



The Bergh Apton Newsletter

June - July 2017

Issue No. 151

Editorial Comment

In this issue of Our/Your Newsletter you will find some articles repeating themes, I make no excuse for this as I feel that those things we do well in this Village need underlining, indeed I was amazed how many people from far and wide attended the Hedgehog awareness day, I was later told that some people went home for lack of space, I must apologize for the poor parking caused by some of the visitors but the organisers told me that they had not expected so many interested supporters. I feel and say that I am very thankful that there are so many people both near and far that keep this community active to the benefit of us all.

Milton Harris (Editor)
Keeley Harris (Graphic Designer)

Warm Applause for The Poringland Singers

It has been some years since the Poringland Singers performed in Bergh Apton parish church and the 39-strong choir, under Musical Director Ian Elliot, was warmly welcomed back on the evening of St George's Day, 23 April, to inaugurate our fundraising campaign for the replacement of the church's ineffective heating system.

The concert was entitled "Spring into Song". Its hour-and-a-half of music ranged from "Adiemus", Karl Jenkins' evocative modern choral chant that combines African and Celtic influences, through John Rutter's settings for Spirituals in "Feel the Spirit", to Katherine Tynan's elegiac "All in the April Evening" set to the music of Sir Hugh Robertson, founder of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir.

A combination of ticket sales, the generosity of the Choir in its modest performance fee and equally generous donations from people who could not attend, a total of £606 was achieved for the heating project.



Four Bergh Apton people were with the Poringland Singers performing on St George's Day in Bergh Apton church. Allowing for a bit of uncertainty in describing their positions in this photo, you will find Jon Brompton (bass) part-hidden in the middle of the back row and his wife Polly (contralto) third from left in the Ladies' third rank. Evy Sayers' daughter Julia and Rebecca Hartley (soprani) are left and third from left in the front rank.

John Ling



Challenge 70

We are inviting individuals, groups and companies to help raise funds during our 70th year in 2017,

if you are interested please contact the fundraising team:

fundraising@ageuknorfolk.org.uk

or call: 01603 787 111

Help us today!

By making a donation at
Virgin Money Giving or JustGiving

You can also donate by text –

please text AUKN12

followed by either

£1, £2, £5 or £10 to 70070.

Follow us on



**This month's copy deadline
will be the 1st July.**

Please send articles to me
Milton Harris [Editor] at
town_farm@btinternet.com

Thank you

ANENT WHAT WAS

'A fine old city, truly, is that, view it from whatever side you will..... perhaps the most curious specimen at present extant of the genuine old English town. Yes, there it spreads.....with its venerable houses, its numerous gardens, its thrice twelve churches..... a grey old castle.....and yonder. Rising three hundred feet above the soil..... behold that old Norman master-work, that cloud-encircled cathedral spire.....

George Borrow 1851

It was a meandering line of blue and green tiles that opened my eyes to what lies beneath my feet and about me.

All developments are built over a landscape and as they sprawl they conceal, iron out bits they find awkward, blot out, blend and blur and, in relentless building, masks what was. From settlements on the flood plain of the Wensum Norwich grew stretching further and further out within the comfortable curve of the river and leaving riddles and conundrums as to what might have been.

When I go into town I park on Rouen Road and then walk to the library or wherever else I want to go. Norwich is twinned with this French city and it was here that Jeanne d'Arc was bound to a stake and burnt to death. Leaving the car park, I turn into Thorn Lane. Noel Coward commented, 'Very flat, Norfolk.', it is clear he had never had to walk up this lane! At the top of the lane where it meets Ber Street on the right hand side was once a church, St. Michael at Thorn or St. Michael ad Spinus as it was sometimes called because of the hawthorns hedging it. Where it stood is now the Eastern Daily Press's car park. This church was ancient and knew prayer and psalm, carol and canticle before even William from Normandy invaded. For nine centuries it stood to serve its people and then, in 1942, together with several other churches and old buildings it was reduced to rubble and dust. On two raids in early summer flights of German bombers brought death and destruction to Norwich, 'it looked as if the whole city was on fire', with nearly a thousand people injured or killed all by that country's unwarranted aggression. I was a war time child and know well what those people would have thought as they heard the siren's warning wail and the drone of approaching planes. They would have seen search lights cut great roads of light across the sky dimming the stars, then heard the thunder of our guns and the reverberations of bombs landing each with its cargo of deliberate damage and death. On the other side of Ber Street opposite to where the church had stood was a public house called 'The Thorn', this building is now an Asian restaurant.

