

# WAVENEY CLARION

Monthly

10 pence

February 1973.

No.1 Vol.1

## TRAFFIC TAKEOVER!

The most apparent evils of heavy traffic, the danger, the fumes and the noise have been clear to us all for some time. However, time is revealing yet another evil in the wake of heavy goods transport, which in any sane society would be kept to the railways.

The buildings of our rural towns and villages, with their characteristic narrow streets are suffering damage which no one as yet has been able to properly assess. One only has to look to the towns in our area. At Halesworth, Bungay, Loddon and Beccles through traffic has left its ugly mark.

Streets are dotted with unsightly posts and barriers to protect vulnerable pedestrians, and trees have been lost because they were guilty of overhanging the road.

In South Norfolk and Suffolk colour washed cottages are a feature of both town and village. Nowadays those unfortunately placed close to main roads or along the narrow streets of towns, are filthy with mud and the dirt from fumes. What were once bright, colourful streets now resemble the blackened houses one was used to seeing close to railway stations during the days of steam.

We know of one row of cottages in Wansford, on the A12, where residents grew so tired of replacing their porches each time they were destroyed in a collision that they ceased bothering.

The Beccles Society, in their fight for a by-pass for Beccles have quoted a remark by Professor Colin Buchanan: "There is a great deal at stake: It is not a question of retaining a few old buildings but of conserving, in the face of the onslaught of motor traffic, a major part of the heritage of the English speaking world of which this country is the guardian." This is particularly true of our own locality.

Northgate, in Beccles, without the horrifying procession of lorries and thoughtless "speed merchants" would number as one of Suffolk's

most perfect streets. Many residents seek refuge in back rooms, but their houses continue to shake from the rude vibrations.

In Northgate, the houses numbered 11, 19, 29, 33, 37 and 41 on the west side, have developed cracks on their street elevations. On the other side of the road, Northgate House (number 12) shakes when container trucks go by and cracks have appeared in ceilings and walls. The ceiling of the cellar of Staithe House (number 44) has fallen down. Due to vibration and backdraught, bricks on the front of No. 60 have been loosened.

When at last it seemed a by-pass was in sight what happened? The people of Beccles realised that the proposed scheme involved losing part of their common, and affected the amenities and peace of Beccles Quay. The planners appear to be giving with one hand and taking with the other.

The scheme also sells short the people of Gillingham, across the Waveney Marshes, by failing to by-pass the village. The bus shelter on the main road has been damaged through collisions more frequently than most people care to remember. Next time it happens someone might be stood waiting for a bus.

Objections to the by-pass scheme have already been lodged and so it seems that for Beccles the long haul must start again.

Loddon too waits patiently at the Ministry Men's pleasure for relief for its congested main street.

Short of guerrilla action it is difficult to advise people as to what to do in the face of typical official snails-pace. It is essential to give active support to organisations and groups involved in exerting pressure on the Department of the Environment and County Councils. Petitions and the like do help. If your property has suffered damage through traffic vibra-

tions and filth, report the matter to the County Council, and to any organisations who can use these facts to add weight to their case.

The County Council should be made liable for any such damage, so do apply for compensation.

Finally (this applies to all drivers, and especially lorry drivers) remember that although speed limits are not a complete answer, a reduction of speed can help.

The Beccles Society discovered that energy dissipated in ground or air vibration derives from the product of the weight and the square of the speed. Thus the potential for destruction and hazard is 2½ times greater at 30 mph than it is at 20 mph and 4 times greater than at 15 mph.



## FOLK CLUB REVIVES

Beccles Folk Club which was held at "The Ship" near Beccles Bridge last winter, is hoping to restart.

The Club began last February, but closed for the summer. The venture was a great success providing a platform for local singers, and a good night out for the 200 members. Traditional and contemporary folk could be heard due to the club's "all comers welcome" policy.

During the Beccles Carnival week an open air concert was organised featuring the Ian Campbell Folk Group and local singers. It is planned to repeat this event again this year, and the organisers are especially encouraged by the Carnival Committee's purchase of an open air stage.

Anyone interested in supporting the club can contact one of the organisers Mr. Davies of "Waveney Lodge", Northgate, Beccles, at Beccles 712417.



A winter scene by the Waveney at Beccles. Anglers, like the man pictured above, should turn to page 7.

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3 Marsh Lane, Gillingham, Beccles, Suffolk.

## FRIENDS & NEIGHBOURS

The idea behind this column is to encourage and enable people to co-operate by sharing skills, facilities, tools and spare time.

Organisations such as local drama groups, youth clubs, charities, sports clubs etc., will also be able to use the column to appeal for new members or help of any kind.

Sometimes it may be an individual who needs help, perhaps a housebound person needs help with shopping, or a young mother may want to contact someone in a similar position to arrange exchange toddler-minding.

It will not be essential to print names and addresses as we can forward letters. Correspondents should make it clear whether they wish their names to appear, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

There are many skills and resources which can be shared, a gardener for instance might offer some free gardening in exchange for help with car maintenance; people with freezers who do not grow their own vegetables could offer freezer space in exchange for produce; those who travel regularly can offer lifts in return for shared petrol costs; alternatively lifts could be requested.

