



Sizewell B
A visit to our
nuclear
neighbour



Not So Easy Street!
How our road
has changed
over the years



**An award
winning cat**
The feline feeling
fine after winning
a bravery award

inside eyke

ISSUE 12 SPRING 2013



Image Simon Sutch

IN THIS EDITION: NEWS & EVENTS

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PLUS Important news about this year's fete
CLEARING UP AT ALL SAINTS Ann Downing
and Robin Pooley's strange encounters **ALL
CHANGE AT THE SCHOOL**



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From the EDITOR's shed



Hello all, and welcome to the Spring edition of the magazine (though as I write, it certainly doesn't feel much like spring).

Now, this means that summer will soon be upon us once more, and of course that in turn means the village fete.

The Briggins have already kindly agreed to host the event again, and it will take place on Sunday 21st July. As you are no doubt aware, last summer's fete was Mike Fisher's swansong after many years of shouldering the organisation of the event. Perhaps no one person can replicate what Mike did for so long, but volunteers are needed to undertake any part of the fete's organisation, large or small, and of course to help out on the day, too.

An open meeting will be held at the pub on Monday 20th May at 7pm to plan for the day. Everyone who usually helps run stalls, along with anyone who would like to be involved in any way, is cordially encouraged to attend. If you would like to help out but can't attend the meeting, you can phone Jackie Pooley in her capacity as Clerk to the Parish Council (01394 461275), or you can email me and I

will make sure your details are passed on.

From the fete to another doughty village institution, the Elephant & Castle, where Ian and Sandra continue to roll out new ideas to an enthusiastic public – including, now, Eyke's legion of discerning international gastronomes. The recent Italian-themed evening was by all accounts a resounding success, and I am assured that more such culinary diversions are in the pipeline, including a French evening on, mais naturellement, Bastille Day.

In this edition we have, amongst other things, a meditation on how things have changed over time in The Street, a report of a visit to Sizewell – prompting thoughts of how The Street might change even further with the Sizewell C development – a heroic three-legged feline with an Elvis lipcurl, a most unusual lift many decades ago, and a rather too-close brush with a Royal Navy Buccaneer. We also have a fascinating essay by Adam Sutch on the preparations made in Eyke during WWII

for a possible German invasion, and we introduce our local Police Community Support Officer.

I hope you enjoy this issue of Inside Eyke, and as always, please do send me anything you think might interest, inform or entertain your fellow villagers.

With best wishes,
Tim
www.eyke.onesuffolk.net

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News from Eyke school is exciting and good!

Mrs Kelway

We had our OfSTED inspection in December and were graded as good for every category. Good teaching and learning, good behaviour and safety, good leadership and management- so we were thrilled and very proud of our children and our community!

We continue to try to solve our swimming pool heater problem in time for April's season start. We have nearly £4000 in the kitty for the heater and we need £7000. If anyone can support us we would be very grateful-however small.

Your local PCSO

Graeme Hawkes



Hello. My name is Graeme Hawkes and I am a Police Community Support Officer 3099 with the Woodbridge and District Safer Neighbourhood Team (SNT) based at Woodbridge Police Station. The parishes that I am responsible for are Woodbridge, Rendlesham, Eyke and Bromeswell although the SNT covers 34 parishes in total which we all contribute to. My role is to work alongside regular Police Officers, Special Constables and staff from other agencies to tackle crime and improve people's quality of life. PCSOs concentrate on combating low level crime and anti-social behaviour as well as

We are now looking for a new Headteacher as I am moving schools to start as Headteacher at Capel St Mary Church of England Primary School in September this year. Governors are working very hard to advertise for a new person and this brings exciting new opportunities for the school!

FOES continue to organise great events such as another fantastic bingo evening recently. Planning is underway for our own mini agricultural summer fayre- eat your heart out Suffolk Show!