On the left hand side at the top of Thorn Lane is Wensum Valley Wooded Ridge. It runs from here to Carrow Road, it is a wild wooded area but a pathway runs through it. I was told once that foxes live here and those in the know who live nearby are fiercely protective of these creatures. Such a privilege and a pleasure, in this very built up area, to live so close to these beautiful and interesting animals. Near to the entrance to this Wooded Ridge is a brave little apple tree, neglected and old but every year blooms and, later in the year, is full of small fruit and the ground at its feet is covered with violets. I am guessing that it is along this ridge of high land that Bronze Age burial mounds were found.

Ber Street was once known as Blood-and-Guts Street, it was a street of butchers, slaughter houses and pubs. Just imagine the smell and noise, frightened cattle, drunk drovers and the stink of blood and beer. This road leads into Cattle Market Street where the herds were penned.

Here I turn left, walk across All Saints' Green and into Westlegate and this is where the blue and green tiles make their appearance. This area together with much of the centre of town is now closed to traffic. On my right is a house, now a restaurant and life-style shop! When years ago it was a home it was called, 'The Barking Dickey'. 'Dickey' was Norfolk dialect for 'donkey' and, of course, 'barking' was the donkey's braying. It is thatched and looking down a narrow passage between this once house and the neighbouring building part of a large house can be seen and, unusually, it too is thatched. What was the road is now paved and there are seats. Starting where Westlegate begins and going to where it joins St. Stephen's among the paving slabs is a meandering line of blue and green tiles which branch, like the top of the letter 'y' as it reaches St. Stephens. I thought this was just a ploy to brighten monotonous paving and paid it but little attention. Quite by accident while looking for information on something else I was astonished to see this line of blue and green tiles marks the course of a long buried stream, the Great Cockey. Such an imaginative idea, very well done indeed to whoever thought of this. This stream, long hidden, rises somewhere on All Saint's Green and flows across town and joins the Wensum near the Playhouse. There are other streams too, the Little Cockey rises near Chaplefield and enters the Wensum near St. Benedicts. The Dalymond flows on the other side of town in the area of Magpie Road and Magdalen Street.

Thanks to the blue and green tiles I began to find out more about my walk from the car park and into town but it is the hidden streams that really took my fancy.

Pat Mlejnecky

In the tradition of the English Village Fete

2017

**BERGH APTON
ANNUAL FETE**

2.00 pm

SATURDAY 8 JULY

AT THE MANOR

By kind permission of Kip & Alison Bertram

to be opened by Guest of Honour

AMELIA REYNOLDS

of BBC TV's
LOOK EAST

**FREE CAR PARK
FREE ADMISSION**

*VISIT THE MANOR GARDEN
FOR A £1 DONATION*

**But no dogs please . . leave yours
at home - not in the car on (we hope!) a hot Summer's day**

2017 Litter Pick Report

In April 2015 Bergh Apton Conservation Trust held its first litter picking event and repeated this last year. With it now firmly established in the BACT calendar we met again at 2PM on Sunday 26th March to once again clean up the village. As in 2016 the weather was almost perfect, bright sunshine with a slight breeze, and nine of us, helped by two dogs, cleared the rubbish from Hellington Corner, Mill Road (both sides), The Street, Church Road, School Road, Welbeck Road and Upper and Lower Kiln Lane. As this was the third year we have done this there was less of the really ancient rubbish to pick up but we still filled 15 large bags or "ordinary" rubbish, about half of it recyclable. It is strange the things some people throw away and a certain amount of competition developed as to who could find the most unusual item. John Ling thought he had it in the bag (literally!) when he found a discarded power drill but Carrie Kerry beat this with yet another power drill plus an umbrella!