Items relating to buying and selling will not be included in this column as provision is made for them in our Small Ads section.

Our very first item involves the Usandan Asian Family who have come to live in Halesworth. The family comprises mother, father and two sons. Halesworth Council have extended a general appeal to the public to help provide the family with furniture, crockery, cutlery etc. in fact anything that would be useful. If you have anything suitable please telephone the council at Halesworth 3162, and they will arrange collection.

Secondly, the Waveney Branch of Toc H. run a "talking newspaper" service for blind people. The scheme involves pairs of volunteers visiting the homes of blind people and playing them the 40-minute tapes. More volunteers are wanted and anyone interested should contact Toc H secretary Mrs. E. Phillips at Lowestoft 64111 or Rev. Michael Moxon at Lowestoft 62667.

# BARSHAM FAIRE '73



At Barsham Faire, last August Bank Holiday weekend, natives of the region and visitors entered into the spirit of mediaeval England with an enthusiasm far surpassing anything the organisers had dared hope for.

On hearing accounts of the event many who failed to attend have regretted their oversight...not to worry, this year will see three days of Barsham Faire, once again during the Bank Holiday weekend.

The Faire will be moving along the road a little from the original site at Roos Hall to the paddock in front of Barsham Church, on the Beccles to Bungay road.

Craftsman from throughout the region have been invited to display their wares. Theatre, music and dance will be well represented, and it is hoped to repair one of last year's weaknesses by providing a selection of good food at reasonable prices.

Organisers are still the East Anglian Arts Trust, who will be investing some of the funds raised by last year's Faire in the new three day venture.

## Cinema

Lowestoft Cinema Club are showing two worthwhile films in the near future.

On February 16 you can see "Hemingways Adventures of a Young Man", based on the novel "Farewell to Arms". On March 2 the club are screening "Little Big Man", starring Dustin Hoffman.

Membership of the Club, which is at the Theatre Centre Morton Road, costs £2 a year.

## Bicycles

We are planning an article designed to inform about where to buy good second hand bicycles. If you sell them or know where to obtain them please let us know - 3 Marsh Lane, Gillingham, Beccles, Suffolk.

## Talk

Patrick Redsell of the Lowestoft Theatre Centre is willing to give a talk and show slides about the work of the centre, to any local organisations. Club secretaries can contact him during the evening at Lowestoft 62863.

It is a major aim of the Trust to involve local communities in the arts not just as spectators but as participants. They hope to encourage direct participation by as many as possible in a vigorous development of regional artistic activity. Included under this heading are campaigns for natural conservation and schemes for improving the environment.

"We do not accept that urban civilization is the only model for the future. On the contrary we believe that we can make regionalism a reality," reads one statement in the Trust's literature.

Members have a strongly held belief that the region is rich in potential in all fields of the arts and crafts, but that too little is at present done to co-ordinate individual efforts. In the field of conservation two of the Trust's committee members are planning to produce a report on the Waveney Valley, as an aid towards some planning in the future. The report will cover all aspects of rural life country planning, farming, industry, housing, preservation, conservation, land use, social

and cultural life, amenities and facilities. Anyone who can either help or contribute to this massive endeavour should contact the Chairman of the Trust, Tim Wyatt, at Church Farm, Mutford, nr. Beccles.

A plan was launched this month to offer membership of the Trust at £1 per year. Members are offered a direct involvement in the arts and environmental action by contributing to the work of the Trust, and benefits include a monthly news letter, half price admission to events organised by the Trust, to Lowestoft Theatre Centre. There will also be reduced admission to Lowestoft Cinema Club and a concessionary subscription rate to the Clarion.

It is planned to increase the list of benefits and any organisations wishing to offer concessions to Arts Trust Members should contact Tim Wyatt. Applications for membership should be sent to 33 St. Peters Road, Carlton Colville.

Because Lowestoft is already well served by the Theatre Centre and the Regents Road Arts Centre events are to be centred on Beccles. Already this year one production has been organised at Beccles Public Hall, and an event to celebrate the coming of spring is planned for Beccles in March.



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# PLAYING FIELD INITIATIVE

"Regarding recreational facilities children in towns are often better off than country children," remarked Tom Cann, Chairman of Gillingham Playing Field Committee.

"There was a time when every village had a fallow field or meadow where children could play," he continued, "but with the advent of intensive farming this is no longer so. This, plus the dangers of traffic have made it essential for most villages to have a playing field."

Tom's views are shared by many of his fellow villagers. It was the mothers at the Young Wives' Group who first began to discuss the need for a playing field; they found support from others, including the local football club committee. A special Playing Field Committee was formed and several possible sites considered. Sam Rudd, licensee of the Swan public house held two of the allotments situated behind his pub, and offered to surrender them if they could be used as a playing field.

A South facing site, these allotments were ideal being central and safe for access. Pressure was brought to bear on the local Parish Council, custodians of the allotments, and permission was granted for their use.

Financial grants have since been applied for, and money raised to meet the £300 necessary for fencing, levelling and seeding. It is also hoped to provide fitments such as seats and equipment for an adventure play area. If all goes to plan, children should be enjoying the fruits of these labours during the coming summer.

How then can other villages with a similar need set about providing themselves with a playing field?

"We were fortunate in having the allotments as a site," said Tom. "With land being so highly priced it is difficult to find a place. In order to apply for grants from the County Council towards the cost involved in fencing etc., one must have a lease of 28 years or more."

"Also you must persuade the Parish Council to act for you, as they alone can apply for grants."

"Concerning a site, I can only suggest that people investigate the possibilities of using common land or allotments. Otherwise you might find a farmer who has a piece of land which is of little value to him. Failing these alternatives you need a benefactor."

"Occasionally the village hall has land attached. This was the case in Gillingham, but this site was discounted as it entailed children crossing a dangerous stretch of road. When choosing a site you must make safety a priority."

"Having selected a possible site parents should attend a Parish Council meeting in order to persuade the Council to act for them. If parents can show that majority opinion demands a playing field, then as elected representatives the Council have to take note."

"Grants vary, but they can be as much as 50 per cent. Once a grant is applied for, you have to set about raising the other half of the money. In order to obtain a grant work such as fencing must satisfy the County Council, so you can't afford to skimp."

"We have decided on six foot fences, but that could vary according to the site. We also want to supply seats for mothers, and plant trees for coming generations of 'cowboys and Indians'."

"The committee can set up money raising events, while calling on help from others. I would advise villagers to keep their committee to about seven people."



"Events can be shared with other organisations; we shared the work and proceeds involved in an auction with our Village Hall Committee. The local Football Club Committee helped out by organising raffles and suchlike."

"We launched an appeal by delivering a printed letter to every house in the parish. We felt that it was most important to maintain a personal element. We obtained a copy of the electoral roll and wrote by hand the name of each householder, and I signed each letter. Delivery was followed up by a personal visit."

"I'm sure this payed off. I know for sure of one person who intended giving 25p, but because of our approach sent £2. Our appeal raised £79."

"All this is hard work, but well worth it. The effort of getting together and doing something has its own rewards by helping to make us more of a community. And it is good to know that not only children, but mothers of babies and toddlers, who are often quite lonely, will have a place to meet and chat."

# children



If you walk into St. Mary's Parish Church, Gillingham by one of the side doors there are some big curtains. As you go through there is a money box and over it, it says:

Enter this door as if the floor were gold,  
And every wall of jewels, or wealth untold,  
As if the choir in robes of fire were singing here,  
Neither shout-nor rush-but-hush,  
For God is here.

You can see that the church was built in Norman times because of the arches on the doors. It was built more than a thousand years ago and flint covered. We think that another part was added on about 100 years after. Our church was once thatched but now it has tiles.

Beside Gillingham Church is the ruined tower of All Saints Church, which was also Norman. Some people say that St. Mary's was built on the site of an earlier Saxon church.

At each side of St. Mary's there is a round window. One of the windows looks older than the other. Most of the windows are Norman.

On the wall there are some funny flower holders and they are very different than the ones you usually get in other churches.

When you turn on the lights the altar also lights up, and it looks very beautiful.

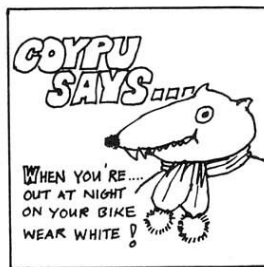
By Anna Faulkner. Aged 11. Kings Dam, Gillingham.

As this is the children's own part of the paper we would like children to write it, so please send in anything you wish, including drawings. It would be best if the drawings were done with black felt tip pens, because then they will print well. As this is a new publishing idea, and because many of the places in our area are famous for printing we will give a prize to, and publish the best piece of writing about the local printing industry.

For younger ones we will give a prize for any drawings we publish. You often see boats so why not draw a picture of one for us.

Could you also take the Clarion to school and tell your teacher that we are interested in publishing projects on local topics by local school children?

We hope you like Coypu, and that Mum and Dad do too.



# your letters



We hope to start a lively correspondence column - we need your letters.

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The shape of rural East Anglia, even as it is today, was largely determined by the work of our often-remote ancestors. Mostly, the earliest remains we find here are from the Neolithic or New Stone Age (3,500 - 1,500 B.C.) whilst the three Bronze Age periods (1,500 - 700 B.C.) and the Iron Age, Roman and Saxon periods are all well represented.

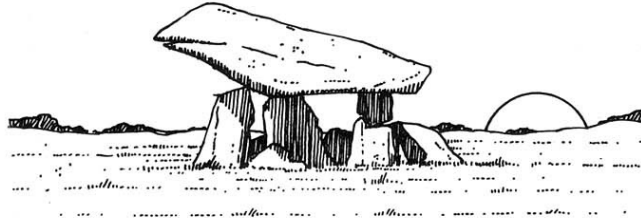
Finding the remnants of an extinct culture is one thing; knowing what to make of what you have found is sometimes quite another.

