Dersingham Pride

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Let’s take a pride in Dersingham
Our village and our home
Let’s foster a community
Where care and support are shown

Support for those who need it
Let’s walk that extra mile
Whenever we can give
A helping hand and a friendly smile

Let’s support the village folk
Who organise events
And those who give their energy
Their time and their common sense

To help our village live and breathe
So we all can play our part
To make Dersingham a special place
With a spirit and a heart

Let’s look at our surroundings
And appreciate all we see
Of our Tithe Barn and our Parish Church
And their place in our history

Of the hills and the sea and the countryside
And as we stop to rest
Let us reflect on the things we have
If we are to make the best

Of all that is around us
Of our village and our friends
For if we take a pride in Dersingham
That pride need never end.
Parish Council Report

At the Parish Council Meeting held on 31 July Cllr Payne was elected as Vice Chair to the Parish Council and also as Vice Chair to the Finance, General Purposes and Administration Committee. Among matters raised by County Councillor J Eells were: the summer campaign targeting the illegal employment of children, a report that bogus tradesmen were approaching churches asking to carry out tarmac work, complaints that she had received regarding flooding at Nos 54, 56 and 58 Hunstanton Road, Station Road and Centre Vale, the rubbish washed down outside St George’s School by the rain and the amount of gravel washed down Fern Hill when there is a lot of rain. Cllr Eells confirmed she would pass on the problems mentioned. Cllr Burall reported that the Borough Council is considering free sport for the under 16 year olds starting with swimming during the holiday periods and this may be trialled during October half term break. He reported the Planning Enforcement list contained 17 references to Dersingham. The Council agreed that a grant application form be sent to the Dersingham Parochial Church Council who had requested a donation of £150 towards the Holiday Club. A letter had been received from Norfolk Rural Community Council regarding an imminent threat to the Post Office. A petition has been placed on the website and people should write to the MP and lobby local people. In response to a query regarding the placing of a gate across Beach Road the Clerk confirmed there is no vehicular right of way. The Clerk confirmed that all council minutes and agendas were placed on the website which was updated regularly. Cllr Burall, who is liaison officer for the building of the new surgery, reported that no planning application had been received.

DERSINGHAM WALKING GROUP

In view of the support given to the walks last winter (average attendance 22) the leaders have arranged a full programme for the coming season. Details of those between now and Christmas are given below and information about those planned for the New Year will be included in the next edition.

Wednesday 11 October  start 2.00pm from Gayton Thorpe church (map ref.L132/744 185). A 5 miles circular walk around Gayton Thorpe led by Pat Reed (540757)

Sunday 15 October start 10.30am from The Sheiling, Caravan Site, Holt Road, Cley-Next-the-Sea (map ref. LL33/054 428). A 6.5 miles circular walk around Cley an Wiveton Downs led by Michael and Valerie Smith (540728). Bring a packed lunch. N.B. Parking is limited so please phone the leaders by 1 October if you are thinking of joining us for this walk.

Wednesday 8 November start 1.30pm from Snettisham Common car park, Beach Road map ref. L132/673 336). A 4 miles circular walk around Ken Hill and Hall Farm led by Elizabeth Fiddick (540940)

Sunday 19 November start 10.30am from Sedgeford church (map ref.L132/707 365). A 5 miles circular walk around Sedgeford and Snettisham led by Christine Taylor and Geoff Toop (542807)

Wednesday 13 December start 1.30pm from Thornham Church (map ref.L132/734 435). A 4.5 miles circular walk around Thornham led by Christine Taylor and Geoff Toop (542807).

Everyone is welcome to join us on these walks: there is NO CHARGE, just turn up.

If anyone would be prepared to LEAD a walk for us next summer I would be delighted to hear from them. Keith Starks (542268)
Editor’s Notes

It hardly seems like two months since we last went to print and yet here we are producing another issue for your information, amusement and, if you so wish, criticism. Our contributors have once again come up trumps with their usual ability to produce items of interest covering a wide range of subjects, including wildlife, botany, horticulture, poetry, social issues and social comment, history, medicine, crime, fire-fighting, religion, biographies, autobiographies, personalities, adults’ and children’s activities, sports, comic pieces, health and safety, exercise, local news and diaries of events, etc. – and, as the song goes, “Who could ask for anything more?” – having said that, perhaps you feel that we are missing out on one subject or another and could suggest new avenues for us to tackle, or perhaps you yourself could produce items for publication (preferably related to Dersingham and its immediate surroundings), and are prepared to do so, in which case I would welcome contact from you to the address printed on page 70. (We are, for example, still seeking a person who is willing to replace our former gardening correspondent “Greenish Fingers”).

On the subject of items for publication, can I once again say that we will consider most offerings, but are not happy to publish anything from anonymous sources - if you wish your material to be seen in this magazine then you must supply your name and address, which will not be published if you so request. This is particularly important when the material on offer may be subject to the laws of copyright (poetry for instance). At the same time I should remind you that it is at the Editor’s discretion whether an article is included, and limitations on space may also mean that items are not included, or are held for the future.

I am often approached directly by someone who wishes me to include what may be one of their personal grievances about the village, and this happened recently when I was requested to make comment on ‘fly-posting’ – this, as we all know, goes on in spite of the laws which are intended to prevent it, and, although it cannot be condoned, the posting of advertisements to announce forthcoming events seems to be accepted by most people (provided they do not create major eyesores because of their location and do not cause damage to personal or public property). The complainant in this case is not actually against ‘fly-posting’ but wishes that those who use this method of advertising would at least take the trouble to remove the posters after the event has taken place, as it is felt that the eyesore is exacerbated if the notice is weeks or months out of date!

Please remember that our next edition will be available to readers at the end of November and that if you wish to give notice of any events which will be occurring during December, or over the Christmas and New Year period, we must have the information by Wednesday 8 November at the very latest. The earlier the better, as this issue is always popular and is likely to be packed with features and notices - we would hate to have to reject your piece because of lack of space in which to include it.

With best wishes to all our readers - Bob Tipling
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For Home Selection phone 8 am - 8 pm
*Terms & conditions apply
Letters To The Editor

Ron Rudd, Trustee of Campaign Care 94 writes to ‘Village Voice Live’: Professor W M Blaney has given me a cheque to bank which you have kindly given to Campaign Care 94 as a donation. Thank you for considering our charity for a donation, we are always grateful to receive donations. As the years go by it is ever more difficult to raise money as there are more and more charities trying to get whatever money is available so it is even more pleasing when some one thinks of us, thank you once again.

(Editor’s note: Professor Blaney was the visiting speaker at the ‘Village Voice Live’ evening on Tuesday 6 June and generously requested that the organisers nominate a charity to which he could donate his fee.)

Donald Roy of Lynn Road, Dersingham writes: In your August edition the photograph of the former Albert Victor Public House in Manor Road brought back memories to my wife, formerly Eleanor Drew, and her sister Doris. The photograph was submitted by Donna McMillan, a relative. The two ladies shown are Ellen Eliza Drew, their grandmother, and Florence Eva Drew, their aunt. Both Eleanor and Doris lived in the Albert Victor when they were young, with their parents who managed the business. Thomas Drew, their father, was a builder and built bungalows and houses in the village, including the ladies’ hairdressers in Lynn Road for his daughter Eleanor, who managed and owned the business under the name ‘Eleanor’. She sold the business in the fifties and it has changed hands a few times and is now named ‘Charlies’.

Mrs. E.E. Bell of Lynn Road, Dersingham writes: In April this year my granddaughter, Elizabeth Lloyd-Stenton, aged 15 years of Reg Houchen Road, Dersingham, together with other cadets from 42(F) Squadron Air Training Corps, King’s Lynn attended the RAF WARMA (Walking and Road Marching Association) march at RAF Cosford. Over two days they and other cadets from their wing managed to complete the 50 mile march along with thousands of others from around the country. Those who completed the march and are aged 16 or over will be eligible to participate in the famous Nijmegen marches next year. This will entail marching for 100 miles and Elizabeth hopes to take part. I consider this to have been a wonderful achievement by these young people who richly deserve the medals presented to them and I am, of course, especially proud of Elizabeth.

Mrs Rita Matthews of Reynolds Way Dersingham writes to the Parish Councillors: I would like to congratulate you on the Dersingham Festival Week. At the times I attended the different activities I was very impressed with the organisation that went into the Festival Week. I thought the marquee was a brilliant idea and would like to congratulate the Councillors on their forethought in this matter. I feel Sarah must also be congratulated on her sterling work. I do hope that this is the beginning of a yearly event.

Bernie Twite writes from Cyprus: You seem to have done it again. Who would have thought there would be a response to Dr Coxon’s photo. He lived in one of the houses at the top of Fern Hill between the top bend and Sugar Lane but I can’t remember which one. He did a lot for the village, he is in a lot of the photos I left, sport as well as village activities. The Manor Road dyke - the open dyke started at the end of the Feathers building and was open most of the way to the drift.
One of the things we used to do was put a piece of wood in at the Feathers and sail it to Lynn Road when we were on our way home from school. -

The Manor Road bus shelter - from the left, Florrie Bunn (Dersingham’s answer to Ena Sharples), Wallace Twite Council Clerk, Rev Tippen, Eddie Parker, Jimmy Jackson Council Chairman, Capt Fellowes Sandringham Estate Agent and Billie Clayton. I think they were waiting for someone from Sandringham, probably the Duke of Edinburgh, the clue is how they are standing with hats off. I think Sandringham gave the piece of land on to which the shelter was put. I am sure if someone looked in the old parish records they would find it. The bus in this photo is a Bedford, built late nineteen fifties, called a village bus, they were used to transport people from village to village in Cyprus when there was not much means of getting about. We were out for a ride and saw it parked up and took the photo. Anyone who knew Reg Houchen never rode in anything like this, and I never drove one like this for him. They are now being renovated and used as a tourist attraction. That will do for now, back to the sun bed!

*Ion Trewin of Dersingham writes ‘Yet more on the ‘Dersingham doctor’ in WWII’*: I knew the Village Voice would turn up trumps. In the ongoing correspondence about the identity of the Dersingham doctor in world war two, I asked in the June issue for information about Dr Telford Martin, whose name was mentioned along with two Surgeons-General, Dr Willans and Dr Ansell (both of Sandringham), as well as Dr Steadman and Dr Jolly (of the Hollies in Snettisham). Mrs E. Baxter of St Nicholas Close knew the answer and contacted Dr Martin’s daughter, Mrs Hope Parker, who now lives in Lincolnshire, and with the help of her daughter has been able to fill in some of the missing details. In a letter Mrs Baxter writes: Dr and Mrs Martin moved from Carmarthen in Wales to Snettisham around 1930. I knew he delivered my brother in 1931 in Snettisham. As this was before the days of National Health presumably he would also have had patients in Dersingham and the surrounding villages. The family remained at the Hollies until 1936 and then moved to London for a short time before moving to Exmouth. Dr Jolly succeeded Dr Martin in the practice and also moved into the Hollies. Unfortunately Dr Martin developed chronic chest disease and moved around the country trying to find a climate that would suit him. Eventually he retired to Dersingham and moved into Mansfield House in Sandringham Hill Road in the 1950s. Dr and Mrs Martin attended my wedding at Snettisham Church in 1957. At the time he would do occasional locums, but often in the winter months would go for long periods to the Far East as ship’s doctor on a cargo boat. This was to get away from the English winters. Dr and Mrs Martin later moved to Vicarage Cottage in Sherborne Road [next to the entrance to both the present Vicarage and the Old Vicarage]. Finally Dr Martin’s health failed and he died aged 72. Mrs Martin continued to live in the cottage until moving nearer her daughter in the second half of the 1960s. She was 101 at the time of her death. One of her daughters herself studied medicine and became a Doctor, but sadly her grandfather did not live long enough to know she had followed in his footsteps.

*The book that began this correspondence, which contains much that is new about the royal family between 1936 and 1952, is titled ‘King’s Counsellor: Abdication and War. The Diaries and Letters of Sir Alan Lascelles’ edited by Daff Hart-Davis. ISBN: 0297851551. It will be published by the Orion Publishing Group in hardback in November, when it will available at bookshops in King’s Lynn and in due course at Dersingham’s library.*
Mrs. Alice Worth, Hon. Secretary of Dersingham Day Centre writes: I first wrote to the Village Voice in 2003 asking for help in recruiting more volunteers for the Dersingham Day Centre for the Elderly. This resulted in two people volunteering and they have been valued volunteers ever since. Due to the number of Members increasing and the loss of one of our volunteers who moved abroad, my request was repeated in 2005. Unfortunately, we had no response to that appeal and now in 2006 we really are desperately in need of extra help. The Club was started over 24 years ago by a few ‘young ladies’ who, to their great credit, are still running it. They realised at the time that there were a lot of elderly villagers who were unable to get out and about and had very little social contact. If anything the Day Centre is needed even more these days when elderly people are encouraged to remain in their own homes rather than go into care. The Day Centre is held every Wednesday at the Community Centre in Dersingham, and membership (for the over 70s) is drawn from those recommended by Social Services and the local doctor’s surgery. It is run entirely by Local Volunteers. A specially adapted mini-bus, which can accommodate wheelchairs, collects members from their homes and returns them at the end of the day. A hot meal is also provided each week. A Craft Teacher visits regularly and Bingo is played once a month. Members are taken out for lunch on special occasions as well as Easter and Christmas parties with professional entertainment provided. The members, some of whom are unable to get out and about on their own, enjoy the chance to meet and chat to one another and be looked after for the day. Indeed, for some members, it can be the only time they leave their homes. Why am I writing this again? Because the Day Centre urgently needs more Volunteers. Volunteers are welcome for any time they can spare between 9.00 am and 4.00 pm. each Wednesday. I feel there must be someone out there who could spare even as little as an hour on a Wednesday. As we don’t meet in the summer holidays, perhaps there are some young mums too who would be willing to help in term time. I can guarantee you won’t regret it. PLEASE HELP US TO KEEP IT GOING! If you feel you might be able to help and would like more information, please contact me, Alice Worth on Dersingham 544673.

Mrs. Ann Pope – Headteacher at St George’s School
Accepts our invitation to introduce herself

I am absolutely delighted to be returning to Dersingham St. George’s School after a two-year gap. I spent over five years here as the Special Educational Needs Co-ordinator and became the acting deputy head. I went to Swaffham as deputy in the gap years. I have been teaching since 1978 in a variety of schools.

I originally trained as a music teacher but went on to train as a special educational needs teacher, however I enjoy teaching whatever the subject. I play the piano and dabble at playing one or two other instruments.

I am married with two teenage children. My daughter Jo is at university in York studying music teaching. My son David is in the sixth form at Springwood High School in Lynn. Jonathan, my husband, works for the government. We are all keen motorcyclists, travelling all over Europe during the holidays with our camping equipment. Jonathan’s parents live with us. David senior is a retired clergyman and his wife Ursula a retired teacher.

I am a member of Clenchwarton Parish Church and occasionally play the organ for church services.

