

## Age Concern

Please would all readers look out for their older or vulnerable neighbours. If you think there is cause for concern either contact a relative or friend or alternatively, if you feel there is serious grounds for concern, contact the emergency services by dialling 999.

## Neighbourhood Watch

It is advisable for vulnerable residents not to go to their doors after dark, even if somebody taps on the window and asks for the door to be opened. A distraction burglary was carried out in Great Whelnetham on Tuesday 20 January 2004, in this manner. Please be aware.

## Police Report

Sarah King our Community Police Officer reported that there was just one reported crime in Hawstead over the last 2 months.

### At the Panto

*With shouts of 'He's behind you' those who came with the Community Council to see Robin Hood at the Theatre Royal had a most enjoyable Pantomime.*



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Editor: Brian Kew

# Hawstead Journal

For the Village by the Village

Volume 2, January 2004

## Hawstead Parish Council

At its Meeting on 15<sup>th</sup> January, the Council received and adopted the advice of its Finance Committee on the estimates for the coming financial year. Recent predictions on television and in the press have been that the County Council and Borough Council elements of the Council Tax levy for 2004 – 2005 will both show another increase, though probably less than last year's. The Parish Council's decision, however, is that its Precept will remain unchanged next year i.e. at £3,555. This has been achieved mainly through a decision not to take on any new capital project in the coming year.

Brian Kew was appointed to the Finance Committee in place of the late John Holdway, and the Council decided not to adopt new statutory provisions giving Town and Parish Councils the option of making a new range of allowances to their Members.

In her customary report, the Community Beat Officer gave details of crimes committed in the Parish over the last two months, which included the Christmas/New Year holiday period, and the Clerk summarised the Local Planning Authority's decisions on the Town and Country Planning applications mentioned in the last issue of 'The Journal'. In two cases the Parish Council's recommendation of refusal was accepted and the other two applications, involving alterations to properties in Bull Lane and Whepstead Road, were given conditional approval.

Topics discussed at the Parish Council meeting held on 15<sup>th</sup> January 2004:-

Horringer Police Station will get its own Sergeant at the beginning of March. Community Police Officers are to be trained in the operation of speed radar guns, they will be able to issue fixed penalty fines.

The state of the Parish Council accounts.	Suffolk rural housing.
Condition of village roads.	Dog-fouling on the village green.
Village road signage.	Memorial tree for John Holdway.
Complaint from landowner regarding village green rabbits.	
Obstructions on the verges between the bus shelter and The Metcalfe Arms.	

## Hawstead Community Council

First this year we must say a very big thank you to David and Sally Tolhurst for hosting a splendid **Advent Lunch at Fyletts Manor**, a total of £235 was raised towards our village hall. Everyone who was there really enjoyed the delicious food and the delightful company.

**The Christmas lunch** was held in Lawshall once again this year. Twenty five people sat down to lunch. Thank you everyone who helped make this such a fun day. Many people give their time and energy to help with this, so thank you one and all who helped in anyway from setting up to carving the bird, dressing the tree, cooking the food, playing the piano, donating food and wine, raffle prizes etc. etc.

Although it is very welcoming in Lawshall we do look forward to the day when we can do this in our village so that we can **walk** home hope it happens before I am sixty, not long to go now.

### BINGO

Bingo will held again as usual in Feb, March and April avoiding half term and Easter. This time we shall be meeting in the games room of The Cottage in The Pound. With grateful thanks to the Diaper family.

**February dates will be the 3<sup>rd</sup> and the 17<sup>th</sup> at 7.30.**

Sonja Monk

## Hawstead and The Web

A domain name has been allocated to our village. The Parish Council will be the managing agent and is requesting offers from anyone in the village, who may be interested in undertaking the design of the village website. Contact any Parish Council member if you can help.



Kathleen Judge  
Bernard Judge  
Ian  
And last but not least – Jan Kew

Malcolm Cornwell  
Joyce Dainty  
Janice Lowe

Rosemary Carr  
Jacquie Miln  
Amanda Brown

Thank You  
Brian Kew

## Letter Of Complaint

Over the Christmas holiday the sad news was reported to the Journal that Morris is no longer with us (has he joined another group of Dancers in the sky, perhaps?). We had not heard from him for a month or two and had assumed he was on one of his back-packing holidays in Belgium.

Ms Morris informs us that he left peaceably doing what he had always done on Christmas Day. For years without fail, they had exchanged simple gifts, he giving her an assortment of old magazines, generally purchased in charity shops (he complained that new ones were too expensive) and she to him a bag of chocolate spanners nicely wrapped in recycled crepe paper.

It was just after the Queen's speech that Ms Morris realized just how serene the afternoon had become. She said she felt "free, relieved and uninhibited".

She informs us that Morris went on his way whilst sucking on a 5/16 Whitworth open-ender. Ms Morris said she's never been so happy. Our thoughts go out to her.

Many tributes have been received of which we print but a few:-

"He could complain for England" WR

"I remember him looking for his false teeth after that bungee jump" BL

"He bought so many plants from the plant sale, I thought he was going to turn the village into a park" TP

"The old git" PE

Most of the others are unprintable. Some of us will miss him.

## And So to Bed

Some 2 years ago our village newsletter became viable. The printing and layout has been carried out by a small publishing group closely allied to Cecil & Larter, called CandLe Marketing. It has been underwritten and kept afloat by the very kind sponsorship of Cecil & Larter throughout this period.

CandLe Marketing have been so successful that their workload has considerably increased over the last few months and they are struggling to continue printing our Journal. It is with some sadness that this Journal will be the last in its present form, unless another sponsor can be found. Steps are being taken to effect continuity.

If there is anyone or indeed a group of people in the village who feel they can help with saving the Journal, please contact any Community Council member or myself.

To the contributors, distributors, floppy discers and proof-readers:-

Peter Richardson	Margaret Crockford	Judy Sibley
Glyn Hammond	Sally Tolhurst	Mike Sibley
Kathryn Diaper	David Tolhurst	Louise Johnson
Philippa Diaper	Carol Massey	Terry Rushen
Sue Diaper	Arthur Bailey	Wendy
Sonka Monk	Doreen Bailey	Christabel Carr
Bruce Monk	John Gilham	James Carr
Norman Gibbs	Jenny Gilham	Ros Alexander
Ann Gibbs	Joey Gilham	Betty Huck
Oliver Gibbs	Andy Parrett	Lesley Carey
Alan Brown	Sandra Dawson	Karen Cauldwell
Tony Hillman	Dave Dawson	Paul Cauldwell
Richard Milns	Hannah Dawson	Andy Evershed
Nikki Browne	Sylvia Miller	Geraldine Upfold
Hayley Baker	Simon Miller	Robin Whitfield
Chris Notley	Peter Duffield	Gary Stokes
Bill Crockford	Nancy Dawson	Lorraine Stokes
Frances Evershed	Alf Dawson	James Holliday
Fiona Holliday	Bernice Tooke	Lynda Dewse
Phyllis Pettitt	Roy Tooke	Andrew Bury
Les Pettitt	Jo Butt	Sue Holland
Sarah Lawson	Ms Morris	Derek Holland
Steve Lawson	Morris	Christine Gossett
Shirley Baker	Tracey Baker	Tam Alexander
Jessica Parrett	Angela Parrett	Tom Coxhead

## A Bad Start to 2004

Carrying out the usual morning chores, feed the cats, make up the fires, read the mail, mix the chicken's mash etc., I strolled down the garden to the ark where Samuel (our cockerel) looked after White Girl, Jessica, Nora and Angel, warm mash in hand .....

Through the gate past the eucalyptus and Cox's orange pippin to – devastation: Nora was lying dead against the wire, White Girl (a bantam) was covered in mud, Angel could not walk and had a proportion of her neck eaten away and Jessica had most of the skin and feathers missing from her neck, although still alive and standing. There was no sign of burrowing under the ark and the thought of fox soon disappeared. I let the poor creatures out and only Samuel seemed to have some life left in him. The 3 hens just stood morose and bleeding. I gingerly lifted out the side of the ark and there curled up in the bedding was a mink. It made me jump, I made it jump! It ran down the ladder, out of the ark, into the pond, swam to the other side and headed for the scrub on the edge of the River Lark. This superb looking black, shiny furred lithe animal had just been eating my chickens alive, neck first! As there was no evidence of how it had entered the ark, I can only assume it was already inside when I made it secure the previous night.

Angel had to be despatched that same morning and Jessica would have been, had we been able to catch her. She hid under the brambles out of reach.

2 weeks later Samuel and White Girl seem to have recovered and by some kind of survival instinct I do not understand, Jessica with no flesh from the top of her head down the length of her neck, roosts on the garden bench – recovering, although we do not know for how long she will manage to exist in this state, but she is eating, drinking and preening and seeks out the sun when it shines during these Winter days.....