In a lecture given to the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia in October, 1915, S. E. Dixon referred to the nearly circular earthwork adjoining the lane bounding Broome Heath, near Ditchingham, to the west. This enclosure, which has been described as a camp, in fact forms a horseshoe, which he compared to the earthwork surrounding Stonehenge (a late Neolithic/Early Bronze Age stone circle), similarly open to the north east.

Three and a half miles N.E. of the Broome Heath earthwork is Stockton Stone, analogous to the Friar's Heel stone to the N.E. of Stonehenge. At Stonehenge the sun rises over a level horizon, while at Broome, the sun rising over Stockton Stone will be one or two degrees above the horizon. This would probably account for the slight difference of orientation between the two earthworks.

So at Broome we appear to have a monument aligned on the sunrise point at the summer solstice. Continuing this line through Stockton to the N.E., we find that the "Bell Hill" tumulus (a Bronze Age burial mound) in Belton parish lies precisely on the same alignment (as do several other sites of antiquity, of which more later). It is likely that the name of the parish is connected with this mound, since Belton or 'Beltaine' (the May Day fire festival of our ancestors) literally means

# THE MEANING OF THE PAST...



'Baal fire', Baal being the primordial sun-god, otherwise Bel, Belenus, Balor or Beli. Hence further evidence for the existence of a prehistoric solar cult in the locality.

At Trowse Newton, on the outskirts of Norwich is another earthwork, known as Arminghall Woodhenge, of which little remains to be seen today. In 1929, a pilot noticed two concentric rings and a few dark spots in the grass at this site, which was excavated in 1935. Today there is a broad low bank, approximately circular and forming within itself a shallow basin. The dark spots seen from the air turned out to be holes in a horseshoe arrangement, open in the direction of what proved to be the causeway entrance through the ditches on either side of the bank. These holes once housed posts of oak, 2 - 3 ft. in diameter, and 6 - 8 ft. in the ground.

Fragments of Beaker pottery dated the site from Neolithic to Middle Bronze Age (3 - 4,000 years ago), in common with most circular or 'henge' monuments. It is generally accepted that these monuments served some religious purpose, and in the case of Arminghall, the shallow ditches and broad bank could scarcely have served a defensive function.

All henge monuments (there is only one other 'Woodhenge' - on Salisbury Plain) were constructed on basically similar lines to the above site, although stones usually replaced the oak posts. Access was by a single entrance or two opposite, crossing the ditches by an unexcavated causeway, and sometimes approached by an avenue extending to another monument. It is supposed that processions played some part in the religious ceremonies held. It has been noted that the axes of the monuments point in the direction of sunrise, generally on one of the solstices. In the case of Arminghall, it is again the midsummer sunrise point to which the site is oriented.

In order to find the female counterpart of this sun-god, we turn now to the Neolithic flint mines of 'Grime's Graves' near Thetford, where a primitive representation in chalk, of a goddess, was unearthed in 1939. The figurine, 4 1/2 inches high, was clearly intended to be pregnant, and was found on a pedestal above the original floor level of one of the pits, a few feet from a chalk phallus (one of three found at this site) and two balls of chalk. In front of this 'altar' lay a triangular heap of blocks of flint, with seven

red deer antlers (used as picks by the Stone Age miners). Opposite was a chalk lamp. Taken together, the sexual significance of these finds is clear, and it would appear that some ritual or ceremony was performed there in order to appease the earth goddess, perhaps also to ensure more abundant or better quality flint in the next pit to be dug.

This is but one East Anglian example of the worship of Nerthus (otherwise Diana, Artemis, Ishtar, Astarte), the great 'earth mother'. Bronze Age finds of crescent-shaped torcs and brooches at Icklingham, Lakenheath, and West Stow; and Iron Age rings, brooches and a harness-stud from Ixworth and Eriswell (of which I hope to say more in a future article), all tend to strengthen this conclusion in their extensive use of female symbolism on grave-goods.

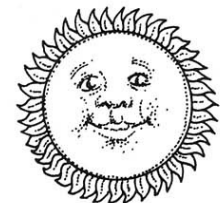
The hill figures of Wandlebury, in the Gogmagog Hills just south of Cambridge, serve well to illustrate the myth connecting the deities of sun and earth. A goddess (Epona) is depicted, with a waning moon above her head, walking her white horse up a trackway. Behind her is a figure brandishing a sword, but he appears to have been unable to prevent her passage. Above the goddess on the hillside, a huge round figure appears, with rays streaming from his head. He is surely the rising sun, whose fertilising influence on the earth ensures her continued fecundity.