I look forward to my time as head teacher of Dersingham St. George’s Junior School and to playing a positive role in the community.
BOTANICAL FLOWERCRAFT EXHIBITION & SALE

By Dorothy Whitehead - Norfolk Sugarcraft Artist

AT DERSINGHAM COMMUNITY CENTRE
Manor Road, Dersingham (Opp Feathers Hotel)

ON
SATURDAY AND SUNDAY 30th September and 1st October 2006

OPEN 10 am to 5 pm

OVER 100 FRAMED EXHIBITS ON DISPLAY

Free entrance & parking

Refreshments available

Dorothy preparing specimens for her exhibition
Boomerang Beaches
By Kathy Jordan © 4th September 2006

Timeless – traditional – days on the beach,
Children fast running – the seas within reach,
Frothy waves foaming – between tiny toes,
Jellyfish wobble as ebb tide flows.
Striped windbreaks billowing in the brisk breeze,
Grandads with trousers rolled up to their knees –
Paddling slowly as joints crack and creak,
Rows of sandcastles – all nice and neat –
Proudly presented but soon kicked awry –
With mischievous minors scampering by –
Searching for seashells – kites soaring so high,
Seagulls swoop – squawking – as hang gliders fly.
Sand layered sandwiches – gritty to eat,
Ice cream to follow – a mouth melting treat.
Funfairs that beckon – as slot machines ‘roar,’
Donkey rides tethering – near the seashore.
Revellers rejoicing – an arm linking throng,
Families mingling – along the packed ‘prom.’
‘Wish you were here cards’ – bright sticks of rock,
Back to our childhood – we all love to flock,
Each generation – the next one will teach,
To savour the joys of their ‘boomerang’ beach.
This season’s light nights are now drawing in,
But the hardiest heads all winter will swim,
As few can resist this magnetical urge,
Throughout solar years – to the seaside they surge!!!

News from Dersingham Library

Pre-school storytime - Enjoy stories, join in with songs and finger rhymes, and take part in a simple craft activity, at these special sessions for 2-4 year-olds and their carers. From 10.30-11am on Thursday mornings starting on 5 October, then again on 19 October, 2 November, 16 November and 7 December.

Family History Internet Taster - Learn about the Family History netway and learn how you can start tracing your family tree using the internet. Spaces are limited to 6 and you will need to be familiar with using computers. Please contact the library to book your place.

The next Family history drop-in is on Thursday 5th October. These sessions can be busy so please book ahead.

There is an internet beginners’ session planned for Friday October 13th from 10-11.30 am. There are spaces for 4 people so please contact the library to book your place.

On Saturday 14th October we will be celebrating Family Learning Week with a special musical storytime from 10.30-12. Experiment with the instruments in our new music box, and learn how to add sound effects to a story. We’ll have spaces for 10 families, so contact us to reserve your place.

Wednesday 25th October 2.30-3.30 - we have a fancy dress ‘Spooky storytime’ - numbers are limited to 25 so please book.
John Daniels

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DERSINGHAM ST GEORGE’S (CE)
JUNIOR SCHOOL
ADMIRAL’S DRIVE, DERSINGHAM,
NORFOLK PE31 6LR

WANTED

CLERK TO THE GOVERNORS

• £10.00 an hour
• 4 sub committees and 1 Full Governor’s meetings per term
• meetings approximately 1 – 2 hours duration – 6.00pm start
• training provided

Please contact the school 01485 540308 for further information

NB: The Editor wishes to apologise to St George’s School for having omitted this notice in the last issue due to a typographical error.
BONFIRES ON ALLOTMENTS

It is always preferable to compost as much allotment waste as possible, it is environmentally friendly and will provide you with free garden compost. Bonfires can be very irritating to people nearby – the smoke, smut and smell can prevent people in properties adjoining the allotments from opening their windows or hanging washing out. If used sensitively, the occasional bonfire should not cause a major problem. However, if an allotment holder is causing problems by burning rubbish and it is considered a Statutory nuisance as such it can be dealt with under the Environmental Protection Act 1990. If you have no alternative but to have a bonfire please follow the guidelines below:

- Ensure the ground and the items to be burnt are dry in order to avoid the fire smoking.
- Before you light it, check for animals which might be in it.
- Always have a hot, quick fire.
- Be considerate and don’t have a fire when the wind is blowing towards neighbouring properties.
- Avoid lighting a fire in unsuitable weather conditions – smoke hangs in the air on damp, still days and in the evenings.
- Never burn household rubbish, rubber tyres or anything containing plastic, foam or paint.
- Never use old engine oil, meths or petrol to light or encourage the fire.
- Never leave your fire unattended.
- Never leave the allotment site without ensuring that the fire has been properly extinguished.

What is the alternative – composting
Composting is the best way to dispose of those sprout stalks, carrot tops and the remains of your old crops! It is environmentally friendly and provides free compost for your allotment. Home-made compost and leaf mould improve the soil and supplies food for plants too and has been shown to help fight pests.
A Message from Home Watch

You may be surprised how easy it is for criminals to obtain personal information either from rubbish not shredded with personal information on to bogus e-mails tricking the unwary into giving up personal information at fake websites that resemble those of legitimate banks and other commercial outfits. The volume quoted for the UK is an astounding 7.9 million attempts every day in the second half of last year. Spyware is another big problem and in its more sinister form can arrive as a “Trojan horse” often installed with a free download you selected from the web. The Trojan remains hidden on your computer ready for the hacker’s direction.

Be suspicious of unsolicited e-mails and ensure that you shred credit card statements and any documents showing your name and address.

Also if downloading free software check licence agreements carefully. Install anti-virus and firewall software on your computer and keep it up to date.

Barry Chater
Best Intentions
Hugh Mullarkey © 14-07-06

The family had made a decision
To bring Grandma right up to date
They’d decided to buy her ‘something special’
Before as they whispered “It’s too late!”

Of course they forgot to inform me
That I should be expecting a call
From a man in a van
And if all went to plan
He had a ‘little’ surprise to install!

So one day last month there was a knock at the door
And a young spikey bloke muttered “You Mrs Shaw?”
I smiled at him nicely and said “Thank you not today.”
Thinking ‘Has he come here to mug me? I must send him away.’

But he grunted and pointed to his identity tag
And ’twas then that my spirits really started to sag
For the name on the label was ‘Argos’* I fear
So I told him “You’ve got the wrong house ’twould appear”.

But he opened his file and extended his thumb
With the tragic appearance of someone struck dumb
It was then that I saw it: my address and my name!
And I thought I was part of some nightmarish game.

Then my son’s brand new Audi arrived
With a deafening toot on its hooter
As his children all leapt from the ‘limo’ they cried
‘Yahoo!’
Grandma’s just got her Compooter!”

* For Argos’ read Curry’s, Comet, Tesco’s etc. if preferred.

Can You Play Cribbage?

The Dersingham Albert Victor Team are looking for new players for the coming winter season to play in the local Ingoldisthorpe League.
The home games are played at the Albert Victor Bowls Club in Manor Road with the away games played in local villages, clubs and pubs.
(Transport can be provided)
Interested? - Contact David on 01485 544799
Unusually for him, Oliver was restless. He sat with his hands clasped round his ample stomach, twiddling his thumbs at high speed. He went to the toilet frequently, and four times during the evening went outside to make sure his car was OK. He drank his ale faster than the other two and was first out of the door when it was time to go home. Larry spent the whole evening mumbling, mainly to himself and with a ridiculous smile on his face. Those words which he did utter and could be understood, revealed to the other two that he was reciting romantic poetry. They looked at each other. “Good grief, the silly fool’s in love again!” When not being disturbed by Oliver’s twitchings and Larry’s ramblings, Miley was staring intently through his glass of ale. With palm upturned, he pointed to his fingers in turn. “One add one is two; add one is three; add one is four; etc. He had left his calculator at home and was laboriously trying to determine the number of water molecules in a half-pint. It was Miley who noticed their individual reactions. (Oliver couldn’t have cared less anyway and Larry was obviously too emotionally involved to notice anything). One of them was physically active; another was emotionally active; and the third was mentally active. Why this difference? Miley put the situation to the others. They concluded that it was too late to discuss it then so they would go away, do their researches and look at it next week.

The following Thursday Larry was in the bar first, as usual. When the others walked in they all raised their glasses and with broad smiles drank a toast to:-

BIORHYTHMS

The Three Not-So-Wise Men had all been interrogating the Internet and had found out that at the beginning of the 20th century a Dr Wilhelm Fless had put forward the theory that our

a) physical abilities (i.e. the ability to carry out physical tasks and sports for example)

b) emotional tendencies (i.e. the propensity to laugh or cry and fall in and out of love) and

c) mental abilities (i.e. the ability to calculate, reason, commit to memory for example)

all vary from normal to high, to normal, to low, and back to normal again in cycles, like the waves on the sea. The physical cycle is 23 days; the emotional cycle is 28 days; and the mental cycle is 33 days. All three cycles commence on the day we are born. Therefore, for the most part, the cycles are out of synchronism but it can happen that all three ‘highs’ occur together, or alternatively all three ‘lows’ may happen at the same time.

“I can remember when my three ‘highs’ were simultaneous” said Larry. “I went jogging four nights in a row; I wrote that epic poem ‘I worship thee fair wench’; and I calculated the square root of ‘pi’ to 10 decimal places. I was absolutely dynamic”.

“Yes, but we can remember that lousy Thursday when all your ‘lows’ came together and you slid quietly off the end of the bar and inadvertently drenched Julie in beer (Julie is their favourite buxom barmaid). You sat in the corner on your own composing dirges; and embarrassed an elderly lady by going into the ladies toilet. You were an abysmal wreck” countered Oliver.

“Funny about that throwing beer at Julie” said Miley “although she took it all in good part. I found out that when the ‘lows’ happen all together, you are more accident-prone. That’s why the Japanese used to put yellow ‘caution’ flags on their bikes and cars at those times to warn pedestrians that they could be mown down willy-nilly. I suggested to Fran the Coalman that he might like to use the same idea on his steam-roller, but he said he wasn’t bothered because in 26 years he hasn’t run over that many people”.

14
The 3 Not-So-Wise Men also concluded that Humphrey the Vicar was not immune from Biorhythms. On some Sundays he would positively roar up the pulpit steps and blast forth a sermon of hell-fire and damnation that would have the congregation quaking in the pews, even if they were in the land of nod. On others he would quiver and stumble up into the pulpit; fumble for the light switch; make a hideous noise while adjusting his microphone; then fall forwards as he attempted to retrieve his sermon notes which had been pushed on to the floor.

Then there was the Choir. On one occasion one could hear someone making the most of a ‘high’ by hitting top A with quality and precision and shattering every other lampshade along the south side of the aisle. But another time there could be a horrible, discordant howl which was attributable to someone who should have looked up the state of his/her biorhythms before going to church, and possibly stayed in bed instead.

Even the Bell Ringers were not safe from these ‘highs’ and ‘lows’. On an average Sunday, people walking up the church path would hear a nice, steady ‘dong...dong...dong...dong...dong...dong’. But it would take only one ringer in a ‘low’ to convert this to ‘dong......dong..dong..dongdong...dong’.

The 3 Not-So-Wise Men were quite pleased with the results of their researches but felt that there was more to ‘highs’ and ‘lows’ than that. They carried out extensive studies and came to the conclusion that we are all affected, to a greater or lesser extent, by what they called

**THE DAILY BIORHYTHM**

They found that this factor varies from person to person. One person might get up all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed every morning; sink to the depths of idleness around lunchtime; then rise to a nice big ‘high’ at night. On the other hand, some people take a long time to get going in the morning; metaphorically smash eggs with big sticks at 12 noon; but fizzle out to nothing straight way after tea. Oliver described his own Daily Biorhythm as follows. “At breakfast time it’s even a struggle to say ‘pass the marmalade’ politely. I get no further than one across in the Telegraph crossword and if Radio 4 announced that WW3 had begun it would go in one ear and out of the other. But by lunch at noon I’m going full bore. It’s ‘please would you mind passing the Lea and Perrins, darling?’ and I’ve finished the crosswords in the Telegraph, Times and Mail. My actual ‘peak’ occurs between 10.30 am and 11.30 am for some reason. By 2.30 pm I’ve reached my ‘pensioner’s pause’ and I crash out - even if Racing from Sandown Park is on the box.

At 4.00 pm I’m in the land of the living again and might even be able to hold a semi-intelligent conversation with the dog. As you know, it’s all systems ‘go’ in the evenings. Which is why we have our meetings then of course - so that I’m in a suitable condition to keep you two morons on the right track!”

Miley cut short Oliver’s monologue. “Funny about you having your daily ‘high’ between 10.30 and 11.30. I’ve done a little study on Humphrey. He’s the same”. 

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War Workers – A Series of Archive Photographs
These are the fifth in our series of photographs of local people who ‘did their bit’ during
the Second World War, this time showing two groups of ladies whose roles are not
identified. Once again, we would be interested to hear from anyone who can tell us
anything about these people and the organisations, if any, to which they belonged.

If you can help, please write to the Editor at the address on Page 70
Norfolk County Council has produced a list which identifies which services each level of Local Government has responsibility. Village Voice is pleased to reproduce the list here in order to advise readers of the council which should be approached for answers to enquiries.
News from Dersingham Infant and Nursery School and Dersingham St George’s Church of England Junior School

By the time people are reading this edition of Village Voice, the summer holiday will be a distant dream, but it’s always an exciting time at the start of term to talk to the children about their school holidays as they tell us about what they have enjoyed with their family and friends. By the end of the six weeks they are ready to come back to school; all dressed in new uniform and shiny shoes, excited about their new classes and ready to learn lots of new things. We welcome all the new children and their parents who have joined our schools and a special welcome to new staff too. We look forward once again to a new school year and commit ourselves to continuing to provide high quality education for all our children.

News from Dersingham Infant and Nursery School
We started the term by visiting all our new nursery children in their homes so that they could meet Holly Brand, our nursery teacher, ready for their start in school. They are already enjoying our play-centred curriculum where they can choose from a wealth of toys and activities designed to move on their learning in so many ways. Our older children (5 – 7 year olds) are ‘old timers’ and know the routines of school. They will have lots of fun learning new things, taking part in after school clubs like sport, art and drama and going on educational visits in the area. Our two oldest classes already have a visit planned to Gressenhall Museum in mid October as part of their topic on West Norfolk. We thank the village for their super support of all that we do; for people who help in classes, for the Horticultural Club who tend to our Wildlife Garden and for the many people who donate things to school It is all very much appreciated. If anyone would like to become more involved in our school in the role of a Governor we would be very grateful. Just give me a ring on 540022 to talk through the expectations of that special role. I offer a very warm welcome to Ann Pope, the new Headteacher at St George’s, and look forward to working with her.

Jackie Austin – Headteacher of the Infant and Nursery School

News from Dersingham St George’s Church of England Junior School
I am delighted to be back in Dersingham. We also welcome a new teacher to the school. Miss Seaman will be working with the lower school. I am pleased to welcome all the new children who have joined the school this September. The Upper School is looking forward to a visit to the Corn Exchange in Lynn to see the Midsummer Night’s Dream by Shakespeare. This will be performed by the Shakespeare 4 Kidz company. The Grass Roots Theatre group from Zimbabwe is again visiting the school to promote awareness of other cultures. They will entertain and educate the children. If anybody would like to help in school we would be delighted to hear from you. We also need a new clerk to the governors. This post carries a small honorarium. If you are interested please contact the school in the first instance on 540308.