The date for your diaries is Friday the 28th of June at 3.30pm to 5.30pm. There will be a range of stalls and refreshments as well as animals to pet and marvel at and tractors to look at. If you are able to help in any way please let me know!

enforcing parking restrictions.

The aim is to spend most of my day where I can be most effective – conducting high visibility patrols out on the street interacting with the public. We also spend a lot of our time visiting local schools to give talks on road safety, keeping safe etc., youth clubs, elderly residential homes or any organisations that would like us to talk to them to offer advice.

What kind of policing am I involved with? Here are just some of the issues PCSOs may deal with basis:

- Dealing with truants, graffiti, abandoned vehicles, missing person enquiries
- Helping to support victims
- Assisting with house-to-house enquiries
- Patrolling major public events and ceremonies
- Supporting the police to increase public safety
- Contributing to the regeneration of local communities
- Protecting the public from security threats

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Hot Chocolate Pudding Maria Hassan

A new cycle of menus is ready to start after the Easter holidays, and because I am impatient I have tested one of the new puddings on the children already. The final result was a light chocolate sponge with a delicious hot chocolate sauce underneath. "Yummy!" and "please, Miss, can I have some more?" were some of the responses, so given the seal of approval from the children I thought it would be a great recipe to share. Enjoy!

Ingredients

- 65g self raising flour
- 85g butter or margarine
- 85g caster sugar
- 1tsp baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 20g cocoa powder
- 210ml hot water
- 20g cocoa powder
- 85g brown sugar

Method

Sponge
Cream margarine and sugar till light and fluffy
Gradually beat in eggs
Fold in the self raising flour and baking powder
Pour into a greased deep dish

Hot chocolate sauce
Mix together brown sugar, boiling water and cocoa powder
Pour over uncooked sponge mixture
Bake in oven (180 degrees C or gas mark 4) for 20-30 minutes or until cooked
Serve with ice cream

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Charlie the cat



If you ever walk along Church Lane you may have seen my cat Charlie hopping along. He's the fluffy ginger cat with only three legs. He was recently a finalist

in the Evening Star Courageous Pet Awards and although he didn't win I thought you might like to know a little more about him. Charlie and I came to live in Eyke six years ago – and at that time he had all four legs. His problems began in 2005 when he was a year old and living with my daughter in Ipswich. He went missing for a week and we believe a car hit him. He eventually managed to drag himself home despite a fractured pelvis, a badly broken back leg, and nerve damage to the other back leg. He had an emergency operation and a pin was put in his broken leg. He needed cage rest for several weeks while his pelvis mended, but a few days before the pin was due to be removed he slipped using his litter tray and the pin came through his leg so he had to be operated on again.

He finally came out of the cage and came to me for one week to convalesce - away from my daughter's other cats. That was over 7 years ago and he's still with me! He grew stronger but the leg that had been broken remained weak and he was on daily pain relief. In 2008 I noticed he was limping more than usual and an x-ray showed he had broken the ball joint off the top of his femur in the same back leg – I can't begin to imagine how he did this. So it meant another operation to remove the broken bone and the vet assured me the ball joint would re-grow.

All was well until December 2009 when I saw that once again he wasn't putting any weight on his leg and he seemed to be in pain, so back we went to the vets. The x-rays

showed he had a severe degenerative bone condition, his joint was misshapen and his leg was not extending properly. The vet said it would be causing him a lot of pain and recommended amputation. Poor Charlie.

The operation took place at the beginning of January 2010 and I expected him to come home from the vet feeling sorry for himself and wanting lots of love and cuddles – but not Charlie! As soon as I opened the basket he shot out and tried to get through the cat flap and when he found this locked he tried to run upstairs. But he couldn't get his balance and kept falling over – which was distressing for us both and frightening and painful for him. In the end he had to go back into the dreaded cage for a week to give him a chance to rest and to learn to balance again. It was a difficult time and he had a nasty fall (off the back of the settee) and ended up back at the emergency vet, where TLC was required for both of us...

