norwich is greater than the world population of pink-footed geese so they aren't *that* common. These population increases may have something to do with the ability of the geese to move around and exploit new feeding and roosting opportunities or it could be linked to the ban on the selling of wild geese that came into force in the 1970s - although they are still a legal quarry species for wildfowlers. Wildfowling takes place south of the RSPB Snettisham reserve but most of the geese are sensible enough to spend their nights within the safety of the reserve boundary. The wildfowlers and their dogs often spend winter nights on what are known as 'chain boats'. These are old barges that are tethered in place and made nice and cosy by installing a pot bellied stove. I've been on one of these boats for a chat with some wildfowlers and had a nice cup of tea and a biscuit - but I made my excuses and left before the tide came in!

So to sum up the facts are these. The geese leave their breeding grounds in the autumn and fly to the UK. They stop off at regular feeding and roosting sites, particularly in Scotland and Lancashire, and a sizable proportion of the population continue on to Norfolk. They roost on mudflats or other flat open places and fly inland each morning to feed on sugar beet tops, returning to the roost at dusk. On clear moonlit nights they may feel secure enough to stay in the fields all

> night. After the sugar beet harvest they start feeding on grass (locally at Holkham NNR and on Ken Hill grazing mash). Early in the year they start their return migration, arriving in the fertile valleys of Iceland to feed up on the fresh grass before returning to the arctic tundra to breed. We are lucky to live somewhere that gives us an opportunity to witness part of this spectacle with very little effort - apart from getting out of bed and opening the curtains.

Some people are interested in the science of these great migrations, while others are content just to enjoy the sight and sound of the skeins as they fly over their heads. Spiritual people may feel a connection to lands far away when watching the geese and old wildfowlers can reminisce about nights spent floating in a chain boat with the sound of the wind and the lapping of the rising tide. It is also possible to have negative thoughts about the damage the geese may do to crops or to worry that their droppings may fall on the paintwork of a new car or spread a disease. I don't share these negative thoughts but I can understand them. I find it harder to understand those who seem to have a complete lack of interest in the arrival of the geese. Our winters would be much drabber without them. \Box



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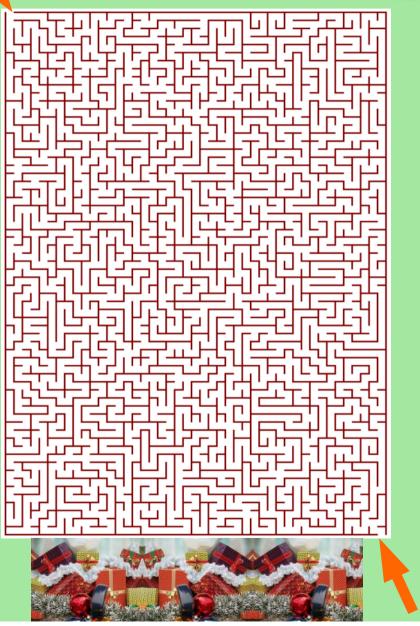


The Christmas Teaser

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It's probably a good idea to use a soft pencil.





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THE SIGN TELLS A STORY by Steve Nowell

Coming into the village from the south one cannot help but notice our impressive and colourful village sign. But have you ever wondered what are the meanings of the symbols in the

shield? I contacted Elizabeth Fiddick who is a regular contributor to this magazine and she very kindly gave me the following information. The three crowns on a blue



background are the Three Crowns of East Anglia, one for each of the original 'districts'.and they appear on the coat of arms of Wuffa, an early East Anglian King. The ship is a Lymphada which literally means 'long ship'. The boat can be propelled by sail or oars. It is thought that the three fish (believed to be trout; but might be salmon) relate to the fact that Dersingham used to be a fishing port until the middle of the 16th century. The dragon is a symbol of strength, nobility and courage. The battlements at the top of the shield indicate the power of the church's influence on the village. But whilst I do not doubt the meanings of those symbols, I think they also tell a story, roughly as follows.

The date is 01/01/0001 and the TV News Bulletins are full of a story about a special event which has taken place in a small town called Bethlehem, not far from Jerusalem. Now in the Borough of Leyton (East London) there lived **three kings** who, with their camels, had decided to abandon the heat and sand of their Jordan homeland and head for the bright lights of London. (Rumour had it that they were thrown out of the country for non-payment of camel-licence fees, but that's another story). However they still kept in touch by e-mail with their pals back home so they were among the first to know that something big was soon going to take place in Bethlehem. Consequently by the time the 'big event' actually happened they were well on their way to that town bearing 'gifts from afar.' ('Afar' = Selfridges, Oxford St.). Having delivered their prezzies to the New Born King there was nothing to do except to go home again. What a boring anticlimax. Even the camels sensed it was going to be the same old grind, all over again, but in the opposite direction, and they became decidedly unco-operative. There's nothing more difficult to climb aboard than a stroppy camel.

Eventually the party got under way. They headed south a bit, then turned right along the north african coast for a few hundred miles – give or take a few – until they reached the Gibraltar Straits. Looking across the sea, the camels unanimously decided that they had had enough. No way were they going to swim across there, despite fact that they could see the other side. Pushing, pulling; putting whisky in their drinking water; nothing that the Kings did would persuade those double-humped layabouts to move. Then King Alphonse (the senior one of the three) had a brilliant idea. He walked many leagues (whatever that amounts to) to the nearest hostelry which, as he had hoped, had a Wi-Fi access terminal to the Internet. Having got thus far it was easy to find a boat-hire firm called Rent-a-Lymphada Ltd. Within a few hours three Kings, with camels, were on their way to Spain via the Straits of Gibrtaltar.

Having crossed into Europe the rest of the trip home was going to be relatively easy they thought, with the possible exception of a line of hillocks called the Pyrenees. When they reached Madrid, it was agreed that they should take a break for a day or two. It had been a long trudge and, bearing in mind the increasing frequency of temper tantrums from the camels, it was clearly the right thing to do. The Kings tied up their steeds to the hitching-rail of a Wi-Fi Cafe, and King Alphonse went straight on to the Internet while the other two treated themselves to several flagons of home-brewed Spanish 'plonk'. King Alphonse didn't have it in mind to look up anything in particular; it was simply that he was an 'Internet Junkie'. But just out of interest he looked up the

recent results and forthcoming fixtures for his home football team, Leyton Orient. (<u>'We Three</u> <u>Kings of Orient Are'</u> would you believe??'). They were not doing well in Football League One and had just picked up a much needed point against Huddersfield. Their next match would be against Preston North End in a week's time. It was imperative that the Three Kings got home in time for the match. They didn't claim to have magical powers but their majestic presence in the stand combined with their booming bass voices in unison did seem to upset the opposing team somewhat. Alphonse dragged his drunken colleagues out of the Wi-Fi Cafe and threw them in turn over the saddles of their respective camels. They were on their way again, heading north for France.

The group made good progress up through Spain, stopping along the way at frequent intervals for the Kings to have something to eat and drink and for the camels to take on water. At one of their halts – yes, it was a Wi-Fi Cafe again! - King Alphonse managed to get his hands on a laptop computer and was able to see the latest broadcast of The Dragons' Den. It was interesting enough, but not overly so, until the last entrepreneur presented his newly invented apparatus to make animals, camels in particular, drink more water. The device was simplicity itself. It was little more than a board with short nails protruding through it. When the animal had taken its final gulp, as far as it knew, the operator would give it an almighty slap across the backside with the board. The animal would bellow in pain but in doing so would take in a huge extra gulp of water. [It should be pointed out that there is another version of this explanation, often told in public houses, which is a little more 'colourful' but not really suitable for VV!] King Alphonse was impressed. Hurriedly, he and the other two Kings built themselves a set of three 'Topper-Uppers'. The effect was a noticeable increase in the overall speed of the journey home. King Alphonse made it his business to ensure that the Dragons' Den should have a memorial made to it. Namely a **red dragon carved in wood.**

The last and most major hurdle was crossing the English Channel. As far as the camels were concerned this was strictly a 'no-no'. They had jibed at the idea of the Straits of Gibraltar, so this one was out of the question. It would have to be Rent-a-Lymphada Ltd again. But there was an additional snag this time. The company demanded payment in advance. Something to do with extra collision risk with merchant shipping in crossing the Channel apparently. But the Kings were penniless. What with giving away their valuable assets in Bethlehem, plus B&B charges, not forgetting the vast sums spent by King Alphonse in Wi-Fi cafes, they only had about five euros between them. There was only one answer - they would have to find work and earn money to pay for their trip. What should they do? The locals in the Calais area where they were due to sail from all seemed to be mad-keen on fishing, as a pastime. So The Three Kings hired a small sailing dinghy for a day. You could do that for five euros in those days. Then they spent a whole day dragging some pea-netting along, just away from the shoreline. It may have been a pretty crude method of fishing but it paid dividends. They didn't catch shoals of sea-trout exactly but they did trap quite a large collection of miscellaneous small fish; enough to be converted into a saleable quantity of sea-bait. This was yet another milestone in the homeward journey of the Three Kings which had to be carved in wood for posterity in the form of a carving of three sea -trout.

The Three Kings got home just in time to see the Preston North End match. They felt they were instrumental in giving their team the winning edge.

'So', you ask, 'how come the exploits of the Three Kings of Orient finish up as a beautifully carved village sign in West Norfolk?" Easy. Like many folks from London who initially came here just for a visit, the Three Kings fell in love with Norfolk in general, and our village in particular. So they decided to put their roots down here but there was absolutely no way they were going to leave behind the beautiful, carved and coloured record of their exploits.

(That's my story and I'm sticking to it! Do you have any other ideas? I'm sure Ed. Would be pleased to hear from you if you have.) \Box

Ingoldisthorpe Church of England Primary School

With quite a large number of children from Dersingham attending the school it seems a good idea to include their news. Ed.

This month the children have prepared our articles. We have had a group of our older children out and about around the school reporting on events as they happen.

The Olympic Sports Morning.

Mr Wood from Physical Movements came into Oak class to talk to us about the Olympics in Ancient Greece and some of the events the competitors took part in. We then had a go. We had a "horse and chariot race," and we took part in a race wearing things as heavy as armour. The ancient Greeks used to run in armour!



The morning was really good fun and we learnt a lot about the original Olympics. *By Jasmine*. **Pirate Day.**

On Friday 4th November we all dressed up as pirates to celebrate the start of our Readathon programme. This is a whole school project encouraging us to read at least four times a week. The event kicked off with a video link with Captain Jack Sparrow from Pirates of The Caribbean telling us how important reading is. It was certainly a day to remember! *By Thomas*.

Readathon.

Readathon is an event we have every year to show the importance of reading and to encourage the children to read at least four times a week. Every year we have a theme and this year it is pirates. In the hall we have a pirate display and we have all made models to pin on the display. As we read we move our models across the display, this year our display is the Caribbean. When we reach the end there will be a special celebration day. *By Lucy*

The Croydon Cup.

Our team played exceptionally well this year especially in our first game against Snettisham School. In this match we drew 0-0. Overall we drew one match and lost two but we really did enjoy taking part the team certainly played as one. *By Daniel*.

The Shoe Box Appeal.

As usual we are taking part in the shoe box appeal. It is really good fun to make a shoe box gift. First you have to decide whether to prepare a shoe box for a boy or a girl then whether for an older child or a younger one.

It is really good to be able to help those who are less fortunate than ourselves and we hope the shoe box gifts will bring a smile to the faces of those children who receive them. *By Caitlin*.

Early Years Mini Olympics Warm up.

Our younger children certainly enjoyed their mini Olympic warm up! It included: hurdles, jumping from side to side, long jump, the javelin and running races. Lots of children from many of our local schools came along to an evening of jam packed fun. In the summer term we will have a follow up to this event and all children in Reception, year's one and two are welcome. *By Annabel.* **Our Reception Class, Little Owls and other opportunities for pre school children.**

Our small class of ten reception children with their teacher and teaching assistant really have settled in now and are enjoying their class room and conservatory and are finding their way around the Early Year's garden. Little Owls is our pre school group for children in the year before they

start full time school. Little Owls meet **every morning** from 9 a.m. The children do seem to really enjoy themselves.

We also have a Toddler group who meet every Monday morning and a music and movement group for pre school children every Wednesday morning

I hope you have enjoyed reading the articles from our children. Best wishes from all at Ingoldisthorpe; *Keith Twaites*, Head teacher. 01485 541402

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THE OLD HOUSE REVISTED by Steve Davis

Following Elizabeth Fiddick's article in the previous issue I have had the pleasure of spending an hour visiting Tricia Rolph at the recently renovated "Old House" in Chapel Road to continue the story, little prepared for what I might see.

In 1952 Mrs Eileen Ferrier

sold the house to Derek and Vivienne Randall. Derek, who died in 1988 was a director of Miln Marsters, a national cereal seed company based in King's Lynn, Docking and Chester. Vivienne continued to live there and was very involved in village life serving Meals on Wheels, proudly opening up her garden for the annual Open Gardens, producing arrangements for the Flower

Festival and organising the annual Poppy Appeal; she was a keen artist, who exhibited regularly and a golfer with a mean handicap! Sadly, she lost her fight with cancer in 2007 and the house was

put on the property market soon after. Although it attracted much interest, no-one seemed keen to take on the considerable renovation and restoration work required until her daughter Tricia Rolph along with husband John decided in early 2009 that they would themselves rise to the challenge, having always intended to retire to West Norfolk anyway.

So it was after two years worth of work that in Easter of this year they moved in. Now you might easily walk past this house without a second glance from the outside. You might even be forgiven for thinking that the 1902 photo in Elizabeth's article with all the creeper growing over the front or the photo on *Google Street View* taken just a few years ago before the flower borders gave way to shingle beds at the front made it look all the more authentic. But as I walked through the door on my visit the other morning I have to say that the results of all Tricia and John's efforts are truly stunning, a wonderful fusion of old and new that oozes style and quality and certainly a match for any of the TV renovation property shows that I have ever watched. The attractive entrance hall would make a comfortable living space in itself, just the place for musical entertainment with the piano tucked in the corner. Leading off the entrance hall to the left is a large but cosy lounge with original fireplace housing a wood-burning stove. Through an arch to the right, the hallway opens up to span both floors with a polished wooden stairway leading to a balustraded landing under which is tucked a panelled office area. To me the most striking of all however is the bright, airy, single-storey kitchen-diner with windows on opposite walls, a high apexed ceiling with exposed, painted roof trusses allowing yet more light to enter through velux windows. Around the kitchen area itself are stylish storage units topped with polished granite work surfaces with a large range cooker forming the focal point. An oval island unit forms the centrepiece with more cupboard units, a solid wooden work surface, a built in hotplate and additional food-preparation sink. Finally, to reinforce the light airiness of the place, an elegant open conservatory extends the side aspect of the dining area. Whilst I marvelled at all this the soft, soothing strains of *Classic FM* emanated from the built in ceiling speakers.

I only actually saw the ground floor and not even all of that, yet I am sure that the appealing character of the place permeates throughout. We finished with a tour of the garden that has also had a substantial makeover, giving it an impressive paved patio, well stocked raised beds and attractive potted shrubs, perhaps a little easier to maintain than the extensive lawn and flower garden that Vivienne Randall had nurtured in years past.









Here are some before and after photos of the entrance hall, lounge, kitchen and garden – I think you should be able make out which is which!

















Whenever we visit stately homes or watch programmes about them, invariably we hear stories of how successive incumbents have left their mark and legacy on the place with renovations and alterations so that walking through them becomes a vibrant living history lesson. The builder that the Rolphs had in to do the work thought that one part of their house might well be getting on for 600 years old. If so, that would perhaps date it back to the thrones of the House of Lancaster: Henry IV, V and VI. What a privilege it is to be able to breathe new life into such an old building for modern living comfort and to leave a legacy that will add yet another chapter to its undoubtedly rich history.

Do write in if you have any memories or stories regarding The Old House as Tricia Rolph, herself keen to partake in more aspects of village life, and other readers of Village Voice would love to hear them.□

World Faith Day enjoyed by Dersingham Cubs

Dersingham Cubs took part in a well attended World Faith Day in order to achieve their activity badge. Other Cub groups who participated included the 5th, 7th, 12th, 13th, 21st, Docking, Hunstanton and Terrington groups.

We all assembled at the glamorous (yes I was most impressed with their accommodation) King's Lynn Scout Hut on Saturday, 15 October and following our welcome by District Commissioner, Laura Fox, the Cubs were separated into their working groups for the day.

A representative from the Quakers and the Chaplin from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Rev Alison Davies, conducted informal and educational sessions with the children about how they embraced their religion and also discussed the differences between a variety of other faiths. The Quakers were very interesting and I learned a thing or two – eg Quakers celebrate their faith by having quiet times of reflection about God and religion and do not practice any religion rites as is the norm.

It is worth mentioning that Rev Alison Davies was asked only the day prior to the World Faith Day to attend as the original planned speaker had to cancel at very short notice. Fortunately, Rev Davies was able to help and she did a great job in getting the children's attention.

Other activities the children enjoyed throughout the day included:

- visiting the Church of the Holy Name in Kings Lynn and taking part in a treasure hunt type quiz throughout the church building
- making Chanukah coins using chocolate and coloured sprinkles.
- learning to Tie a Turban & the 5 Ks
- creating Diwali lights using paper to make origami boats and placing a tea light in the centre
- creating Mendi patterns using brown eye liner pencils to draw designs on themselves
- a Mix and Match game

- Diwali wordsearches and a Rangoli pattern activity

At the end of a lively day, the children were awarded their activity badges. \Box



One for the apostrophe police?



Thursday 26th January – 7.30pm

The West Norfolk members group invites you to an illustrated talk by Chris Durdin of Honeyguide Wildlife Holidays

Wildlife through a Digital Box Brownie

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Sandringham Squirrels by Alan Coleby



<u>Girl squirrels</u> Ella Eve Stor Cassie sau

Thora

Boy squirrels



Scoot Stories for children: a group of eight young Squirrels play, feed and explore in the woods of Sandringham. Gus

Nuts and a Bird

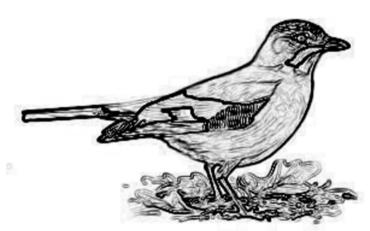
It was the end of November, when the days were getting really dark and cold. Ella and Eve spent most of the time sleeping in the drey in the beech tree now, cuddling up to each other and to Mum to keep warm. Sometimes when they woke up and came slowly down the tree, they complained that they were hungry. They expected Scoot to know where there were hidden stores of nuts that they could eat.

Because they were his sisters, Scoot tried to be nice to them, and did not push them away. This year, though, had been Scoot's first summer and autumn and he did not know where many nuts had been stored.

His friends, Chip and Barney, knew where most of them were, and would point out some of the likeliest places to Scoot. If Scoot asked Gus, he would often pretend to know where there were some. After he had taken Scoot to look, they would usually not find any, and Gus would say something silly to cover up the fact that he did not know. He seemed to think it was funny just to waste time and mess about, but Scoot just thought of Ella and Eve being hungry.

The winter which was just beginning was the first one for Scoot and his two sisters. They had had great big feasts of fruit and nuts, wheat grain and snails in the autumn. They had got a bit fat, but they didn't know how hungry or cold they would get in the winter. Up to now, they just knew that it was darker and the days were shorter.

'One of the ways to remember where there are some nuts is to keep your wits about you in the early autumn, in September,' said Barney to Scoot one day, when he had asked him to help look. 'Nuts are being buried by everyone all over the place in September. Remember the place if you see them being buried near pathways, by the side of bushes that you know, or alongside fences. It doesn't always have to be your own nuts you dig up and eat. You can pinch anybody's. It's easy to do if you follow your nose and dig quickly. Others are always doing something else.'



'But if they see you, they'll chase you and attack you,' argued Scoot, who did not like the idea of stealing.

'Well, as I say, keep your wits about you,' went on Barney. 'Anyway, it's not only squirrels who bury nuts, you know.' 'Isn't it?'

'No. One of the busiest buriers in September is a bird called the jay.' 'What does a jay look like?' asked Scoot, surprised.

'Oh, a big bird, mostly a pinkish-brown colour. The wings are black and white with a bit of blue and the back in front of the tail feathers is white. You can't miss it. It's got a horrible call. Like a rasp. It makes your nerves go all on edge.'

'And it buries nuts?' asked Scoot. He was always amazed at how much Barney knew.

'Always acorns,' said Barney. 'Jays are quiet most of the year. Then, in September, you can see them flying around everywhere. They visit all the oak trees and get acorns three at a time. They fly along holding one in their beak and two in their throat. I've heard it said that every jay stores thousands of acorns in the autumn. They hide them under leaves and bits of wood, in the forks of branches in trees or pushed into cracks in the bark. Sometimes they dig into the earth with their great long beaks, put in the acorn and cover it with earth again.'

'Well, will you be able to find any of these acorns?' Scoot was glad that Barney knew all this, but he wanted to get to the acorns.

'I'll tell you what,' said Barney. 'I'll take you to a stoat tree. I know one quite near here, but the stoat doesn't go there anymore. Stoats are long, thin animals, brown in summer and white in winter, low to the ground with little short legs. They are really fierce. Everything else is terrified of them. They kill rabbits, small birds, rats and mice. Then they drag them to an ash tree with a hollow bottom and store them until they want to eat them. Well, I saw a jay put dozens of acorns in a stoat tree I know in September, and if we go there, we'll find them.'

Barney and Scoot were soon at the tree. The hole at the bottom was just a wide crack on the outside, but Barney said that it opened out in the dark inside and they could squash in.

Barney went first, but just as Scoot was squeezing through, there was an almighty crash. Then there was a great fluttering and squawking. Scoot felt a sharp, painful dig at the base of his tail. He realised that the jay, or some other bird that knew about the store, could see the robbery and was attacking him.

'Yeeeeow!' he shrieked. He would not be able to stand up to this attack from behind. That big, strong beak would kill him.

'Come on!' shouted Barney at the same time, and Scoot's front paw was seized and held in an iron grip. Before he knew what was happening, he was yanked off the ground and pulled even higher. Barney held him so strongly that he thought he would crush his paw. 'Further up!' he yelled, and Scoot was pulled higher and higher.

'It'll be OK,' said Barney. 'I've climbed a bit higher inside the tree and we can perch up here. The jay will come in and peck about, but he can't fly or walk up here. We're out of his reach.'

'Oh, what would I do without you to look after me?' asked Scoot, as he crumpled into Barney's arms and let him hold him tight.