Some items were just too big and heavy to bag such as two large car tyres, and old metal frame for a seat and a car battery, so these had to be collected separately. Thankfully South Norfolk District Council waived their normal fee for disposing of the car tyres and even came to collect them. After 3 hours of work we ended up back at the Village Hall for hot drinks and a large selection of delicious home-made cakes.

When we planned the event the previous year nobody noticed that 26th March was Mothering Sunday so this obviously effected the turnout. However, many other BACT members "did their own thing" the days before and following 26th March and they covered the rest of the village: Church Meadow Lane, Loddon Road, Threadneedle Street,

White Heath Road, Sunnyside and Bussey Bridge so altogether the number of people taking part exceeded the previous year.

The equipment, bags and yellow jackets were all supplied by South Norfolk Council as part of the "South Norfolk Big Litter Pick 2017". As in previous years we were complimented by passers-by on what we were doing and you could see we were really making a difference as we worked our way along each road so a very big thankyou to everyone who took part this year and to the cake bakers and to the Village Hall for providing the facilities for us free of charge. Every year we select a slightly earlier date for the litter pick as it's much harder when the undergrowth is long so in 2018 we will arrange the litter pick for early March, and avoid Mother's Day!



BACT Litter Pickers with some of the rubbish they collected. Left to right; Ruth Harris, Milton Harris, Heather Lewin with Jasper, Shirley Rimmer, Mike Rimmer, Carrie Kerry (holding a power drill), John Ling (holding another power drill) and Hillary Ling with Motchi.

Bob Kerry

BACAT Workshop

Saturday 10 June, 10.00-15.00 Creating Imaginary Plants from Doggerland with Peter Lyle

This workshop is being held in connection with BACAT's next event "Doggerland". Create imaginary plants that could have grown on Doggerland by combining pressed leaves, flowers, seed heads. Strange combinations, something unique & new. Plant materials will be provided but bring your own along too. Get pressing now! And describe what the new plants would have been used for and give them Latin and common names a Daffodolia or a Primercup or.....!

The finished works will be mounted and displayed in the Church, during the period of the performances, as if they were pages from a long-lost herbarium.

This is a free workshop being held at the Village Hall. There is no need to book a place, just come along for as much of the day as you like.



George Raikes – Bergh Apton’s Demon Bowler

Soon after we came back to Bergh Apton in late 1997, I heard tell of the heyday of our village cricket team who played on the land where the village hall stands and who used Glebe Cottage, just opposite, as their changing rooms (whose bricked-up doorway is still visible on the north wall).

It was a time, according to my informant, when many local cricket teams did not expect to beat us and some, indeed, would not even play us. This claim, based on the research that went into a book just published, may be a tale too far but, as is so often the case, it has a grain of truth in it.

The book is by Norwich cricket-loving author Stephen Musk, entitled “George Raikes - Muscular Christianity?”. Its eponymous subject, George Barclay Raikes (known to his sporting peers as “GBR” or “Ginger Beer”) was better known as the Reverend Raikes, Bergh Apton’s Rector from 1920 to 1936.

Stephen’s subtitle “Muscular Christianity?” reflects the possibility that Raikes, as a curate in Portsea on the South coast, may have adopted a rigorous brand of Christianity espoused by Portsea’s Rector of that time, Cosmo Gordon Lang who, in 1928, became Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the second chapter in which he summarises GBR’s career as a sportsman, Stephen Musk succumbs amusingly to literary temptation in adapting a well-known Hogarthian term as its heading; “Raikes Progress”. He tells us that Raikes showed early talent as a cricketer when, aged 16 in 1889, he was picked to play for a Charles “Fox” Jarvis XI against the Billingford Incapables - a match the Jarvis XI lost.

Thereafter, Raikes’ cricketing career blossomed, including the captaincy of his school’s First XI at Shrewsbury. Initially a wicket-keeper, he developed into a good fast-medium bowler and a very sound middle-order batsman. He went on to play First-Class cricket for Hampshire and, in the Minor Counties Championship, for a Norfolk side that won the Minor Counties title four times between 1895 and 1913. In the winning seasons of 1905 and 1910 Raikes was, in fact, Captain but in 1913 had ceded the captaincy to the great Michael Falcon [see note 1].