As if all this was not enough Charlie then had to have some teeth removed – another legacy from his run-in with the car. After this operation he developed an Elvis Presley-type curl to his top lip that still appears when he is stressed or anxious.

All these problems have certainly taken their toll and he's not the most good-tempered cat. In fact at one stage he became so belligerent the vet put him on tablets to help him chill out, so he is definitely more laid back – well, as much as a cat with attitude can be.

Charlie has learned to adjust to life with only three legs. He can't climb over fences any more and he has a chair by each windowsill to enable him to get up and see what's going on outside. He loves the quiet of Church Lane and the freedom of the fields and he lives a very happy and contented life. He gets around by hoppy-jumps and still manages to catch mice and shrews, although birds prove too great a challenge (fortunately for them).

So that's my Charlie – one brave little cat, bless him. **Lynne Frederick**



The Street Jackie Pooley

Although the parish of Eyke did not exist before the Norman conquest, the village street is on the straight road running from Rendlesham, long assumed to be the seat of the Kings of East Anglia, to Sutton Hoo, and thus has probably been a thoroughfare for more than thirteen hundred years. Possibly an important one, too, with its church containing a great Norman crossing dating from 1149, and a supposed fortified place, 'The Castle', standing across the road looking over the valley.

Over hundreds of years houses were built, altered, extended and demolished, and a walk along The Street depicts a variety of styles, many of which in years gone by housed businesses and people essential to village life: the miller, cobbler, blacksmith, a couple of general stores, carpenter, wheelwright and undertaker, not to mention the Elephant & Castle, the public house from about 1707, among others.

We can only imagine what traffic passed this way in those long ago days, as people went about their business and leisure in less hectic times than now, along a dusty, unmade street, where there was no need for a pavement. Photographs from the last hundred years or so show children playing in the road, grown-ups chatting casually, ponies and traps waiting patiently for their drivers near the pub. Some activities have not changed: a photograph from 1915 shows cattle being driven along The Street and that

continues now, but the operation today is far more hazardous than even 70 or 80 years ago, when cars were few and far between, the impact of 44-tonne lorries lay many years ahead, and children could play safely along its untarred length.

We can only imagine what traffic passed this way in those long ago days

It was recently observed that many houses look as if they have turned their backs on The Street, with front doors evidently not used – a defence against the rising tide of traffic. The use of the back door as the main entrance was a common practice in years gone by, and one which many present householders are grateful to maintain!

As we watch with some trepidation the increase in volume and power of the vehicles using The Street, we need to remember that this thoroughfare is no longer almost exclusively for those living and working in Eyke and the villages adjacent to it. Looking further afield, we must be aware of the knock-on effects of increased traffic across the county, and in particular that which will be created by the construction of Sizewell C. Whatever its future holds, The Street, Eyke, is full of the echoes of times gone by, and is a seamless connection from us back to those who lived and worked here a thousand years ago and more. *



SIZEWELL B

The white dome of Sizewell B dominates our part of the East Coast, a constant reminder of nuclear power - and there are few things more controversial than the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. With consultation documents for the proposed Sizewell C having been sent to Eyke Parish Council a visit to Sizewell B was arranged, attended by four parish councillors and other interested parties. Luck made sure that it was a bitterly cold January day with a biting wind blowing off the North Sea.

The nuclear controversy began when plans for Sizewell A were approved and building commenced near the small fishing village of Sizewell in 1961. Sizewell A consisted of two Magnox reactors which were in use until December 1996 when the site was shut down ready for decommissioning. Construction of Sizewell B began in 1988 and generation started in 1995, being fuelled by enriched uranium pellets inside fuel rods. The electricity generated by Sizewell B supplies approximately 2 million homes. There are three types of power stations – coal, oil and nuclear - all producing energy in basically the same way by using fuel to raise steam, to turn a turbine, to generate an electric current. Sizewell B is nuclear and is operated



by the French company EDF Energy, one of the three largest energy companies in Europe. EDF Energy own and operate eight nuclear plants in the UK run by two types of nuclear reactors – Advanced Gas-cooled Reactors (AGR) and Pressurised Water Reactors (PWR). Sizewell B is the only PWR in the country, the water being taken directly from the adjacent North Sea.

