



Making a molehill?
George Utting: a lifetime of chasing moles



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Clive Boot's last green fingered foray



Forging ahead
How Mary Moore's village signs came about

inside eyke

ISSUE 6 AUTUMN 2011



Mushroom mayhem
If you go into the woods today...

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PLUS Maria's fruity flapjack recipe to enjoy
A FAMILY BUSINESS IN OUR MIDST Murmurs
from the Morvan **PARISH COUNCIL UPDATE**



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EDITOR'S letter



The Bentwaters planning application C10/3239 is very soon to be decided and Eyke Parish Council have always been deeply concerned over the increase of traffic, particularly HGVs, through the village

Eyke Parish Council's engagement of TMS Consultancy has been well justified as the Bentwaters Parks Traffic Assessment would appear to have been based on two days of observations.

For a site of 390 hectares, within the AONB, that has the potential to be the largest industrial site in Suffolk, this was considered to be unsatisfactory, so the employment of an independent traffic expert was considered necessary to have a proper traffic assessment.

It was considered that TRICS (trip rate information computer system) should have been utilised. It is the tried and tested method of determining how much traffic each building use class will generate and is the system that challenges and validates assumptions about the transport impacts of

new developments. It is the national standard system of trip generation and analysis in the UK and is used as an integral and essential part of the Transport Assessment process.

The TMS Consultancy TRICS report shows that the Developer's Traffic Assessment is understated by a factor of three. The TMS Consultancy TRICS report predicts 1,814 vehicle movements per day, as opposed to the 661 vehicle movements per day predicted in the Developer's Traffic Assessment, which without question is a huge difference and gives Eyke Parish Council cause for great concern.

It is understandable that the owners/developers wish to maximise their wealth and profits but will it be by sacrificing the village to traffic – probably!

It is with sadness that *Inside Eyke* will lose the services of its present Treasurer, Clive Boot. Clive and Jackie are moving to be closer to their family. Clive was one of the key persons in getting the magazine going and will be sorely missed. Isabelle is bravely stepping in to fill this vital role.

I have only been the temporary Editor of the magazine and feel that it is time for some new thinking. So the magazine also requires an Editor. Is there anyone prepared to fill this post? It is a small group that put the magazine together and I am happy to help out but if you would like to take this role on please contact us by email at insideeyke@hotmail.co.uk

Send articles and letters to 195 The Street, Eyke or email to the same address as above. ❄

Volunteers and contributions to
Ron Cushing, 195 The Street,
Eyke 01394 460 775
insideeyke@hotmail.co.uk
Next edition December
Final date for submissions
1 NOVEMBER 2011
Design Aardvark Multimedia
www.virtualaardvark.com
Printing Gipping Press





Village Fete For only the second time in the thirty odd years, that I have been involved with the fete, the decision was taken to hold it in the village hall. The weather leading up to it had been dreadful and the putting up of marquees would have been very difficult. I know that the Briggins, who very kindly let us have the use of their wonderful garden, were disappointed and hope that they let

us return next year when, hopefully, the weather is kinder to us!!

While the figures are down on previous years a good number of people turned out and I take

Dear Editor

My partner and I have lived in the village (Church Lane) for nearly three years, we have an 11 month old son - after reading the latest addition of 'Inside Eyke', I couldn't agree more that the recreation ground needs some TLC! It would be so lovely to be able to walk down to the forest and have a play area for my son, maybe a picnic/BBQ area or football pitch - its such a wasted area at the moment, having walked there this afternoon, you have to be careful where you step from all the dog mess - not nice, but I guess it doesn't help that there aren't any dog litter bins!

My son loves going out in the buggy, its a great way to get some fresh air and exercise but really there is no where to 'walk' in Eyke, at the moment I go to my parents house on the base at Sutton, because you can have a nice long walk around the estate and there are several play area's but it would be so wonderful to have something in Eyke for the kids! Maybe we could ask DIY SOS to come and do a 'Community Build' for us! Failing that, I would be very much in support for raising funds for the recreation ground to come back to life! **Carly Bedingfield, Simon Sutton & Haiden Sutton**

What do Eyke folk suggest for the recreation ground, lets have your ideas -Ed

this opportunity of thanking them and all the helpers who make it such a memorable day. I would like to thank Crawford Mair and his fellow musicians for entertaining us and give a special mention to Jean Dickey and her helpers on the cake stall who raised a record £217.20.

A grand total of £1437.48 was raised with half of the proceeds going to the church and half to the village hall. **MJF**

David Houchell

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Eyke Fete 2011

It was a dark and stormy night and the following afternoon, Sunday 17 July, wasn't a great deal better. In fact the weather was awful the whole weekend and FeteMeister Mike Fisher called the situation correctly when he made the decision to operate this year's Eyke Fete from the Village Hall, rather than its usual venue across the road at The Old Rectory gardens.

It was the first time since the mid 80s that the fete had to be brought inside and the stalwart residents of Eyke and surrounding parishes made the best of the occasion. The tone of the afternoon was set by the Caterers In The Community (Bradford John, Mac and Boy Richard). Their jovial and deeply intellectual contributions from the burger and cold drinks stand were a good preparation for the noisy and convivial atmosphere of the hall.

There was a really good attendance and much catching up between friends and mutual acquaintances and the proceedings within were ably assisted by Crawford and

his musical gang on vibes.

Lack of space prevented some of the usual attractions from being set up and so financial records were never going to be broken but a very creditable £1,437.48 was taken in total. Half of this sum goes to the Church and half to the Village Hall, both of which are in constant and dire need of funds.

It is safe to say everyone who attended enjoyed themselves and credit (in no particular order) goes to all those who worked so hard to provide the draw, teas, cakes, produce, burgers/cold drinks, tombola, teddy bear tombola, the sweet game, the train game and face painting.