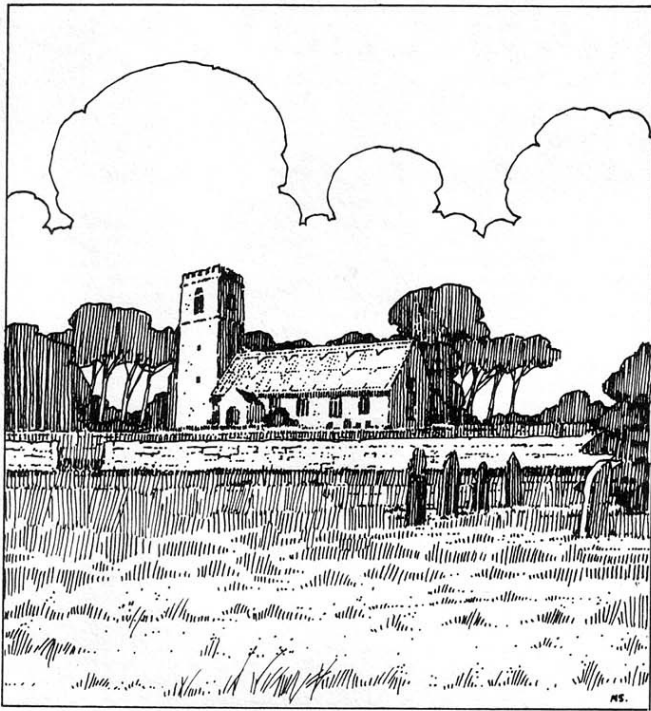
(c) Copyright Jon and Mary Kiddell. 1973.



## ADNAMS of SOUTHWOLD

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## Henstead Church

This line drawing by Mick Sparksman has been designed to be cut out and mounted. Mick is fast gaining a reputation for his drawings and paintings of the area, since moving to East Anglia from London last year. It is well worth keeping the series of prints which he will be producing for the Clarion during the next few months.

Various churches will be featured, so look out for your Parish Church.

## Theatre

"THE RUNAWAYS", an improvised production based on Huck Finn stories. February 22 and 23, 7.30 p.m. at Lowestoft Theatre Centre, Morton Road.

## Painting

EXHIBITION of paintings and prints by local artists Stuart Harris and Maurice Kingston at Regent Road Art Centre, Lowestoft, during February.

# CRAFT

If you make anything which you would like to sell - toys, leatherwork, crocheted work, knitwear, dried flowers, embroidery, jewellery, etc., here is a list of shops in the area where you might find an outlet.

These shops are always interested in viewing craft-work of any kind.

- The Craft Shop, Elm Hill, Norwich. Nor 22827.
- The Craft Shop, nr. the Weirh-Bridge, Beccles.
- The Craft Shop, proprietor Mrs. A. Roe, 40 Low Olland Street, Bunray.
- Aldringham Craft Market, Aldringham, Leiston 830897.
- Symonds Craft Shop, 7 Golden Court, Bridge Road, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft 2943.
- The Potters Wheel, Walberswick, Southwold 3173.
- Jackdaw, Smallgate, Beccles.

Any shops not mentioned who would like to be added to this list are invited to contact us at the Clarion.

# Grow your own

by The Arran Pilot



It is said that there's some sort of "gardening boom" existing. I think what is meant is that suddenly there are garden centres all over the country, all apparently flourishing. Supermarket gardening, you know - couple of fuchsias and a conifer, pick up a new gnome and a bag of 'complete fertiliser' on the way out.

Perhaps I'm being churlish but I suspect that this 'boom' is a reference to expenditure and reflects a triumph of salesmanship rather than a real upsurge in interest. If I'm wrong, how do we explain away the overgrown, disused allotments everywhere?

In my own village, half the allotments have no tenants. Eventually, someone will think of something else to do with the land and any protest voiced will be so insubstantial that it will be brushed aside. The same happens when farmers fence off or plough up a public path. The voice of anger seldom comes from someone who actually uses the path, but from someone who feels that they just might want to one day.

It's not really good enough and it won't save our allotments or our rights of way. You might well ask why a strip of unused allotments needs to be 'saved' anyway. Good question.....

The answer is that many people, most of them quite young, are developing a real concern over what goes into their stomachs. Some of this concern is misguided. There's an abundance of myth and a lack of reliable information - the salesmen are doing alright on this frontier too! But it's an honest effort. No-one should have to eat cabbage full of nitro-chalk or tomatoes pumped up with sulphate of potash.

We are what we eat. And we eat what the greenprocer happens to have regardless of the fact that it's been (a) out of the ground for hours; (b) exposed to the light; (c) grown 'fast' to catch the market when the prices are right.

You can hardly fault the grower. He's on the roundabout too. He can't risk a failed crop so, being no braver than the rest of us, he leaves nothing to chance and heaves in the chemicals.

But when we come to the supper-table, we leave everything to chance; or to the body - to sort it all out. As long as it tastes alright and staves off any sensation resembling hunger for a few hours, then it must have been a 'good meal'. Perhaps it's alright. We've been such a slipshod nation for so long, now that we believe that's alright too. I'm not sure that it's "alright" to foist

this onto our children though.....