The PWR is based on American technology where, within the circuit, nuclear energy heats water to 300C in a steam generator. Steam from the generator goes to the turbines which in turn drive the generator to provide electricity. The tips of the turbine blades travel at almost twice the speed of sound. Inside the reactor atoms are split when a neutron collides with a uranium atom releasing the energy that holds them together. When an atom splits it releases additional neutrons which then split other uranium atoms, creating a chain reaction that is self-sustaining.

About every 18 months one-third of the fuel is replaced. To do this the power station is shut down, the reactor vessel head removed and, one at a time, all fuel assemblies are removed from the core and placed in racks in cooling ponds before a mixture of new fuel and partly-used fuel is placed back in the reactor pressure vessel. Spent fuel from Sizewell B is stored on site in special cooling ponds.

From the moment you arrive it is clear that

safety is paramount at Sizewell B. Unlike many competitive industries, nuclear operators globally share their experiences, ensuring that the industry remains as safe as possible. Safety checks on visitors and staff are stringent, making it a little like entering a fortress when entering the site.

Sizewell B operates what they call 'safety redundancy' meaning they have multiple systems to provide safe shutdown and reactor cooling. This includes diesel generators or gas turbines to provide power to essential systems in the event of losing all external power to the site. Organised visits



are available and I would thoroughly recommend a visit – it certainly is an interesting afternoon – just try to make sure that the weather is more kindly. It would be far more enjoyable without frozen fingers and toes! *



Does this look familiar? Believe it or not, this was sent to me by a fellow-USAF retiree living in Tennessee who worked for me at RAF Woodbridge in 1965-66. It is apparently from an old postcard he had given to him back then. He amused me by saying, "Does the street look pretty much the same today?" Yeah, sure – unpaved, no street lights! We should be so lucky! I'm sure some of our older residents will enjoy seeing this and can probably date it.

Ken Cook, Whitlands, Church Lane

In this article I give a brief taste of how some brave men volunteered to fight on in the event of a successful German invasion in 1940. I also seek your help.

To set the scene: in early May 1940 most of continental Europe had been overrun and there was the very real possibility that Britain would be next. The Secretary of State for War announced the formation of the Local Defence Volunteers (LDV), the fore-runner to the Home Guard, and appealed for men between 17 and 65, not in the Forces, as volunteers.

Eyke 1948 What if they had landed?



On Tuesday 4th June 1940, the last ship carrying British and Allied troops back from Dunkirk had reached the UK shore, the Battle of France was effectively over and Winston Churchill stood up in the House of Commons to affirm “.....we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender....”

The Prime Minister meant the regular Armed Forces, the LDV and many other citizens of this country when he made that

speech for public consumption. However, what he also had in mind were the potential activities of another, most secret, group that he had ordered be formed - the British Resistance Organisation (BRO).

The BRO, more particularly the GCHQ Auxiliary Units (Aux units), consisted predominantly of 6- to 10-man patrols, each patrol with a secret Operational Base (OB), formed in locations around the coast thought to be vulnerable to invasion. The specially-selected volunteers in the patrols would have a good knowledge of their local

area, be physically capable of fighting and harassing enemy forces and have the skills to live rough off the land.

Their mission was to continue to resist the German invader, after conventional fighting was over, by acts of sabotage, demolition, ambush and assassination, no matter what the reprisals. Volunteers were very well trained under conditions of great secrecy, in the skills of silent killing,

the use of explosives and weapons handling. Definitely not Dads' Army.

Upon formation, the Aux units were equipped with the very best that was available: some of the first Tommy Guns to arrive from the US, time pencils and explosives, pistols and rifles. This, despite the fact that there were great shortages being felt by the Regular Forces and the conventional Home Guard, shows just how important these Aux units were felt to be.