Over the last few years, many villages all over the country have witnessed the demise of their assets, resources and events. Eyke continues on a roll with a vibrant school, shop, church and pub and the annual fete contributes more than just financially to Eyke's well-being. Weather permitting, Nicki and Oliver at the Old Rectory will once again happily host next year's occasion. See you there!

Concert by the Savoy Singers On Saturday 1st October 2011 at 7.30pm there will be a Concert Party in Eyke church celebrating English Music. This will be performed by the Savoy Singers and will be a great opportunity to hear music ranging from Elizabethan times to the present day. Tickets will be £6, to include a half time glass of wine, and some of the proceeds will go to a local charity. Tickets are available from Mike Fisher on 01394 460 494 or by email at fishertwogates@lineone.net.

Fruity flapjack

Maria Hassan



Serves 10

Ingredients
8 tbsps Golden Syrup
250g butter
330g porridge oats
100g s/r flour

150g dried or chopped fruit

Melt butter with golden syrup, remove from heat and mix in flour, dried or chopped fruit and porridge oats.

Place into flan type dish and bake in a pre-heated oven 180°C gas mark 5 for 20 minutes or until lightly golden.

Leave to cool slightly before cutting into portions and removing. At school it is served warm with custard.



Teamwork at the Forge

Mary Moore lives in an old cottage attached to the now derelict forge in the village of Brandeston. Mary is an amazing lady with a wealth of talent... but I'll let Mary tell her own story...

It was unlikely sequence of events that brought me, a 17-year-old art student from Hertfordshire, to the village of Brandeston in Suffolk in 1951. The friend whom I was visiting took me around the village to see some of the places and people of interest and among these was the blacksmith, Hector Moore, in his forge. Our own bit of history was made that day, as three years later we were married. A widow now since 1999, here I am still, with memories of 44 years working together on commissions which neither of us could achieve alone, this is where I gained the greatest satisfaction – being part of that team.

Hector's trade then covered all sides of the blacksmith's craft; the all-important agricultural work, equally vital horse shoeing, and ornamental work which increased steadily from small beginnings. This was where my contribution came in as I was soon able to channel my art training into design for metalwork, learning as I went along. Many's the time I would produce a design for some decorative item, for Hector and the lads to look at dubiously and say 'Ye-es, but how are you going to fix it?' I would annoy them by saying 'I'm not going to fix it, you are!' And somehow they always did.

With us, the Village Sign era began in 1969 when Easton W.I. approached us requesting a design for a sign. By this time we had begun to introduce decorative castings into our work, combined with the forged steel, and this proved invaluable for the pictorial

panels on village signs. In the case of Easton this almost designed itself, having the Easton Harriers and the famous crinkle-crinkle wall. I always felt that a village sign should include features unique to that particular village and I think this was achieved in most cases. Most often the layout of the design was left to me using photographs and references supplied by the village committee, but sometimes they would produce their own design.

Usually we were happy to collaborate with the artist (amid the inevitable cries of 'How are you going to fix it?')

Hector's health began to fail in the late 1980s and in 1991 our good friend and highly-skilled tradesman Terry Pearce gradually took on the ironwork, beginning

with the Town Sign for Framlingham. After the loss of Hector in 1999 enquiries continued to come in and, thanks to Terry, I was able to continue with the work until we made our last Village Sign, which was for Brundish, in 2008. That brought the total up to 50, which seemed a good moment to 'sign off!'

They have been good years and I have been privileged to play my part in the last working years of Brandeston Forge.

I often think of the chain of circumstances that brought me here, seemingly by coincidence. However, the words of Shakespeare come to mind and seem to sum it up – "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will" ...and I am content with that. ✨



Swann's Nursery A family business

Swann's Nursery is a long-established business, situated just outside the village. Started 55 years ago by Les Swann the business has expanded and changed over the years



Les was originally involved in the timber trade producing pulp for paper and furniture before starting his nursery business.

The nursery consists of 35 acres of very light and sandy soil. The first 4.5 acres were purchased in 1963 and adjoining pieces of land purchased as they became available. Greenhouses and poly tunnels were added, as well as a potting machine to speed up production. The October 1987 hurricane wrecked all the poly tunnels, including the metalwork, and damage to the roofs of many buildings occurred. 95% of the container stock was blown over, meaning over a

quarter of a million plants had to be stood upright again – that kept staff busy! Considerable damage was caused to trees and shrubs, fortunately deciduous shrubs pulled through though damage to evergreens was more catastrophic.

In 1990 a third borehole was sunk 70 feet into the ground to produce 1200 gallons of water per hour to help water individual pots through the newly installed 'spaghetti' lines.

The nursery grows a huge range of plants, with 500 different shrub varieties, 100 herbaceous, 100 trees, plus a range of fruit trees and hedging and Christmas trees. There are four acres of container grown

plants alone. Around one million plants are grown in the nursery each year. The landscape department has expanded and Swann's specialise in woodland planting as well as hard and soft landscaping for homes or housing estates.

Leslie Swann is now semi-retired and is assisted by daughter Caroline and her husband Nick Peacock, together with seven full-time staff and a secretary. In 1998 a house for Caroline and Nick was built near the entrance to the nursery, with the shell/structure completed by a builder and the interior completed by Nick and Caroline themselves. In 2009 Nick and Caroline

Above Caroline and husband Nick Peacock
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opened a Caravan and Camping Club Certificated Site on the adjacent field which has become popular and successful.

The nursery is a real family concern and is open seven days a week for trees and plants, items from the well-stocked shop or just a bit of friendly advice from those 'in the know'.

They can always be reached for help and advice for your planting needs on 01394 460 127. ