The Bergh Apton Newsletter

Issue 160
Bi-Monthly
December 2018

Welcome to the Christmas 2018 edition of the Newsletter. There's a lot of news and thoughts to bring you this time so there isn't a lot of room for more flamboyant seasonal flimflam than this modestly-decorative banner headline, but I hope that it sets the scene. I'd like to send you all my best wishes from this chaotic desk - that I like to call "The Newsroom" - with the hope you will all have a wonderful Christmas in the bosom of your family, friends and/or other animals that you love and in whose company you find heartfelt happiness. To get you into a Christmas mood I've put Sarah Bush's Thursford Spectacular report on the front page - it's definitely preferable to one on Brexit!
I'd also like to tell you, having taken over the reins from Milton, that I'll try to amuse you when I can but the principal aim is to keep you up-to-date (as much as one can as a two-monthly rag) by looking both forward to, and back on, village happenings I plan to keep to this two-column format with 8 or 12 pages, depending on volume of input. Space may sometime be a bit tight so I may need to ask for contributors' indulgence by editing to make everything fit into the Newsletter's capacity and format. I will always try to advise contributors of these proposed amendments. Please wish me luck!

THURSFORD CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR

by Sarah Bush

The beautifully-lit walkway from the gate to the theatre and the shops. Copyright Dodopappa 2013.

I have wanted to experience this unique show ever since I came to Norfolk and saw something about it on Look East. So, when the Bergh Apton and District Society announced that they planned to take a coach party to see it this year, I was first in the queue.

This Christmas Spectacular was created by Fakenham Laundry owner John Cushing over forty years ago in an agricultural building in the middle of a field. I don't know what he hoped he might achieve but what he has created is nothing short of a miracle; "Las Vegas meets Disneyland" is one description I heard.

Walking through the floodlit trees from the car park, through the street of little shops crammed with Christmas things and getting that first whiff of mulled wine and mince pies gives you a mounting sense of excitement. But nothing prepares you for the theatre itself with its fantasmagorical decorations suspended from the ceiling and its mile-wide stage. There's more glitter and sparkle here than in Harrods lighting department!

And, when the lights dim and the music starts, you're in no doubt that this really is going to be Spectacular!

John Cushing's programme notes promise "*an extravaganza of non-stop singing, dancing, music, humour and variety*" and he certainly delivers. The dancers are so polished, the singers are first-class and the musicians are top international orchestra quality. The costumes (with at least twenty changes) are beautiful and as good as you see on Strictly.

One minute we're watching a line of befeathered chorus girls high-kicking their way across the stage; the next it's nuns and priests and songs from The Sound of Music; then it's perfectly timed marching drummers with a Motown medley to follow. And who can forget the Can Can dance - straight from Le Lido de Paris?

Thank you, Lynton Johnson, for organising this outing. It must be the best evening EVER!! If you have never been, look out for tickets to next year's show - they go on sale on 17th December this year .

The brightly-painted fairground carousel ridden by the dancers in one of the Thursford Spectacular scenes.
Copyright Sparkleworld 2015

Important Parish Council News
Greater Norwich Local Plan (GNLP)

Following the initial registration of **five sites for future development** in Bergh Apton in the Spring, **four more new sites have been registered.** The GNLP consultation gives you the right and the **opportunity to comment** on these new sites - so you can **oppose or support them**.
I**n doing this you can help to shape the future of Bergh Apton.**

The new sites proposed by landowners or their Agents are as follows:
GNLP 2117 Richard Shuldham/Savills. *Cooke's Road, adjacent to the Village Hall*
GNLP 2015/SL007 Milton Harris. *Town Farm, Church Road*
GNLP 2022 Tim Stephens/Humberts. *The Dell, Bussey Bridge*
GNLP 2023 Tim Stephens/Humberts. *Bergh Apton House, Loddon Road*

More details of these proposals & site plans can be viewed on www.gnlp.org.uk

Guidance on access to Website consultation document:
1. To view the proposed new sites:
a. Access the website.
b. Click on the link **Have your say on the New Sites**
c. On that page, scroll down towards the foot of the page and click on **South Norfolk**
d. On that page scroll down to **5.7 Bergh Apton**.
You can now see the individual sites and click on them for details.
2. To comment on the proposed new sites:
a. Repeat steps 1a and 1b above. You're now on H**ave your Say**.
b. Click on the live link "**Comment on Sites**"
c. You now need either to **Register as a New User . .** or **Log In**
d. You'll now have a page headed **New, Revised and Smaller Site**s
e. Scroll down to and click on **South Norfolk**
f. On that page scroll down to **5.7 Bergh Apton**.
You can now see the individual sites and click on them for details.
To comment on a site, click on the **Green Tick** (labelled "respond") and **complete the form**.

You can also email comments on **gnlp@norfolk.gov.uk**
If you don't have acces to the Internet, you can **phone 01603-306603** for a response form.
Please note the deadline for this consultation process is
5 pm on FRIDAY 14th DECEMBER

WELCOME BACK, GIL!