Most OBs were buried and hidden Nissen-type huts, with separate entrance and emergency exit routes. They were

constructed close to a standard pattern, with a room for living and a store for weapons, explosives and food. They eventually became quite well equipped with bunks, decent ventilation and rudimentary cooking facilities.

Of most interest to us, there was a patrol and an OB at Eyke. Due to the activities of authors, historians and diligent researchers covering Suffolk¹, we know the names of the Eyke volunteers and also the location of their secret base. I, and I hope you, would like to know more.

Many but not all, of the OBs were destroyed after the War, but I had some hope that the Eyke one remained, sealed underground like some relic of ancient Egypt, waiting to be discovered. I have since discovered that, for some reason, the Eyke OB was amongst those left intact by the demolition engineer parties. However, while for a time after the war it was a place to play for youngsters from the village, it is now, due to the passage of time, water ingress and the shifting nature of the soil, no longer either complete or accessible.

The Eyke volunteers were: Sgt CW Carter, Cpl AM Smith, Cpl RG Clark, AS Sage, Roy Goddard, Bill Churchyard and one further “Smith”, about whom I as yet know nothing else, not even their then ages. Given the times in which they volunteered and the mission they agreed to undertake, I think they were all very brave men.

I have a mental picture of them, emerging one night, armed to the teeth, moving over the A1152 on their way, carrying explosives, to drop the bridge spans on the railway between Bridge Road and Loudham Hall Road. The B1084 to Orford, with its top-secret goings-on, would also have been in their patrol area. It is fascinating to ponder on the tactics and plans they had to disrupt communications on this important road. They must have trained in the forest, fields and meadows we know today, slipping away from the village of an evening, to practise mayhem.

There is little doubt in my mind that, had they and their fellow volunteers locally and nationally “gone live”, the odds were against being able to operate at any intensity for very long, and if captured they would not have emerged alive. Experience elsewhere in Europe shows us that reprisals would have been severe.

A little online research work has led to tentative thoughts that some of the names may be of WWI veterans of the Suffolk Regiment. Searches on other sites that record census data, births, marriages and deaths, tantalise a little more. I hope to visit the National Archive at Kew to follow up some leads on original documents but, until then, I have nothing more than conjecture.

I would like to be armed with more information. Can anyone reading this shed any light on the personalities above? Who were they? What was their job that perhaps got them into the Aux unit? What became of them? Did you talk to any of them about their experiences? If you can help, please get in touch through the Editor.

This has been, necessarily, a very brief peek at the Aux Units. Hopefully it has engaged your interest and will lead to more information to build a better picture. If you wish to learn more, there are several published books and an excellent website, that is growing all the time².

There is also the BRO Museum just up the road at Parham, which has superb displays of history, weapons and explosives and much information on Aux Units. Best of all, they have a recreated OB to visit. There are also excellent clips on YouTube from the museum, the Coleshill Training location and even a couple of BBC reports.^{3,4}. That may be a good place to start. *** Adam Sutch**

1 Evelyn Simak and Adrian Pye of the Coleshill Auxiliary Research Team (CART)

2 Churchill's British Resistance

www.coleshillhouse.com

3 <http://tinyurl.com/cthyr5c>

4 <http://tinyurl.com/bpepr2v>

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Ann Downing hitches a lift



Some years ago when my husband Stewart was alive we decided to go to Westerham as it was a beautiful day and we had seen that the Prime Minister's house, Chartwell, pictured above, was going to be open to the public. It sounded an interesting offer so we took it up and started off in our old green Ford. Having done the tour of the house and garden we entered into Westerham village.

It being a Sunday, nothing was open so we returned to the car... only to find that I had slammed the car door leaving the keys on the passenger seat. "Now what do we do, you silly woman?" I said to myself. We left the car and started to walk back towards the village, and as we did so – a stroke of luck! Coming out of a courtyard was a large black car – could it be a taxi? "Are you for hire?" we asked the driver. "No," he said. "Why, where do you want to go?" We explained that we lived in Banstead, some miles away, and told him what had happened. "I'll take you there if you show me the way. Just open the car door and the lady can sit in the front seat. No doubt you have a second set of car keys at home?" How kind of him!