'We all have to learn,' said Barney. \square



Vi	Village Voice Sudoku No 21										
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Steve Davis Moving round in circles



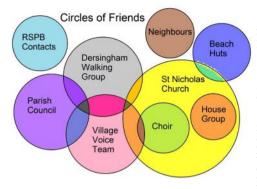
I remember at school being taught what we used to refer to as *Modern Maths*, those parts of the subject that our parents had never heard of and probably thought were a complete waste of time! We were introduced to *Set Theory* and I was always fascinated by *Venn Diagrams* where we drew circles to represent members of

different sets of items (or people). These sets might overlap showing that some members of one set were also in another (the intersection) or even that members of one subset were entirely contained within a larger superset. These things are probably commonplace now early on in the curriculum. I have to say though that when I had to take Set Theory further whilst studying for my degree in Computing Science it did all get rather heavy and abstract and even I started to question the whole point of it! Nevertheless during my later years as a college tutor in computing, all this seemingly purposeless knowledge from the past formed a sound basis for what became one of my main areas of teaching; Database Management Systems. Setting up databases to store all the requisite items of data and the inter-relationships between them, then interrogating them to produce complex queries, analyses, and reports was a problem solving skill I greatly enjoyed. I have set up databases to contain student and staff timetable details, assessment records and conference booking systems. But it was through being invited by the Kent Wildlife Trust to set up a database of associated contacts with their complexities of skills and attributes that I became more involved with the conservation and wildlife appreciation side of their work, a love that has developed with other organisations such as the RSPB, and Norfolk Wildlife Trust since moving to these parts. I have also had the challenging pleasure of setting up the mechanism to automatically extract and format the details for Brancaster Staithe Sailing Club's Annual Membership Handbook from their membership database. Handling data regarding people is of course a responsibility, and many feel threatened by it, but by and large the benefits I believe outweigh the perceived intrusions, and we do of course have rigorous Data Protection laws to abide by.

During our five years here in Dersingham, Lindsey and I have been very conscious of the wealth of friends that we have made, more so we feel than at any other time in our lives. Maybe we do have the time now to develop such friendships, but I know that we are not alone in thinking of Dersingham as a very friendly sort of place to live. We often comment too on how we seem to have so many different *circles of friends*. Whereas in our past life, our friends were pretty much confined to workmates, church and immediate neighbours, we now find ourselves becoming involved with more activities each of which contributes its own circle of friends, though not surprisingly some overlap. Church is undoubtedly our largest *circle* (and I understand that women's magazine agony aunts have cited the local church as one of the best places to start making friends when moving to a new area), there are many sub-groups attached to the church too to which one can belong quite apart from Sunday attendance. But then we have our Dersingham Walking Group, fellow RSPB volunteers and staff, the Village Voice delivery team and contributors, the monthly *Village Voice Live* talks to name but a few, plus a large friendly neighbourhood, the clients I met as a result of my earlier home computing work throughout the village, the Parish Council that I joined earlier this year and most recently the beach hut community at Hunstanton that I wrote about in the last issue. Feeling inspired, and just to make the point, I started to draw up a Venn Diagram to show my personal circles of friends though the full picture I think would get rather more complicated!

Now I know I often go on about how much I love this area, all the birdlife, the landscapes and beaches and I am very fond too of the house we live in, but when all is said and done, I would have to say that it is our *circles of friends* that are really our most valued treasure. Having folk with whom you can share experiences and conversation, who will enthuse with you when things are going well and encourage and support you when things are down and even pray for you too at times is indeed a rich blessing.

I did try Googling the term Circle of Friends and found that quite apart from being an early best



selling book by *Maeve Binchey* about a group of female college students set in 1950s rural Ireland – later of course made into a film starting *Minnie Driver*, it is also an established system for promoting inclusion and interaction amongst children with learning difficulties and that other groups too have similarly named systems for enhancing the quality of life and interaction within a community. Our biannual publication *Dersingham Data* is loaded with relevant details of the many groups and organisations that are available to be a part of here in Dersingham. I would want to pay

particular tribute though to the sterling ongoing work done in helping to establish circles of friends amongst the more senior and less mobile in our midst by those involved with the *Dersingham Day Centre* and the more far reaching *West Norfolk Befriending (www.wnbefrienders.org.uk)*. I have had the immense pleasure of attending both of these for the odd occasion to provide a spot of musical entertainment. Bob Tipling too did the businesses and organisations associated with our village a great networking service when he set up the bi-monthly *Community Lunches* for representatives to attend. Sadly they have recently had to finish after running for nearly three years but many thanks to Bob for what has been achieved through them. Hopefully the circles of contacts forged will continue and if we keep our enthusiasm alive, I am sure that as one circle closes so others will open.

For many, online social networking through websites such as *Facebook* has become the allimportant means of establishing circles of friends and it can be quite staggering how many online "*friends*" some have acquired through it. Although I did set up a *Facebook* account, I soon found myself not wanting to spend time responding to the inundation of requests from *friends of friends* for me to become their "*friend*" so hastily I deactivated it; well I suppose all of us can be a bit of an *old misery* some of the time! Maybe I shall think differently as time moves on but for now I spend far too long at the computer as it is: writing articles and reports, managing photos, keeping up with emails and the occasional contribution to the YouTube community, etc, etc. Clever though all the technology is, I still much prefer my encounters with friends to be face to face whenever possible!

As we move into the *season of goodwill*, despite all the invitations to events and activities that our churches and organisations offer with the hope of promoting friendship, inclusion and festivity (see *dersingham-on-line.co.uk*), many still find it a time of isolation and exclusion. Let us be ready

and willing to look out for one another, to extend the odd neighbourly invitation or pay a visit or even settle old grievances. It may be spurned but it may just develop into a new and worthwhile friendship!

Next year I guess lots of us will be in the grip of five other circles (or possibly avoiding them), as flags bearing the Olympic Logo are raised – yet another season for forming circles of like-minded friends. In the mean-time I wish all of my circles including those whom I have yet to meet from our large *circle of Village Voice readers* a very happy Christmas and a new year with new circles in which to move!

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Bog News

This time of year sees a change in season on the reserve with the heather turning from a bright pink to a light brown colour. Although this signals the end of the summer and the onset of autumn and winter, the change in colour is beautiful and turns the reserve into a different place with a totally different feel.



The reserve is also showing other signs of autumn with the arrival of the Pink footed geese. Over the last few weeks there have been many skeins of Pink Foots flying over the site, varying in number from small numbers to numbers of at least a thousand.



Another bird that has been seen on the reserve is a Great Grey Shrike. This was seen in the middle of October. I was lucky enough to see this bird through the telescope of a local birdwatcher sitting on top of one of the Oaks on the heath. The Great Grev Shrike is a migrant bird from Scandinavia, which is quite scarce to the UK. Many arrive in the country at the beginning of the autumn and may stay right through until the spring. Dersingham Bog has hosted a single Great Grey Shrike in the winter for the last few years although they have stayed for a varying length of time from two days to a few months! Shrikes are a medium sized bird and can often be seen sitting on the top of trees waiting to pounce on their prey. The plumage of the Shrike is also very distinct with the bird having a threatening black mask and grey body. The Great Grey Shrike eats beetles and other insects as well as small mammals and occasionally smaller birds. The Great Grey Shrike has a unique way of storing

their food. The Great Grey Shrike will often impale its food and store it on a thorn almost in a larder where it is keeping it for eating later.

Many of you will be familiar with the power lines that run through the middle of the reserve. UK Power Networks, who look after the lines are working with the Norfolk Coast Partnership, Natural England and the Sandringham Estate to remove and replace the lines running through the reserve. The engineers from UK power networks began putting a new cable underground along the old railway line in August. This cable will then allow the overhead lines and poles to be switched off and removed from the reserve. This will be done sensitively to minimise the damage to the site. By removing the power lines on the reserve a landscape will be seen with churring Nightjars, flowering Heather, grazing cattle and ground nesting birds as well as allowing uninterrupted views across the site.

We have begun our scrub control on the site and we are currently working on the slopes near the small pond. These slopes are quite thick with vegetation but working with a team of volunteers we have made good progress on restoring and maintaining these two slopes as Heathland. This involves using a brushcutter which is like a strimmer, with a toothed blade on to cut down the scrub. We then have another person following up behind the brushcutter treating the stumps of the cut birch. This stops the trees from growing. We then have a third person following behind clearing up and piling up on the trackside. This will then be chipped either on the same day or on a separate day and moved off the heath. This task can quite quickly open up areas of the heath and the changes in some of the thicker areas of scrub can be quite noticeable. The heather on these slopes is shaded out which means that the coverage can be very patchy. By removing the scrub we are allowing the heather to grow and eventually these will cover the slopes leaving small bare areas for insects and birds to forage.

As ever if anyone is interested in volunteering with us please get in contact. \Box

Tom Bolderstone, Reserve Warden, Natural England, Dersingham Bog NNR, thomas.bolderstone@naturalengland.org.uk

Hugh Mullarkey

As there have been details of the Air Raid by a Zeppelin on King's Lynn in the Lynn News recently, I have revived these poems that I wrote some years ago as a tribute.

PERCY GOAT, DIED 19TH JANUARY 1915.

©Hugh MullarkeyJanuary 1996

WHAT A VERY STRANGE NAME TO FIND ON A BOMB AND NOT EVEN AS OLD AS THE CENTURY WAS LONG

WHAT A VERY STRANGE WAY FOR A BOMB TO ARRIVE FOR A BOY TO BE DEAD AND NOT YOUNG AND ALIVE

NOW ALL THAT REMAINS IS A SMALL MARBLE CROSS STANDING SADLY NEGLECTED SUCH A TOKEN OF LOSS

HE WASN'T A HERO, A PERSON OF NOTE BUT HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY DID YOUNG PERCY GOAT

NOW ALMOST FORGOTTEN IN OUR CYNICAL HASTE TO IGNORE ALL THE LOSING, THE GRIEF AND THE WASTE

OF A CENTURY STRICKEN, A TIME SO OBSCENE IT CAN CONTEMPLATE KILLING A BOY OF FOURTEEN

HIS DEATH IS A SYMBOL OF THE CHEAPNESS OF LIFE IN AN AGE WHERE GREAT PROGRESS HAS CREATED GREAT STRIFE

> FOR HE DIED IN HIS HOME WHEN A ZEPPELIN MADE AN APPARENTLY BRIEF INDISCRIMINATE RAID

THUS USHERING IN A NEW CONCEPT OF WAR THAT NO ONE WAS SAFE, OR COULD AFFORD TO IGNORE

THE FACT THAT THE AIR WAS NO LONGER FREE AND COULD DELIVER ITS OWN FORM OF BARBARITY

IS PERCY SYMBOLIC OF MANKIND'S DESIRE TO HOLD UP DESTRUCTION, AS A THING TO ADMIRE?

TOO YOUNG TO BE 'HONOURED', TOO YOUNG TO BE 'BRAVE' YOUNG PERCY LIES WASTED, ALONE IN HIS GRAVE.



The two graves side by side. Percy Goat's tombstone reads:-

In loving memory of Percy. The beloved and only son of John and Mary Goat who was killed by a Zeppelin bomb during the German air raid on King's Lynn 19th January 1915. Aged 14 years.

"SEVERAL BOMBS WERE SUCCESSFULLY DROPPED."

: - OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM BERLIN. ©Hugh MullarkeyJanuary 1998

The widow was 'Maud' - Alice Maud Gazley (Nee Rowe):- she died January 19th 1915 in her 27th year - widow of Percy George Gazley who was killed in action in Flanders - October 27th 1914 - in his 30th year. She died as a result of the Zeppelin raid by Zeppelin L4 on King's Lynn.

THE WAR THAT MADE THE WIDOW WOULD MAKE THE WIDOW DIE.

HER SOLDIER WENT OFF BRAVELY TO FIGHT THE KAISER'S MEN 'IT WILL ALL BE OVER BY CHRISTMAS I' WAS THE RALLYING WAR-CRY THEN.

FOR HIM THAT CHRISTMAS NEVER CAME FOR KING AND COUNTRY HE DIED AND FOR HIS WIFE AWAITING HIM THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT BUT PRIDE,

THE WAR THAT MADE THE WIDOW WOULD MAKE THE WIDOW DIE,

BUT THE KAISER'S MEN WERE NOT FINISHED THEY WANTED TO CONQUER THE SKY THEY WANTED TO BRING THE HORRORS OF WAR HOME TO THEIR ENEMIES THEREBY! IMAGINE AN AIRBORNE DREADNOUGHT ALOFT IN THE STILL NIGHT AIR IMAGINE THE WORST OF PREDICTIONS COME TRUE A NEW ENGINE OF WAR AND DESPAIR.

> THE WAR THAT MADE THE WIDOW WOULD MAKE THE WIDOW DIE,

THE ZEPPELIN CIRCLED THE TOWN OF KING'S LYNN A PREDATOR TESTING ITS PREY THEN "SEVERAL BOMBS WERE SUCCESSFULLY DROPPED" AS THE ZEPPELIN WENT ON ITS WAY.,

> IN SEARCHING FOR ANY SURVIVORS IN THE WRECKAGE THAT FOLLOWING DAY THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED HER BODY WAS HER FATHER OR SO PEOPLE SAY.

THE WAR THAT MADE THE WIDOW HAD MADE THE WIDOW DIE.





The picture above was published in "The Illustrated War News" on Jan 27th 1915 with the caption:-

"Another 'fortified place' bombarded by the Germans! -Houses at King's Lynn where a woman and a boy were killed"

Alternative Christmas Day Dessert Recipes from the Bluebell Cottage Kitchen by Lindsey Davis

For those of you who, like me, do not eat dried fruit, or just want something a little lighter.

Transkei Mud

1 tin <u>caramelised</u> condensed milk ^{1/2} pt double cream (or Elmlea) 200g digestive biscuits - crumbled 100g bar mint chocolate Aero

- 1. Whip cream until it stands in soft peaks.
- 2. Add condensed milk a spoonful at a time, mixing together thoroughly.
- 3. Grate $\frac{2}{3}$ two-thirds of mint chocolate into mixture and combine well.
- 4. In a glass bowl layer $\frac{1}{3}$ of biscuit crumbs followed by $\frac{1}{3}$ cream mixture, repeat twice.
- 5. Stand in fridge overnight.
- 6. Grate remaining chocolate over top before serving.

Scooge

500g pot natural yoghurt 1 pt pot double cream whipped 250g raspberries (or mixed fruit) fresh or thawed 50g soft brown sugar

- 1. Line base of serving bowl with raspberries.
- 2. Mix together yoghurt & cream and pour over fruit.
- 3. Sprinkle with brown sugar, chill and serve.

6-8 servings

6-8 servings



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Old Girls Patch by Meetze

We had a few sad weeks.

One morning Tiny Tatty woke up our 2-legged friends as usual to remind them that it is breakfast time for her. The female got up and walked to the kitchen, followed closely by Tatty.

I am not getting up just yet. It is a bit too early for me. From the smell coming out of the kitchen I can sniff that Tatty is having Trout for breakfast. I wonder what I will be having later.

Whilst the 2-legged female is getting dressed, Tatty had her breakfast and walked back in her bed by the radiator.



Next thing I know she is on the arm of our 2-legged female, who is saying something to the male 2-legged one. Than they are all gone all of a sudden including Tatty, and she is not even in that carrier box we usually travel in.



A while later I woke up from loud crying. It is the 2legged female. They are back from where ever they went, but without Tiny. Oh no. Tiny has gone. Well, she was an elderly Lady in her mid twenties. I will miss her.

In the afternoon on the same day, Stumpy started behaving strangely. She started walking the whole house. I think she is looking for her settee friend Tatty. Nobody told her yet that Tiny has gone. Oh dear. This went on for hours. At dinner time, Stumps did not want any. And all night she was up and in the morning she did not want any breakfast either. And now she started falling over when walking. She got scooped up by our 2-legged female and again everybody left.

After 2 hours they were all back, but Stumps did not look too good. She got worse on Sunday and on Monday morning they all left again.

When the 2-legged ones returned, Stumps was not with them. I guess she did not want to be without her little settee friend and decided it would be better to join Tatty.

The following days there was loads of crying and extra cuddles for us. But then on Thursday it was Granddad who started behaving weird. He started wobbling rather than walking and he was unable to make it to the toilet. And again, the 2-legged ones took him away and a few hours later they came back without him. I heard them talking that he did not want to be without his Ladies Tatty and Stumpy, so he went to the place where they went. Now the three musketeers are back together again. R.I.P.

It is very very quiet now in the house. I miss the shouting from Tatty and Stumpy. And I even miss Granddad steeling my food. Our 2-legged female has constantly wet eyes these days and a red nose. And the 2-legged male is playing excessively with the teenagers Sidney and Johnnie. They do not mind the slightest and I don't know if they even know what happened. Typical teenager, not the slightest care in the world for anything or anybody.



Then on Tuesday, Armani moved in. Wow, what a Lady. She is ever so quiet. But she was not allowed to be with us for the first few days. Something about worms, fleas and vet check. Once she joined us, Sidney tried it on with her, but she looked at him like he is thin air. She ignored him completely. He did not like that one bit. Now he tried to whack her, but he got one right back from Armani, which made him jump. That looked funny. Sidney is scared of a girl!!! Johnnie tried now to socialize with Armani, but she got a hiss and backed up immediately and is now no longer interested. I have not made my move yet. I decided to watch her for a while. The meeting between Beauty and Armani went rather strange. They sniffed each other and then both at the same time moved very quickly. Beauty under the bed and Armani on the bed. They both laid down and that was it. And after 3 weeks, nothing has changed at all between them. One is sleeping during the day under the bed and one on the bed. And I managed not to meet Armani eye to eye yet. We'll see how long I can avoid her... \Box



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DERSINGHAM DAY CENTRE FOR THE ELDERLY

We are well into our Autumn Session now, having started our weekly meetings again on the 7th September. What a glorious start to Autumn we had and those Members who wished to were able to sit outside in the sunshine, well into the end of October.



On October 15th we held our Autumn Fair at the Dersingham Methodist Church. All the volunteers had worked hard on the Friday evening getting the stalls ready and we got off to an early start on the Saturday morning. The weather was ideal for getting out and about and we had a lot of people popping in for coffee and a look around our stalls. We had one stall of gifts made entirely by some of our Members from beautifully dressed dolls, greeting cards, crocheted blankets and hand puppets. "Guess the name of the doll" was won by Ann Saunders who chose the correct name, Rosemary. It was a real team effort and, as you can imagine, we were all very thrilled to learn that we had raised £522.00 on the day. The Day Centre wishes to thank all those who came to support us on the day and to all those who worked so hard to make it a success.

By the time this edition of Village Voice goes to press we will have been served fish and chips from The Village Fryer on the 9th November, visited the Lavender Centre again for lunch on the 16th November, and on the 30th November we will have celebrated our 30th Anniversary with a special birthday cake. It is very satisfying to know that what was the idea of a few people in the village 30 years ago is still thriving and serving the elderly people of Dersingham. Three of the original team are still actively involved with the Day Centre, our Hon. President Mrs Rita Folkes, Hon.Chairman Mrs Ann Saunders and Mrs Ruth Mountain who provides our hot lunches each week.

Members have already started making decorations for the tree we have sponsored for the Church Christmas Tree Festival from 2^{nd} to 4th December. Under the guidance of our Craft Lady, Carol Drew, they are making some very pretty and unusual items and having fun doing so. As last year, we will be taking all our Members to the Church to see the Christmas Trees on the Wednesday following the event.

On the 7th December the Heacham Songsters will be coming to entertain us again with their Christmas Programme. Let's hope that this year the weather will be kinder to us than last year when we had to cancel our meeting due to the snow! On the 21stth December we will be holding our annual Christmas Lunch and Party, with professional entertainer Leigh Murfet. We break up for the Christmas Holidays on the 21st December and return for the Winter Session on the 11th January 2012.

The Members and Volunteers of the Day Centre wish to thank all those in the village who have supported and encouraged them in so many ways throughout this last year, and we wish you all a Very Happy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year. \Box











Well, we did it! Team Jifflin Pollywiggles have completed Landy Rally 2011. by Jez and Leanne aka Team Jifflin Pollywiggles.

We started from Valkenburg in Holland at 9.30am on Wednesday 14th September and 3,146 miles,9 days and 11 countries later we arrived in Calais at 7.06pm.

Once we arrived on Holland we were scrutineered and all our equipment assessed for the journey. Tuesday night consisted of everyone getting to know each other. There were 10 teams taking part, in vehicles ranging from discos, a 90, a 110 and a Series 2 army ambulance. The ambulance sadly did not finish the rally. The gear knob parted company from the gear stick going up the Fluela Pass and it finally gave up the ghost in Val d' Isere.

To break up the driving all teams were invited to take part in various tasks. Most of these tasks involved taking photos of objects and places (no mean feat when you are doing 12 hours of driving a day). The tasks all had points attached and these points went towards a final total. The winners would be announced on Thursday 22nd September at the prize giving dinner in Calais. Points were also awarded for wearing our charity t-shirts as often as possible. The longest task lasted the entire rally and was entitled 'tourist tat' and the aim was to buy a souvenir from each country we visited that reflected the country or town we were in, for no more than 3 Euros. We managed to get 7 items ranging from a snowstorm with a St Bernard in (Switzerland) to a Dutch flag. There were also extra points for the tackiest piece of tat. I can reveal that Team Jifflin Pollywiggles won that prize- for the snowstorm. I was disappointed with this as I bought the snowstorm because I actually liked it. No accounting for taste it appears. Each night we were all issued with a roadbook that outlined the route for the next day. Two other tasks were photo related. One lasted 7 days and we had to take photos of a team member standing next to or on/in various modes of transport. As a result all the stunning views we photographed are interspersed with photos of us, on (or next to) random modes of transport such as a tandem, a golf buggy, a horse and cart and in an aeroplane.

Day 1 was from Valkenburg, Holland to Feldkirch, Austria via Belgium, Luxembourg, France and Germany. We left Valkenburg at 9.30am by driving through the town on a convoy and a few of the locals turned out to wave us off. The first day was a lot of driving and took in 6 countries. The idea behind this amount of driving so early on was to give us more time in the Pyrenees and Alps.This was the day where I would aquaint myself with driving abroad. My stint at driving abroad came to an end after we got caught in some lunchtime traffic trying to neogotiate the centre of Luxemburg. I can confirm that the roads are fantastic quality in Europe. By the time we got to



the campsite in Austria at 9.30pm we had been on the road for 12 hours and we pitched the tent in the dark. We had a quick bite to eat and then met up with the rest of the rally teams to get the roadbook

Day 2 took us from Feldkirch in Austria to Drongo in Italy where we camped by the shore of Lake Como. We left Feldkirch about 8am and set off to Italy via Lichtenstein and Switzerland. We spent some time in Lichtenstein taking photos of one of us next to various modes of transport and also bought some matches with pictures of the national flag and Royal family for our tourist tat.

The first part of the day was spent driving up and over several mountain passes in the Alps including the Fluela Pass, Ofen Pass and the Umbrail Pass. The Umbrail Pass took us higher and higher into the Alps and the scenery was stunning. At the top of the Umbrail Pass you reach the famous 'Top Gear' Stelvio Pass. The Stelvio Pass has over 60 hairpin bends and is so busy, There are hundreds of road cyclists pedaling up and down competing with the cars. We decided to drive down the pass and on our way back up we got stuck in a traffic jam as 2 cement mixers navigated a hairpin bend ! Once we get back to the top of the Stelvio Pass we go down into Italy via the less famous (but more scary!) Gavia Pass. As a passenger the Gavia Pass was slightly disconcerting as for a lot of the time the view out of my window was a sheer drop!

We get to the campsite about 8.30pm and just manage to get the tent up and see the beauty of Lake Como before it got dark. One of the other teams turned up after 10pm after spending 3 hours driving up and down the motorway on the opposite side of the Lake.