BK

*All Saints Church—Hawstead*  
**SERVICES**

**FEBRUARY**

<b>Sunday 8<sup>th</sup></b>	8.30 am	Said Eucharist
<b>Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup></b>	11.00 am	Parish Eucharist

**MARCH**

<b>Sunday 14<sup>th</sup></b>	8.30 am	Said Eucharist
<b>Sunday 28<sup>th</sup></b>	11.00 am	Parish Eucharist

**Parish Prayers.** An opportunity for silent/ contemplative prayer, and to pray for the parish and benefice is held every Wednesday in the church at 5 – 5.30pm. All are welcome.

**The church is open every day from 9am to 4pm**

For all other Services in the Benefice please see Church Notice board

**Memorial Tree Planting**

The Parish Council has decided to plant a small oak tree in the millennium field in recognition of all the hard work that John Holdway put into the village he loved.

The tree will be a 2-3 year old sapling grown from an acorn gathered from within the village. Anyone who would like to be present will be more than welcome.

The planting will take place on the 21<sup>st</sup> February 2004, at 10.30 am.

B E Kew Tree Warden

**For the Record**

A flock of 6 male bullfinches feeding from a hedgerow bordering a road in Pinford End

B and JK

**Castaway Top Ten**

This month's castaway is Terry Rushen from the Whepstead Road

1	Don't Cry for Me Argentina	Sarah Brightman
2	Addicted to Love	Bryan Adams
3	I would do anything for Love But I won't do That	Meatloaf
4	Angie	Rolling Stones
5	Little Red Rooster	Rolling Stones
6	River Deep, Mountain High	Ike and Tina Turner
7	You're so Vain	Carly Simon
8	Where do you go to my Lovely?	Peter Sarstedt
9	On the Road Again	Canned Heat
10	Bad Penny Blues	Humphrey Littleton and his Band

My favourite is Bad Penny Blues - Memories of Wednesdays at Agricultural College, first afternoon rugby, then Jazz Club early evening and then!!!?

**For Sale**

900 watt Sharp Microwave Oven with double grill.  
As new still in its box and packaging £125.00

Please contact Sonja Tel: 386876

## Winter Warmer

### Italian Beef Braised in red wine

Quick to prepare – cooks while you relax and sip mulled wine - ideal for the cold winter evenings

1-1.5 kg Joint of beef – silverside (or brisket)  
2 tbsp vegetable oil  
18 shallots, peeled  
3 carrots  
1 bouquet garni  
1 tbsp tomato puree  
350ml red wine  
350ml hot beef stock

Preheat oven to 150 (gas 2). Heat oil in a large flameproof casserole (or pan) on the hob. Place beef in the hot oil and sear outside of joint for 5 mins until browned all over, turning regularly. Transfer to a warm plate and set aside.

Add the carrots, celery and shallots to the hot oil and fry for 2-3 mins until softened.

Add herbs and puree to the pan, then pour in the wine and stock.. Bring to the boil, return beef to the pan, cover and transfer to the oven.



Cook for about 3 and half hours, turning the meat 2 or 3 times.

Discard bouquet garni, and best served with creamy mashed potatoes.



## Broadband for Sicklesmere Exchange!

The hot news is that from 28th January 2004 the Sicklesmere telephone exchange will be 'Broadband-enabled'! This is as a result of at least 150 households in the area 'expressing an interest' to BT. So if you have a BT telephone number (and you must have a BT number) beginning 386 or 388, you will be able to use this very much faster Internet service from that date. There is a catch – you have to be less than 6km from the exchange.

Broadband is otherwise known as ADSL which stands for Asymmetric Digital Subscriber Line (asymmetric because the upload/download speeds are different). It works by splitting your existing phone line into two, one for data and the other for voice. As well as being much faster than the existing 'dial-up' system it is 'always on' and also allows you to use the phone for normal use at the same time. Now that sounds like good news!