Those talents that made him a good wicket-keeper may have been the same ones that made him a good soccer “goalie” (in a game then known as “Association Football”) who played for Oxford University and the famous (later merged) amateur soccer clubs Corinthians and Casuals. Such was his skill that, between 1894 and 1896, he won four Home International caps for England and in one match - against Ireland in March 1896 - was reported in the Irish Times as having been Captain.

But let’s get back to Bergh Apton in 1920 where, at the age of forty-seven, and seven years after his career as a first-class cricketer (1893 to 1913) had ended, George Raikes arrived as Rector to succeed Harvey Thursby. It had been an impressive career, too: For Hampshire Raikes’ averages over the twenty years were (batting) 27.27 and (bowling) 34.24. When playing for Norfolk, they were respectively 30.46 and 16.09. For comparison with the current era, in the 2016 season, the Warwickshire and England all-rounder Chris Woakes had similar averages of (batting) 30.81 and (bowling) 29.33.

Raikes’ competitive nature as a sportsman was almost certainly the cause of that “unbeatable” Bergh Apton’s cricket team. Though now approaching the age of fifty, he seems to have played with no less intensity and aggression in the 1920s than he had in his heyday. Perhaps his village teammates, with such a bold leader, upped their own games as well.

Stephen Musk’s text and statistics reveal that, when Raikes led the team, Bergh Apton was indeed formidable but, when he

was absent, it lost both heart and matches. That is borne out by the results (where the records survive) that Stephen includes on p.114: Of the 22 matches played when Raikes was Captain, they won 15, tied 1, drew 1 and lost only 5; in the 24 fixtures when he was absent, they won only 13, drew 1 and lost 10. That, I think, says it all!

Competitive games in Bergh Apton ended in 1925 when the cricket field was no longer available. Of interest to local historians, Stephen’s research (p.110) identifies the Cricket Club’s Vice-President Mr F Farrow as the one who had made the field available in 1920 but now, five years later, withdrew it to be “developed” (p.114),

Whatever that development was it was not the familiar modern use for housing as nothing was built on it until the village hall was erected in 1953. Moreover the owner of the land, as far as we know, was not Farrow but Thomas Denny-Cooke of the Manor (who later gave it for the building of the village hall).

The answer may well be that Vice-President Farrow was the same Farrow who, at that time, rented Washingford House from Denny-Cooke, and whose tenancy may have included the cricket ground. The Local History Group looks to have a new project on its hands to find the answer!

So, to conclude. Stephen Musk’s excellent new book published by the Association of Cricket Statisticians and Historians is a valuable addition to the knowledge we have of our past Rectors and their interests. Moreover it explains why Bergh Apton’s cricket team of the 1920s gained that “unplayable” tag (but we now know that they were not as unplayable as the legend suggests!).

The man behind the legend, George Barclay Raikes was born in Carleton-Forehoe on 14 March 1873. He retired from the living of Bergh Apton in 1936 to move with his wife Maud to Great Ayton in Yorkshire. Stephen Musk traces their final move, sometime around 1955, to the Somerset village of Lamyatt where Maud died in March 1958 and GBR followed her on 18th December 1966 aged ninety-three.

Stephen concludes his interesting book with the words “The Rev George Barclay Raikes was a sportsman that I would have liked to have known”. Me too.

Note 1: Information on Captaincy taken from Bill Edrich’s book “Cricket Heritage” (published by Stanley Paul 1948).



England goalkeeper George Raikes on the front cover of Stephen Musk’s book.

John Ling

Hedgehog Awareness Day

In support of GREENSTED HEDGEHOG RESCUE



On Saturday April 22nd Bergh Apton Village Hall was the venue for Greensted Hedgehog Rescue's very first HEDGEHOG AWARENESS DAY, the brainchild of Penny Moores, one of Jayne Moore's loyal helpers.



Jayne Moore has been rescuing sick and injured hedgehogs at her home in Wortwell for a few years now and has gained a wealth of knowledge about the life cycle and habits of this enigmatic animal. It has been a steep and often heartbreaking learning curve with Jayne's dedication and love for hedgies enabling her to press on despite many setbacks. Her garage quickly became a makeshift hedgehog convalescence and rehabilitation zone filled with cages and hedgehog supplies such as newspapers and food.