Day 3 took us from Dongo to Val d' Isere in France. It was lovely and hot when we set off at 8am and by bedtime in Val d' Isere it was forecast to snow at the weekend. The first hour or so of day 3 was spent driving along the shoreline of Lake Como. The scenery was stunning and we stopped halfway round, purchased some tourist tat and also took some time to take in the beautiful view.

Once we got to Val d'Isere we did some off roading as during the summer months (no snow!) the Club 4x4 des Aigles allow people to off road over the ski slopes. This is an amazing place and it is hard to believe it is probably covered in snow now. We spent a few hours off roading over the slopes with some of the other teams. It is quite eerie when there was no snow or skiers about. As today had been less driving than the previous 2 days we had a chance to get to know the other teams around a campfire. We were issued with another task-'photo bingo' which was for 1 day only. Photo bingo involved taking specific photos of a team member walking a dog, someone who is not on the rally eating an ice cream and other such scenarios.

Day 4 we went from Val d' Isere to Marseillan Plage in the Med. Due to our new task I am now juggling a map, a roadbook and three separate pieces of paper with various photographic requirements. And I had to keep an eye on the road signs! We left the camp around 8am and after about 40 minutes of driving the disco started to slow down and warning lights began to flash (the technical term for this expericence is apparently 'limp-home' mode). We pulled over and Jez got out to investigate. One of the other teams stopped to see if we were ok and we tested the electrics with a diagnostic tester but that did not show up any issues. We waited a while and then set off again and everything seemed ok. This electric gremlin stayed with us for the rest of the rally and when we got back home Jez discovered that a lot of mud from Val d'Isere had got into places it should not have ie- air filters and the like and this was causing the problem. We were lucky though, one team had to finish in a hire car as their land rover broke down completely in Val d' Isere and on the last day a water pump went in another land rover so that team also had to finish in a hire car.

By the time we reach the Med at 8pm we are seeing the most amount of people we have seen for days. Val d'Isere was virtually empty except for us and the Med is bustling. And hot. We get our photo bingo tasks validated. We got 17 photos out of 25.

Day 5 saw us leave Marseillan Plage (after a quick paddle in the deliciously warm sea) at our usual time of 8am and set off to Sort in Spain via Andorra.

We reached Pas de la Casa in Andorra at 2pm and the weather had become somewhat overcast. By the time we left Pas de la Casa at 3.45pm it was 0 degrees and snowing! We met up with some of the other Landy Rally teams and drove the Smugglers Pass from Andorra to Spain in a mini convoy. The Smugglers Pass is a fantastic gravel track, winding down from Andorra into Spain which was used by smugglers. We were supposed to camp in Sort but we were able to do a wild camp in Tor, a near deserted village where a local family cooked a wonderful meal for all of us and then we all camped by the river.

If you are passing, we recommend filling up your car in Andorra for 97 cents a litre.

Day 6 on Landy Rally went from Sort, Spain to Ejea in Spain. We drove off-road over various tracks whilst travelling towards Suelves and here we caught up with a couple of other teams so we carried on together. We spent about 3 hours driving on a gravel track up into the mountains and we never saw another soul and I was quite glad we were not on our own. At the top (and the end of) the track there was a stone pillar with a plaque 'nacional vertice geodesico la destuccion de esta senal' and an absolutely stunning panorama of the French Pyrenees. The journey back down to the road was quite steep at the start and the roadbook warned of deep gullies and sharp, unprotected bends. We definitely went down quicker than we went up. One team had been filming a lot for a documentary so we attached their camera to the back of the Disco and filmed them coming down this track. This was the first time this route had been included in the Landy Rally experience. Once safely down, we continued to Ejea. A communal meal had been arranged for the evening so it was lovely to sit down with the others and chat about our experiences so far.

Day 7 Ejea Spain- Espelette France

Today we spent time with other rally teams in the 'dustbowl' which is a vast expanse of semi-arid desert in the Navarra region, North Eastern Spain. I did some off-road driving but I soon handed the wheel back when it got technical! We spent a few hours driving around in the dustbowl and then headed up into the Northern Pyrenees and over into France. This day also marked the first trip Jez and I made to a supermarket. Previously all our supplies such as bread and milk had come from service stations or little local shops. Tea was a barbeque with the other rally teams. Later that night we had a film quiz with the results going towards our total points- to be revealed at the prize giving dinner in Calais on Thursday.

Our penultimate day saw us drive from Espelette to Chateauroux, France which involved a fair amount of motorway driving in order to get us within a decent distance of Calais for our last day. We were set a 'spot the dog' (photos of different animals) task and the weather was so lovely that we decided to divert over to Arcachon and spend some time in civilisation and do some serious photo task catching up. On our way out of Arcachon we managed to visit a zoo for 'spot the dog' as well as various shops and an aerodrome for the transport task. I can confirm that visiting the zoo was seen as 'thinking outside the box' rather than cheating and that one of the other teams visited a taxidermist to get their animal photographs!

Together with the diversion to Arcachon and the ongoing electrical/gear issues with the car we were behind schedule and eventually arrived at the designated campsite just before 10pm

The last day was just a long drive north to Calais. The road book suggested several routes including one which avoided a lot of the toll roads. We took this option and arrived in Calais at 7.06pm in plenty of time for the prize giving dinner. Team Jifflin Pollywiggles came 3rd (a trophy proudly sits on our shelf) and then all that remained was the swapping of email addresses between teams. We managed to get an earlier tunnel crossing back (1.19am Friday morning French time) and eventually made it back to Dersingham at 4am Friday morning (UK time) via Newmarket as after all that driving in Europe, the M11 to Cambridge and the A10 to Ely were closed!

When we registered for the rally last Christmas we were looking for a holiday with a difference and we certainly got that. We met some wonderful people, saw some amazing sights and have some fantastic memories.

At the time of writing we have raised about £1,800 for King's Lynn Samaritans and there are still some donations to collect and add to the final total. We would like to thank all those people who sponsored us - from the people at Glebe House car boot sale August 14^{th} , Fraser and Maria from Dersingham Post Office and the library users of Dersingham who gave generously on September 3^{rd} . Other sponsors include Dennis Wright body repairs of Docking, Hunters Land Rover of King's Lynn, Celtic Yoga, King's Lynn, Knights Hill Farm Shop, Musikademy and Hayhow & Co accountants and Stephenson Smart. Thank you. \Box

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Greetings from the manse



For all its beautiful language and memorable phrases the King James Bible is widely acknowledged to be based upon inferior texts, in fact some passages its relate to no known translations of Greek manuscripts. It is based essentially on a handful of late and haphazardly collected minuscule manuscripts. This means in practice that other manuscripts available then, and

manuscripts discovered since, would have been of invaluable use in the work of the translators, compilers and editors who have provided us with the King James Bible, and those who have worked to provide revisions of the translation in the intervening years.

The idea that there were existing in the middle east and in Europe manuscripts of the New Testament, tucked away and forgotten about in corners of libraries in universities, monasteries and churches, ignited the imaginations of generations of "Bible hunters" so to speak, yes real life "Indiana Joneses," who set about searching for early manuscripts, whose stories combined real adventure with fine scholarship. One such adventurer was Count Dr. Constantin von Tischendorf (1815-1874) who discovered the fourth century AD codex of the Greek Bible at the monastery of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai. This codex is known as "Codex Sinaiticus" and has a complete New Testament. It is indeed the only complete copy of the Greek New Testament in majuscule script. The codex is arranged in four columns and measures fifteen by thirteen and a half inches.

The story of its discovery is fascinating and deserves to be told in some detail. In 1844, when he was not yet 30 years of age Tischendorf, *a Privatdozent* at the University of Leipzig, began his extensive journey through the Near East in search of biblical manuscripts. While visiting the monastery of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai he chanced to see some leaves of parchment in a wastebasket full papers destined to ignite the fire for the oven. On examination, the proved to be part of a copy of the Septuagint version (written originally in Egypt in the 3rd Century BC) of the Old Testament, written in an early Greek majuscule script.

He retrieved from the basket no fewer than 43 such leaves, and the monk casually remarked that two basket loads of similarly discarded leaves had already been burned up! Later, when Tischendorf was shown other portions of the same codex (containing all of Isaiah and 1 and 4 Macabees), he warned the monks that such papers were too valuable be used to stoke their fires. The 43 leaves that he was permitted keep contained portions of 1 Chronicles, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, and Esther; and upon returning to Europe, he deposited them in the university library at Leipzig, where they still remain. In 1846, he published their contents, naming them the "Codex Frederic Augustanus" in honour of the king of Saxony, his sovereign and patron.

In 1853, Tischendorf revisited the monastery of St. Catherine hoping to acquire other portions of the same manuscript. The excitement that he had displayed on the occasion of his discovery during his first visit had made the monks cautious, and he could learn nothing further about the manuscript. In 1859, his travels took him back once more to Mount Sinai, this time under the patronage of Tsar of Russia, Alexander II. The day before he was scheduled to leave, he presented to the steward of the monastery a copy of the publication of the Septuagint that he had published in Leipzig, whereupon, the steward remarked that he too had a copy of the Septuagint and produced from a closet in his cell a manuscript wrapped in red cloth. There, before the astonished scholar's eyes, the treasure that he had been longing to see. Concealing his feelings, Tischendorf casually asked permission to look at it further that evening. Permission was granted, and upon retiring to his room he stayed up all night studying the manuscript, for, as he narrated in his diary, in Latin, as he was a scholar," it really seemed a sacrilege to sleep!" He then found that the document contained much more than he had ever hoped, for not only was most of the Old Testament there but the New Testament was intact and in excellent condition, with the addition of two early Christian works of the second century, the epistle of Barnabas (previously known only through a very poor Latin translation) and a large portion of the *Shepherd* of Hermas, hitherto known only by title.

The next morning, Tischendorf tried to buy the manuscript but without success. Then, he asked to be allowed to take it to Cairo to study; but the monk in charge of the altar plate objected, so he had to leave without it. Later, while in Cairo, where the monks of Sinai also had a small monastery, Tischendorf pressed the abbot of the monastery of St. Catherine, who happened to be in Cairo at the time, to send for the document. Thereupon, swift Bedouin messengers were sent to fetch the manuscript to Cairo, and it was agreed that Tischendorf would be allowed to have it quire by quire (i.e., eight leaves at a time) to copy it. Two Germans who happened to be in Cairo and who knew some Greek, an apothecary and a bookseller, helped him transcribe the manuscript; and Tischendorf revised carefully what they copied. In 2 months, they transcribed 110.000 lines of text.

The next stage of the negotiations involved what may be called euphemistically "ecclesiastical diplomacy." At that time, the highest place of authority among the monks of Sinai was vacant. Tischendorf suggested that it would be to their advantage if they made a gift to the Tsar of



Russia, whose influence, as protector of the Greek Church, they desired in connection with the election of the new abbot-and what could be more appropriate as a gift than this ancient Greek manuscript! After prolonged negotiations, the precious codex was delivered to Tischendorf for publication at Leipzig and for presentation to the Tsar in the name of the monks.

In return for the manuscript, the Tsar presented to the monastery a silver shrine for St. Catherine, a gift of 7,000 roubles for the library at Sinai, a gift of 2,000 roubles for the monks in Cairo, and several Russian decorations (similar to honorary degrees) for the authorities of the monastery. In 1862, on the thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Russian Empire, the text of the manuscript was published in magnificent style at the expense of the Tsar in four folio volumes, being printed at Leipzig with type cast for the purpose so as to resemble the characters of the manuscript, which it represents line for line with the greatest attainable accuracy. After the revolution in Russia in 1917, the U.S.S.R., more interested in money than scripture, negotiated with the trustees of the British Museum for the sale of the codex for £100,000. The British government guaranteed one-half the sum, while the other half was raised by popular subscription, contributions being made by interested Americans as well as individuals and congregations throughout Britain. Just before Christmas Day 1933, the manuscript was carried under guard into the British Museum. It is now part of the permanent collection of the British Library, prominently displayed in the British Library's manuscript room.

Tischendorf was an inordinately ardent scholar who saw his work on the text of the New Testament as a sacred, divinely ordained task. As he once wrote his fiancée, while still in his early twenties: "I am confronted with a sacred task, the struggle to regain the original form of the New Testament." His searches did yield other manuscript finds, like the Codex Ephraemi Rescriptus, housed at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. Altogether he published twenty-two editions of early Christian texts, along with eight separate editions of the New Testament. He would have undoubtedly been excited by the discovery of a sealed room at the Monastery of St. Catherine in 1975 that contained art treasures and more than a thousand manuscripts in various languages. And so the hunt goes on that somewhere there might exist yet other manuscripts that will enable us to have as an original text of the New Testament as possible.

With every blessing, Rev. Kim Nally.



Elizabeth Fiddick

UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE Potter's Barn and the story of the village blacksmith



In the village of the past, before the mechanisation of farming, when men and horses were the main source of power, the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the saddle and harness maker were indispensable members of the agricultural community. At a time when those gentle giants the shire horses were a common sight as they worked in the fields the skill of the blacksmith was in great demand. He not only shod the horses but if he were a general smith would be called upon to repair farm machinery. The occupations of the blacksmith and the wheelwright were very closely allied for while the wheelwright fashioned the wheels for the wagons the smith would then forge and attach the iron rims to them. Some smiths would travel to outlying farms or small hamlets that had no resident blacksmith. Stan Nicholls, a blacksmith at Gaywood, was called upon to attend the circus horses when Lord George Sanger or Bertram Mills brought their shows to King's Lynn.

The tithe map and schedule of 1839 for Dersingham records five wheelwrights in the village. Some of their names are still familiar today, Flegg, Patrick, Cross, Balding and Riches. At that time Robert Frost was the blacksmith and he lived in a cottage on Chapel Road. His Blacksmith's shop would appear to be the only small building in an open area now covered by our library and Orchard Close. In the 1841 census we find first John Frost, blacksmith, living with his wife Eliza and young sons James and Thomas and later in the same record James Frost, Blacksmith with his wife Catherine and a young son and daughter. The 1841 census does not record addresses but later ones give John's address as Main Road and James's as Lynn Road. The Frost family graves can be found in the churchyard close to the road. The one for Robert Frost proudly records beneath his name the one word BLACKSMITH. After the Frost family Christopher Sainty worked here in 1874 as the blacksmith but seems to have been based in Docking. It is in 1883 that two new names appear and these two men would feature in the life of the village for many years.

The first was William Valentine Dodman who was born at Dunton near Fakenham. In the census return of 1861 for Sculthorpe Mary Dodman aged 44 is listed with her son William, then 16, living in a cottage in Moor Lane. A few years later William marries Susannah and has set up a blacksmith's shop in Station Road Docking. Sometime before 1881 they moved to Dersingham and on the map of 1884 a smithy is clearly marked on Chapel Road and is certainly the house and yards next to our present library. It is the one referred to in the last Village Voice which was run by the Walden family. William and his wife were now the proud parents of four children, Gertrude,7, Clare,4, George,2, and Herbert just 10 months old. They employed Mary Everitt, who was just 13 years old in 1881, as a general servant. William became a very prominent member of the village and belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist Society. He was a circuit steward and in 1890 he laid one of the foundation stones for the new chapel being built in what we now call Post Office Road. It can still be seen at the side of the chapel. William died aged 56 in 1901 and his son George William Dodman continued the family business. Mrs. Dodman continued to serve the

village and was acting treasurer and then secretary for the Wesleyan Chapel. George died in April 1932.

The second name of significance to us is first recorded in Kelly's Directory of 1883 as *William Potter, Smith* and it was this William Turner Potter who built the smithy and barn that still stand at the junction of Centre Vale and Post Office Road. But we must start at the beginning.

William's grandfather Robert Potter ran a blacksmith's shop in Gaywood. He lived in a small cottage next to the smithy with his wife Francis and three children, John, Sarah and Frances. Unfortunately the Smithy and cottage were pulled down in 1961. The oldest son John continued in the family business and went on to set up a blacksmith's shop in Snettisham. In 1870 he was living in Back Street Snettisham with his wife and six children, Henry, Mary, Alfred, Emma, Anne Marie, and William who was then 13 years old. He was born in Gaywood probably in that cottage demolished in 1961. William worked with his father for a while but at the age of 16 he went to Halstead in Essex where he continued to learn his craft for about 6 years. It was shortly after 1881 that he came to Dersingham and opened his first blacksmith's shop in the pastures at the bottom of Fern Hill. In 1884 as you stood looking up Fern Hill from Chapel Road there was pasture land on both sides of the road. The only house to see was Rose Cottage which still stands on the corner today. A row of cottages and the old telephone exchange on the left now stand where William once ran his business.

When William moved to the village Dersingham Hall was occupied by John Baylis Goggs



and his family. John was a building contractor originally from Swaffham who had moved into the Hall in about 1870. He ran a successful business and in 1873 he increased the size of his property by purchasing a parcel of land known as the Great Pasture and Allotment. At this time the road we now call Post Office Road was known as Middle Road and was surrounded on both sides by pasture land. Centre Vale was a private road leading to

James Jackson's Farm with the Great Pasture on the right and further pasture land on the left. (It was not until 1883 that the first row of cottages were built in this area at the end of Post Office Road as it enters the Main Road.) This was the land John Goggs purchased. In 1887 after John died the use of the land was legally converted from pasture to building land and it was divided up into separate plots. William Potter decided to buy one of these plots to establish his next home and widen his business. If my reading of the documents is correct he paid £28 for Lot number 9 which stood where Jackson's farm road met Middle Road. The lot is describes as "containing 1212 square yards. It is bounded on the North by the High Road leading to Hunstanton from King's Lynn......On the South it is bounded by land lately belonging to the solicitors and sold by them to Robert Balding....on the East by the private road and on the west by land lately sold to Walter Terrington."

The Baldings and the Terringtons were large well known families in the village. The Terringtons were recorded as boot makers while Frederick Terrington ran a butcher's shop. When I first came to the village there was a dilapidated railway carriage on the open land behind Mr. Potter's barn where the gates and drive to the house called "Hideaway" now stand. The Late Mr. Stanley Lines, a Dersingham man born and bred told me that "Happy" Balding used to live there. He said he was

a drover who used to take the cattle to Lynn Market and return home in a very *happy* frame of mind.

Having acquired the land William set about establishing his home and business. Over the next few years he built the smithy and closed the yard off with iron gates outside of which he placed the large mounting block which still remains there to this day. He built the brick and tile coach house with hayloft and adjoining tack room and at a later stage a second wooden barn was erected next to it. He and his first wife Caroline moved into the first of the semi-detached cottages next to the smithy where William would live for the rest of his life. For the next 36 years William ran his business from these premises. He became known as a shrewd business man who took particular pride in his ponies and traps. He was frequently called upon by the villagers when they needed transport and he would often meet travellers leaving the train at Dersingham Station. Mr. John Riches whose family for many years ran the shoe shop at the end of Post Office Road recalled that after his mother and father were married in the Methodist Chapel Mr. Potter drove them in his pony and trap to Hillington Station to catch the train to Great Yarmouth where they spent their honeymoon. So it is easy to visualise Potter's Barn and the Smithy in its heyday with the barn and hayloft in constant use as the ponies were fed groomed and harnessed. I can imagine the fire glowing in the smithy and the sound of hammer on metal as the horses were shod, wheel rims forged, or machinery repaired. The old mounting block shows the signs of wear as the labourers and owners mounted their horses to ride then away. What a hive of activity it must have been.

William was an active member of the Sandringham Road Methodist Church which still stands today in Chapel Road. He supported the local cricket club and was elected onto the committee. He and Caroline donated generously to the fund to install a clock in the church tower to celebrate the coronation of Edward V11 and would have joined in the celebrations ten years later to welcome George V to the throne. They would have been witnesses to the Zeppelin raid which destroyed a cottage in Doddshill.

William and Caroline did not have any children but other members of William's family did live in the village. His sister Anne Marie married James Ward Chambers who ran the Temperance Hotel which stood by the traffic lights and is now known as Ashdene House. Another sister married Jabez Chambers, brother to James. It would also seem his brother Henry lived here too. Sadly Caroline died in 1926 aged just 59 and is buried in churchyard. Shortly after this William retired as a blacksmith and on November 27th 1927 William sold the coach house with hayloft to James Jackson Senior who lived and farmed nearby on Centre Vale Road. The farm house is still

there and would seem to have changed very little. The small harness room was not included in the sale and was kept with the smithy by William. James Jackson had previously in 1890 taken over Blackheath Lodge Farm which was in the area where Red Pumps Garage now stands. In 1916 he moved to the farm on Centre Vale and the house known as The Poplars which had been the home of his father and grandfather. I was recently told by Geoff Cowling that when he and his wife first moved to the Centre Vale Estate the road on which their bungalow stood was called Jackson's Close. I think it is shame it was changed to Windsor Drive so that no reference remains anywhere on the estate



to the Jacksons. Several villagers remember Mr. Jackson Senior who they describe as patriarchal and bearded often to be seen slowly pedalling his old black tricycle, tapping a stick on the handlebars as he drove his few cows from his milking parlour to the pasture. On Sundays he would be seen, this time smartly dressed in black, riding his old three wheeler to the Sandringham Road Methodist Chapel.

Some time later William married Margaret Butcher who had a daughter and two sons. William still led an active life and was a member of the Institute Bowls Club.

William died on July 28th 1940 after a short illness. He was 82 years old. His funeral was held at the Sandringham Road Methodist Chapel and was well attended. According to the provisions of his will his wife Margaret lived in the cottage next to the smithy for the rest of her life. When she died in June 1948 the documents drawn up at the time reveal more about the workshop and outbuildings. The workshop or smithy was sold to Thomas Turner Drew a builder who lived with his wife Anne in a house called "Hampden" on Lynn Road. However we also learn that a small building had been erected at the front of the smithy nearest to Post Office Road and had been rented out to James Horace Hancock for a term of seven years. I have been told that there were two Hancock brothers and that Jim Hancock returned from the war having lost both legs. He was set up as a boot repairer and the small premises were provided for him in Potter's yard. It also appears that the cottage was sold to a Samuel Russell.

In 1953 James Jackson Senior died and the coach house became the property of his son James Jackson of High Farm. In 1954, after the death of Thomas Drew, the house, workshop and other outbuildings appear to have been occupied by a George Dunger. Further changes happened in 1961 when the house and workshop plus now a garage were sold to George Clayton who it appears sold the cottage to Eric Ransome. In 1972 the old coach House was sold for £825 to Eric Moore from Dunstable who owned it until 1987 when he moved to Spain. He subsequently sold the property to HCL Construction Ltd.

In the 1990s HCL Construction went into liquidation and David and Diane Neve bought the property. David also bought the smithy from George Clayton and the cottage from its current occupant. So after a gap of many years William Potter's property, the coach house, barn, smithy and cottage were once more under single ownership.

It was a little while before David decided what he would do with the old coach house but it is the village's good fortune that he set about a restoration and renovation project. The story of David's fight to get planning permission and then the tremendous task of renovation he set himself would fill the whole of our magazine. The restoration has been carried out with a real sense of the history of the place. Original materials have been used wherever possible and the end result is a

very stylish comfortable residence. But what I really like is the fact that if William Potter could once more walk up Centre Vale, or James Jackson Senior pedal his old three wheeler down from his farm they would both instantly recognize the old coach house and smithy. It is just the same on the outside as it always was.

This is still an ongoing research project and I would love to hear from anyone who has any information about William Potter.□



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Dersingham Library

Library Events

Every Monday at 2pm - Scrabble Club Every Thursday at 10.30am - Knit and natter The Christmas joint book club meeting with be at 6pm on Tuesday December 20th. New members are always welcome at all!

Please note from the New Year both Book Clubs will move to Monday evenings. Crime Book club - the second Monday, Book Club - the third Monday of the month both 6-7pm

New books coming out in December include...

In hardback

Patricia Cornwell - Red Mist, Diana Gabaldon - Lord John and the Scottish Prisoner, Faye Kellerman - Blood Game, Paul Torday - The legacy of Hartlepool Hall

In paperback

Joanna Trollope - Daughter in Law, Maureen Lee - Au revoir, Liverpool, Anna Jacobs - Destiny's Path, Diane Chamberlain - The shadow wife.

You can request a book from our online catalogue at www.norlink.norfolk.gov.uk for just 55p. If you'd like to find out how, just ask library staff when you are next in.

Don't forget our opening hours are now:

Monday - 1.30-7.30pm, Wed - 10-1, 2-5pm, Thurs - 10-1, 2-7.30pm, Sat - 10am-1pm

Our DVD happy hours are now from 6-7pm on Mondays AND Thursdays. Borrow two DVDs - only pay for one! You can contact us on 01485 540181

Dersingham Library is on a mission to see how many members of the local community they can encourage to read and share the same book at the same time. The book they have chosen is 'Water for elephants', by Sara Gruen. It's a life affirming tale of a 90 year old man looking back over his life. It has something for everyone - with adventure, thrills, romance and a very large elephant.

How can you take part?

Come along to the launch of the Dersingham Village Read at Dersingham Library on Saturday 7th of January at 10am

We will also be starting a weekly Read and Rabbit group on Thursdays from 2-3pm so that you can share your views on this book and any others that you are reading with other people. Refreshments will be provided.

The read will run from January 7th until the end of our Big Read month in March.

You can share your views on the Village Read on the Village Read noticeboard at the library or via our website at http://norfolklibrarybookreviewblog.wordpress.com/ Alison



NEWS FROM ST CECILIA'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

September 4th was the date for our annual sponsored walk around Hunstanton. Well fortified with soup, twenty-two parishioners followed the traditional route from the church to the cliff top and around the town, stopping for ice cream and then returning to tea and cake in the parish room. This is one of our longestablished fund-raising events,



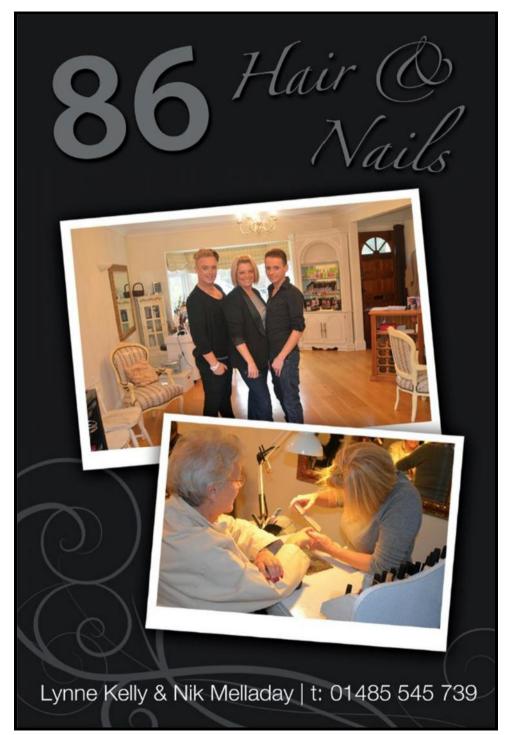
and our thanks go to the walkers and their very generous sponsors.



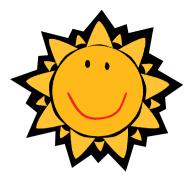
Everyone was well fed on the occasion of the parish Harvest Supper in late September, a meal much enjoyed by all who attended as the pictures show. The gardeners and beekeepers among us were able to reflect on some very good results this year, and make plans for next year – mostly involving some hard work this autumn. Let's hope we can keep our good resolutions! We are very grateful to all those who prepared and served the meal - and those who cleared up afterwards!

We were sorry to hear, at the end of August, that our Parish Priest, Fr James Fyfe, was leaving us to join the Benedictine monks at Downside Abbey. The parish will be looked after by Fr Peter Rollings from Kings Lynn. Very sadly, for the community at S Cecilia's, Fr Peter will be unable to say a Sunday Mass for us, and the Sunday Mass for the Catholic Parish of Hunstanton & Dersingham will be at 9am at Hunstanton after 4th December – though this is subject to confirmation. The 10.15am Mass on Wednesday at S Cecilia's will continue as at present, and we look forward to welcoming visitors to this and to our social events such as the Ladies' Lunch, Strawberry Fair and perhaps some new events in the future. Arrangements for the local groups which use the hall and meeting rooms at S Cecilia's will continue.

Our services at Christmas this year will be as follows:S Cecilia's Dersingham9pm24th DecemberOur Lady's Hunstanton11am25th DecemberAnnouncements regarding other services at Christmas time will appear on the
notice board at S Cecilia's.For more photos and information, visit our website: www.hunstantoncatholicparish.org







The Dersingham Weather Observed by John F. Murray

Well I hate to gloat but although I didn't predict an Indian summer I certainly hoped for one in my last article. I must have wished really hard because my wish was granted. What a September and early October we had. The temperatures for both months were exceptional to say the least.

The high for this September was 28.4° which was recorded on the last day of September. Last year we achieved only 23.7° which was recorded much earlier in the month, on the 9th. In 2009 the highest recorded was on the 8th of the month

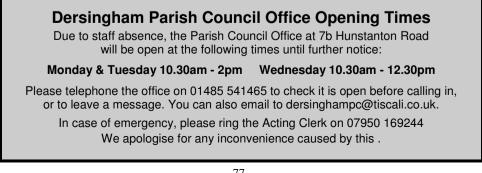
at 27.1°. In 2008 it was a dismal 21.7°. Accordingly the mean or average temperatures were higher than previous years. This September produced an average of 15.8° compared to the two previous at 14.3° and 14.7°. 2008 once again was the lowest at only 13.7°. The lowest recorded temperature was also higher; 5.5° compared to 2.8° , 3.8° and 4.3° for the three previous years.

All in all then, September was a really good month. However once again we paid a penalty for this and of course this was the lack of rain. I said in my last article that we needed exceptional rainfall for the rest of the year in order to achieve even last years low levels and we do not seem as though we are going to achieve that. This September produced only 24mm of rainfall. The previous three years produced 67.4mm, 27.4mm and 65.8mm respectively. The 24mm that we had was almost half of the average, that being 46.2mm.

The exceptional weather at the end of September continued into October and produced some record breaking temperatures for that month. I recorded a high of 28.8° c on the 2nd October. This is outstanding. The nearest to it that I have recorded was in 2008 with 20.2°, which is really nowhere close. Other years have produced only the high teens. This exceptional weather of course produced a good mean temperature for the month. This October it was 12.9°c. The previous high was in 2009 with 11.6° and it was a measly 9.8° in 2008.

Once again however, yes you've guessed it, the rainfall was poor. We had only 31.2mm with the average being 58.3mm. With five sixths of the year gone we have had 375mm of rain. Last year at the same time I had recorded 524mm and as I have already mentioned last year was not too good.

As we now approach winter it will be interesting to see if we will be having a 'bad' winter for the third time in a row. If we do then I will be again using the word "exceptional" but in a different context from this article. \Box



The Old Biddie with the Cottage Garden

Valerie Anckorn

This morning I found a whisker a yard long sticking out of my chin...

As I start to write this it's late September and there is a blue sky with puffy white clouds scudding across it. The old conker trees opposite are all tones of browns and beiges with still some fading green blending into the glorious montage. A young cherry tree I planted has turned bright red, blushing prettily in front of another tree planted this year, whose name escapes me – but it has lovely lime green leaves. These have turned yellow, and all harmonises with the autumn colours around.

I've always loved michaelmas daisies and took a clump from some ancient plants in my previous garden at Walsingham, to Heacham and then split them up again to move again and they are now growing well here. Nice and high and a lovely mauve.

Another flush of roses with heads like cabbages. I've been meticulous this year de-heading and it's paid off with lots of blooms all summer. No doubt the wet weather has helped them along and the winds have stayed off the mould.

I've just had a wander round in the front garden – apart from looking at it from my office window, I haven't seen much of it for a couple of months, having had dodgy leg/s. I had a free parcel of gladioli in with some plants ordered during the summer which I planted, even though I don't like gladioli - Dame Edna's favourites - but have just noticed them blooming, and they are a lovely pale purple, and not those vulgar huge things. So, that was a nice surprise.

I notice where I cleared a flowerbed not touched for ages, a load of fresh grass is shooting up. I expected this, but it all needs attention now, and I haven't got time at the moment. The reason being is that I have been invited to a celebration in Venice – a 25^{th} wedding anniversary at the Capriano Hotel of renown, and have been told the ladies are wearing 'long'.

In my latter years I've gained weight – a far cry from my modelling days – and since going on insulin, have put on another two stone, which is all around my middle. Apple shaped now? No pumpkin – I could be hired out for Halloween! The long and short of it is that there is no dress in the world to flatter, or hide, my rotundness, bar a kaftan. Not so much flatter, but hide,

I'm of the old school that taught us girls how to sew, and have always made my own clothes – a sure way to be unique - so off to Lynn I drove, then shuffled with my stick tap, tap. tapping, towards the Fent shop to peruse the pink and purple satins, the garish sequins, the brightly dyed feathers. I've always been a sucker for the Miss Piggy look – but I desisted from these gaudy, baubley temptations, wisely deciding not to let my friend down at such a delicious venue.

It's always wise to ask an assistant when you can't see what you want, and on requesting help, a very nice lady burrowed her way down to the bottom of a pile of taffetas and found me some very dark brown, almost black, taffeta material with tendrils of embroidered flowers heading downwards in beiges and browns. Well, the blossoms could have headed upwards, but after careful consideration I decided they would *descend* upon my creation.

Kaftans are very easy, as you just slap two pieces of material together, cut a hole for the neck, and then machine about six inches in from the sides (leaving bits to flap). Well, easy in theory, but these things do take time, and I decided that lovely though the material is, it really needed some sequins (just can't stop myself).

Sewing bright sequins onto black material by hand takes its toll, and I'm on a break right now, as I can't see straight! So far, my creation is looking very grand, and hides my whole form, bar my head and my hands – that I might resemble a gospel singer is not to be considered... I am hoping that handsome Italian waiters with rippling torsos will believe that I have a perfect figure under this tent-like construction, assume – by the expensive location – that I am a wealthy woman of irresistible wonders and give me extra slices of very sweet dessert to ensure I leave them lira on the table. I imagine if any star or celebrity passes my chair, they will assume that I am one of them, and smile with dazzling white and even teeth, at my charm. I even have an evening cane to match

the dress. The only problem is my shoes. Being diabetic I have tender feet, so I think I will probably end up with my comfy 'sensible' old lady shoes underneath. But nobody will notice...

I dare not pull a weed, lop a branch or dig a flowerbed in case I damage what bodily parts currently work. I don't wish to spoil my treat abroad. I am so excited to be going to such a wonderful place – a destination I never thought I would be lucky enough to visit. Thank you, my friend – you know who you are!

Mid October. Well, I am back from Venice now. With the aid of painkillers I managed a bit of sight-seeing, and the celebration was superb. The waiters seemed impervious to my charms. Wonder why?