Which brings us back - to the allotments! If we don't work them, they'll go. Once they're gone, we'll never get them back. They'll slide away into 'the social history of the British Isles' and disappear.

That would be a shame because a garden is not merely a source of food. It's also a source of happiness and wonder, depending upon the nature of your own effort. If you're watchful, you'll fill your head with questions. If you care, you'll find the answers.

I began by mentioning the 'gardening boom' and shall conclude this discussion by suggesting that, if there is such a thing, then it's a little superficial, 'on the top'. In this column I hope to be able to write of many aspects of gardening. It will be a muddy-booted, happy trudge towards a better understanding of it all - because, if I don't wish to understand, what's my business out there?

So, if all you really want to know is how to grow green zinnias and amaze your friends, perhaps you'd better give me a miss next time!

It would be stupid to advocate that we all start

growing our own vegetables. So if you have neither time nor inclination, why not encourage a gardening neighbour? He's probably justifiably proud of his vegetables and would be even more pleased to have some of them eaten at your table. Help him to make his garden 'pay'. If he's any sort of gardener he'll know that to grow food for oneself is fine and that to grow some for others is even better!

It's seed-time again and seeds are, inevitably, more expensive than they were last year. So I shall try to save you a few pence by reminding you of the life-span of some vegetable seeds. Remember that the seeds of: '....broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage and kale, live long, like the farmer who knoweth good ale! - certainly for three years; - some applies to sprouts, leeks, onions, radishes and carrots. Packets of lettuce seed, beet-root, spinach-beet, all beans and peas, will be good for two years. Also turnips and swedes. Seeds of marrow, cucumber and celery are all supposed to live six years. But don't bother to sow your old parsnip seeds. They're only good for one year.



Lastly, if any gardeners are still 'sitting on Christmas book tokens, have a look at Alan Bloom's "Selected Garden Plants", published by Jarrolds, before you do anything else with it - a fine book.

# down the sale...



Down by Beccles Station there is an acre or more of scrunchy gravel, animal pens and rabbit hutches, which springs to life every Friday. It is the event of the week - the auction sale.

Over by the cattle pens prospective buyers rub their chins, pondering, as a beast is prodded forward. Encircled by ruddy faces, it twitches its tail and sniffs the odour of the nearby abattoir.

Bidding begins in earnest, eyes narrow.

"Who'll start me?", snaps the auctioneer. Feet shuffle in the ensuing silence. They move the beast round as it blinks again startled by the stick. "Must make £20 a hundred weight". A nod, a gleam. "Thank you sir, it's in at £16.

Up goes the price with every wink, nod and shrug. Some drop out, lowering their eyes, shaking their heads. There are two left in. A lift of the hat and Charlie's there. Another bid and a moment suspended. Charlie's out and the deal is done.

In the big brown shed are children, prams and layers of people, standing among the lonely items which once belonged in Someone's favourite room.

The air is thick and the "early oak, eight day, grandfather, brass faced, signed edition of one," stands midst the throng, silently, as if it were shaken by the experience.

Whatever happens you must not be late for this part of the sale, otherwise you will be bidding blind and in danger of buying a pile of stuff which you will be entering for next week's sale.

According to the auctioneer, who looms above crowd and lots like an impressive archangel, the goods "get better all the time", or it's something "you can't get hold of any more". Throughout the proceedings he exhorts the crowd to "keep out the lots," threatening periodically to stop the sale. He is obviously not a man to mince words.

You have to look out for the men who make their money buying and selling at auctions. They buy whatever they want, regardless of you or me or whether it's just the thing for the kitchen.

Meanwhile the archangel perches himself on the corner of a cupboard weaving his poetry. Suddenly he ceases his volley of bids, shouting "Kutz". And there is Mr. Kutze, smiling a six inch smile, adjusting his sello-taped spectacles. Scratching his head he reaches for the "sheet" (the list of items sold) and "runs it" to the office. If you want to know anything he will tell you.

Maurice, who presents the lots, is a subtle character in a light brown off the shoulder, knee-length sale coat, and he wields a polished rosewood stick.

After lunch there is the heap of "outside stuff" to sell. A pile of junk to some, but to the league of greenfingers and handymen it is a wonderland of bargains -

lawn mowers, Aga cookers, pots, pans, doors, wire netting, felt, boots, old paint, old harness, chimney pots, bikes, nails, bulbs, meat safes, engines, wheels, pumps, potatoes and the eggs which have been taken inside to avoid breakages.

A bell announces the selling of timber, off-cuts, rough-cuts, and clear-outs. It is cheap and usually good. So be there by 2 o'clock if you want some.

There are rabbits too, and pigs. Calves are in a little shed, sucking the fingers of children.

Towards the end there is one man left, a gypsy boy who has been known to turn up in Dutch traditional costume. He sells Dutch bulbs, vegetables, rose trees, and anything you care to order.

He is cheaper than the shops, although buying from him costs more than by auction.

Ah! But it's worth it just to hear him hustle.  
by Keith Payne.