This terrible injury is the unintentional result of careless strimming.

Food, medication and Vets' bills are priority, but how can one Hedgehog Champion and her supporters raise money and awareness? Until recently, Jayne's work has been entirely self-funded! Water had to be carried in from the outside tap and, although the little patients were cosy in covered cages with heatpads where needed, Jayne was soldiering on in pretty unfriendly working conditions. How on earth could the garage be upgraded to include a secure, draught-proof door and a sink with running water? Contractors don't come cheap! One possible answer: hold a hedgehog awareness day to include a short talk on how the whole community can help hedgehogs. Jayne is used to giving talks so it was game on!

The hall was booked and kind supporters contributed their time, prizes for the raffle and tombola and fabulous cakes for the tea stall and cake stall. Other stalls with tee-shirts and bric a brac, books and clothes popped up adding colour and interest.

The hall looked welcoming and interesting, but.. would it be well-attended? Would the hard work that went into the preparations be worth it? SUCCESS!

On the day the children's colour a hedgehog picture activity and face painting proved popular. (Well, who wouldn't want to be as cute as a hedgehog?)



The tombola and raffle hummed with activity, the cakes were greatly relished and funds were raised.



Jayne's talk answered many people's questions and certainly achieved its goal of raising awareness, aided and abetted by two live hoggies.

Jane Shaw



If you are concerned about a hedgehog, please call GREENSTED HEDGEHOG RESCUE on

01986 788952

Please remember:

WHEN YOU SEE A HEDGEHOG OUT DURING THE DAYTIME... IT IS IN TROUBLE!

Here's how you and all your family can help hedgehogs:

Always have fresh water available.

Check for hedgehogs in compost heaps, straw etc before turning.

Build and burn bonfires on the same day or dismantle and relocate before burning.

Keep ponds topped up and have a ramp for small hoggies to climb out.

Use as few chemicals as possible

Keep an uncultivated area for all wildlife

Add a log pile and a hedgehog box to a quiet area.

Jayne Moore is available to give her informative and fun talks to clubs, schools and associations. Please contact her for details.

Creative Writing Workshop

“Here are two descriptions of locations written by those who took part in Hugh Lupton’s second creative writing workshop.”

THE POOL OF TEARS

I see a shaded, deep, dark pool, which is never still, the surface constantly irritated by droplets falling from the canopy above, the morning mist settled on the large flat leaves – heavy with dew and expectation. As the burden becomes too much for each leaf, it releases a crystal clear tear to the pool below. The pool of tears, it is called.

It is a place of mourning – and hope, where the indigenous people come to collect water for their religious rites – the water from heaven, the tears of God to purify their own tears of loss.

This is a place where death is washed away before the burial of the dead. Where the dust of wisdom is flushed from the wrinkles of the creased lines of the aged; where the blood and sweat of fear is purged from the hunted, who becomes the hunter.

Here, families of ages gather; here hope is restored. A spiritual high before the earthly low of the grave. The occasional shafts of light, probing the canopy above, seeking a gap through which to send a piercing ray, illuminate the dense undergrowth surrounding the pool, the spirits of the dead speaking once more in the language of the heavens, the language of light. Life and death; death and life. This is the place where life faces death, and death is washed clean into new life.

Chris Ellis

EDGELAND

I see the land falling away towards the sea. The air is full of birdsong, ebullient and strong, soaring, piping and spurting from their throats in a torrent of sound. At once enveloping and drawing one out into the forest. The smell of the deep leaf mould fills the nostrils and the richness of the earth feels tangible before you even enter the trees.

Cranes take off to the right, in the salt marsh, and their deep cries echo as an undertone to the symphony already playing. Where the reeds end, the hazel begins. A few straggling saplings at first, then a thicket so deep a man can't put his arm between the stems. That's the place men come to cut and carry and harvest for the communal shelter.

Stepping in behind the hazel the oaks begin to dominate the space, young saplings and towering old trees, full of leaves and birdsong. Woodpeckers tap violently all around and, flitting between the trunks, multi-coloured finches and marsh birds, reed warblers and sedge warblers, and a bright flash of kingfishers, not just one, but a stream of turquoise and russet piercing the stream's surface and rising with a slip of silver in the bill. Fish are so numerous they swim into the hand and sometimes fill the reed nets so they burst open, spilling the harvest back into the water.