But, back to gardening now. I have no excuse and the weeds beckon. I've been out this morning with the wild winds blowing and crunchy leaves skittering along the road beside the fedge that I have spent three days weaving into itself, then tying down the top twiglets to get a neat look. Haven't finished, but after a weekend of downpour, I wanted to get to grips with the pavement side border that has been neglected. My leg is still killing me so it's shuffle, hobble, curse, hobble. Luckily, the one thing my body can do is to bend forward, so I've managed to pull out some weeds and grasses and already the border is looking perkier. I lost my walking stick for a couple of days – I'd woven it into the fedge! Silly old biddy...

There is a little robin who seems to live in the old half dead hedge. He hops from branch to branch watching what I am doing, then flies to the chair, perches on that for a while, whizzes down to get a worm, then flies up again onto the garden table. Robins seem to make perches out of all the garden items, don't they. During the past few years I have had to sit down constantly to get my puff while gardening, but what with the legs now, I have to sit down more. It's a nice occupation, sitting down in the garden – something I don't do unless I am working in it, so it's a pleasure to just sit and commune with nature – watch the wind in the branches, spy late blooms hiding in the hedgerow, see the birds wheeling in the wind.

I'm hoping the weather will hold long enough for us all to get our gardens 'to bed' before the winter. I talk to people over the hedge, and many have told me that they hadn't finished sorting their gardens last year before the ghastly weather started early and just didn't stop. It just makes for more work in the spring.

I didn't send off for the masses of bulbs that I wanted for the garden – too expensive, but I will toddle along to the local garden centre and get a few for the new beds I've made this year.

Talking to an old boy whose garden I admired whilst asking how he kept it so trim. He advised me, "All you need is to spend just half an hour a day working in the garden, and it will always be shipshape". This is a sensible maxim that I'm going to try and adhere to – though I'm not very good at resolutions!

At the moment Christmas seems a long way off, but as you are reading this it will be fast approaching. Birch twigs sprayed white with glitter make lovely arrangements, and you can also spray ordinary candles at the same time to match. Nuts, too, look good sprayed silver or gold for part of an arrangement.

What an expensive time Christmas is, with all the children wanting the latest hi-tech electronic do-dahs. I can't keep up with them, or understand them and little bits and bobs seem no longer

acceptable. Still, old people have always said, "It's not like the old days", and of course, it isn't. My Christmas memories centre around a big old fire at my grandparents farm, Pop playing his drums, mother at the piano, my gran playing a banjo, me with a triangle, everyone singing, and then afterwards, murder in the dark. A toy if I was lucky – what with the war we were in short supply – but we all made our own entertainment and had terrific fun. But no doubt the children of today, when looking back in their twilight years will be saying 'It's not the same as the old days"...

Have a wonderful time, whatever you do and wherever you are and forget the waistline for a few days. Happy Christmas – The Old Biddie.□





Catrin A Greek girl's journey from Cairo to Dersingham with a few stops in between by William Pemberton

If you walk through the Saint Nicholas church cemetery and come across a grave marked Catrin Mary Pemberton born 1920 in Cairo, you may be curious as to how she ended up here.

Catrin's parent's were George Mamfredis born on the island of Samos and her mother Victoria Panayiotou (could be distantly related to George Michael the pop singer) was born in Limassol Cyprus.

Thanks to Herr Hitler a young soldier of the South Staffordshire was sent to defend Egypt from the Axis forces, at that time the threat was from the Italians. Norman Pemberton the aforementioned young soldier found himself at Mersa Matruh waiting for the Italian army, were they to break through. Fortunately the break through didn't happen and Norman went on leave to Alexandria, where he attended

a tea dance with a couple of friends at the hotel where Catrin's father was the manager. Catrin was there with her brother Efthimeous who was in the RAF. During the war a multitude of nationalities served in the British forces, Catrin's family were ethnically Greek.

In the course of the evening Catrin and Norman met. They started their courtship, but always with a chaperone. Somehow events took their course and they married on the 31st of July 1941, not withstanding the fact the war was at a very parlous state for the British forces. They had two wedding ceremonies, one at St. George's CofE and another at St. Savvas Greek Orthodox, this may explain why their marriage endured for 69 years. The sergeants mess provided an arch of bayonets at the entrance of St. George's and the regimental police provided a motorcycle escort to St. Savvas. Their first night together was spent in an air raid shelter courtesy of the Italian air force. You may ask how did they communicate? Well Catrin spoke five languages, Greek, Arabic, Italian, French and English, her father spoke seven, Alexandria was a cosmopolitan city.

Unfortunately once again the war intervened and Norman's regiment were embarked to defend Rangoon in Burma, but Burma fell to the Japanese before they could get there so they were redirected to India.

Whilst in India the South Staffords were incorporated into the second Chindit campaign. General Orde Wingate the commander of the Chindits conceived a daring plan to land a division by air behind the Japanese lines in order to disrupt their supplies by blocking the railway. As this was a top secret operation, he imposed a mail embargo and Catrin lost all communication with Norman. This was a very trying time for her as she was expecting a child and the Germans were making great strides towards Alexandria. They were stopped at El Alamain only 80 miles from Alexandria. Their son William was born on the 9th of May 1942 the same birthday as Norman (causing a few mix ups with subsequent bureaucratic encounters). William was born in the British military hospital. Once again the war interfered and his birth records were burnt along with other documents in the panic of anticipation of the German breakthrough. This was to cause future problems.

In 1944 good luck and bad luck befell Norman, he was wounded at the battle for Mogaung and he was evacuated to India, good luck because only about one third of the South Staffords came back. Whilst in India he was able to communicate the news that he was OK and that his hospital ship would be passing through the Suez Canal. Catrin and William went on the long train journey to Suez but again things went wrong and they missed each other so it was a wasted journey.

In January of 1945 all the army wives were told to prepare themselves to move at a half hour notice to embark for England. Catrin found herself and her toddler son on a ship sailing for England, it was a frightening journey as the ship had to do anti submarine drills and the escorts were dropping depth charges.

Arriving at the port of Liverpool she faced a huge culture shock, what with the austerity, bomb damage and snow (something she had never experienced before). The weather was extremely cold, especially compared to that which she had left in Alexandria. She now had to make her way from Liverpool to a little village in east Lincolnshire where Norman had arranged for them to lodge with friends. She must have been visibly lost and very upset, because a kind lady came to her assistance and took her to a hotel and told her she would return and help her get a train next morning. That night they slept in their clothes it was that cold.

Eventually Catrin found her way to the small village of Sturton by Stow in Lincolnshire, and Norman's friends, but Norman wasn't there, he arrived two days later. Once again the Army bureaucracy had played it's part and delayed his leave.

Norman left the Army and got a job with Butterly's, an engineering firm in Nottinghamshire and they took lodgings in Mansfield. He saw a job advertised for the War Graves Commission, he applied and as luck would have it he was sent to Greece. They stayed in Greece from 1946 until 1965.

Greece in 1946 was a very poor place, a lot of local people owe their survival to Catrin's kindness and generosity. A baby boy was brought to her on the verge of death, due to his mother's ignorance. The poor thing was filthy and crawling with maggots. Catrin nursed him back to health, he was still in touch right up until she died. Norman and Catrin became part of the local community and were god parents to several children. Being a god parent means a lot more in Greece than it does in England.

They lived in Greece until 1965 when Norman was transferred to the UK. During this time she attended functions at the British Embassy, where in 1949 she met Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. In 1961 she attended a function on the Royal Yacht when the Duke of Gloucester officially opened the Athens war cemetery.

Their son William returned to the UK in 1957 to join the RAF as a boy entrant, that was when the loss of his birth records threw up a problem, as he needed a passport and he couldn't get one without a birth certificate, with the help of the British Embassy somehow this problem was overcome and William was able to join the RAF. He stayed in until his career ended in 1982.

After the UK Norman's job took him to the Dardanelles in Turkey. Catrin had to stay in Greece, the War graves Commission did not want to risk her in Turkey because of her Greek ancestry, although she had been naturalised British since 1946. Eventually they relented and Catrin joined him in Turkey. In Turkey in 1971 Catrin went aboard the Royal Yacht for a second time during the dedication of the First World War memorial at Gabe Tepi in Gallipoli. She also attended a function at the Consul General's in Istanbul where HM the Queen was Guest of Honour.

After Turkey they had time in Rome and Tunis where Catrin's language skills came in handy. Norman retired in 1977 and they went to live in the house they had bought in 1965 in Harrogate when Norman was working there. Sometime later they sold their house in Harrogate and went to live near their second son Peter born in 1945 in England ,now living in Suffolk. After a while they rented out their house and went to live in Greece just south of Athens where Norman used to work. Sometime in the 80's they sold their house in Suffolk and bought a bungalow here in Dersingham as their son William had retired from the RAF, having served his last tour at RAF Marham and was living in Hunstanton .

They went back to Greece, where they lived until 1997 when they sold their Greek apartment and came to live in Dersingham. Catrin loved to cook her Greek food for her friends and family and liked to go to the Greek Orthodox church in Norwich and Great Yarmouth. She didn't make many friends other than near neighbours, she was happy to keep her own company. Catrin died in 2010, her last two years were dogged by dementia, but otherwise she had a long and happy life having brought up three sons and a daughter.

After Catrin died Norman went back to Suffolk where his son Peter had built him a small bungalow. He is now looked after by his son and grandchildren and is kept company by a pet budgerigar. \Box

Village Voice publication dates

We love getting your reports of events and meetings, advertisements and advance details of forthcoming attractions. To make sure you hit your targets please note the publication dates of this magazine:-

No	Copy deadline	Publication date
No 74	Wednesday 18th January 2012	Monday 6th Feb
No 75	Wednesday 14th March	Monday 2nd April
No 76	Wednesday 9th May	Monday 28th May
No 77	Wednesday 11th July	Monday 30th July
The earlier you get your copy to us the more we like it and the better position it gets.		

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 $\pounds 15.10$ for an eighth of a page black and white or $\pounds 21.25$ for colour per issue, to be very cost effective. (Prices include VAT)

Advertisements for inclusion in the next magazine should be in the hands of Anita Moore, Dersingham Parish Council, 7b Hunstanton Rd, Dersingham PE31 6HH by Wednesday 18th January 2012

Enquiries regarding advertisements may be made by calling 01485 541465.

E-mail - villagevoice@dersingham.org.uk

Articles for publication in the next edition of Village Voice must reach The Editor c/o Dersingham Parish Council, 7b Hunstanton Road, Dersingham PE31 6HH or e-mail; villagevoice@dersingham.org.uk before the deadline date of mid-day on Wednesday 18th January 2012 for publication on Monday 6th February 2012. (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 will appear on the Parish Council's Internet web site. The copyright of all articles remains with the author. The editor does not necessarily agree with opinions that are expressed, or the accuracy of statements made, by contributors to the Village Voice.

Copies of most of the photographs published can be made available. Please enquire.

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The Production Team for this edition consists of Editor: - Tony Bubb. Editorial assistant - Rob Smyth In the office - Anita Moore, Distribution - Steve Davis

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VILLAGE VOICE LIVE

Tuesday December 6th

In Search of the Anglo-Saxon Settlement at Sedgeford

An illustrated talk by Gary Rossin, Committee and Project Director of the Sedgeford Historical and Archaeological Research Project



St Nicholas Church Hall, Manor Road, Dersingham. 7.30 pm Admission £3.00 including refreshments & raffle

VILLAGE VOICE LIVE

Tuesday January 3rd

Chris Holt invites you to join him on A walk round the Norfolk Coast

Chris, a keen photographer, will be lavishly illustrating his talk with his own pictures.

St Nicholas Church Hall, Manor Road, Dersingham. 7.30 pm Admission £3.00 including refreshments & raffle