Ann Pope – Headteacher of St. George’s Church of England Junior School
Tuesday October 3rd

An evening in two parts

Tales of the

HUNSTANTON LIFEBAT

Told by Robin Rafferty

Abbey Farm Organics

Edward Cross will be talking & showing pictures about his organic farming operation at Flitcham & the wildlife that shares it with him

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

VILLAGE VOICE LIVE

Tuesday November 7th

David Jacklin

Presents an illustrated talk on

the

RAF Bircham Newton Memorial Project

St Nicholas Church Hall, Manor Road, Dersingham.
7.30 pm Admission £2.00 including refreshments. Raffle
Children aged 18 mths – 4 yrs
Tuesday  North Wootton
     1.15-2.15pm
Wednesday Dersingham Scout, Guide HQ.
       10-11 am
Friday    St Mary’s Church Hall, Heacham
        1-2pm
**WEDNESDAY**: Baby Class: 9.15-9.55am
                  Dersingham Scout & Guide HQ

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Norjam 2006 – Brownie and Cub Day

An International Scout & Guide Jamboree - NORJAM 2006 - was held at the Norfolk Showground from 29th July until 5th August. Over 5,000 Scouts and Guides plus leaders and staff attended. On the second day, Sunday 30th July a special Brownie and Cub day was held when 1,000 brownies and cubs from all over Norfolk visited for the day. 8 Brownies from Dersingham were lucky enough to attend.

The girls had an early start from Dersingham, after arriving at the showground the 8 brownies and 2 adults were given their programme for the day, a special souvenir NORJAM badge and yellow NORJAM hat to wear. They visited 5 of the sub-camps, plus the Market Place and International Centre. At each of the sub-camps named, Niagara Falls, Mount Kilimanjaro, Great Wall of China, Sydney Harbour and Coliseum they had special activities. These included water games, crafts, sports, singing and a didgeridoo workshop. The group enjoyed a picnic lunch and time at the “Market Place” to buy souvenirs and a welcome ice cream. They also visited the International Centre where they learned about Guiding and Scouting around the world, played a game with flags, and learnt about animals and the natural environment. The afternoon ended with a special singsong for all the Brownies and Cubs who had visited and a ceremony to launch the 100 Years of Scouting celebration in 2007 with the “One World, One Promise” lighting of a lamp. The Dersingham Brownies had a marvelous time and returned in the evening to tell their families about their very special experience.

Lynne Wheeler (Brownie Guider)

Improved Access to Services for People Living in Rural Communities

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Do you have a group of 7-10 people in your parish who would take part in an Access Needs Survey?

Contact: Margrete Thorsen-Moore, Access Research & Development Officer,
Norfolk Rural Community Council – Tel: 01362 698216 or e-mail margrete@norfolkrcc.org.uk
Registered Charity No. 1056750 Company No. 3190820
Sarah’s Piece

Hi! - Well Autumn is here, did we have a summer, July was nice, August was mainly rain. Hopefully everyone had a good holiday/rest and the children are safely back at school, eager for half term. Did you enjoy the Festival? I hope you were able to attend. Tell us what bits worked for you and what did not? We would love your comments good or bad. Would you like it to happen again next year? Would you like to have a say in the organising? Would you like it to be taken out of the Parish Council’s hands and for them to assist with the funding? Please let me have your comments.

Do not forget the Christmas Carol Concert taking place on the 16 December. We are hoping to get a French Market. If you would like to have a craft stall, trade stand, fund raising stall please contact me.

We currently have four vacancies on the council would you like to have a say in village issues if so write to me introducing yourself to the council and telling them why you wish to become a Councillor.

The Web Site is up and running- can we have your comments good and bad and suggestions always wanted. I still have the diary of village events in the office but as yet I have received very little information from any of the village organisations etc. Please tell me what is happening as you may find it beneficial to your event.

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

Dersingham Parish Council Office Opening Times

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The Dersingham Parish Council Office is at
The Police Station, Manor Road, Dersingham, Norfolk PE316LH
Tel: 01485 541465  E-mail: Dersingham@wnlb.net

Orange Trade Refuse Sacks - £34.08 incl. VAT per roll of 24
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Patients' Participation Group

A special welcome to Dr Salima Tariq and Dr Anil Goel who have joined us at the Carole Brown Health Centre. Dr Tariq specialises in diseases of the elderly and in diabetics. Dr Goel specialises in cardiovascular diseases. In view of these additions to the GP complement at the Carole Brown Health Centre, the clinic days are now as indicated below:

- Dr Aslam Baluch - Monday to Friday am and pm except Wed pm.
- Dr Steve Summers - Monday to Friday am and pm except Tues pm.
- Dr Salima Tariq - Monday am and pm and Thursday to Friday am.
- Dr Anil Goel - Monday to Wednesday am and pm, Thursday am and Friday am and pm.

At the time of “going to press”, Flu Jab dates have yet to be announced but as soon as the vaccines become available, entitled patients visiting the surgery will be offered the Flu Jab. Others will offered the Flu Jab on a couple of Saturdays in the autumn. PPG Christmas Draw tickets will be on sale on these Saturdays so please support our efforts to raise funds to improve our local healthcare facilities.

The West Norfolk Primary Care Trust (PCT) is to become part of a Norfolk-wide PCT (minus Great Yarmouth) later this year. The new Norfolk PCT will fulfill the role currently being carried out by West Norfolk PCT so, as far as patients are concerned, it will be business as usual - but ‘under new management’. The new organisation is expected to take over later in the autumn. In addition to this change in the NHS management, the Department of Health has announced its intention to abolish the Commission for Public Involvement in Health (CPPIH) and the Patients Forums and to establish Local Involvement Networks. PCTs, CPPIH and Patients Forums were established by this government at some considerable cost and with much publicity! So what’s gone wrong? How much money will all these changes take out of the cash strapped NHS? Perhaps you could voice your views in this magazine!

Tom Morris – Vice Chairman

SANDCASTLE COMPETITION

The 17th annual sandcastle competition organised by Hunstanton Lifeboat Guild on Old Hunstanton beach in August attracted 132 entrants - 12 more than last year - and included a handful of adults. Judges were crew members Rigil Kent and Steve Garside who chose traditional sandcastles as the winner in each of the three age categories. All winners received a £5 voucher to spend in the RNLI shop.

FLAG DAY

Donations at the annual fundraising flag day organised by Hunstanton and West Norfolk Lifeboat Guild exceeded last year's total by over £100. With the help of lifeboat crew - complete with boat -stationed in the town High Street, £1,212 was collected. A further £846 was raised from the adjacent stall selling RNLI souvenirs.
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Flaming July

July saw an unprecedented number of fires in Norfolk. The brigade received over 4000 calls and Sandringham Fire Station (Dodds Hill, Dersingham) attended 55 calls, the busiest July on record. A combination of hot sun and ripe barley combined to produce tinder dry fields of fuel ready to burn at the slightest spark – and they did!

Notable incidents included a ten engine fire at Anmer, four engines at Gt Bircham and another on the CITB site. Sandringham also attended a number of major fires elsewhere across Norfolk, the worst at Holt where sixteen engines were needed, East Winch and Docking required twelve engines each and we also attended two big fires at Massingham.

Dennis Wright, Station Manager (our boss), commended all the crews for their commitment. After the second week of these hot, dangerous and difficult fires the fire fighters were getting tired, but the enthusiasm was consistently high. Dennis also praised the primary employers of the fire fighters who enabled them to respond but finally the greatest praise was given to the families who put up with uneaten dinners and waiting for their Dads and Mums to return from duty, dirty and tired. However these fires fuel many an exaggerated story of 100ft flames and mile long fire fronts was told to the children before bed!

Jamie Everitt and Chris Humphries, the two new faces on the station, have enjoyed this busy spell. Sandringham’s total number of calls for July 2005 was 11 so to receive 55 was a shock. Jamie and Chris’s confidence and ability has grown during July. ‘Into the deep end’ comes to mind, but they have managed to swim rather well.

August is turning out to be a damp squib, but it does give us time to reflect and learn from the experiences and to give the appliances a good clean. If however we do get some nice hot weather at the end of the season then we would like to ask for vigilance when using areas of wood or heathland – don’t discard bottles or smoking materials and don’t use or be extremely careful when using barbeques or lighting camp fires.

We are all a friendly group of fire fighters at Sandringham Fire Station and would welcome any feedback you may have. Please contact Dennis Wright on (01485) 544038

Written by: Sandringham Firefighter
Tim Edwards; Norfolk Fire and Rescue Service.
On leaving Durban we were on our own, the remainder of the convoy headed to the Far East. We had no naval escort and the ship sailed an evasive zigzag course until arriving at Port Tewfik at the southern end of the Suez canal. We disembarked by clambering down rope ladders into small vessels, which took us ashore, and we entrained for a long sweaty, dusty journey aboard open sided coaches with wood slatted seats to Telel-Kebir; a large military base in Egypt. This was one huge tented base; row upon row of Bell tents and Marquees flies and sand.

Our address was now Middle East Forces, (M E F) to the folks at home this would indicate we could be anywhere in North Africa. Mail from home eventually caught up with us but replying was somewhat difficult, once again our officers censored it and we could not give any indication as to our precise whereabouts. All of our workshop equipment arrived with us. The 1000 personnel who set off from Northern Ireland were split into much smaller Field Workshop units; I was posted to a unit consisting of 90 men and we were allocated certain machines and materials, which we loaded onto lorries.

Owing to my previous experience as a stretcher-bearer and working in the sick berth aboard the troopship I was given the job of Medical-orderly in this new unit and issued with items of medical kit, responsible for the medical care of members of the unit, anything beyond my capability I took to the nearest Medical officer. When all was satisfactorily assembled we moved, by road to a smaller site near to the Suez Canal. We now stocked up with stores for use in our mobile Infantry Brigade workshop.

The site turned out to be infested with flies and dysentery; I was frequently taking men for medical treatment, and so we moved to another site near to the Bitter lakes where we were able to swim during off-duty hours. A time serving soldier with the rank of sergeant who was given responsibility to keep us trained in all things military organised weapon training sessions for us at a firing range nearby where he put us through a course of firing rifle, Bren gun, Boys anti-tank gun and Mills hand grenade throwing and launching; thankfully none of us were called upon to use these in action.

A chain of open air cinemas was operating in the area which we were able to enjoy, we were made welcome at a naval base on the shores of the Bitter lakes and spent some pleasant times in their clubroom and bar.

In the vicinity were a number of Balkan women who fled from their homes as the German army advanced and occupied their countries; they were in huddled accommodation in a compound.
with a high wire fence. Entrance was only allowed on production of identification, we were welcomed on occasions when social evenings were being held and note of our rank, number, name and unit were taken at a reception desk these evenings were quite pleasant with light refreshments offered, no alcohol! A check was also made on our leaving.

Transport was laid on from time to time to take us to Ismalia a very pleasant town on the banks of the Sweet water canal, parks and gardens laid out in European fashion were green and colourful due to constant irrigation with water from the canal

Quite unexpectedly we were ordered to prepare for movement and overnight the Desert camouflage on our vehicles was changed to European camouflage; we were quickly on the move and boarded a ship at the southern end of the Suez Canal, sailed north into the Mediterranean. The ships lifeboats had been replaced with landing craft and it was made known to us that we were heading for landings on Sicily and were shown on maps and a model of the island exactly where we would be landing.

Only half the personnel of our unit were involved in this landing; I was one of them. We arrived at the very southernmost point of the island before dawn on the 10th July 1943 after a very rough crossing; smaller vessels in the convoy had been bobbing about like corks.

Commandos were the first to scramble down rope ladders into the landing craft and go ashore; followed by Infantrymen they quickly overpowered the enemy defence forces, and we followed them to our appointed rendezvous, set up our workshops and got working on repairs and maintenance. We moved north on the eastern side of the island in close contact with brigade headquarters skirting the landward side of Mount Etna and on to Messina.

The whole operation had taken about 6 weeks, we now had a quiet break for about seven days during which we put our own house in order so that everything was in place for the next part of the campaign, trucks were made available daily to take us to a sandy beach at Taormina for swimming; this was most enjoyable and served to keep us fit.

Against advice issued by our military authorities some of our men decided to try out rifles which had been abandoned by the Italians; this brought about a near fatal accident when one of the rounds exploded prematurely in the breach of a rifle smashing a lens in the firers spectacles and pitting his forehead with particles of spent gunpowder; the lens undoubtedly saved his eyesight and very possibly death.

At the start of this campaign anti-malaria tablets, insect repellent cream, and hoods made of fine netting were issued and orders were given that shirt sleeves were to be rolled down to the wrists, hoods to be worn over headgear and tucked into collars and cream applied to wrists and hands, at night we slept in bivouacs with netting over the entrances to keep out malaria carrying mosquitoes; known breeding grounds were sprayed in an effort to keep the numbers down.

The Major commanding our unit had left his Jeep in Egypt and was using a motorcycle to carry out his duties, after a few days travelling the primitive tracks of the island he was somewhat saddle-sore and our recovery team brought in an abandoned Italian car and since there was little work for me in the workshops I was given the job of driving him around, and I saw a bit of the action going on around our area, thankfully I was never called to take part.

At Messina the half of our unit that had been left behind caught up with us; now it was their turn to go into action, they took part in the landings on the Italian mainland, and the rest of us crossed the Messina straits to Italy.

The landings our men took part in proved to be more difficult and dangerous than landing on the island, when we caught up with them I had one or two shrapnel and bullet wounds to apply dressings to. One of our men was awarded for his courage when rescuing wounded men from the sea, none of the men of our own unit were seriously wounded, and so we were back to full strength
The civilian population were very short of medical aid and the Royal Army Medical Corp (R A M C), who now occupied hospitals in the region attended people who required treatment; I was called upon to do what I could and to transport some of these sick people to the hospitals and other medical centres; I encountered some pitiful cases, some of them had been badly neglected. Our address during this campaign remained M E F as it had been while we were in Egypt and although my wife will have learned of the landings on Sicily and Italy through radio news she would not have known that I was involved, I could have been in Egypt, anywhere in North Africa or on the landings.

Our mail had caught up with us and we were able to write home. Keeping close contact with brigade headquarters once more we moved northward along the west coast of Italy. From the beginning of this campaign the weather had been very hot and dry; but then quite suddenly one night as we slept in our bivouacs it rained heavily, we had set up our workshops in a Lemon grove and the sudden downpour turned the ground into a quagmire; with the exception of a heavy recovery vehicle none of our vehicles were able to move, the recovery section towed us out one by one.

We carried on northwards with the brigade until we were suddenly halted and after a couple of days we moved south to Taranto, boarded a troopship and sailed west-ward past Malta, along the coast of Algiers, through the straits of Gibraltar and back to Blighty. I'm not sure where we disembarked but after a train journey we occupied wooden hutsments with concrete floors in a disused mushroom farm in Essex.

During the campaigns in Sicily and Italy we lost one man killed by a landmine while he was out with the vehicle recovery team recovering a vehicle that was in need of workshop attention. We did have the odd frightening experience; on one occasion we were settling into an orchard and a “red-devil”, a small explosive device was spotted in the branch of a tree, had the tree been jolted the device would have exploded and caused serious injury or even death to anyone nearby, we quickly evacuated the site.

On another occasion we had entered an orchard and a team of Royal Engineers arrived with mine detectors and ordered everybody to remain perfectly still as they swept the area, this took quite a while; nothing dangerous was found. The odd enemy aircraft broke through our defences from time to time and we were subjected to strafing with machine-gun fire, we suffered no injuries and very little damage. The Italians soon gave up the fight; thousands lay down their arms and made their way southwards away from the battle areas.

It was now November 1943, cold and miserable, we had left a hot climate behind, and getting acclimatised took quite some time. We were given 10 days disembarkation leave so once again I headed for a few pleasant days in Norfolk with family and friends. My son was now about eighteen months old and getting quite playful although he wasn't quite sure who this strange man was; sleeping in mummy's bed; where he should be, our daughter was now attending school and I heard all about teachers and playmates.

Beer was now in short supply owing to the essential brewing ingredients being rationed, which gave pub landlords quite a headache trying to serve his regulars fairly; fortunately when I was on leave I was accepted as a regular and could get a couple of pints and a game of dominoes. Pubs in those days were “tied” to a brewery, which meant we had little choice, beer drinkers tended to be smokers the older men being pipe smokers consequently the air was filled with dense smoke most of the time.

We were moved to a mushroom farm our strength was doubled to 180 men. We now had another textile refitter and he and I were given the job of fitting the officers mess floor with coconut matting after which we were allowed a 48hr pass I was unable to get home in so short a
time and so spent a couple of days with an old school pal and his wife living in Chelmsford.

On returning I carried on with my medical duties on top of which I was given the job of postal orderly; collecting the mail from brigade headquarters and distributing it to the officers and lads, I enjoyed doing these duties as I was almost my own boss and was excused all guard duties, parades and roll-calls.

The order was given that all inoculations and vaccinations were to be brought up to date, which meant I had to examine every mans records and where appropriate take the men to the Medical officer for any treatment required and see that it was entered into the soldiers own service record book as well as keeping records for the unit office, this kept me busy for some considerable time.

After all these records had been completed we were on the move once again, this time to a farm on a large country estate in Hampshire. There was now some considerable activity in the workshops, a number of the brigade vehicles had to be waterproofed; modified so that they could travel a short distance submerged in water up to about 5ft deep, tests were carried out in shore localities in Norfolk and Suffolk, and then the work began in earnest.

A lot of welding was required to accomplish this work and early one morning I was called to attend a man who was suffering sharp stabbing pains in his eyes, up to this point I had not been fully aware of the workshop activities and had no idea as to the cause of the mans suffering, this was one for the M O and so I commandeered a truck from our transport lines and took the patient to the medical tent where I learned he had been involved with the welding work. The MO carried out some simple tests, which proved the mans eyesight was not permanently damaged and rest for a couple of days was prescribed.

On making enquiries I discovered that owing to the urgency which had been applied to the work in hand there had come about a shortage of welding goggles and ordinary sun glasses were being used, which gave no protection whatsoever against the damaging rays of the arc welders being used, two similar cases were successfully attended to by the MO. I was given the use of a motorbike to carry out the jobs I was doing and unofficially I used it to go to the village on errands for the lads, and while there I often popped into the local for a "quick one", the regulars soon came to know me and supplied the occasional jar of refreshment.

This very pleasant situation came to an end when we suddenly moved to a REME workshops training depot in Berkshire, where we were comfortably billeted in up to date army quarters. During March 1944 we were given 7 days leave in turn, it was on my seven days that I last saw my father; he was a very sick bedridden man and my last memory of him was as I sat by his bedside playing Cribbage with him, a card game he enjoyed; we had played the game many times in the past.

I then went to the cottage to spend the rest of my leave with my family. Life in the village was carrying on very much the same as it was when I last visited, the women were coping very well with all the problems brought about by shortages and rationing, a great neighbourly system had evolved; if one was short of a spoonful of sugar someone would have one to spare. The family were in good health, and the children were happy and contented.

All too soon I had to return to my unit; I was granted a 24hr pass to visit my sister who had been promoted to the rank of Company Sergeant Major and posted to an A T S centre; training raw recruits and kitting them out with clothing before sending them on their way to join units all over the country, I was able to have a meal with her and take a walk into town before catching a train back to my billets

Workshops were kept very busy at this time; making sure everything was in good working order. Our responsibility was to maintain all manner of equipment issued to the brigade; up to a specified standard, anything beyond our capabilities was sent to base workshops.
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Greetings from the Manse

Psalm 67

God show kindness and bless us, and make his face shine on us. Then the earth will acknowledge your ways and all nations your power to save.
Let the nations praise you, God, let all the nations praise you.
Let the nations rejoice and sing for joy, for you judge the world with justice, you judge the peoples with fairness, you guide the nations on earth.
Let the nations praise you, God, let all the nations praise you.
The earth has yielded its produce; God, our God has blessed us.
May God continue to bless us, and be revered by the whole wide world.

With most of us living, or having lived in large towns and cities, the yearly farming cycle does not figure too much in our thoughts until Harvest time. Unlike our forebears, and a few who still work the land in our community, we do not live close to the land in thought or deed.

My thoughts this year include some that go along the lines of “where am I going to put all the lovely food served before me at even more harvest suppers?” It seems on reflection that I take food for granted and only think, or rather complain, about it when the supply is interrupted. I tell myself at harvest time that this isn’t good enough. It’s as though my attitudes have been formed and developed by consumerism alone rather than the bible. The psalmist agrees.

Recent troubles in the farming industry, like the scourge of foot and mouth, falling prices, large scale bankruptcies bring ruin and frustration to many country people, who feel their problems are not understood by government or by the rest of society. This alone should make us think beyond our appetites and preferences. Often I feel we take it for granted today that the fridge is full with produce from world trade in every type of food. We take it for granted that it is possible to buy virtually everything all the year round. It is hardly surprising that we are tending to lose our sense of the natural cycle and a sense of blessedness that we enjoy so much and shame that others have very little.

It’s good then that so many churches and schools still celebrate Harvest Festival, for at least it does remind us that the food, so clinically packaged on the shelves of our supermarkets, comes from somewhere. And more than that it is an opportunity to remind ourselves of how fortunate we are compared with so many undernourished people in many other parts of the world. Psalm 67 is good for meditation and gives us the words to express our gratitude to God for the fruits of the earth and those who labour to produce it. God wants us both to enjoy this bounty and be grateful for it. It seems to me that you really can’t have the one without the other.

Harvest blessings, Kim Nally
Breckland is a mysterious and little known area of land that straddles the border of Norfolk and Suffolk, with the town of Thetford at its heart. It has a very long history of human habitation and was probably one of the most densely populated regions of Stone Age Britain. Early settlers would have found the light sandy soils easy to clear and ideal for grazing livestock. The sandy soils overlie limestone so are both fertile and tillable. The region also has clean rivers together with abundant flint deposits that were mined and traded on an industrial scale. Timber for building and fuel may have been a limiting resource. Nevertheless, the importance of Breckland continued into the Iron Age when Queen Boudicca led the Iceni tribe from a site that would become modern-day Thetford.

The two main factors that have influenced the development of Breckland are the climate and the Ice Age. Breckland has the most continental climate in Britain with hot summers, cool winters and low rainfall. During the last Ice Age, the region was on the edge of the ice sheet and it is the best place in the country to see landforms created in this peri-glacial zone. The striped soils with alternating bands of acidic and base rich deposits are one such feature. These result in heather and grass dominated heaths respectively. The small ponds, known as pingos, are also peri-glacial features formed by sub-surface lenses of ice. The Breckland heaths support a very special assemblage of wildflowers and other wildlife. They are the main stronghold of stone curlews (alternatively called Norfolk plovers or thick knees). These enigmatic birds have huge yellow eyes that help them see at dusk when they are most active. The open heaths also support woodlarks, nightjars, wheatears, stonechats and a few whinchats.

A large part of the remaining Breckland heaths – although not all - are in the Stanford battle training area (familiar to all fans of Dad’s Army). Many of the heaths outside this MoD land were given over to commercial forestry in the 1920s. Thetford Forest is a mixed blessing for wildlife. It covers areas that should be heather and grass heath but on the plus side supports some fine wildlife including goshawks, crossbills and the highest number of red squirrels in lowland England. It also protects land from intensive agriculture and in clear felled areas and along forest rides the original heathland breaks through whenever it gets a chance. The arable fields of Breckland are another “curate’s egg” habitat because the centre of the fields can be sterile wildlife free zones but the field margins are often very rich in wildflowers that need this disturbed soil. They would not do well competing with established plants out on the open heaths. Many of the local farmers are also doing a good job in encouraging stone curlews onto their land and high densities can be found on some of the most intensively farmed areas. Breckland stone curlews are monitored and protected by a team of RSPB staff.

It is well worth getting to know the unique landscape of Breckland, which is only half an hour from Desingham by car or can be accessed by taking your bike on the train to Thetford or Brandon.

Things to see in Breckland

Grimes Graves – Neolithic flint mines, one of which has been opened up and you can climb down to see where the miners hacked at the flint with deer antlers. Thompson Common – Numerous pingos, which are good for dragonflies and amphibians. The Devil’s Punchbowl – A natural bowl that seasonally fills with water (full in summer and dry in winter?). This is one of the fluctuating...
meres of Breckland. Collapsing underground limestone caverns formed them.  

**Santon Downham** – Picnic site next to the Little Ouse. This was the last regular nesting site for British red-backed shrikes in the 1990s.  

**Lynford Arboretum** – Exotic trees and a good place to look for hawfinch.  

**East Wretham Heath** – NWT reserve with meres and grass heath (good for grass snakes)  

**Weeting Heath** – NWT reserve with grass heath and best place to see the elusive stone curlew (summer visitor)

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For details on initiatives in King’s Lynn and West Norfolk, contact the Borough Council’s Community Development Team. Phone: 01553 616554; e-mail: community.development@west-norfolk.gov.uk.

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Mini Scrap-Store at Reepham is the sole collector at present, tel: Jim Elliott on 01603 873128.

It is hoped that there will be a King’s Lynn collection point in the future.
Forward & Futures is acting as a distributor for the West Norfolk area.
When Terry Grover arrived for work in Dersingham in July 1984 it was just a day like any other. He was filling in pipe trenches for the new houses on the Old Hall building site when he noticed something shining in the sandy soil. Interviewed later by the local press he said, “I thought it was just an old tin full of half crowns or something but it was coins and a sort of silver goblet.” When the hoard was cleaned and examined by experts Terry’s old tin was discovered to be a cup of sterling silver in the shape of a rounded cone tapering deeply to the bottom. It was 9cm. deep and had a diameter of about 10cm. Unfortunately it was damaged as the stem that once supported the bowl was missing. The London hallmark dated the manufacture of the piece to 1607-8. There was a maker’s mark and other pieces of silver by the same hand were known to be at Brasenose College in Oxford. Inside the cup were 129 coins, all shilling. The earliest one was from the reign of Mary I (1553-8). There were several from the time of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), and James I (1603-1625). The final group were from the time of Charles I (1625-1649). The newest coins were minted during the years 1641 to 1643. As there were no dated coins in the hoard I believe 1643 to be the most likely date the hoard was hidden. 1643. The whole of England was in a state of intense anxiety. The relationship between Parliament and the Crown had finally broken down and England was at war with itself, county against county, town against town and father against son. The King had left London and established his court and Capital in Oxford changing that comfortable University City into a garrison town needing strong fortifications. The first battles and skirmishes had been fought and news of them had been spread by word of mouth but more tellingly by the publication of numerous pamphlets. The siege and battle at Newbury in July 1643 was vividly told. There were heavy losses reported on both sides and “the soldiers having almost starved the people where they quarter and are half starved themselves, and for want of pay are become very desperate ranging about the country breaking and robbing houses and passengers and driving away sheep and others cattle before their owners faces.” Far worse was to be reported. During Christmas time that year at the village of Barthomley in Cheshire the villagers had taken refuge in the church steeple when the King’s army approached. The soldiers set fire to the pews to force the villagers down, whereupon they were “barbarously and contrary to the laws of arms murdered.” Many stories of murder, destruction of houses, and all manner of mayhem and atrocity were reported from both sides. However there was an even greater fear than that of the behaviour of the armies. The fear of papacy was paramount. The King’s wife Henrietta Maria was viewed with absolute distrust. She had had a chapel built at Somerset House where she and many of the aristocracy at court heard Mass. As a practising Roman Catholic she was suspected of trying to persuade the King to convert to her faith. After all she had refused to attend his coronation, as it was a Church of England ceremony. The people had grown accustomed to the plain white walls, bare wood, and order of service in their churches introduced during the reign of Elizabeth I. When Archbishop Laud began trying to bring back some ceremonial in the form of altar rails, reverence for the Eucharist and robes for the Ministers it caused great alarm to the Puritans or “the godly” as they thought of themselves. It was rumoured that a papist army was lurking in South Wales just waiting for the right moment to invade. A poor man, Thomas Beale, stated that while he was lodged in a ditch near a Post House he heard two men planning to surprise and take London. Catholics were rumoured to be amassing supplies of gunpowder to blow up the chief cities of England. There was no real evidence that Catholics had any such intentions but rumour fed on rumour. So in this highly charged atmosphere what was happening here in Norfolk? If we coloured a map of the country in the way that is done during General Elections now to show party gains and losses East Anglia would be coloured solidly for Parliament. It was called The Eastern Association. Nevertheless there were many royalist supporters and Roman Catholics in the area. In January 1643 Cromwell and his troops swept through Norfolk arresting anyone who did not fully support Parliament. Moreover war is an expensive business. Armies have to be equipped, fed and housed so County Committees
were empowered to raise money by taxing their populations, or sanctioning compulsory
loans. Money, silver plate, arms, horses and men were all expected to be offered for the
support of Parliament. In Dersingham Sir Valentine Pell lived in his family’s large house
built in 1553 on the pastures by the present Institute. (Dersingham Hall and the Tithe barn
had yet to be built.) He was a Puritan and staunch Parliamentarian. He had been
appointed to take over a company of foot previously commanded by Nicholas L’Strange of
Hunstanton. The L’Stranges of Hunstanton Hall were Royalists and had openly declared
their support for the King. Dersingham in fact was surrounded by families who were
Royalist supporters and many also Roman Catholic. William Cobbe of Sandringham, a
considerable landowner in the village, was known to be Catholic. His estates were
sequestered and he had to heavily mortgage them in order to have an income while he
was so highly taxed. He was a Colonel in the King’s army and was married to a daughter
of Sir Henry Bedingfeld of Oxburgh the leading Royalist and Catholic in the area. A
member of the influential Paston family, William who lived at Appleton Hall just beyond
Sandringham, was a noted recusant and Royalist. (Appleton Hall no longer stands
unfortunately.) The Hovell family at Hillington, and the Yelvertons at Grimston, were both
Catholic and Royalist. Many older villagers would still remember Henry Walpole of Anmer
Hall, who became a Jesuit priest and was tortured horribly in the Tower before being
executed in 1595. So the fears of a Catholic plot to overthrow the present order would have
been very relevant here. Parliament was well aware of the situation. As with other Royalist
families in the area the L’Stranges were ordered to surrender all arms and ammunition at
Hunstanton Hall to the magazine at King’s Lynn. Armed guards were maintained day and
night on all the bridges and ferry crossings between Cambridge and Lynn to intercept men,
horses, or plate being sent from Norfolk to the King. Parliamentary ships patrolled the
Wash to safeguard the strategic port of King’s Lynn. Then in August 1643 Sir Hamon
L’Strange mounted a successful coup in Lynn and declared the town for the king. This
brought the Earl of Manchester, Captain-General of the army in East Anglia, hot foot to the
town. Advanced parties of soldiers secured all the roads into Lynn and security in The
Wash was increased. The sound of the daily canon fire into the town could be heard and
people living in Gaywood fled from their homes into the surrounding countryside. They
would all have heard the rumours of what happened when soldiers came to your area. I do
not know if Sir Valentine’s foot company were involved in this particular operation but he
and his troop, some Dersingham men must have been included, were active during the
campaigns. It was at this time that the hoard was buried which was frequently the only
way of safekeeping valuables. It was on land belonging to Sir Valentine but it is unlikely
that he or a close member of the family was responsible. Although a considerable amount
of money for that time it was still not a large sum for a prosperous landowner. The cup
was damaged and unlikely to be a prized possession in the Pell house. Moreover he was
on the winning side, and lived to 1658 so would surely have recovered it. Parliament at the
time was seeking subscriptions of money and plate and a damaged piece for scrap silver
plus the coins would have been a reasonable amount. A strong incentive for the owner to
hide it. It has been suggested that it was loot damaged in the taking and the looter never
returned. There is not much evidence however that looting took place even after the
surrender of Lynn. It could have had a connection with the church. Spoilation of churches
and Priest’s houses during the rooting out of insufficiently Puritan clergy did take place but
nothing certain is written about what happened in Dersingham. The church plate seems to
have survived the iconoclasm of the time and the church already had a communion cup
from Elizabethan times and was unlikely to have added to it. Of course it might have been
military pay rather that loot. Someone however, in the highly charged atmosphere, of the
time went out one night onto Pell land. They must have chosen a landmark of some kind
to aid easy recovery then quietly dug a deep hole and placed their treasure within it. They
told no one of its whereabouts and for reasons we can only guess at never returned to
retrieve it. If it was a villager hiding his savings then not even family members knew where
it lay for the next pair of hands to lift it out of its hiding place were those of Terry Grover in
1984. It was declared Treasure Trove in 1985 and purchased for the Lynn Museum with a
grant from the V&A museum.

An apology with reference to my last piece on Westhall Manor. Edward I was a strong
King. He was not known as The Hammer of the Scots for nothing. BUT not even he could
reign for 135 years. His dates should have read 1272-1307

Elizabeth Fiddick
Sue and Martin Bruce first saw Dersingham on a cold grey day in Late October 2004, but more of that later. Neither of them can remember quite when they decide to make a fresh start, they can only be sure it took several years for their idea to become reality. Sue, a qualified nurse, worked as a Sister at a nursing home for retired clergy and Martin was Technical Coordinator for a faculty of Art and Design at a University College in Surrey. Having decided to start a new life and run their own B&B, they searched the South Coast for a suitable business. In full time employment and living in Liphook in Hampshire at the time, they had to dash down to the coast at weekends in a gradually widening search from Hastings to Tor Bay. They met some of the most charming friendly people in the business, but these visits were not always a positive experience. One place had the owner’s accommodation split between their bedroom on the fifth floor, a shower room on the second floor, and sitting room in the basement – and no lift! – not for them. Sue says that some of them were appalling and one in particular had the owner’s bedroom in a dungeon under the car park! There were times when they thought they would never find a suitable place, then they viewed an old fisherman’s cottage on the harbour wall at Brixham in Devon. They had found what they thought was “the perfect place” – inglenook fireplace, sea views and a new attic conversion for the owners. The downside was that it was on four floors, not a square foot of garden and no parking places. It was while considering their next move that they received details of Ashdene House. Out came the map, and despite Norfolk clearly NOT being on the South Coast, they now dashed in a new direction. Which brings them to that fateful day in 2004. Three things stick in their minds about their first visit to Dersingham 1 – The cold wind, 2 – Martin was almost run over by a car, 3 – They fell in love with Ashdene House, it was the last of many B&Bs they looked at and they knew immediately that this was the one they wanted. They walked around the village in the late afternoon and heard a honking overhead, looking up they saw thousands of geese flying over, describing this as a phenomenal extravaganza, and in what they say was their ignorance, they rushed into the news agency to share the information, only to be told “They fly over every night and come back again in the morning” – “Wow,” they thought, and are still amazed every day in the winter when they see this. By the way, Martin nearly walked under that car whilst looking at that sky full of geese! They are thrilled with their new home and business, they say it has everything that they want, 5 good en-suite guest rooms, a lovely garden, garage and workshop, added to which it is set in a lovely village where traditional values still count and people have time to say hello. They are enjoying their new life and have met some delightful and interesting people, for instance a town crier, a lecturer in Zulu history and a beefeater, among others. The bed making is easy for Sue with her nursing experience, but Martin still cannot master hospital corners!! Sue does the cooking and Martin looks after the guests in the dining room. They have learnt new skills, marmalade being the most popular with their guests. Sue and Martin would be very interested in any information or pictures that villagers may have of their house as they are keen to learn as much as they can. They have asked us to inform you that they are now a 4-star establishment and to watch out for their special winter breakfast offer.
What is a Grandparent?
(taken from papers written by a class of 8-year-olds and received by e-mail from Canada)

* Grandparents are a lady and a man who have no little children of her own. They like other people's.
* A grandfather is a man & a grandmother is a lady!
* Grandparents don't have to do anything except be there when we come to see them. They are so old they shouldn't play hard or run. It is good if they drive us to the store and have lots of quarters for us.
* When they take us for walks, they slow down past things like pretty leaves and caterpillars.
* They show us and talk to us about the colour of the flowers and also why we shouldn't step on "cracks."
* They don't say, "Hurry up."
* Usually grandmothers are fat, but not too fat to tie your shoes.
* They wear glasses and funny underwear.
* They can take their teeth and gums out.
* Grandparents don't have to be smart.
* They have to answer questions like "Why isn't God married?" and "How come dogs chase cats?".
* When they read to us, they don't skip. They don't mind if we ask for the same story over again.
* Everybody should try to have a grandmother, especially if you don't have television, because they are the only grown ups who like to spend time with us.
* They know we should have snack-time before bedtime and they say prayers with us every time, and kiss us even when we've acted bad.

* A 6 YEAR OLD WAS ASKED WHERE HIS GRANDMA LIVED. "OH," HE SAID, "SHE LIVES AT THE AIRPORT, AND WHEN WE WANT HER WE JUST GO GET HER. THEN WHEN WE'RE DONE HAVING HER VISIT, WE TAKE HER BACK TO THE AIRPORT."
* It's funny when they bend over, you hear gas leaks and they blame their dog."
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Growing Up In west Norfolk

by George Porter

Part Two of extracts from his booklet entitled
“Poems and Comments on Hillington,
Dersingham and Thornham”

Something to do
with Fathers

My earliest happiness lay in the open air
To escape to the heath and hedgerows
Was all I asked –
To be solitary never worried me.
Nature held no fears, only people.

Mad Arthur Dowdy, who wore khaki
With puttees over army boots
And slept in a hut in the woods,
Had to be avoided.
He talked to himself and swore –
They said he was shell-shocked.
He used to visit his mother,
Who lived next door to us,
But only when his father was away.

My mother said we ought to be sorry,
His father wouldn’t have him in the house!
We boys used to dare to creep past
His bunk in an old pump house
Among the rhododendrons.

But I was nervous of authority
Schoolteachers always made me shy,
And looking back I see
My father, also, was a source
Of fear to me.

Happiness Is

On a Spring day,
Mild and bright with promise
Of new life in the hedgerows,
Miss Alexander, our teacher, said
“There is a danger of measles
Epidemic in the school.
If you’ve not had them
You may go home.”
What joy! To be free in the sunshine
All morning I roamed the heathland,
Taking the long way home:
Bird nesting, completely happy,
But when at last I reached my door,
My mother quashed my blissful day
And sent me back to school.
“You had measles at three”,
She said.
Physic

Quinine and syrup of figs –
These I remember.
And warm olive oil in a spoon
For ear ache.
Sulphur and treacle in Spring
To purify the blood.
Home medicine and all hateful,
Though the syrup of figs
Was tolerable.
But we never saw a doctor
And endured without colds.

But the mumps! – Yes, I caught
The mumps – the only illness
Etched on my mind,
Because of the snakes that writhed
On the bedroom wallpaper.
And, I almost forgot,
The bee stings which closed
My eyes and kept me from school.
How do they know where to sting,
To incapacitate?

Which leads me to the District Nurse,
The main reason for these lines;
Who dressed me face
When I was poisoned by a blackthorn
Scratch on my cheek,
And later when the sore returned
Through a graze from the ice
Of the Elmlands pond, called again.

The District Nurse, Miss Stanton –
Geneel and upper class,
Aunt to the gentleman farmer
Who occupied the Manor Farm –
Tirelessly, she cycled round
Her village beat and came
To school, to cottages in muddy lanes –
Long black skirt, white blouse,
Aseptic smell, efficient, kind,
But remote.
When I was twelve years old
She hanged herself
In Sandringham Woods.
And the image of her
Haunted me for years
As I stole through the bracken
And Rhododendrons
In my youthful forays
Into the dark forbidden preserves
Of the Royal Pheasant.

---

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by Emily
The Common

Dersingham had two commons
The 'open' and the 'shut up'.
They both became my special province.
The rabbits and I kept the greensward short
And roaming in the gorse and bracken
Filled all my leisure hours.
The 'shut up' belonged to the King;
whilst the common was owned by the parish
And both were widely used.

The "shut up" provided dried bracken
for the pigs, tussock grass litter

For the chickens and pea sticks.
Red poll nested in the birch
And there were linnets and long-tailed tits
In the gorse. The bog myrtle by the stream
And the water mint gave a piquant tang
To the air. And by the Heath Road
Was the dump — a place of fascination —
Where we hunted for glass alley bottles.

The 'open' common was our play ground.
We played all sports on the springy turf
And kept the encroaching heather at bay.
We had minor wars and fights,
For boys will always split into gangs.

Piggy Limes was a big boy, older,
And overweight and he always teamed
With the Howard twins. One day
By the machine gun stone,

Piggy threatened me,
But I ran off with my two brothers
Into the gorse and was soon overtaken.
Piggy towered but failed to strike,
So I pushed him into the gorse bush
And ran again, only to be caught

Once more, with shouts of rage and
doubled fist,
He menaced so I pushed him yet again
And escaped.
That evening his father complained to mine
That Eric was having gorse needles
Removed from his bottom and was feeling
Poorly. But I felt no remorse.
When you're a poor fighter,
you use your wits.

Before myxamatosis killed the rabbits
In the warren you could find vipers bugloss
And borage in the grass of our common,
No bigger than dog-violets — miniaturised
By the nibbling conies.

There were courting seats in the dells
Of our common, but that is another story.
And in summer as the gorse seeds popped
And the lazy scented winds blew,
The dry gorse and the grass sometimes
took fire
And flames swept across the road
and our house.

We would use birch branches for beating,
But to little avail — but in later years
The Sandringham Fire Engine would come
And spray water on the house wall
As the flames petered out.

We are now compiling the 2007 edition of Dersingham Data. If you have something to go into this—information, corrections, photographs etc, please contact the Parish clerk on 541465
Chapel Folk

Mrs. C. J. Young was a large lady
With a large supply of silver threepenny bits,
Which she fed into the collection
From her customary pew.

The Youngs were rather grand;
They had a large detached house
With lawns and outhouses. He had letters
M.I.E.E. and seemed unapproachable
As if electrical engineers lived
In some rarefied atmosphere.

There was a dumpy, double chinned
Companion who taught in Sunday School
And was completely dedicated
To the Chapel and the Circuit.

We had garden parties
At the Youngs and played clock-golf,
Bean bags and hoop-la –
But the Youngs had no way
With children and never joined
The Whitsun Walk and picnic
On the Parkland slopes of Pratt’s Field –

To be childless may have been their cross,
But they were pillars of the Chapel
And now have passed into history
With our old Chapel and Primitive Methodism.

But Miss Wardale, the companion endures
In her cottage – an example of piety
And the strength of United Methodism.
**WANTED**

The Parish Council need a minute taker for the main Parish Council Meetings. This entails taking notes in shorthand or similar and typing these up after the meeting. There are usually 12 meetings per year. This is a paid position. Please contact the Parish Clerk for details on 541465

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**Jim and Hilda**

The chapel folk of Dersingham
Knew their own kind and rarely
Mixed with high church Anglicans
Or drinkers and Catholics were scarlet tinged.

In a close community it seemed
Quite natural that Hilda Terrington
Should marry Jim and thus cement
Relationships between two families
Of note, the backbone of our chapel life:
Both only children of their parents.
But Hilda was older and slightly deaf
Whilst Jim was handsome but in constraint
To do the expected thing. And he did.

Jim was a leader, a boy with we boys!
Our Sunday School outings were full of fun,
As Jim led the way in tracking and Climbing – would he ever grow up,
This good-natured man who’d conformed.

Hilda played the organ and sang,
And she and Jim lived their lives
In chapel pews. They had no child,
Until in the thirties they adopted one,
A boy who proved difficult to raise.

The war brought prosperity to Jim,
As many tracts of grazing marsh were drained
And turned to corn – and with the turn
Of fortune, quite inadvertently, came change
In formal attitudes to life and love –
For Jim, while taking coffee
With his foreman’s wife
Succumbed to Cupid’s darts
And, distressed at his own weakness,
Fell in love. And thus a fallen pillar

Of the chapel, moved out and bought
Another farm in Suffolk, where he found
Happiness and fulfilment and raised
A family. He did his best for Hilda
And adopted son, who succeeded
To the family farm –
And Methodist he stayed.

I still can visualise his face,
Smiling with those big false teeth,
That always trapped his latest meal.
I like to think his new-won wife
Soon ordered him a better set.

Jim became an alderman and mayor:
A Justice of the Peace, a worthy man,
Whose only guilt was an arranged marriage.
Dick Melton’s Column

Now then, is this the last episode of the mystery of Doctor Telford Martin? I think not! But, thanks to Mrs. McKechnie of Dersingham, I have come up with some more interesting facts about the Doctor. His surgery was in a house at No.8 Brooke Road – but he did not live there. He was definitely practising in Dersingham in 1929 when the District Nurse was a Miss Stanton. It looks as though he left Dersingham for a while during the Second World War – when he came back I am not sure, but it looks as though he came back to Dersingham in 1945. Then he retired in 1948 when he went to live in Vicarage Cottage up the Shernborne Road. When he died I do not know, but his widow still lived in Vicarage Cottage in 1965. The house that he had his surgery in, 8 Brooke Road, was bought by Mr. Dobbs who had a Radio and Television shop in Manor Road. Then for many years Tom Clarke lived in this house.

Cycling seems to have come back into fashion but these days it is mostly for leisure. When I was a young man everybody in Dersingham had a cycle (bike) to get them to and from work – and some people would cycle a long way to work on them. When my father came out of the army he had a job at Fakenham for six months before he started work at St George’s, and he would bike there and back every day, a round trip of over forty miles. He would go up to Ling House then across Anmer Mink on to the A148 at Rudham, past the Sculthorpe ‘Drome and down into Fakenham. As I said, everyone had a bike of some description, the late Jack Richardson always had a trade bike with four Jack Russell dogs in the carrier, and Joe Painter never rode his bike, he always pushed it as he had his sweep’s brushes tied to it, and there were several old men in the village who rode large three-wheel bikes. Us lads had a cycle speedway track that we made in the middle of the Shut-up Common, I think there are still some remains of it there today. Then, of course, there were all the trade bikes that the errand boys used from all the shops in the village such as Parker’s Stores, Tower’s and Milton’s the Butchers, Dan Andrews the Greengrocer and many more.

A young man stopped me the other day and said “Do you remember my Grandfather, Mr. Charlie Athow?” – I said that everyone in Dersingham remembers Charlie. In the forties and fifties Charlie was one of the most important people in the village of Dersingham, he was the Fire Chief, and everyone knew where Charlie lived, opposite the butcher’s shop in Chapel Road, as he had a large electric bell on the wall above his front door, and, when there was a fire, this bell could be heard all over the village. The fire engine them days was kept in Miss Mann’s barn next to the Open Common up Heath Road. This was the best place, as most of the fires were on the Fen, the Common or in the woods!

“Do Come! It’s on Saturday 9th December at St Nicholas Fair”

That’s what it says on Page Three of the Dersingham Parish Magazine for 1967 that I found in a drawer that I was clearing out. I then read the magazine and saw a lot of familiar names of people who were living in the village at that time (October/November 1967).

Sunday the 29th of October was a very important day for Dersingham as that was the day that His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh opened the pavilion on the playing field, the ceremony taking place at 12.15 pm precisely. Among those taking part were the Parish Clerk, Mr. Wallace Twite, and Major Middleton.

The adverts in this edition of the parish magazine make interesting reading and bring to mind a lot of old Dersingham names. In 1967 there was still a high-class butcher and confectioner (that’s what the advert says) Playford’s in Manor Road, The King’s Lynn and District Co-Operative
Society had a shop at the corner of Station Road, Mr. Walker ran the Hillside Nurseries, P Barnes and C Harvey were the proprietors of Parker’s Store, there was still a grocer’s shop in Lynn Road by the corner of The Drift, in 1967 this was owned by Mr. And Mrs. Pullen and it was called “Aloha Stores”; the late Roy Hipkin had his carpentry workshop in the grounds of the Old Hall and the Dersingham Nursery School for the under-fives was held at the Foresters Hall in Manor Road every Tuesday and Friday morning from 9 am to 12 noon by Mrs. Bailey. If you went to the Auto Service Station at 68 Hunstanton Road you would find Ted Cox and his son Roger, George Clayton lived at “Shangri La” in Bank Road, where he was a builder and contractor, this was just up Bank Road from Reg Houchen’s Garage where he kept his luxury coaches, Vic Greysen ran the Heath Garage that was in Lynn Road opposite The Common, and, in 1967, he sold Cleveland Petrol. Nik Napolitano was the Gent’s Hairdresser in Manor Road, and at the time, if you were an old-age-pensioner you could get a haircut for 2/- on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Thursday mornings. Frying the Fish and Chips at the “Heathside Fish Shop” on the main road were Mr. And Mrs. Cholerton. Joan Schorah down Station Road would give you some beauty treatment and dear old Ernie Riches would mend your boots and shoes, and, last of all, the man to go and see for a good used car was no other than Fred Easton at the corner of Manor Road and Heath Road. That’s just a few of the names of the people of Dersingham who put adverts in the Parish Magazine in 1967.

Park House Sandringham
A Musical evening with the acclaimed concert pianist
Brant Nuttall
Sunday 15th October 7.30pm
An evening of sparkling classical music and conversation featuring works from Debussy, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt
TICKETS IN ADVANCE £10.00 INCLUDING PROGRAMME & INTERVAL REFRESHMENTS FROM PARK HOUSE RECEPTION
Tel: 01485 543000 or Email parkinfo@lc-uk.org
Proceeds towards guest amenities at Park House Hotel
July might be our last meeting before the Summer break, but there are still ongoing activities during August as our Vice-President May, standing in for President Dianne, reminded us that the Dining group, which May organises, carries on their gastronomic journey, and the walking group with Sue McDonald as their guide, continue to explore this beautiful and interesting part of Norfolk. It is hoped that the McMillan Coffee morning being organised by Shirley Brooks and Julie Canvin and held in St Cecilia’s on Friday September 22nd will be well supported.

Tea-break is a time to chat to friends and catch up with information on our notice board before the final part of the evening’s meeting.

“\textit{How I started a National Plant collection}”
by Mrs. Vida Armstrong

Vida is a member of The National Council for the Conservation of Plants and Gardens, a charitable organisation, and The National Plants Collection is its main purpose. She told us that the National collection of Forsythia is named after an 18th century Scotsman William Forsyth who, with six friends, founded The Horticultural Society in 1804. Her collection stands at 70 varieties and growing – in fact one of her more unusual finds was at a supermarket – after checking it out and rushing home - she promptly went back and bought the lot!!

During her very informative talk we were given growing tips. Vida had also brought along a wide variety of Forsythia, from scented to perfectly shaped Alpines, for us to buy, there was a two-fold aim firstly to spread the species around different areas of the Country and, secondly, the money collected from the sale goes back to the charity itself.

No longer will Forsythia be just viewed by just viewed by members as just a Shrub whose branches flower and give us a of yellow brightness in the home on a dull Winter’s day we members know there is so much more to this special shrub.

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\textbf{Hunstanton & District Talking Newspaper}

\textit{‘THE BEACON’}

(Registered Charity 296036 – Affiliated to TNF)

The Hunstanton and District Talking Newspaper for the Blind and Partially Sighted

The Beacon is a weekly hour long audio cassette tape produced by a team of volunteers using items from our local newspapers.

Currently we have five teams each carrying out Administration, Editing, Reading and Recording using a small studio in Hunstanton to produce our tape every Tuesday for posting to our 50 to 60 listeners.

We are always pleased to hear from individuals who would like to receive the weekly cassette which is provided free of charge and we would also welcome new volunteers as many of our loyal team have been giving their time since the Beacon started 20 years ago

\textit{To find out more please contact John Cole on 01485 542412}
Dersingham Festival
A Report from Sarah Bristow and Tony Bubb

A warm sunny afternoon welcomed the Open Worshippers to the recreation ground on the first Sunday of the festival. The 3 main village churches aided and abetted by the Salvation Army and their band filled a good hour with hymns, readings and prayers. One of Dersingham’s tame poets, Hugh Mullarkey, read his work entitled Dersingham Pride which was written especially for the occasion, which you have probably tripped over on the front cover. The audience numbering some 70 people seemed well pleased with the proceedings and the afternoon was rounded off by an Ice Cream Van which arrived just in time to do some brisk business.

The main part of the festival during the day was sports activities for the children provided by a specialist coach and her team. The sports were based on two main age groups these being the 5 to 7 and 8 to 14 year old, although we did open up the 8 to 14 group, due to lack of numbers, to the 7 years olds who easily coped. There were a number of sports undertaken - football, cricket, multi-sports, and rounders. Unfortunately due to lack of numbers the netball and tag rugby could not take place. The weather though not particularly nice did not stop any of the activities and great fun was had by all who attended.

The Foolhardy Circus enthralled and entertained lots of the village children on the second Saturday. The weather was again kind allowing full enjoyment of the activities and sideshows. At 5 o’clock the disco and band started the evening’s entertainment although they were temporarily hidden by the smoke from the Bar-B-Que lighting up. With a bar in a tent and good food, I personally found it necessary to double check the quality of the roast pork by forcing myself to have a second helping, the evening romped along with around 300 people on the field and came to a close just after 9pm.

Sunday was an old fashioned sports day with Andrew and Rhona Seal masterminding the proceedings.

At the end of the afternoon “The Heavyweights” had won the shield for this year, generously donated by Thaxters, which was handed by James Thaxter to the team on the following Sunday after a football tournament on the Sports Field together with the Balloon Race Prize, won by Mrs Earl of Chapel Road whose balloon made it all the way to Dourne in Holland which is almost in Germany, being some 180 miles from the launch site.
Royal Sandringham Estate Sawmill

Sandringham,
Norfolk

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50
Dersingham Horticultural Society

Once again I can do no better than to report on our July meeting by quoting from the society’s monthly newsletter: “Not so much a meeting as such but very good fun. The ‘Strawberries at the Savoy Tea’ created by the Fund Raising Team was at the usual high standard with dainty sandwiches and delicious cakes. All this followed by loads of strawberries and cream. The team had chosen themed raffle prizes, supplemented by donations from members, and the tables had very pretty floral arrangements. As the tea was on a day when the hall had been booked for a meeting, an additional fee wasn’t payable so a handsome profit was made. During the evening we exercised our little grey cells with an unusual quiz. Thanks to all members who made the hall tidy at the end of the evening.”

An innovation at this year’s Sandringham Show was an invitation to local horticultural societies to create, within given rules, a garden contained in a plot a mere five feet square! Eight societies accepted and quite remarkably came up with eight completely different designs. Our society received a silver gilt award although here I disagreed with judges’ verdict as I felt that our exhibit (I had nothing to do with its concept or creation!) showed more thought in its planning and creative flair in its execution than some which received gold awards.

A smaller than usual audience at our August meeting attended expecting a talk on ‘Garden Pests and Diseases’. However, in the event, our speaker did not materialise and so a hasty realignment of the evening became necessary. So after bringing forward the business and raffle, the refreshment break enabled our “team” to have a rethink for the second part of the evening and came up with Plan B! So it was nil desperandum for this turned out to be an ingenious quiz, held over from a previous social evening, which consisted of a brief story devised by Gilly Canny in which Latin words and phrases in common usage such as alias, incognito, modu operandi, and curriculum vitae together with other examples such as the RAF motto “Per Ardua Ad Astra” had to be given their English meaning. So, once again, an unexpected exercising of our little grey cells.

Until the next issue – as they used to say in Caesar’s Rome “Vive, Vale.”

WEST NORFOLK BEFRIENDING

West Norfolk Befriending is based in King’s Lynn but covers villages from Dersingham around the coast to Burnham Market. The aim of our charity is to provide befrienders to those who have become socially isolated due to age, hearing difficulties or because they are full-time carers. As you can expect there are always more clients than volunteers and so we decided that October would be our recruitment month. Do you have two hours a week to volunteer? Are you a good talker/listener? If so please contact the office, on 01553 763500 and find out how to make a difference to someone’s life. We hope to be hosting coffee mornings locally in September so please support them and find out more about West Norfolk Befriending and how you could help. We are always looking for funding so if you have any ideas or are able to help in this way then please let us know.
SUZIE'S FITNESS CLASSES

**Tuesdays**

INGOLDISTHORPE VILLAGE HALL, INGOLDISTHORPE

- 9.15 - 10.15 - Hi / Lo aerobics £3.75
- 10.30 - 11.30 - 50's + £3.50
- 6.00 - 7.00 - Hi / Lo aerobics £3.75
- 7.00 - 8.00 - Hi / Lo aerobics £3.75
- 8.00 - 9.00 - Step & Condition £4.00
  (ring to book step)

**Wednesdays**

INGOLDISTHORPE VILLAGE HALL, INGOLDISTHORPE

- 7.30 - 8.30 - Body Conditioning £3.75

Suzie is RSA qualified & is a fitness professional member

For any info on these classes and other classes at the Oasis call Suzie

07900 818311

Dersingham Minors Football Club

We are collecting Tesco Vouchers starting on 11 September and finishing on 5 November. This helps the club to get equipment for the children for their training. You can send vouchers to 31 Lynn Road, Dersingham, or post them in the box situated at the sports pavilion on Saturday mornings when we have training and matches in progress.

Many thanks for all your support in collecting, we will let you know how many we have raised and what we intend to get with them.

Car Boot Sales

Dersingham Recreation Ground
Hunstanton Road
Thursdays 4 pm to 6 pm
Every second week until October 26th.

September 28th, October 12th & 26th.

Gates open 3 pm Cost £5 per car £7 per van
Dersingham Minors’ Tournaments Results

Sunday 23rd July

Under 11 Boys Winners: Wisbech St Mary
Runners up: Dersingham

Under 13 Boys Winners: Mundford
Runners up: Shouldham

Under 13 Girls Winners: Docking Devils
Runners up: Wisbech Acorns

Under 15 Girls Winners: Whittlesey
Runners up: ThreeHoles

Sunday 13th August Preseason Mini Soccer

Under 7’s Winners: West Winch
Runners up: Dersingham

Under 8’s Winners: Wootton Reds
Runners up: Hungate

Under 9’s Winners: Reffley
Runners up: Clenchwarton

Under 10’s Winners: Dersingham Harriers
Runners up: Wenedene Wanderers

Under 11’s Winners: Leverington Bridgecroft
Runners up: East Lynn

Many thanks to the Committee Members, Sponsors, Parent Helpers, Richard Stanton for the use of the field for car parking on both tournaments.

We have received a few balloon race tickets back we will keep this open for a while and let you know the results a.s.a.p.

Dersingham Minors Committee wish every team good luck for this coming season 2006/07.

We also did our balloon race on the playing field part of the festival week which was run by Dersingham Parish Council, we are still awaiting results for this and hopefully when this goes to print we will be able to give you a name of the winner.

Congratulations to the Heavyweights on winning the sports section of the Dersingham Festival. Well done to Andrew and Rhona Seal for organising the sports events, it was a laugh a minute. Hopefully this event will happen again next year and have a lot more support. The heavyweights will have to win the trophy back (providing old age isn’t creeping in).

Also football training every Saturday morning – 10.30 am to 12.00 noon – Any information contact Karl 543228 – Ages 4 years upwards.
Village Voice Live

Our August meeting had Sergeant Mark Gregory from Norfolk Police giving us the low down on home security. He told how the would be intruder could get in, what cover you might be providing with your garden planting and how to foil the brute if he got to your doors and windows. Although much of this is common sense he reminded the audience that “it won’t happen to me” is not the attitude to adopt. This is a very low crime area but still we need to be vigilant. He also touched on identity security. Make sure you destroy anything that can give away information about you and yours to any miscreant on the lookout for easy pickings. We also had a discussion on locks, alarms and neighbourhood watch schemes. In all a very interesting session which was sadly, less well attended than most of our meetings.

The September cultural offering was by contrast, very well subscribed. No wonder really as Keith Skipper and his friends were the turn for the evening. Proceedings started with Keith waxing lyrical about guess what—Norfolk. The gathering were soon guffawing at his wry wisdom about this county and it’s inhabitants. With songs from Danny Platton in the style of and largely written by Alan Smethurst—The Singing Postman and side splitting comedy from Pat Nearney, the evening romped along in fine style.

As usual, a splendid job was done by the kitchen fairies serving tea and cakes to the multitude, many thanks to them for all their hard work.

The second half was more of the same which went down very well with the audience who can only be described as well behaved but noisy. I have no doubt that we will engage Mr Skipper again in the future as he seems to be a great crowd pleaser.

TB
How This Book Came About

The subject of this book, Mr Sam Burlingham, is 68 years old and retired but he likes to ‘earn a bob or two for baccy’ now and again by doing some gardening and outdoor work for his ‘widder women’ (five elderly widows) in the village of Dersingham, near King’s Lynn in West Norfolk. The Author’s Mother is one of those widows and the regular routine on a Thursday morning is to do a couple of hours’ work, have a cup of coffee and a piece of cake, then work the rest of the morning out.

It was the Author’s good fortune to be at his Mother’s house one Thursday when Sam was there. The coffee break was perhaps rather elongated compared with modern industrial standards but it became very clear that here was a man who not only had a remarkable memory of his early days, but was also willing to talk about them to anyone who was genuinely interested.

Furthermore, although his life story would hardly qualify as a television epic, he had had led an extremely interesting life which typified in many ways that generation of people who were raised in Norfolk’s more rural regions and became today’s senior citizens.

It would be an over-statement to say that Sam’s is a story which HAS to be told, but the Author definitely felt that here was the ideal opportunity to commit a small piece of history to paper for the benefit of future generations (especially future ‘Burlingham’ generations) and hopefully create some interest and enjoyment for other readers at the same time.

Sincere thanks are also due to the Author’s Mother, Mrs Rachel F Nowell, who not only supplied countless cups of coffee and pieces of fruit cake while Sam told his stories but also made a substantial and valuable contribution in collecting information on tape for transcription into print.

Similarly, Sam himself warrants a big ‘Thank you’ from the Author. He supplied a lot of material in hand-written form which was posted to the Author. It is interesting to relate that when it was suggested to Sam that he might like to jot a few notes down on paper as he thought of them, he did not appear to be over-keen on the idea claiming that by any stretch of the imagination he could not class himself as anything of a literary man. But the Author asks readers to take note of the fact that much of Sam’s hand-written material was transcribed straight into print, word for word, without amendment.

Chapter 1 – The Character

At 68 years of age, Sam Burlingham gives the physical impression that he has been chipped out of the flintstone which is to be found in the Norfolk Breckland where he was born and brought up. Sinewy, well-muscled limbs - unusually so for a man of his years - and very little excess body flesh are the signs of a man who has looked after himself over the years and can, and does, still turn out a good, hard day’s work when necessary. The hair-combed forward, does not pretend to be
stylish but is, one suspects, an efficiently practical means of making the most of what is there. A
rough, medium length beard gives added emphasis to what is already a very positive lower jaw.
Although he is not bad looking, one wouldn't call Sam a handsome man but it cannot be denied
that the rugged features and penetrating eyes produce a very distinctive appearance with a hint of
aggression. This is the impression which, when one meets Sam for the first time, suggests that one
is in the company of a physically tough man who was brought up to survive by his own skills and
live without the extras of life which are nowadays taken for granted. But is this aura of toughness
the real Sam? In many ways it is, but there are aspects of his character which, one finds out as one
gets to know him, reveal a caring, feeling side to his personality.

The first time I met Sam he was having a mid-morning break from gardening activities at my
Mother's house. He was in full flow, relating a tale from his childhood. I listened with interest and
somehow felt that I was seeing a polite (but definitely not servile) Sam. 'A Sam in company' image
as it were. Some time later, after I had decided that his life story was worth committing to paper, I
visited Sam at his house: on his home ground. This time a different Sam emerged. I asked a
question which he didn't quite hear. I was convinced that his "WHASSAT?!" was loud enough to
be heard two streets away! But it was his dog 'Dusty', a kindly natured Labrador cross, which
revealed the chink in this abrasive armour. Sam left the room for a minute and when he came back
Dusty had climbed into his chair. The exact expletives he used elude me but the expression was
something like "GIDORFF YER DAFT HA'PORTH!!" Dusty reluctantly obeyed; until Sam got up
again when he quietly climbed into his chair and there he stayed, with Sam acknowledging defeat
by sitting precariously on the front edge of the seat! This was something that I had not expected to
see - Sam the kindly man and obviously a lover of animals. But talking with him on various
occasions after that reinforced my conclusion that within that gruff and tough Sam - the Son of a
Norfolk Warrener exterior shell - there was a man who cared a lot, especially about his family and
to some extent about his fellow man, and also had a feeling for animals. But having said that it
would be wrong to describe Sam as 'soft'. It would be more accurate to say that he is a man of
definite principals, which he has always done his best to live by.

Many of Sam's principles of life are based on the Christian ethic. He remembers well going to
Sunday School in his early years and the lessons he learned there, and those lessons have stayed
with him. He has little time for the Church however and feels that going to church nowadays is
little more than a social gathering for most folk. "You don't have to go to church to be a Christian"
he says 'in fact a lot of people go there just to be seen at church; not for any religious reasons.'
Being Sam, he had no hesitation in letting his local Vicar know how he felt! Because that is
another of his characteristics, namely, if something needs to be said - then say it.

This is one of Sam's very strong points although one senses that it might be slightly
embarrassing for other people at times. He describes himself as 'a loner' in that he doesn't need the
companionship of a group. He is quite happy with his own company. But when thrust into a crowd
- the larger the better - the desire to expound his theories on the rights and wrongs of modern life
takes over and he does not need the assistance of alcohol to give him confidence either! On these
occasions he tends to start on one of his favourite theories, namely that "Women of Today do not
know what their Breasts are for"; although this topic sounds like the title of an after-dinner speech
at a rugby club, Sam in no way treats the subject flippantly - he is serious about what he believes.

There are no airs or graces about Sam; and he cannot tolerate them in others either. Putting up
a false front is a sure way to be cut down to size - quickly! It is not too difficult to predict the style
of his reaction when he reads this opening chapter for the first time. "Oh, ONE finds out; and
'ONE gets to know' does ONE? Who's this b**** ONE fella? Wass wrong wi "YOU' like what
I larnt at school!!"

As mentioned earlier, Sam is a dedicated family man. Unfortunately his wife, Alice, died from
cancer in November 1974, which left him with a young teenage daughter and a twelve-year-old
son to bring up. He managed well and now all his four children are happily married and have given
Sam five grandchildren and two step-grandchildren. He fervently believes that if one does the best
for one's children in their younger years then they will have a natural love and respect for their parents in later years.

Sam does not, however, have too much time for many of the parents of today's teenagers and puts the problems of modern youth fairly and squarely at their doorsteps. He believes very strongly that the cause of teenage misbehaviour is a lack of love and discipline by parents. "If they haven't got time for their kids you've got to expect the youngsters to look for mischief." It is probably no surprise that Sam is a believer in capital punishment. He remembers his own school days when three women teachers ran a whole school and the threat of the cane was enough to deter any unruly behaviour. But it is not uncommon nowadays to read of 12 and 13 year old schoolchildren attacking teachers. He also remembers his father getting the leather belt to him and his brothers when they had done something wrong. It wasn't a frequent occurrence but the mere knowledge that they could get a belting was enough to keep the boys in line.

Also on the subject of discipline, Sam holds forthright views on prison and drug addicts, to quote but two of many sub-headings. He finds it almost beyond belief that anyone would listen to prisoners' complaints about conditions within prison. "If they hadn't acted so daft in the first place they wouldn't be in there, would they?" Sam quotes a recent report of two prisoners hanging themselves because of prison conditions. "B***** good job 'n' all. The State won't have to worry about them any more!" His attitude to drug addicts is slightly (but only very slightly) more lenient. "Why should they go somewhere and be featherbedded? I say try and help 'em just the once. Give 'em a chance as it were. Then if they go the same way again let 'em go and cast 'em adrift."

Again, Sam's primary targets are parents. He says that many parents are so concerned with having a good time themselves that they have no time for children, and to make life easy they give in to the child's every whim and fancy. This inevitably produces a child who has no will power and thinks that everything is his just for the taking. A lack of will power is the root cause of problems with teenagers according to Sam. Because they have no will to fight against what they know is bad, they are easily led and thereby become easy victims of the influence of the violence and crime they see on TV and films. He suggests that everyone is born with willpower but it has to be developed and nurtured throughout childhood else it will die.

Sam Burlingham does not pretend to be an intellectual man. "I was sort of middlin' at school," he says. But for all that he is a thinker, and once he has formulated an opinion it is virtually immovable. That is not to say that he will not listen to reasoned arguments, but the views that he holds are not based on one fact or opinion alone; it can be guaranteed that he has thought a lot about the subject and then has come to a conclusion. This conclusion is firmly held.

Sam was asked why he likes talking about his earlier life, especially as a youngster in Breckland. He explained that he will talk to anyone about anything, but only if they are interested. He has no time for people who ask him to tell them something and then can't be bothered to take in what he is saying. He has found that most of the people he comes into contact with are roughly of his age, and they are genuinely interested in his past experiences as he is in theirs.

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Chapter 2 - Breckland Home

The Burlingham family were natives of that distinctive area of Norfolk known as Breckland, at the southern boundary of the county bordering with Suffolk. It is reasonable to say that the geographical nature of Breckland played a part in the shaping of Sam's life, because his father (also Sam) depended to a large extent on the nature of the countryside for his living. Sam (Senior) was a Warrener for much of the year and passed on many of his skills in self-sufficiency to his sons. So what is Breckland like?

"The Breck Country" was once called the "Great East Anglian Desert". It is a stretch of country quite as distinctive in its way as the Broadlands of Norfolk or the Fens of Cambridgeshire. It is an area of wind-blown sand covering the underlying chalk, sometimes with a layer of glacier-born boulder clay in between; and the chalk is very rich in flints. But it was not always a desert. In Neolithic times, areas of very light land with very few trees such as Breckland were the most sought-after for farming for this land could be easily worked without much tree-felling or
drainage, and with primitive ploughs. Thus Breckland became an early place of settlement, in Anglo-Saxon times, and later during the Dane Law, Thetford, the capital of Breckland, was one of the very important places in England. It was a great city with palaces and religious houses.

It was the sheep boom of the Middle Ages which destroyed Breckland. The hooves of the sheep were hooves of destruction when they were allowed to wander at large over a de-populated countryside, for that countryside had, with the rest of the lighter lands of Norfolk that were suitable for sheep grazing, been practically cleared of human beings. The vegetation - the comparatively fragile vegetation of arable land which had been allowed to tumble down into grass - was over-grazed by sheep and trodden out by their hooves.

At the beginning of this century, life in Breckland was at a very low ebb. Villages had all but disappeared. Thetford was a small, impoverished town and the countryside was given over entirely to the pheasant cult; a cult that was as destructive to the land and its inhabitants as the cult of grazing sheep had been. Tenant farmers scrabbled for their rent in the sparse arable patches between the more desolate brecks. Their cropping plan was compulsorily decided for them by the landlords to suit, not good farming, but game preservation. Rabbits were present everywhere in abundance and were, in fact, the only profitable crop. (In 1922 the Forestry Commission had to kill 83,000 rabbits before they could plant trees in their first 6,000 acres).

There are still corners of Breckland which convey an idea of what this countryside was like before the trees took over; rolling; seldom quite flat but never hilly; with heather, ling, gorse, bracken and soft, rabbit-cropped grass and sand-sedge. Occasionally large fields of grey dusty soil planted with rye, or perhaps turnips or mangolds, or nowadays more likely sugar beet. On the better farms one might find sheep enclosed in hurdles on areas of turnips, manuring the arable land, and consolidating it with their hooves. Belts of majestic Scots Pine may be seen with spreading branches warped by the wind, and here and there is a lonely, often ugly and box-like, flint farmhouse or gamekeeper’s or warrener’s cottage. It was in this panorama that Sam Burlingham (Senior) lived, worked, and raised his family.

Nowadays, nearly all of Breckland is completely altered. The Forestry Commission has planted over 50,000 acres with Scots and Corsican Pine. This may not sound over much but if you stand on the top of one of the Commission’s fire-watch towers for example, pine trees are all that you can see for as far as you can see. In the forests themselves you can wander all day, only occasionally crossing a road, and even more infrequently meeting another person. You might meet a Roe deer or two and more likely a herd of Red deer. But the flora and fauna of the pine forests are not very prolific: few animals or plants can survive in that sun-less land beneath the trees where the ground is a thick carpet of sterile pine needles.

A fascinating feature of Breckland is its ‘meres’. These can only be described as small lakes, but their unique quality is that the level of water in a mere varies for no apparent reason. Sometimes it may be full, and then it might suddenly empty. The precise cause of this phenomenon is not known but it has been attributed to an unexplained movement of the water within the underlying chalk.

The Breckland climate has been described as ‘continental’. The winters are very cold, and the summers very hot. The rainfall is the lowest in England.

Sam and his brothers and sisters were born and raised in a hamlet called ROUDHAM, which can be found on some maps of Norfolk five and a half miles east north east of Thetford. The other centres of habitation which features prominently in Sam’s early life are BRIDGHAM, approximately five miles from Thetford in the same locality as Roudham and one mile south of it; and EAST HARLING, seven and a half miles slightly north of east of Thetford. Very close to Roudham runs the Norwich-Thetford-Ely railway, and the All Norwich to London road, which, in Sam’s days at Roudham was always known as ‘The Turnpike’.

In the 1920s Roudham was right on the edge of heathland which stretched for miles. Sam remembers as a child that the heath came within 50 yards of their house but in 1940 the Forestry Commission took it over and carried out extensive tree planting. Across the heath ran Peddars
Way, which was frequently used by drovers to get their livestock to market. When Breckland was a big sheep rearing area, Peddars Way was used extensively to get sheep to East Harling which was a large village noted for its frequent sheep fairs. It was also the central trading location for the remote villages. Tuesday was market day when anything and everything came under the hammer, from livestock to all kinds of pots and pans.

Beside Peddars Way on the heath was a large pit called 'Thieves Pit'. So called, we are told, because it was the traditional meeting point of the local thieves and robbers to share out their swag. Roudham consisted of one big hall where the local farmer lived; a ruined church, built on a small hill and with a round tower, which had been partially demolished by Oliver Cromwell and is believed to have been thatched in its original state; and eight pairs of chalk-and-plaster constructed cottages which were dotted across the meadows and down the lanes. The only other buildings were farm buildings. No shops; no school; and no Post Office.

The nearest place to find any facilities whatsoever was Bridgham, which was two and a half miles away.

Bridgham was where Sam and his brothers and sisters went to school. It also had a church, which the family attended. The village was quite long with the road from Thetford to East Marling passing through the middle, the only houses being in two rows, one on each side of the road. In the centre and at each end of the village were a hall and farm buildings, being the property of the three farmers who lived and farmed there. There was a Post Office, two shops, and two public houses named the Red Lion and White Lion. During Sam's schooldays the White Lion was closed down and it became the home of a well-known family of reed and straw thatchers by the name of Reeve.

The chalk-and-plaster cottages were typical of the type of building to be found in the Norfolk/Suffolk Breckland area. The outside walls were traditionally covered with a type of pitch, or tar. Then in later years, most of the cottages of this type were clad in brick for extra robustness and re-surfaced in pitch. It says something for the attempts to preserve the environment that even today it is very difficult to tell which dwellings have been brick-clad and which are in their original 'chalk-and-plaster' state.

Another feature of these dwellings is the long, sloping roof and windows built into the roof. The result of this was that the upstairs rooms had approximately only one foot six inches of vertical wall before the slope of the roof commenced. Timber beams, trimmed with an axe out of a fallen tree, were the floor bearers for the upper rooms. As the upstairs floor and the downstairs ceiling were the same piece of material, the beams spanned the ceilings of the lower rooms. A much sought after feature nowadays by people wishing to purchase 'traditional' country cottages.

The cottage where Sam lived changed little over the years. His eldest daughter, Irene, can remember as a child visiting her grandmother and being fascinated by the 'snacks' on every door. A 'snack' would be described nowadays as a 'latch'. The feature of the mechanism, which fascinated Irene, was that, over the many years of use, the piece of it, which was lifted by the forefinger, had become worn away to a sharp, pointed piece of metal.

In the main beam across the kitchen was a large, crudely constructed hook; this was a remnant from the late 19th century when each householder kept a pig. A deal was struck with a nearby butcher such that when the pig had been sufficiently fattened, he would kill the pig and cure one whole side for the owner, at the same time keeping the other side for himself, the cured side would then be hung up in the kitchen and kept until the end of the winter. It was, in effect, an insurance to make sure that the family had food in the event of their being snowed in for a lengthy period during the winter.

Sam recalls that they had their first wireless set in 1933, powered by a glass-cased accumulator. They had two accumulators, one in use, and the other at the Store in Bridgham being charged up. In 1938 the family 'went modern' buying a Tilley lamp as the main source of lighting to replace the old paraffin lamp. Electricity was put on to the cottage in 1947.
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The village of Dersingham, not everyone’s dream,
    The place where I live and hold with esteem.
    Over the years since our childhood days
    With memories dimmed in a mental haze.