Of course broadband is more expensive. You will need to buy an ADSL internal or external modem (approx. £40 - £60) and one or more little things called micro filters. Then you will need to sign up to an ISP – Internet Service Provider. This may be the same company which currently supplies you with the Internet – if you are already using it – but it doesn't have to be. There will be a flat monthly charge which seems to be about £25–30. Have a look on the website [www.adslguide.org.uk](http://www.adslguide.org.uk) and you can find a list of all the ISPs in the UK with a yearly 'Total Cost of Ownership'. There's nearly 100 of them(!) and scanning down the list, most are quoting around £300-£350.\*

The ADSL website will tell you lots more about broadband; also of use are several BT sites. There's [www.broadband1.bt.com](http://www.broadband1.bt.com) where you can type in your phone no. and it will tell you if you're close enough to the exchange for broadband. <http://bt.com/btbroadband> (i.e. no 'www') tells you what you need and suggests that it'll be easiest if you order from BT. The deal at the moment is as follows: a) a one-off connection fee of £30, b) a monthly charge of £27 (ie Direct Debit) for a minimum contract period of 12 months, and c) a charge of £50 for the modem, cables and two microfilters. If you order online this reduces to £40. It sounds pretty reasonable to me! nb. Check what it says about computer requirements before proceeding.

A final word: you could also consider going 'wireless' (particularly if you have more than one computer at home) which means you can use a computer anywhere in the house, and probably the garden as well, and connect to the Internet without any cables. Of course this is more expensive, the cost of the modem and gadgets to adapt two pcs coming to £210 from BT (inc. VAT)

AJP

\* There are actually 3 speeds of access quoted, but you can only get the 1mb/ 2mb connections if you're really close to the exchange – and it's a lot more expensive!

## Book Review

C.B.Fry An English Hero by Iain Wilton

England won the rugby world cup and Jonny Wilkinson is the latest sporting hero. He joins a long and illustrious line going back through such as Ian Botham, Henry Cooper.... Your list is as long as mine, but go back a hundred years to the golden age, and is there any one to compare with Charles Burgess Fry?

Charles Burgess Fry was an extraordinary Englishman. He could not exist today. He had sporting achievements that left a whole generation awestruck. He played for England at two sports and was world class in another, setting the long-jump record that lasted for 21 years. Many thought he would have played for England at rugby as well had it not clashed with soccer commitments.

He was academically outstanding and an accomplished writer, for years writing for newspapers originally and well, not least for The Express where he more or less invented the role of the sports star/journalist. He was one of the most handsome men in England. And, if all that sounds improbable, he was also short-listed for the job of king of Albania.

But, as a new biography points out, Fry paid a price for his brilliance. Although he looked like a Greek god and often performed like one, he was a man brought low by his weaknesses. He made a catastrophic marriage, he was prone to nervous breakdowns and had judgement so flawed that he became a devoted admirer of Adolf Hitler.

It was 100 years ago that he made his debut as an England cricketer, opening against Australia with WG Grace, but it is noticeable that the two counties he played for, Sussex and Hampshire, do not commemorate him, and there is only a small plaque at Lords. This is an indication that as an amateur he played for fun and when it suited himself. Not the sort of attitude to endear him to committees or organisers. However, as records go, scoring six first-class centuries in successive innings is not only breathtaking but also unique.

He also played football for England and in an FA Cup Final for Southampton. But his talent at athletics was probably more remarkable still. He was a world class long jumper, a brilliant sprinter and he would almost certainly have won a gold medal or two at the 1896 Olympic games had he known they were taking place (they were in Athens, the first games for 2,000 years or so, and very badly publicised). He was a social star among the brightest of his generation - his closest friends became Cabinet ministers. But he had problems, he was constantly short of money (even resorting to nude modelling to make ends meet). It gradually emerged that he did not have the strength to carry the burden of his genius and as a student at Oxford, he had already suffered a nervous breakdown.

## A Book for a Year

In November 2002 I set myself a task for the following year – to read Anthony Powell's novel '*A Dance to the Music of Time*' – and as it's a work in twelve volumes this seemed a reasonable goal at the rate of one per month. (OK, I'm a slow reader!) You'll be pleased to hear that I managed the task with a week or two spare.

'A Dance...' was published between 1951-1975 and my 1997 paperback reprint in four volumes runs to around 2200 pages. It tells of the fortunes of a number of people over a half century c.1920-1970 as observed by the narrator, Nicholas Jenkins. The context is upper middle class (or is it lower upper class?) England, taking the characters from school to university, pre-war London, the second World War – and so on through to the early 1970's. Not a lot 'happens' in the sense of adventure, intrigue etc., and the reader chugs steadily along rather than being gripped by the narrative. It's not really page-turning/midnight oil burning stuff, but it is a pleasant read spent mostly in an atmosphere of well-heeled affluence.