It is a great pleasure, typographically speaking, to welcome Gil Elmer back into the bosom of the Bergh Apton newsletter family of contributors.

Gil has long escaped the pleasurable clutches of Bergh Apton residency by moving many years ago to the Midlands where he lives in the leafy (so I am told) suburbs of Birmingham.

But he is a true son of Bergh Apton who, in Sally Leigh's time as Editor, amused and informed us with a regular "column" in which he ruminated on events and personalities he remembers from his village childhood.

It really is a great pleasure to have re-established contact with Gil and to have received the first of what I hope will be many further musings. See p. 9

THE BERGH APTION WEBSITE

Bergh Apton's village website **berghapton.org.uk** is owned by the Parish Council and administered by its Webmaster Chris Mewton of Gravel Pit Lane.

For many like me who want to get stuff on the site but have no idea of what we are doing, Chris gets us out of the Slough of Despair in which we stumble around, mired in the techno-complexities of website publication.

I recently had this experience as I strove to publish material about the Tommy Trail (see p.10) and the men of Bergh Apton who died in WW1. I found it so easy in my ignorance to create chaos by hitting the wrong button or doing a "post" as opposed to a "page". Web skills, I now know, are an arcane thing that, sadly, I lack entirely. Chris, bless him, patiently and politely explains what I should do and then does it for me.
THANKS CHRIS, and I bet I'm not alone in saying that!

ST PETER & ST PAUL BERGH APTON

CHURCH SERVICES IN THE CHRISTMAS & EPIPHANY SEASONS

A SERVICE OF NINE LESSONS & CAROLS
6.00 pm Sunday 16th December

CRIB SERVICE - for Christmas lovers of all ages
4.00 pm Monday 24th December

MIDNIGHT SERVICE WITH HOLY COMMUNION
11.30 pm Monday 24th December

CHRISTMAS MORNING HOLY COMMUNION
9.30 am Tuesday 25th December **at YELVERTON**
11.00 am Tuesday 25th December **at ASHBY ST MARY**

A SERVICE OF CHRISTIAN UNITY
11.00 am Sunday 13th January 2019
Followed by Bring and Share lunch

ST MARTIN'S EVE

by Bridget Hemmant

In the gloaming of Saturday 10th November 60-odd people gathered to celebrate the Eve of St Martin's Day near the site of the now-vanished church on Dodger's Lane dedicated to the Saint.

Kevin Parfitt welcomed people to the site and told them the history of the church and how, in the distant past, stones from its ruins had been used in the building of his farmhouse.

The crowd set off, led by Revd Chris Ellis, on a pilgrimage along the ancient trackways of Longlands Lane and Wrong Lane across the former White Heath to the Chet Valley Vineyard.

John Hemmant welcomed everyone to the vineyard and Chris Ellis told them of the kindness of St Martin, a soldier who came across a naked beggar. Chris re-enacted the story of St Martin ripping his splendid Centurion's cloak in twain and giving the beggar (played by the smallest person present, Ruby Hemmant) a half of it.

The play was followed by thanksgiving for the grape harvest and a blessing of the vines and the evening closed with the 60 or more people watching a firework display, being warmed by a huge bonfire and by mulled wine accompanied by soup, hotdogs and chocolate cake, and thrilled by the firework display.

The Norfolk and Norwich Association for the Blind (NNAB) will benefit by the sum of nearly £400 raised by the event.

VINEYARD HARVEST THANKS

by Bridget Hemmant

John and Bridget Hemmant thank everyone who helped with the grape harvest at Bergh Apton's Chet and Waveney Valley Vineyard this summer. It was a wonderful year on the vineyard with such fantastic weather. We had a great harvest with a good yield.

Scenes from the 2018 Vendange (clockwise from top left): Hugh Porter, looking every inch the next male super-model; Current super-models Sue Bewick and Sally Brown; The gateway to the Vineyard; Quadbike-grape-collector-in-Chief Rory Tidswell.

CONGRATULATIONS TO GEORGE AND AUDREY HARVEY

George and Audrey Harvey of Orchard House on White Heath Road celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary on 26th October. Our picture is of them (at Brooke House where Audrey is now resident), enjoying each other's fond glances as much as the flowers and cards they received from friends including those at Bergh Apton church where Audrey worshipped and was, for many years a Churchwarden.

NEW! - Sing Thursday
with Mary Lovett
on Thursdays 2.30-4.30.
A new Singing Group
in Bergh Apton Village hall
Term starts January 10th

For more information
contact
marylovettmusic@icloud.com
07952 171998

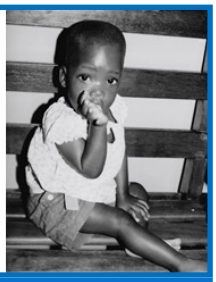
Mary Lovett, the composer and moving force behind the acclaimed music and singing in Midwinter Dreaming (2016) and Songline for Doggerland (2018) starts a new musical group on 10th January that will meet each week in Bergh Apton village hall on a Thursday afternoon - 2.30 to 4.30 pm.

Mary believes that singing is for everyone to enjoy (*Ed's comment: I can vouch for that; I was one of the singers for the plays. Singing with Mary is hugely enjoyable and singing in harmony with other people is a joy and makes you feel good).*

A member of Mary's Norwich group describes the experience as *"a potent mix of hilarity and profundity - joyfulness and soulfulness".*

You need no previous experience and you don't need to read music. Just come along and try something that you may not have done before.

Mary is an experienced performer and composer who brings a light-hearted touch to her teaching. Her motto is "***If it's not fun, there's no point!!"***



This Christmas,
Please help Darius Muwanguzi
And all SANYU's babies
get a happy and healthy start in life.
Darius is so lucky he was found
and SANYU took him in.

A morning visit by Dr Alex (above) costs £21.
An Anti-malarial Mosquito Net costs £4.
A week's stay in Mengo hospital costs £115

A little goes such a long way!
Your gift will have no admin charges applied!

How you can give:
(a) **Hand to John or Ruth Everett**
of Applebee Orchard, Rockland,
or send either
(b) **A Cheque i.f.o. Bergh Apton PCC**
(to obtain Gift Aid) or
(c) **A Cheque i.f.o. Sanyu Babies Home**
to Liz Meynell,
Bergh Apton Hall, Bergh Apton
NR15 1AX

For more information
contact Liz Meynell
01508 558440

BACAT PRINT-MAKING WORKSHOP

by Rebecca Hartley

On a sunny day in early November, a diverse group of printmaking enthusiasts from Bergh Apton and beyond gathered at the village hall for a lino printing workshop organised by Pat Mlejnecky on behalf of the Bergh Apton Community Arts Trust (BACAT).

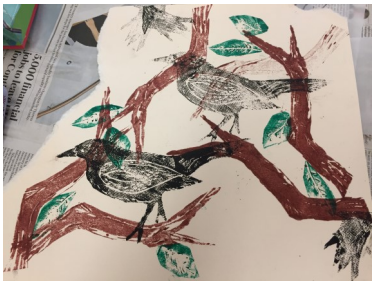
The event was led by Di Griffiths, a professional artist and an excellent tutor who has hosted several workshops for BACAT in the past.

Di began by explaining to us the printmaking process and showing examples of her work to illustrate specific techniques and ideas. She provided all the materials for design and production of prints and gave each of us a generously-large vinyl floor tile which, it turns out, is easier to carve than traditional lino.

After the briefing it was time to put pencils to vinyl, transferring our design ideas onto tiles and then carving them out ready for the somewhat sticky process of inking-up and printing onto paper.

We each created our own (unique!) designs. Nature and Christmas themes proved popular and, by the end of the day, we had produced some really colourful, exciting and original prints.

Thanks are due, as always, to Pat M for organising such an excellent and enjoyable workshop and providing the delicious refreshments. Thanks, too, to Di Griffiths for leading the group with such encouragement and expertise, and to BACAT for supporting the event.



Clockwise from top left: *Bergh Apton church by Sheri Winn; Ploughed Fields by Annette Ford; Blackbirds by Dolores Grace; Lily by Elizabeth Hartley; Poppy seed heads by Marion Roberts, Holly Card by Sue Moore; and Christmas by Janice Burgoyne.*

QUIZ 'N' CHILLI NIGHT

Thirteen teams competed in the annual church funds Quiz Night on 27th October in the village hall .

Supper at this event has for many years past-been Fish and Chips from Mr Lim's Loddon emporium but the Loddon Festival of Light clashed with the Quiz this year to disrupted supplies. So "The Village Catering Team" provided baked potatoes and chilli instead. Yummy it was too!

Winning this year was a new team on the block. "The Hawthorns", comprising John & Diane Whittow with Martin & Linela Graystone from Hawthorn Drive, held off the other twelve teams in a tight contest in which First and Last were separated by 29 points - an average difference of just 3 points per round. Thus honour was satisfied and pride undamaged.

WELL DONE EVERYBODY!

EDITOR'S WHINGE

May I have a whinge please? Have a look at this photo. Can you see what it is? If not I'll tell you . . It's a polythene bag full of still-warm dog poo. Not too much wrong with that. But now have a look at the whole photo below.

Yep . . . it really is a plastic bag of dog poo, handles neatly tied in a neat little bow and carefully hung on a bramble on a Bergh Apton country road. Well done, whoever you were!

I don't want to sound churlish or to use a swear word in my first day in the Editor's chair but what daft brush thought that this was the right thing to do? Did he or she really think that someone would come along in a council overall and clear it up?

There are two choices for sensible people: Bag it by all means, but take it home with you or carry it 'til you find a dog poo bin; otherwise - and this works in the countryside - use a stick to disperse your dog's poo into the hedgerow or road bank.

REMEMBRANCE—100 YEARS ON

by John Ling

We gathered in Bergh Apton church on Sunday 11th November to mark the 100 years that have passed since, at 5.10 am on that momentous day, representatives of the French, British and German governments signed the Armistice that brought an end to the Great War.

At 11.00 am all fighting ceased and the guns on the Western Front and all over the world fell silent.

In Bergh Apton as in every city, town and village, that moment was marked by a profound two-minute Silence as we considered the loss, the pain and the sacrifice in the trenches that was then visited upon the homes where the deaths of fathers, husbands and sons was felt so keenly.

We thought, too, of the same loss and grief that was returned to families and communities twenty years later when young men, who had been but boys in the First World War, put on uniforms picked up rifles and went off to die in the Second World War.

Here in Bergh Apton we stood in deep ranks around the war memorial in the sunshine. Over 150 of us. We listened as the names of the dead of both wars were read out, and watched as poppy crosses were planted and wreaths were laid on the memorial in their memory and to their honour.

Poppy cross planters await their turn to plant a cross for the man they honour

Earlier, and with a precision that brought a lump to many throats, a 30-second salvo of gunfire, that replicated the last sounds of battle as the Armistice drew nigh, ended precisely as the church clock sounded the first stroke of the eleven that marked the beginning of peace exactly 100 years ago.

These ceremonials, that mark our remembrance and the respects we pay to the thirty seven men named on our memorial from both wars, are an experience we share with all other parts of this Country and the world where the same debt is recognised.

This year, the presence of the German Ambassador at London's cenotaph for the first time bought to my mind the several years that we in Bergh Apton stood on this day with Gunter and Renate Turk in our midst. They returned several years ago to their German homeland but I still think with fondness of the warmth of the comradeship we shared with them on this Remembrance Day to demonstrate that pain and loss are not confined to we British alone.

There are unsung participants behind this important ceremonial whose help is little in evidence but without whom it would not be the reflective event it is. I am glad of this opportunity to bring them to your attention and to thank them.

Our Rector Revd Chris Ellis led our service and gave a thoughtful Address. Pat Waters and Mike Rimmer ran the car park and Janet Skedge, as duty Sidesman welcomed all arrivals. David Catchpole was our organist. Christopher Meynell called the list of poppy cross planters and Shirley Rimmer, Hilary Ling and Janet helped Chris Johnson and me to deliver them.

Peter Annis lit the Peace Candle. Outside, Tony Davy, responsible for igniting the monster firework that replicated the last gunfire of the war, was in the churchyard unable to see what was happening - and was cued by Lorie Lain Rogers.

Following that barrage, Nigel Back gave an immaculate reading from Phillip HendyDavies' poem "When the Guns Fell Silent" (2016). Bob Kerry sounded Last Post and Reveille and his timing depended on Richard Cushing who keeps the clock to time. Parish Council Chairman David Skedge and Joe Diamond of Holly Lodge Farm laid the village wreaths for the First and Second World War dead.

Christopher Meynell read The Salutation and the Rolls for the two wars were called by Chris Johnson and me. My great thanks, too, to Hilary and her splendid village cooks who made delicious varieties of soup and served both soup and coffee in the village hall afterwards.

This was a splendid team and a splendid team effort . . THANK YOU!

Thirty-seven village crosses, one for each man who died, an others contributed by individual members of the men's families.

Right: Wreaths have been laid and poppy crosses planted. Last Post and Reveille sounded , a Silence kept and the congregation have returned to the church. Two thoughtful people are left to think on the lives that were lost for them.

My thanks to Fran Blyth for these photographs, all taken at this year's Remembrance Day.

COUNTRY DIARY

by Pat Mlejnecky

RIDDLES

'.....riddles make a point of playing with conceptual boundaries and crossing them for the intellectual pleasure of showing that things are not quite as stable as they seem.'

Elli Kongas Maranda

Interest in riddles is as old as the hills. The Anglo Saxons loved them and there is a collection of their riddles in the ancient 'Exeter Book'. Bilbo and Gollum played the riddle game in 'The Lord of the Rings', if Bilbo lost then Gollum would eat him. So play the riddle game with me, no such grizzly end for you if you fail to solve my riddles!

1. Seek for us among these treasures,
   One of us in diamonds is set,
   One in amber can be seen,
   Yet another in iron is kept,
   Placed in gold for this one,
   Look in an urn to find the last.
   Who are we?

2. Do not look for me in a church
   But you will always find me
   Within chapels and cathedrals.
   Prayer and praise, anthem and canticle
   Cannot be sung without me
   But you will never see me in joyful carol, psalm or chant.
   A priest will always need me
   But a bishop has no need for me at all.
   What would blessings or a grace do without me?
   Give me my name.

3. Wound me and I do not bleed
   But, wounded, can wound in turn.
   A shieldwall am I
   From snow and storm.
   Frost paints ferns on my cold face.
   See, I become haloed saints
   And angels with unfurled wings
   And golden gaze.
   They glow crimson, blue and purple.
   The sun, in league with me,
   Burns oak, ash and thorn
   To grey ashes.
   A guilded bauble am I
   Or a goblet,
   Thin-stemmed as a young child's finger.
   Breathe, then sign your name,
   Trace your heart's thoughts
   On my misted face.
   Name me if you can.

(Answers on p.9)

THE NEW PLAYPARK SWING

Fresh bark, springy animals and the new swing unit complete with its matting, all now in place

The October/November edition of the Newsletter carried a report on changes the Parish Council is making, with the help of the Community Infrastructure Levy (CIL), to upgrade the facilities of Bergh Apton's Playpark. The greater part of this work is now complete and the playpark is open again. Key changes are:

- Replacement of one side of the climbing wall and the fitting of improved materials to prevent water ingress (that tends to rot the walls).
- The removal of the old swing unit and its replacement with a new swing with a standard seat and a cradle seat for very young children.
- The installation of matting under the swing unit to make it better and safer (it will prevent bark below the swings being scoured out by footfall impact).
- The repositioning of the two "springy animals" to the other side of the playpark (to make room for a dome-shaped climbing frame the Council wants to add to the facility).
- Repositioning the playpark access gate (to make it more central and closer to all installations).
- Total refurbishment of the playpark surface, removing all the old tree roots and stumps, replacing all the old bark chippings with new material.

All this work was undertaken by the Parfitt team of Kevin, Jonny and Rachel under the terms of a competitive tender award. While preparing the ground for the new swing and climbing frame, they found a few surprises awaiting them in the form of massive concrete plugs left over after earlier play units had been removed.

The old concrete blocks awaiting disposal

There was other additional work (reported last time) to fell and dispose of a straggly tree and its roots that freed a splendid young chestnut tree behind it, that can now flourish.

COUNTRY DIARY
THE GREEN KNIGHT

They say that the gods go with you only if you put yourself in their path. So I did. Grif was I named, named for my father and he named for his father. We lived two or three days walk from the Saxon shore, the coast where Saxons landed to rob, burn, kill and steal land to make their settlements. Even here in our little village we had heard tales of the great King Arthur and his enchanter Merlin. On a day when I heard the first cuckoo call bringing in the summer I put myself in the path of the little gods. Those little gods whose places are marsh and moor, woods and streams and the hollow hills.

I set out to find and see for myself Camelot, the court of the Arthur, the King. Grim, my grey as dust hound, followed at my heels, close as my shadow. We headed west following roads once paved and cleared to about fifty strides of a man each side but now with time and neglect bramble, furze and young trees had crept over the road's edge and had woven together as tight as a fisherman's net.

We followed tracks made by boot, paw, hoof and claw through forests where wild boar rooted and badgers mined their holts and I talked to charcoal burners and woodcutters. We were wary and hid if we heard voices or the thud of horses' hooves, a traveller on his own does well to have sharp ears and eyes for who knows what can be seen at dusk and heard on the wind?

From full moon to full moon the year aged, the days grew shorter and leaves of the birch and hazel trees that had hung like yellow coins were swept away by the wind and disappeared like fairies' gold. One evening we arrived at the Giants' Dance*, that great circle of solemn stones placed here by Merlin's magic so they say. Far above a wind herded clouds and shadows and starlight swept across these huge stones like waves of the sea and I knelt before their power.

The year was nearly at its end when Grim and I arrived at Arthur's stronghold, Camelot. Arthur and his Queen Guinevere and their court were celebrating the twelve days of Christmas for the Royal Court was Christian. Outside two great stars burned and blazed in the night sky, the King Star for the Boy born to be the one true God and the Dragon Star which proclaimed Arthur as the true king of Britain.

There were guards on the door but Grim and I slipped into the Great Hall, about a hundred paces or more in length. We stood in a corner and stared at what to us were wonders of light, colour and fire. A huge fire was in the middle with apple logs piled high and they whispered and sighed as they sank beneath tongues of flame. The mosaic floor glimmered in the light of the fire and looked like incoming waves of the sea. Draughts of air sent shadows and the flames of tall candles reeling across the walls and a great tapestry of a dragon seemed to unsheathe its claws and I believed its eye caught mine.

A skald lifted his lyre to his knee and touched the strings and the crowded hall fell silent. He sang of Arthur's sword forged from iron from Snow Hill** and tempered with water from little icy streams that flow from this hill. A sword made for the High King of Britain and for him alone, a king to be a sword and a buckler to the realm and islands of Britain. Then he sang of the Boy born to be King of Heaven:

A youngling Boy
Winter born,
New as a just dropped lamb.
His King star burns bright
As the blade of a sword.
In the green month
In the . . . . . .

He stopped singing at a knock, loud as thunder, at the door. It crashed back and into the hall rode a giant of a man, a man whose skin was green, his hair and beard were green as young beech leaves as were his clothes and his horse.

He stood head and shoulders above any man there. In one hand he carried an axe and in the other a branch of holly. Fear frosted us all and bridled tongues. The little gods had not been completely banished for I saw fingers move to make the sign against enchantment and amulets worn under robes were clutched. The great green horse breathed out steam as a dragon breathed out smoke.

One artist's image of The Green Knight: N. C. Wyeth's illustration for Sidney Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur: Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table " (1922)

Grim growled and I took hold of his collar. King Arthur stepped forward to welcome and invite the knight to join the feasting and revels. The knight strode to stand with his back to the fire, his shadow, a thing of darkness, reared over us. His eyes bright in their deep sockets studied us. He thanked Arthur and replied he would not stay but had come with a challenge. His voice was deep and rumbled,

'I am the Knight of the Green Chapel. I hear King Arthur's knights are the bravest of the brave so is there one willing to exchange blow for blow? One of you may strike me one blow now but, in a year and a day, he

must seek me and, finding me, let me return the blow.'

Fear and astonishment swept round the hall like the waves of the salt sea. Arthur, seeing the look of scorn on the Green Knight's face, stood straight as a pine tree and spoke; 'I accept your challenge.'

Suddenly one of the knights pushed back his chair and came quickly forward. It was Gawain, the youngest knight and Arthur's nephew. 'Let me accept this challenge, I have yet to prove myself.'

He drew his sword and the Green Knight knelt and bared his neck. Gawain raised his sword and, like a hawk stooping, it slashed down cutting the head from the body in a stream of blood. The Green Knight calmly stood and picked up his head and put it under his arm. The head turned and spoke to Gawain,

'Remember, in a year and a day I will meet you at the Green Chapel and it will be my turn to strike a blow.'

To be continued.

Pat Mlejnecky

** The Giants' Dance is Stonehenge*

*** Snow Hill is Mount Snowdon in Wales.*

THE VILLAGE SIGN

I always liked Milton's use of our Village Sign as a feature of the newsletter's banner. I thought that, if space and other content allows, it would be good to include something of the sign's story into the Newsletter that will explain something of its images and their significance in our history.

This first one is the shepherds and their flock on the "Beorh Apetune" side of the sign (about our history up to 1200 AD.).

In medieval times Bergh Apton's peasants, as in all villages, were free to gather wood for fuel and graze their animals on the common lands of the village (the origin of the expression "*by hook or by crook*").

Bergh Apton had three of these ancient lands; Barnes Heath (modern Sunnyside), White Heath and Apton Heath (that straddled Mill Road).

They were lost when the Inclosure *[sic]* Award of 1806 permitted their enclosure and their fencing in or hedging by their new owners.

ANSWERS TO THE RIDDLES

(on page 7)

1. The vowels, a, e, i, o and u.
2. The letter 'e'.
3. Glass.

DOWN MEMORY LANE

By Gilbert Elmer

Can you believe what you are seeing? Yes, it is me again! I am doing this article after I opened John Ling's recent email to tell me he had just taken over as Editor of the Newsletter and asking if I would be willing to do an article.

It was nice of John to think of me and I thank him for that and I did enjoy it previously so I agreed to honour his request.. So here I am.

The first piece of news he gave me was the passing of David Davidson (*Ed: born and raised at Pond Farm on Dodger's Lane)*. David always seemed a nice steady lad, quiet in his ways and seemed to do what he considered was the best for him. He did not mix in that much but we always knew he was around.

I think his mother was close to him and was always looking out for him, but then it is nice to have a mother like that. I used to get into awkward situations but I always knew mother was there for me. I can tell you she would really let fly at anyone who she so thought had over-stepped the mark and I think people were ready to receive what might be coming their way.

As we grow older those we had around us, some being great friends, seem to be leaving us. It is a fact of life but not a pleasant one so I was pleased to hear Peter Annis and Poppy are still with us.

I do believe they are finding life a bit of a burden at moment and I was sorry to learn Poppy is not in such good health. She was a very dear friend of my mother and they seemed to enjoy each others company. They were always meeting up and having a natter with a cuppa.

Peter is doing very well for his age. It seems he and I are about the only two remaining from those long-lost years! Like most of us in those days I had a nickname but how it came about, I have no idea. I was known as Giggy. If you speak to Peter and refer to me as Gilbert he would wonder who you were speaking of. But refer to me as Giggy and you will see a smile come across his face - he is about the only person who still calls me Giggy.

Earlier I mentioned our friends leaving us. A few years ago I lost another great friend, Alan French. He was a great lad and a joy to be with. He was very keen to get to know people and always happy to perform on his accordion and to create a happy atmosphere. I usually get a card from Grace at Christmas.

Christmas - that will soon be with us and will have passed before the next Newsletter. So this is my chance to wish you all a great Christmas period and I will be with you in 2019 - how times seem to fly by.

Thanks for giving me the chance to contribute and I will now start thinking about stories that might enlighten some of you.

Til next time, my regards. Gil.

THE 1911 CENSUS - to be continued

In the previous Newsletter we walked with Census Enumerator Edmund Leeder from the top of Sunnyside down Thurton Road (now White Heath Road) to the farm and market garden near Thurton church and then down to the George and Dragon where, perhaps, he slaked his thirst before moving on up the road towards Norwich where his next call would be to the row of small cottages on Prospect Place. That was where we left him.

I hope you will not mind if I leave him there (or perhaps he'll nip back to the George and Dragon for another quick pint!) until another time. That's because this edition of the Newsletter is choc-a-block with items of a more current or ephemeral interest. So I'll cover the next part of his walk in the February/ March 2019 edition.