Off we started. The driver, whose name was Jenner, turned out to be a very interesting man – he was Sir Winston Churchill's chauffeur. He told us that Sir Winston was a very depressed man, and had very few friends, if any. Apparently he referred to his days of deep depression as the 'Black Dog'. Jenner said that on occasions, upon their return to Westerham from a trip, Sir Winston would invite him into the house for a tot of whisky. On this particular day, the journey home from Parliament had been interrupted by Sir Winston relieving himself at various farm gates en route!

Once at home, we collected our spare car keys and Jenner then drove us back to our car. How fortunate we were that our afternoon turned out to be so special. I don't know what the moral of this story is, but to us it was an extraordinary event. I hadn't thought about this for about 70 years – isn't it strange how things can lie buried in our brain for decades and then suddenly pop up? ***Ann Downing**

Low level

Robin Pooley goes diving for cover



Topping off a trailer-load of straw bales was satisfying because there was usually a break before the next one arrived and this gave a chance to search through the stubble for unusual flints or bits of pot that might have been turned over by last season's plough. I was in my late teens and had been casually interested in the history beneath our feet since finding a hand-axe and fossilised antler-pick at Eyke Walks some years prior.

I think that the field's name was Brakie: it's the one at this end of Bentwaters. We were right in line with the middle of the runway, and not many yards from it. As usual, I had placed the outside bales of this top layer, and had started jamming in the single row down the middle. There was space for two more bales.

Dinkie was down below, controlling the bale-lift from his tractor cab, offering the final items. I could hear the gentle purring of the engine as he allowed the machine to idle while I worked, out of his sight, up above.

Something made me stand upright and look along the runway ...

I've always hated jet aeroplanes. They are hideously noisy and the presence of an airbase next to Eyke is something I was never able to see as anything but an act of violence inflicted on this blessed place. But I



was in the CCF and knew my aircraft – well, some of them.

I was looking straight at the nose of a Royal Navy Buccaneer, and it was getting bigger by the millisecond.

I dived into the coffin-sized space for two bales and felt myself disintegrate as the shock of noise arrived. The worst was over in an instant (or I momentarily passed out and missed it) and I lay bathed in the warmth of the plane's exhaust as

he banked and pulled away.

More than my own surprise, I was aware of the stir that this pilot would have caused in the control tower beside the runway. I hoped he had seen me, and I hoped that he didn't get too much of a rocket on getting home to his base or carrier.

Dinkie's voice let on that he was concerned: "Are you alright up there?"

I placed the last bales and climbed down the side, still shaky, and with a singing in my head.

"That's the last one for today," he said. It was a relief not to have to fight through the weakness I felt.

We roped up, hitched the trailer to the tractor and gently trundled across the field, onto Hollesley Road and back to The Rookery. *

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Churchyard cleanup crew!



Saturday morning February 9th, despite forecasts to the contrary, turned out to be bright and sunny if a tad chilly. This was a welcome bonus for the hardy souls who got involved in a couple of hours of work in All Saints Churchyard. The lime trees that line the wall by the Street produce hundreds of shoots by their bases and they need regular pruning. The hedge at the back of the churchyard also needed a good trim.

These and similar tasks used to be undertaken by the Probation Service

(community service) but last year's decision to start charging for the work, coupled with health and safety restrictions on the use of power tools, meant a return to a Village Churchyard Clean Up made sense.

A Baker's Dozen of Eykeians rediscovered the dignity of labour and the job was polished off in no time. Tea and carrot cake followed and a couple of discerning labourers followed The Editor's lead and retired to The Elephant & Castle for a refreshing pint or two.

Lent Supper, 9th March, Village Hall