Sophie Saunders



Christopher Meynell

The PATH to DOGGERLAND

We're on the path, now.

Join us, do! February 2018 is calling!
You'll enjoy the Journey.

An Ancient Saga is Unfolding

Step I – Creative Writing

'Doggerland' has begun!

A group of writers met with the storyteller, Hugh Lupton, to explore the terrain of Doggerland, the lost bridge between the East of England and the European mainland. A timely encounter one might say, in this week of the inauguration of the long awaited Brexit negotiations!

We were once linked to Europe not just by a tunnel but by a land mass now sunk beneath the North Sea. Hugh Lupton invited us to imagine ourselves back 8000 years and he led us deep into folk memory of creatures now extinct.

Gathered in Pat Mlejnecky's conservatory nine of us let our imaginations run riot. We roamed the garden, found fossils and other strange natural phenomena and then wove intricate, impossible tales and entertained each other all morning. Hugh held us in check and then finally gave us full rein and we galloped free into our newly reclaimed territory.

The morning ended with a delicious lunch. It was time well spent!



Sophie Saunders



Step II – Creative Writing

Eight of us sat around the trestle table, buoyed by our first session, ready to learn, to imagine and to write.

The start was serene and thought-filled. Hugh read us extracts from four books, all different, all related to Doggerland, our land to be. Fossil footprints in Europe's Lost World, more than half attributed to children, set the scene in my mind: a homeland for skilled and inventive people mastering a bountiful but hostile land.

Now for our first challenge. Invent a landmark in Doggerland and give it a name. Write about it for thirty minutes, starting with the words 'I see

I see a great oak in a forest and a boy. I become the boy, looking up at Child Killer. I start to write. Half an hour later, I tell Sophie my story and listen to hers, slipping into her bird-filled landscape, looking down to the water from the Edge Lands.

All together again, Hugh produced a hand-smoothed staff and a stick of charcoal. 'Draw a pictogram for your landmark on the stick.' A series of symbols made their way down its surface. It is transformed, a Shaman's Story-Staff.

Hugh became the Shaman, beating a rhythm on his boran, first steps from landmark to landmark, each of us reading our story at our own special place. The path unwinds before us, from salmon pool to swamp, from the forest to the fringes of a sea. We are treading the ways of our ancestors, wary but at one with a land now lost, its myths in our collective memory the sole survivors.

I have been to dozens of workshops over the years and run a few of my own. This was probably the most fun, certainly the most creative. Best of all (and rare for workshops) we knew we had contributed to the beginning of something special, a journey that will take us and our community to meet our fellows in the lands below the sea.

John Nicholson

Step III – Fossil Lanterns



On Saturday 15th April we attended the clay lantern making workshop at BAVH. The lanterns will be used to light the path through the churchyard as part of the Doggerland production. The workshop was led by Georgina Warne, who showed us a range of techniques using earthenware and porcelain clays.

Everyone came with lots of fossil themed ideas and quickly became absorbed in building their creations. The main body of the pot was made using a coiling technique. This was incised to allow the light to shine through. The lid was made of thin porcelain clay which was pierced with fossil patterns. It was a challenging task to complete in one day but by the afternoon we had created a range of unique and imaginative lanterns. It was lots of fun and we had an enjoyable day.

Thanks to Pat and Peter for the superb organisation of the day and providing a delicious lunch. The gooseberry chutney was especially good!

Everyone will have the opportunity to see the finished lanterns in February 2018. Rebecca and Suzanne Bryant-Whitby

And keep your eyes & ears peeled for the next chance to get involved!

DATES for your DIARIES

Step IV – Sat 10th June – Herbarium Collection

HERBARIUM – This is a workshop where everyone & anyone can take part; & there's no need to reserve a place this time.

It will be taken by Peter Lyle (a rude mechanical in a past life!) in BA Village Hall starting at 1000 and finishing at 1500 but drop in at anytime between those two times, if you can spare an hour to be creative. And, it is free!