TOMMY TRAIL

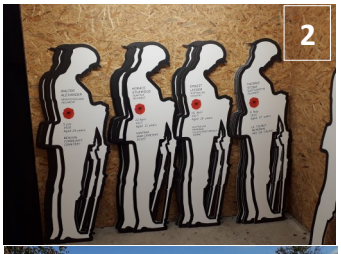
by John Ling

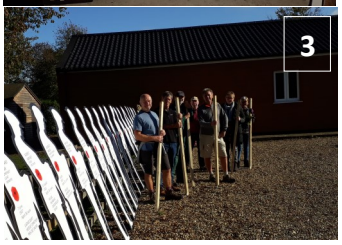
What has become known, unplanned but apposite, as "The Bergh Apton Tommy Trail" (with a nod no doubt to the "The Bergh Apton Sculpture Trail") was created so that people could grasp the sheer scale of Bergh Apton losses in the First World War. The idea of life-sized soldiers in an attitude of mourning and respect grew out of a photograph I came across of a Manchester war memorial on which the figure of a soldier stood resting on arms reversed - a military stance of mourning and respect for the dead. He had meaning to me because one of the men Bergh Apton lost was fighting with the Manchester Regiment in the Ypres Salient when he was killed in 1917.

I was grateful to my colleagues on the committee of the Bergh Apton Local History Group when they listened to my idea and agreed to support its development and to fund its creation.

The end result was the plan to create thirty seven life-sized figures - one for each man who died - outside a house in Bergh Apton where we knew that the men had lived in their time in Bergh Apton or, if we didn't know the precise location, to put him as near as we could surmise. Each figure would be inscribed with the man's name, age, Regiment, date of death, where he died and where he is buried or remembered.

The creation of the figures came out of a chance meeting with Kevin Rhead of Hussey Knights, the Norwich-based graphics and printing specialists. To Kevin this was an easily do-able project for which he has the materials and the specialist machinery and equipment that would provide us with a robust and stable life-sized figure, capable of withstanding the November weather. His people enlarged my A4 drawing, printed thirty-eight identical shapes, cut them to a perfect shape with a laser cutter and printed all the details on the cut-out. Challenge met in one master-stroke!





How to put them up and keep them up was a simple matter of robust wooden posts and a variety of screws and cable-ties etc to meet all fixture needs. The means of putting them up was met by a group of twelve keen men and women who formed six teams provided with maps and other details of where and how each man was to be located. Then they just got on with it - as Bergh Apton people do!

The Tommy Trail has aroused interest and much emotion in people who have followed the trail and been deeply affected by what the information about each man has revealed. What struck many of them has been the suffering that must have been visited upon the families of the five pairs of brothers who died; The Greenacres of Sunnyside, the Ropes of Holly Lodge Farm and the Throwers of Hellington Corner, and the White Heath Road step-brothers Mace & Etheridge and King & Harvey.

You'll find the story of the Tommy Trail and its young men (and a few not-so-young) on the Bergh Apton website (***berghapton.org.uk/history/WW1 Centenary***) on which we are building a complete library of information on all these men.

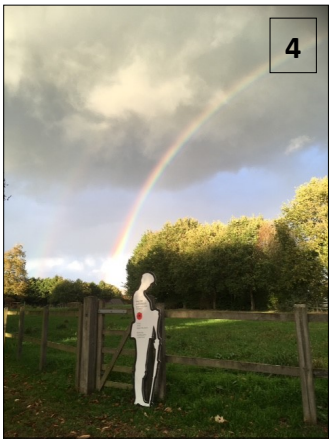
Photos for this article:

1 Survey and Trial; Chris Johnson checks the site and measures up at the Thrower brothers' home on Hellington Corner.

2 The Tommies await in a village hall shed, ready to go.

3 Members of the erection team, also ready to go. (l-r) Mike Clarke, Hugh Porter, Steve Whitby, Chris Johnson, Chris Bewick, Sarah Bush and Hilary Ling.

4 This serendipitous shot of Walter Alexander at Veranda Cottage was taken by Claire Stewart.



FRANCES HUBBARD
1942-2018

Frances Hubbard was born in Hevingham where her country upbringing taught her to love the open air and nature. Her marriage to Michael in 1968 matched her with a man of parallel interests that made them wonderful and knowledgeable companions for anyone who went with them on walks and forays in the countryside, as many of us did on rambles with the Bergh Apton Conservation Trust of which they were both keen supporters. It must have been an even greater delight for their children Fiona and Stephen as they grew up at Holly Cottage on The Street in Bergh Apton.

Steely determination was another facet of Frances' character. It made itself known early in their marriage when Michael became ill and was unable to work thereafter. Running the household economy and raising children when income was modest was a skill that seemed to come naturally to Frances. Neither did she allow this challenge to limit the care, encouragement and support she gave to her children, or that sense of fun that never lurked far below the surface in her life.

The Bergh Apton Sculpture Trail had a profound influence on Frances when, through its exhibitions of local talent and its art workshops, she flourished both in illustrative art and the word. In truth it might be more accurate to say that Frances had a profound influence on the Sculpture Trails, for her enthusiasm and talent was a great encouragement for many other people to participate in the Trails' exhibitions.