Nicholas (or Nick) is central to the story in that all events occur in relation to him as the narrator; but it is largely the activities of the others (and there are over 300 of them apparently!) which is important. Nick observes and relates: he seems to be held in good regard by all, but events do not turn on his actions. His personal affairs, in particular his marriage to Isabel and their consequent family, are not at all central to events. Much more significant is Kenneth Widmerpool, a school acquaintance of Nick's, who appears again and again as their paths cross right up to the very end.

Clive James is quoted on the cover of the book, saying that '*A Dance...* is going to become the greatest modern novel since *Ulysses*.' The extent to which you agree with this might be coloured by your opinion both of Mr. James and of *Ulysses* itself. If you're interested in exploring further, go on the Internet to [www.anthonypowell.org](http://www.anthonypowell.org) where there's lots of interesting information, including a book-by-book synopsis and a description of the many real-life people used by Powell as models for his characters. (Nick is Anthony Powell himself.)

PS There's also a Channel 4 video (two tapes): I hadn't realised that it had been filmed/broadcast in 1997.

AJP

## Book review contd.

His autobiography *Life Worth Living*, written in 1939, is full of inaccuracy and exaggeration (does this remind you of Jeffrey Archer?), all in Fry's favour. And he made no reference to his own mental difficulty while being horribly unsympathetic about somebody else's. He died in 1956, a "grand old man of sport". The obituaries were fulsome. But looked at from the golden days of his youth, what a disappointing and unfulfilled life it must have been.

Wilton's style and objectivity makes this longish book an easy read and I can recommend it, especially as a reminder of how things were not so long ago.

- CB Fry: *An English Hero* by Iain Wilton,  
Richard Cohen Books, 498 pages  
£25 hardback or £10 paperback.



Anna Glypt  
Parish Councila

## Bury Mobile Library Dates

Calling monthly on Tuesday

27 January, 24 February, 23 March, 20 April, 18 May, 15 June,  
13 July, 10 August 7 September, 5 October and 2 November

Pinford End	12.40 pm to 12.50 pm
Old School	12.55 pm to 1.15 pm
Council Houses	1.20 pm to 1.40 pm

In 1898, at the age of 26, he married Beatrice Sumner, a cruel and domineering woman and he lived in fear of her for the duration of their marriage. For a man who should have been highly eligible, she was not the obvious choice: not only was she 10 years older than him, she had the scandalous sort of past which in those days closed many doors. Fry had many gifts but emotional strength was not one of them - nor was wealth. His marriage to Beatrice Sumner may not have been unconnected with the fact that her lover Charles Hoare, with whom she'd been involved since she was 15 and who was the father of her illegitimate children, was rich enough to finance all three of them.

Fry and she were married for 48 years before she died but it seems clear that her banker lover, not CB, was the love of her life. For his part, CB adjusted to her death in 1946 with great equanimity. Her children showed all the freedom of the newly liberated.

Compared to many, from 1914 to 1918, Fry had an easy war as head of the Mercury, the Navy training school for young boys. His wife was in charge of the day-to-day affairs while he used his networking skills to improve facilities and to set sound financial foundations.

In the Twenties, his mental health, which had held up well for nearly three decades, started to deteriorate. He was anxious and excitable playing cricket. His wife made him thoroughly miserable and he tried to stay away from her as much as possible. Maybe it was fear or maybe he was debilitated by the realization that the genius of his youth had not truly been brought to fruition. His Oxford friends had gone on to positions of power. Although he was involved in negotiations for Indian independence through the old League of Nations, it was because of his connection with the other half of his cricketing partnership, Ranjitsinji. Fry himself had failed to become a Liberal MP and he had neither money nor position. In this long review, I can only mention in passing his flirtation with Hollywood and the Movie Industry.

In India in the late Twenties, he had a major breakdown and became thoroughly paranoid. For the rest of his life, he dressed in bizarrely unconventional clothes and had frighteningly eccentric interludes. He was never entirely well again. In 1934, Fry met Hitler. He went well briefed but was quite overcome by the size and spirit of a meeting where the Fuhrer was opening an autobahn. He was very impressed with the calibre of young men and women who, he thought, compared very well with young people in Britain. Fry tried to persuade Von Ribbentrop that Nazi Germany should take up cricket to Test level. He said that cricket was essentially a pure Nordic game and they would probably produce a blond WG Grace. The Germans were not convinced.

continued on page 10

# Triple 20's Christmas Lunch