The workshop concerns plants that could have grown on Doggerland; who knows what grew there, & we are going to create plants that might possibly have flourished all those centuries ago. The plants will be created by combining pressed leaves, petals and flowers. There will be pressed leaves etc for you to use but if you intend coming then start pressing your own, no time like the present. Your plant will need a name, info as to where it grows and its uses. A chance to be inventive and creative! Your plant will need a Latin name and, if like us, you have forgotten how to decline nouns of the second declension and cannot tell 'numquam' from 'umquam' do not worry this can be done with the magic of Google translation and gardening books.

Step V – Sat 15th July – Script Reading & Casting – BAVH

If you wish to join in - to Act, Sing, Make Music, Be Rude as a Mechanical or any thing else,

please contact Christopher Meynell – c.m.meynell@gmail.com

Memories Came Flooding Back

Bergh Apton Local History Group's annual Film Night, on Friday 28 April in the Village Hall, looked back at inundations from the North Sea that have afflicted Norfolk.

Forty people, members of the History Group and their guests, began the evening with a Pot Luck supper (for which all who attend bring a dish of food to share with everyone else) before settling down for the film show.

The audience watched some very early cine pictures of the devastating flood that inundated Norwich and the Fen country in August 1912, followed by images of what happened in 1947, when warm rains fell in early March to turn six weeks of accumulated snow into floods that overwhelmed many Norfolk towns and villages.

The films then turned to the events and aftermath of the night of 31st January 1953 when severe weather conditions drove a storm-tide down the North Sea to overwhelm the low-lying lands of Belgium, Holland and East Anglia.

Though these events happened over sixty three years ago there were several people in the audience who, at the invitation of the Group's chairman Linda Davy, recounted their own experiences of the time. Janet Skedge spoke about events and damage near the North Norfolk coastline around Holkham where her father was Station Master. John Ling recalled what happened in and around Great Yarmouth and on the Burgh Castle marshes. Patricia Rolls, a supper guest from Devon, whose family farmed at Burgh St Peter on the River Waveney, spoke of what happened there, in particular, her memories of the animals that died in the rising waters. Patricia's first-hand memories of the latter prompted Milton Harris to speak of his own childhood memories of when his father, Mike Harris of Holverston Hall, was a member of the committee that arranged for compensation of farmers and landowners who had lost crops and livestock on Norfolk's flooded marshes.

The final film of the evening moved away from Norfolk to illustrate how widespread was the damage done by this natural disaster in which over 300 people died in England and

nearly 2,000 across the North Sea in Holland. This film showed the damage done to, and the huge effort to repair, the Stork Margarine factory at Purfleet in Essex that was inundated by the storm-tide as it swept southwards, made worse by the inability of the surge to escape through the Strait of Dover.

Because the early 1950s was a time when Britain's sole alternative to butter was Stork margarine, the film told of Government concerns that the damage in Purfleet might lead to a food shortage. It illustrated how, at that time anyway and with limited post-war resources, we Brits could set to work, on a timetable that looked to be impossible, to bring order out of chaos and disaster.

The other point on which everyone present agreed was that not one of us knew that Stork's manufacturers (as indicated by the commentator throughout the film) pronounced the word margarine with a hard "g", as in "Margaret". We all used a soft "g", as in "Margery". That just goes to show that, when members of BALHG meet, we always learn something new!



The streets of Cobholm in Great Yarmouth became rivers in 1953 and enabled these small boats to rescue residents by ladder from their upstairs windows.

John Ling

A Story of Certain Rescue from the Floodwaters

The single-storey home of a deeply religious couple stood right in the path of the rising floodwaters. As they closed over the road outside the house, a passing Police car stopped to offer help. The couple thanked its driver but refused, explaining that they placed their faith in God to save them. As the waters rose close to the window sills they gave the same reply to Lifeboatmen who came to save them in a rubber dinghy. Later, as they clung to the chimney (the waters having risen above the eaves of the now-submerged bungalow) the winchman dropped from a passing helicopter to rescue them and got the same polite but firm response. Shortly afterwards they were swept off the roof and were drowned.