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# February on The Waveney

Although February is the final full month of the coarse fishing season, it can provide sport second to none on the Waveney. Pike, roach, chub and occasionally bream can keep the angler busy if the weather is not too cold, and he picks the right swim. Since pike are traditionally sought towards the end of winter I will deal with this species first.

Pike are early spawners and by this time they are beginning to grow heavy with spawn, so that the chances of a big fish are increased. A female (males seldom grow bigger than 10 or 12 lb) will add 10 or 15 per cent to its weight as the eggs develop, and this means that the fish are not quite so fat as before Christmas.

Static baits are more acceptable and, though spinning and plug fishing should yield plenty of fish up to the lower double figures, the real 'goers' are most likely to be caught on ledged herring, sprat or livebait. A good place for this type of fishing is around Beccles, down to Barnby, where several 20 lb. pike have been caught in recent weeks. Spinning these reaches has provided sport for many anglers and Geldeston, Bungay Common and Earsham are excellent venues if numbers rather than weight of pike are required.

The Waveney has long been known for the quality of its roach fishing, and although there have been allegations of a shortage of roach of recent years, several stretches can produce the odd 2 lb. fish, with many over the pound mark. Harleston, Earsham and the Wainford end of Bungay Common have yielded good roach lately, and the Beccles town reach holds quantities of roach at this time of the year. Gaster is a better bait than maggot for the big ones, and bread paste or fluke is probably better than either. Again a static bait often produces fish when all else fails and a swim feeder can be of use in the tidal areas. It pays to fish fine and to remain as quiet as possible at this time of the year, because there are no water weeds or bankside vegetation to hide the angler from the fish. If the water is high and coloured one may expect roach in slacks and eddies, but more normally they will be in the deeper water in the straights, swimming close to the bottom.

The presence of large numbers of chub in the Waveney is not commonly known, even to anglers who regularly fish where they frequent. From Diss to Ellingham, and sometimes to Beccles chub to 7 lb can be found, although the majority inhabit the stretch from Harleston to Bungay.

Any swim with a half submerged bush or steep undercut banks might hold a few chub, and a piece of bread, cheese, luncheon meat or a worm may be accepted if presented properly. By this I mean rolled round on a ledger, too light to stay put in midstream, or trotted down with float tackle from above. Maggots can also be used if in sufficient quantity. Steady feeding and quiet trotting will often really get chub on the feed. In all cases it is usually necessary to control one's tackle so that it reaches the "hot spot" and is held there as long as possible. Chub will not move far in cold weather, and don't expect vicious bites. A gentle dip of the float is often met with a solid resistance and a long silver gleam in the water. Hooks can range from 12s and 10s for maggots to 4s for cheese or worms, and a round bend, eyed gilt is my choice.

Bream were not usually considered a winter fish, particularly in lakes, but recently good catches have been made in various Broadland rivers in February. The Waveney is no exception and nice bags of 2 - 4 lb. fish can be taken near Beccles. Bread is again the standby bait, although maggots and redworms will take some fish. Floatfished or ledged they should be kept near the bottom, although movement is sometimes necessary to provoke fish into biting.

Of course, dace, perch and the occasional tench do put in appearances at this time of the year, especially if the weather is mild and wet. In these conditions, when the main river is running high and coloured, feeder streams, dykes and backwaters can provide some excellent sport. Here the water is often less full of silt choking silt and suspended debris and the fish are more inclined to feed. Geldeston Dyke is a good choice at such times and roach, perch and bream can be expected of high average size.

Wherever one fishes in February the Waveney can often provide superb fishing, and if the fish aren't as numerous as in the summer months they are bound to be bigger, probably much bigger!

M.P.

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# cuply's christmas...



If anyone thinks that being a Christmas postman involves nothing more than ambling around a sleepy little town, drinking an alarming amount of tea and being quite well paid too - then they're right!

The bag of Christmas cards and letters is an encumbrance, designed by the brains behind the G.P.O. to slow you up and provide you with a sense of purpose. But, even with the bag, it's quite a pleasant way to spend the week preceding Christmas.

I first helped to shift the mountains of greeting at Beccles three years ago. I was on the dole at the time and felt obliged to make some sort of seasonal effort. I

was also aware that, at the end of the week, I was going home to Lincolnshire to see a lot of old friends who would want to know (a) how I was ... and (b) what I was 'doing'. To answer nothing to the latter question is a proven way of crippling a conversation that's hardly begun.

People, even old friends, just don't seem to want to talk to someone who does 'nothing'. And I don't blame them either. This had happened the year before. I really was doing 'nothing' and couldn't pretend otherwise. So no-one talked to me.

Service with the G.P.O. changed all that - I could call myself a retired postman couldn't I? I did. Everyone was amused and I had hundreds of conversations.

Thousands of people, mostly young and mostly students, spend one week or every year 'playing postmen'. Why? I don't know. Because the money's quite good I suppose. And many of them go back year after year, as I do. It's my annual holiday.