I recall with affection this time of our life
    Without any feeling of sorrow or strife.
    But not for the good or so it appears.

Through the middle the main road twisted,
And in those days the trains still existed.
    Gone are the trains, the steam and the tracks,
    A victim of progress and of Beeching’s axe.

The village was graced by a tall windmill
Where Mr. Playford showed off his skill.
    Alas no more grinding of all those grains,
    The mill has gone just the base remains.

The church is a landmark for miles around
    The bells on Sunday a wonderful sound.
    The reverend Carew-Jones was resident preacher,
    While Mason Jones was head schoolteacher.

The Albert Victor, White Horse and Dun Cow
    Were busy inns but all gone now.
    In more remote places others sold ale
    Though no longer open to tell the tale.

The garages took care of mechanical needs
From vehicle repairs to cycle three speeds.
    They kept things moving and problems solved.

The blacksmith farrier he had to graft,
    George Blower was the master of his craft.
    Horses were shod before a days toil,
    Pulling the carts and tilling the soil.

Many shops were passed on the way through
Parker’s, Rayner’s, Whisker’s and Andrews’ too.
    Stocked with goods of various types
    From Symington’s soups to new clay pipes.

Some people kept pigs as a regular chore
    And Kerry and Towers had meat galore.
    They were the butchers performing the labour,
    Of killing and cutting for friend and neighbour.

George King the barber for haircut and shave,
    All short back and sides, no permanent wave.
    Mr. Riches the cobbler he made his mark
    Mending shoes ‘til way after dark.

A Post Office functioned in efficient mode,
    Under the roof of the Garner’s abode.
    Jolly was the doctor and also Ansell,
    Treating the sick and others not well.

For law and order with a cycle to ride
    Constable Lines listened and spied.
    His local presence a discouraging sign
    For anyone wishing to step out of line.

Houchen had coaches for seaside trips
    Sandcastles, candyfloss and good fish and chips.
    Nurse, Bird and Wilson all supplied coal
    To keep everyone warm that was there goal.

It was about this time a decision was made
    For a young Alan Walker to learn a trade.
    With his dad, a Market Gardener, work was obtained
    And precious experience thoroughly gained.

Peace and tranquility was brought to a halt
    By the outbreak of war and enemy assault.
    For military service the young men departed,
    For those left behind restriction started.

The rationing of clothing, fuel and food,
    Put all of the locals in a frugal mood.
    Blackouts were used preventing the light
    Aiding the bombers that came at night.

One day the time will come for me to grieve,
    The place where I live I shall have to leave.
    With friends and neighbours all left behind,
    Fond recollections will still spring to mind.
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News in Brief

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death of Marshall Schorah who has made a major impression on the village of Dersingham. It was, you will perhaps recall, Marshall who was the main instigator of the tree planting around the Recreation Ground, leaving us with a lasting legacy. Our thoughts are with his widow Joan at this time.

The Second Classic Car Show advertised in our June edition as due to be held on Sunday 6 August was cancelled because of a shortage of sponsorship and clash with events taking place elsewhere which would have reduced the number of entries.

The ‘Garden Open’ held at ‘Woodwynd’ in Dodds Hill Road, the home of Mrs. Jacky Dingle, which was also advertised in the June issue of this magazine, was a major success, receiving 215 guests (double the number attending in 2005) and raising more than £900 for charities including Tapping House Hospice in Snettisham.

Ashdene Guest House in Dersingham is to be congratulated on becoming the 2006 winner of the “Out of Town” award given by the Hunstanton Accommodation Association for the guest house’s achievement in the ‘Accommodation in Bloom’ competition run in conjunction with the ‘Anglia in Bloom’ event.

St George’s gets a cold reception having been given a new storage refrigerator by Williams Refrigeration in which the children can keep their packed lunches well preserved until needed. The school are obviously very grateful to the company for helping to ensure that the children’s health is protected.

Our best wishes go out to Nicholas and Catrin Pemberton of West Hall Road who recently achieved 65 years of marriage which they celebrated in the company of family members from many parts of the world, including South Africa, the United States, Canada, and, nearer home, Suffolk, Harrogate and Dersingham. Donations collected in lieu of presents, plus a donation of £56.10 from the Dersingham ‘COGS’ gentlemen’s group, realised a sum of more than £200, which the couple presented to Snettisham’s Tapping House Hospice.

Eric Yeomans of Centre Vale who is a keen photographer and takes a particular interest in the County of Norfolk has been fortunate in having many of his pictures on display on a website known as webshots. In one section titled ‘History and Structures’ his numerous photographs received 100,000 ‘hits’ and 12,900 downloads, whilst in another entitled ‘Summer Fields’, photos taken within a range of 20 miles of Dersingham, showing poppy fields, lavender fields, corn fields, etc. received 149,000 ‘hits’ and 18,080 downloads.

Dersingham’s St Nicholas Church Hall has become one of the latest victims of the so-called ‘rave’ culture. Devastation occurred when an illegal gathering took place after a break-in on the night of Friday 28 July, causing, Terry Moss the hall’s Manager says, damage that is estimated at around £400, plus the cost of stolen items estimated at about £2,000. Terry and two volunteers had to spend all day on the Saturday clearing up the beer cans, bottles and what appeared to be drug-related paraphernalia.

A group of travellers have appeared at Ipswich Crown Court accused of a string of ram raids which included the one at Dersingham News in November 2004 - it is alleged that they had accumulated a total of half a million pounds in goods and cash over a period of a year, and had caused a similar amount of financial damage in the process. The trial is expected to last for several weeks.
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News from St Cecilia’s
Recently the parishioners of the Catholic parish enjoyed a marvellous Strawberry Fayre in the garden of The Mill House, Dersingham, the home of Mr & Mrs Simon Lavorini. It was a super day - the weather was just right (not too hot) and many parishioners and friends were able to mingle and get to know one another better. I hope that these few pictures will give readers some flavour of just how much we all enjoyed the day.

Summer Fayre and Barbeque
In the picture below Fr James Fyfe announces the winners of the Pirate’s Fancy Dress Competition and Pirate King Mike Keogh hands out the prizes at the Summer Fayre and Barbeque, held at 30 Sandringham Road, Hunstanton, on 19th August. The Fayre and BBQ raised in excess of 1,100 pounds for the RC Parish of Hunstanton, which includes St Cecilia's!

Recently the parish has been celebrating the 102nd birthday of Mrs Norah O'Leary who is still to be seen walking around Hunstanton and sometimes spotted doing some shopping. She is also to be seen in Church every Sunday - a marvellous encouragement to us all!

The above reports and pictures were submitted by Fr. James Fyfe and Mrs. May Davey
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A message from Joan Schorah

Many thanks to the many people who supported this appeal last year through the Churches, Schools, various organisations in the village and many kind unknown friends who left boxes at my house I was able to fill every available space in my car with shoe boxes to take to the collection point. Without this appeal nearly 1.15 million children would not have received a Christmas present last year. The numbers behind Operation Christmas child are quite staggering - 4,000 churches, over 8,000 schools, more than 100 warehouses and processing centres involving 5,000 volunteers sorting and checking boxes prior to shipment to 13 different countries including Romania, Serbia, India, Belarus.

I am happy to be involved as a collection point again this year. If you are interested in bringing pleasure to a child who would have no gift if it were not for yours please contact me on Dersingham 540491 – filled boxes need to be with me by mid-November to ensure arriving at their destination in time for Christmas.

If you are not familiar with this scheme you cover an average size shoe-box with attractive paper and fill it with small items suitable for children of varying ages and affix a sticky label stating age range of the contents and whether for a boy or girl. (I shall have a supply of the Official labels). 2-4, 5-9 or 10-14 yrs.

Suggestions you can include are a small ball/tennis ball, cuddly toy, toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, notepad, crayons, colouring book, hairbrush/comb sweets of course but make sure they have a long ‘sell by date’ For boys cars, trucks, puzzles - girls jewellery hair ribbons. No sharp or glass objects, war toys, chocolate, biscuits or crisps.

During the year friends have been busy knitting scarves and hats and I have a supply to add to boxes if anyone would like one. It’s economic to get together with friends as you can often buy pencil sharpeners, tennis balls, crayons etc. in packs of two and three and split them into several boxes.

*There is a website www.samaritanspurse.uk.com if you would like more information.*

Thank you.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Organisation</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Venue</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Every Mon, Tues, Thur &amp; Fri</td>
<td>9.00 to 11.30 am</td>
<td>Dersingham Playgroup</td>
<td>Playgroup Meeting</td>
<td>Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Mon &amp; Fri in Term Time</td>
<td>9.30 to 11.00 am</td>
<td>Puddleducks Toddler Group</td>
<td>Toddler Group Meeting</td>
<td>Dersingham Methodist Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Monday in the Month</td>
<td>8.45 - 9.45 am</td>
<td>Royal British Legion Women’s Section</td>
<td>Dersingham &amp; Sandringham Branch Meeting</td>
<td>Albert Victor Bowls Club, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>6.30 to 8pm</td>
<td>1st Dersingham Cubs</td>
<td>Meeting</td>
<td>Orchard Close Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Monday in the Month</td>
<td>7.30 pm</td>
<td>Royal British Legion</td>
<td>Meeting</td>
<td>Dersingham Methodist Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Monday in the Month</td>
<td>7.15 pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Parish Council</td>
<td>Full Council Meeting</td>
<td>Infant and Nursery School, Saxton Way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Tuesday</td>
<td>5.30 to 7.00 pm</td>
<td>2nd Dersingham Brownie Guide Group</td>
<td>Meeting for girls aged 7 - 10</td>
<td>Scout &amp; Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Tuesday</td>
<td>8 pm</td>
<td>Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes</td>
<td>Sandringham Lodge Meeting</td>
<td>Albert Victor Bowls Club, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Tuesday of the Month</td>
<td>7.30 pm</td>
<td>Village Voice ‘Live’</td>
<td>Presentations by Guest Speakers/Groups</td>
<td>Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Tuesday of the Month</td>
<td>7.30 pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Methodist Church Art Club</td>
<td>Meeting</td>
<td>Dersingham Methodist Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Wednesday</td>
<td>10.00 am to 4.00 pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Day Centre for the Elderly</td>
<td>Recreation &amp; Leisure Activities and Mid-day Meal</td>
<td>Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Wednesday</td>
<td>10.00 to 11.00 am</td>
<td>Music+Movement</td>
<td>Pre-school Music, Dance &amp; Drama</td>
<td>Scout &amp; Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Wednesday</td>
<td>2.00 to 4.00 pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Methodist Church</td>
<td>Carpet Bowls Meeting</td>
<td>Dersingham Methodist Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Wednesday</td>
<td>9.00 to 7.15 pm</td>
<td>Beavers</td>
<td>Meeting for children aged 6 - 8</td>
<td>Scout &amp; Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every 2nd Wed of the Month</td>
<td>9.30 to 7.00 pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Junior Flower Club</td>
<td>Meeting of Children aged 8+</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every 2nd Wed of the Month</td>
<td>10.30 am</td>
<td>St Nicholas Men’s Group</td>
<td>Men’s Group Meeting</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every 2nd Wed of the Month</td>
<td>7.30 pm</td>
<td>Albert Victor Bowls Club</td>
<td>Prize Bingo</td>
<td>Albert Victor Bowls Club, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>4.00 to 7.00 pm</td>
<td>1st Dersingham Rainbow Guide Group</td>
<td>Meeting for girls aged 5-7</td>
<td>Scout &amp; Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Other Thursday</td>
<td>4.00 to 7.00 pm</td>
<td>Dersingham parish Council</td>
<td>Car Boot Sale</td>
<td>Albert Victor Bowls Club, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>5.30 to 7.00 pm</td>
<td>1st Dersingham Brownie Guide Group</td>
<td>Meeting for girls aged 7 - 10</td>
<td>Scout &amp; Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>7.00 to 9.00 pm</td>
<td>1st Sandringham Guide Unit</td>
<td>Unit Meeting</td>
<td>Dersingham Community Centre, Manor Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>7.00 to 9pm</td>
<td>1st Dersingham Scout Group</td>
<td>Group Meeting</td>
<td>Scout &amp; Guide HQ Dersingham Sports Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>7.00 to 9.30 pm</td>
<td>Norfolk Army Cadet Force Sandringham Detachment Meeting</td>
<td></td>
<td>The Drill Hall, Dodds Hill</td>
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<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>7.30 pm</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church Club</td>
<td>Sandringham Detachment</td>
<td>The Drill Hall, Dodds Hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Thursday</td>
<td>7.30 pm</td>
<td>Park House Hotel Rubber Bridge</td>
<td>Park House Hotel</td>
<td>Park House Hotel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Thursday of the Month</td>
<td>6.30 to 8pm</td>
<td>1st Dersingham Cubs</td>
<td>Meeting</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Month</td>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Organisation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Sept</td>
<td>7.30pm</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri &amp; Sat</td>
<td>29 &amp; 30</td>
<td>Sept</td>
<td>10am to 6pm</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sept</td>
<td>10am to 5pm</td>
<td>Dorothy Whitehead Sugarcraft Artist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>12 noon to 6pm</td>
<td>St Nicholas Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>10.30 to 11am</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>2pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Walking Group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>6pm to 9pm</td>
<td>Norfolk Coast Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>10am to 11.30am</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>10.30am to 12noon</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>10.30am</td>
<td>Dersingham Walking Group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>7.30pm</td>
<td>Park House Sandringham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>10.30 to 11am</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Oct</td>
<td>2.30 to 3.30pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>10.30 to 11am</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>7.30pm</td>
<td>Carol Brown Health Centre &amp; Friends of St Nicholas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>1.30pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Walking Group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>1.30pm</td>
<td>Dersingham Walking Group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>10.30 to 11am</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Nov</td>
<td>10.30am</td>
<td>Dersingham Walking Group</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thu</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Dec</td>
<td>10.30 to 11am</td>
<td>Dersingham Library</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Norfolk Constabulary Western Mobile Police Station

West Norfolk Constabulary advise us that the Mobile Police Station will be open in Budgen’s car park as follows: Wednesdays – 25 October, 22 November and 20 December 2006, when Public Enquiry Officers Linda Forder and Pete Shaw will be in attendance along with P.C.Stan Cobon. Services which include; Advice, Crime recording, Information, Lost and found property, Crime prevention advice and literature. Useful contact telephone numbers are; Crimestoppers: 0800 555 111 and Norfolk Constabulary: 01953 424242

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

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 £10 for an eighth of a page per issue, to be very cost effective.

Advertisements for inclusion in the next newsletter should be in the hands of Sarah Bristow, Parish Clerk, Dersingham Parish Council, The Police Station, Manor Road, Dersingham PE31 6LH by Wednesday 8 November 2006 Enquiries regarding advertisements may be made by calling 01485 541465.

Articles for publication in the December edition of Village Voice must reach the editor at 45 Queen Elizabeth Drive, Dersingham, before the deadline date of Wednesday 8 November 2006 for publication on Thursday 30 November 2006. (Contributors who are promoting events should take note of this earliest date of publication).

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

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

Village Voice is the bi-monthly Newsletter of Dersingham Parish Council

The Production Team consists of

Editor: - Bob Tipling
Layout Artist, ‘In-house’ Photographer and Illustrations Editor: - Tony Bubb
Advertising Sales: - Ron Brackstone

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