Understandably, they were pretty peeved when they arrived at the Pearly Gates. They demanded an audience with God and, when it was granted, asked why he had not rescued them, who had been faithful in their belief all their lives. "Hmmm", said God, "What did you expecting from me? First, I send you a Police car and then I send you a Lifeboat, and you turned them both away. Then I send you a helicopter. When you said 'No' to that, too, I kind of gave up!"

John Ling



Charity No. 1012601

Raising funds to enhance our childrens enjoyment of education.

www.alington.norfolk.sch.uk

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Thank you
for your support

"We are looking forward to enjoying summer 2017, taking part in festivals and fetes, supporting the fundraising for Bergh Apton Church, as well as Alington & Yelverton village funds.

For our School, we are hosting our summer event
on Friday, 23rd June

a delicious BBQ, licensed bar, ice-creams,
music and merriment in the school grounds.

Please contact the school office
on **(01508) 492700** for ticket info.

Great fun for all the family.
We look forward to welcoming you!"

A DATE FOR YOUR DIARY
2ND JULY 2017

Bergh Apton Manor

By kind permission of Kip Bertram

Open garden Afternoon

with

“The City of Norwich Pipe Band”

Vintage Cars

Vintage Military Vehicles

Model railway

Afternoon teas

Entrance £3.

Children under 16 free

Gates open 2pm

In Aid of



ssafa

the
Armed Forces
charity



Dates for your diary 2017

JUNE

8 th	07.00-22.00	Polling at the Village Hall
14 th	14.00	Hedge Survey at The Manor
17 th	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
20 th	19.30	Fete meeting at the Village Hall
21 st	10.00-12.00	Coffee n Catch Up at the Village Hall
21 st	19.30	Village Hall Management meeting
22 nd	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
22 nd	TBA	BALHG Guided Walk in Norwich. Meet at Village Hall
24 th	18.30	BACT Summer BBQ on Pageant Field
25 th	13.00	BACT visit Marston Marsh, Meet at Holiday Inn Norwich
27 th	12.30	Tuesday Friends lunch at Church

JULY

7 th	17.00	Collecting Fete goods at The Manor
8 th	14.00	Bergh Apton Fete at The Manor
9 th	10.00	De-rig Fete at The Manor
12 th	19.00	Parish Council meet at Village Hall
12 th	19.00	Hedge Survey of Hellington Corner
15 th	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
16 th	11.00	BACT/BALHG visit West Stowe Country Park. Meet at Church Field
19 th	10.00-12.00	Coffee n Catch Up at the Village Hall
20 th	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
25 th	12.30	Tuesday Friends lunch at Church
29 th	09.00	11 Says assembly at the Village Hall

Regular Activities

Monday	17.00	Dog Training Village Hall
Tuesday (Alternate)	10.00 - 13.00	Painting Class Village Hall
Thursday	19.30	Sing-a-Long Village Hall
Friday	10.00 - 11.45	Yoga Village Hall

Activities Contacts

(BACAT Workshops) Pat Mlejnecky: 01508 480696
 (Conservation Trust) Stephanie Crome: 01508 480573
 (Local History) John Ling: 01508 480439
 (Village Hall) Hilary Ling: 01508 480439
 (Painting Class) Barbara Fox: 01508 550168
 (Singing) Karen Bonsell: 01508 480018
 (Bergh Apton Society) Lynton Johnson: 01508 480629

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with the financial support of the following
organisations:**

Bergh Apton Community Arts Trust
 Bergh Apton Conservation Trust
 Bergh Apton Local History Group
 Bergh Apton Village Hall
 Bergh Apton Parish Council
 Bergh Apton Parochial Church Council
 The Bergh Apton and District Society

VACANCY PARISH COUNCILLORS NEEDED

**BERGH APTON PARISH COUNCIL ARE
LOOKING FOR PEOPLE TO SERVE AS
PARISH COUNCILLORS.**

**ARE YOU INTERESTED IN LOCAL
CURRENT AFFAIRS?**

**DO YOU WISH TO SERVE YOUR
COMMUNITY?**

**COULD YOU PROVIDE A VOICE
FOR RESIDENTS?**

There is training available
 PLEASE CONTACT PHILIPPA FULLER – Parish Clerk
clerk@berghapton.org.uk

01508 558280

**The term of office will run until the next
ordinary elections in May 2019**