We remember, for example, the joy and fun she and Michael had in creating their Butterfly Tree at Holly Cottage garden for the Trail. Her writing skills, too, were superb. As an example, in one BACAT Workshop we were asked to write a short story on the subject of a hat. The one that stood out and had us shrieking with laughter and jealous of its author's skills, was Frances' tale - told by the hat itself - recounting its experiences on the heads of its several owners as it was passed on from one to the other.

I wonder if she kept that essay. I do hope Fiona and Stephen might find it among her treasures and read it. It will show (if indeed they need any lessons about it) what a wonderful, funny, creative and intelligent person their mother Frances was.

John Ling

Smile of the month

A poster seen in churches all over France translates into English as: Enter this church and you may hear the Call of God. It is less likely that God will call you on your mobile. THANK YOU FOR TURNING YOUR PHONE OFF. If you want to talk to God, enter, choose a quiet place and talk to him. IF YOU WANT TO SEE HIM, SEND HIM A TEXT WHILE DRIVING.

HERE'S TO THE NEXT TIME . . . .

The closing date for copy or articles for the next edition of the Bergh Apton Newsletter is **Saturday 10th FEBRUARY** . Send anything you have - preferably as a Word or Publisher document - to **john.ling@btinternet.com**

If space is tight - or to ensure a balance of the content of the Newsletter- I may ask contributors to await the next edition, or to reduce the length of a submitted article or to split it into two parts - the second part to follow in the next edition.

Thank you!

Coffee Morning
Tuesday 16th October 2018
at Washingford House.

Paris Back, Liz Lester, Clive and Alexandra Evans would like to thank those who supported our Coffee Morning.

Due to all of you who attended the event to buy, donate, run stalls, give your time on the day, contribute towards the Tombola, or make delicious cakes and biscuits,
Together we raised £1,566.25
for
The Brooke and Priscilla Bacon Hospice.

Are you planning a Bergh Apton-based event to help a Registered Charity or a Good Cause? If we have space we'd like to try and help you.
Email details to john.ling@btinternet.com

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

DECEMBER

2nd 12.30 Christmas Lunch at the Village Hall

5th 10.00-16.00 Christmas Wreath Workshop at Village Hall

12th 19.30 BA. Society Christmas dinner at Green Pastures

13th 09.30-12.00 Decorate the Church for Christmas

14th 19.30 BACT Christmas Party at Flint Cottage

15th 10.00 BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field

16th 18.00 Carol Service at the Parish Church
17th 18.00 Village Carol singing. Meet at the Village Hall

20th 10.00 BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field

24th 16.00 Crib Service at the Parish Church
24th 23.45 Midnight Service at the Parish Church

JANUARY 2019

1st 09.30 New Year Breakfast at the Village Hall

9th 19.30 BA Society talk at the Village Hall:
Dr Anne Edwards on "Ash Tree die-back"

13th 11.00 Unity Service at B.A. Church followed by
"Bring & Share" lunch at village hall

16th 10.00-12.00 Coffee n Chat at Village

16th 19.30 Parish Council meet at the Village Hall

19th 10.00 BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field

22nd 12.30 Tuesday Friends at the Parish Church

24th 10.00 BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field

26th 09.00 11 Says assembly at BA.Village Hall

30th 19.30 Village Hall Management Committee meeting

Roberts & Son Printers
Litho & Digital Colour Printing
Printer Ink/Toner/Spares
Office Supplies

We print: Office Stationery • Business Cards • Posters • Leaflets • Flyers • Postcards • Raffle Tickets • Multi-part NCR Sets / Books • Invitations • Brochures • Calendars • Magazines • Memo Pads

We supply: A4 & A3 Copier Paper • Printer Toner / Ink Cartridges • Envelopes • Labels • Continuous Stationery • Other Office Supplies

High Quality Colour Photocopying and Laminating Service available

T 01508 520221 F 01508 528313
E print@robertsandson.co.uk
www.robertsandson.co.uk

2-6 Bridge Street • Loddon • Norwich • NR14 6EZ

Please let me have Articles and Contributions for the December-January issue by end of
10th January 2019
email to john.ling@btinternet.com

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

Monday	**1700 onwards**	**DOG TRAINING Village Hall**
every other Tuesday	**1000-1300**	**PAINTING CLASS Village Hall**
Tuesday	**1930**	**SING-A-LONG Village Hall**
Friday	**1000 - 1145**	**YOGA Village Hall**

USEFUL 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
Sing-a-Long	Karen Bonsall	07900 968739
Painting Class	Barbara Fox	01508 550168
BA Society	Linton Johnson	01508 480629
Archery	Bob Kerry	01508 480661

THANK YOU

We couldn't publish the Bergh Apton Newsletter without the financial support of the following organisations, to whom our grateful thanks:

Bergh Apton Community Arts Trust
Bergh Apton Conservation Trust
Bergh Apton Local History Group
Bergh Apton Village Hall
Bergh Apton Parochial Church Council
Bergh Apton & District Society
Chet & Waveney Valley Vineyard