There's some self-deception at play here I suspect. As with many 'real life experiences' this one always seems far more enjoyable in retrospect than it actually was at the time.

One recalls only the nice bits - the smile on the old lady's face when the parcel from Australia arrives after three months over land and sea; the greetings and good wishes of casual acquaintances - I probably speak to more people during my one week as a postman than I do in twenty weeks of 'daily round and common task'; it's also fine just to wander around Beccles, albeit mid-winter, taking a look at everyone and everything - and getting paid for it! Then there's the cups of tea and buttered toast in the cosy little cafe....

So much for the pleasures. By noon on the first day back on duty, you've been reminded of all the things you'd somehow forgotten - the fact that cycling a lot doesn't in any way equip you for walking a lot!; your hands, still as sensitive to morning cold as they were last year and the year before; some of those letter-boxes, six inches from the ground and sprung like rat-traps....

But you're working for the nation now lad! And the people must have their Christmas cards and presents and even though the contents of the porridge bowl begin to feel like luke-warm ballast in the stomach, you must go on, be it ever so hard!

I exaggerate grossly. I think of the chaps who do it all the year round, day after day, all weathers - they have the really stout hearts! They, the 'regulars', welcome the 'casual force' jovially each Christmas. Our appearance means that they can spend the week in the warmth of the sorting office - where the real work is done!

I shoulder the big bag and vanish into the cloud of freezing fog that's just been lowered onto Beccles. I find that Ravensmeer East still ends approximately where Ravensmeer begins and that the little dog in Old Mill Terrace is still undecided as to how he feels about casual postmen. The old lady at Tan House still calls me 'Curly' and brews a first-class pot of tea. On the face of it, nothing's changed... until, after dinner, I'm presented with a zippy little parcel-trolley in recognition of three weeks' loyal service. By next year, they might just have put an engine in it.

ANDREW BELL.

## Elections

Elections for the new Waveney Authority will be held on June 7th of this year.

## HOUSING

One cannot help but be shocked on seeing the amount of empty and sometimes crumbling properties which litter our locality. For at a time when accommodation is becoming increasingly difficult to find and house prices are rocketing it is a scandal to waste even one dwelling.

Planners blame lack of available work when young people are forced to move away from the area, but there are many cases where young couples planning to marry actually want to settle in their native villages, but are unable to do so, because landowners and farmers hang on to tied cottages despite the fact that they are phasing down their labour force.

We are also seeing more and more cottages being taken over by weekenders or for holiday cottages. This has serious implications for our villages. A village is a living community. It dies a death if large numbers of houses are used for only part of the year. In Devon this has already become a reality, some villages having almost been taken over by weekenders and holidaymakers. For much of the year these villages are empty and lifeless.

We know of one large estate in the area containing several properties which remain empty because the landowner fears that tenants would disturb his peace and his game birds. Politics apart, one cannot help feeling that the housing of families is more likely to contribute to the sum total of human happiness than a successful shoot!

If anyone does have either rented accommodation available or reasonably priced property for sale we will advertise it free of charge. We will also be pleased to hear from anyone with any ideas which might alleviate the present situation, especially those who have in mind the formation of housing trusts or associations.

## Don't throw it away!

Yoghurt cartons, toilet paper rolls and egg boxes are used by local schools and playgroups. Find out if your local school or playgroup has need of your "rubbish".

## NEW BOOKS

Local libraries have been invited to submit a selection of new non-fiction books available each month. We received contributions from Lowestoft and Loddon libraries in time for this issue, and hope to extend the list in the future.

LOWESTOFT: "In the Country", by Kenneth Allsop. Day to day life at a Dorset mill-house; Kenneth Allsop's chronicle first appearing in the Daily Mail.

"Aldeburgh Anthology", by Ronald Blythe (Editor). A collection of prose, poetry and pictures about the Aldeburgh Festival and East Anglia.

"Convoy is to Scatter", by Jack Broome. Captain Broome presents naval history in a new way, the operational sequence of signals received or exchanged by Convoy P.Q. 17 being reproduced verbatim. "Jackets of Green", by Arthur Bryant. A study of the history, philosophy and character of the Rifle Brigade. "The Suffolk Landscape", by Norman Scarfe. Presents the story of Suffolk's landscape as a continuous narrative in which the development of the towns, notably Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds, is seen as part of the social and economic development of the countryside.

LODDON: Every household must contain something of hidden value. The variety of items now considered antique varies from hat pins to old sewing machines. Arranged in alphabetical order the list included in "Undiscovered antiques", by Peter Whittington, would provide an interesting quiz. Perhaps you have a purdonium (a kind of coal box), or a meat jack (a device for rotating meat suspended to cook over an open fire), or something more familiar like a button hook or toasting fork. Black and white illustrations accompany the text. The author invites his readers to send suggestions of "undiscovered antiques" to be featured in a sequel.

Miss Daphne G. Winter, Branch Librarian of Loddon Library, has chosen to review one new book added to stock each month.

# GOYPU COMIX

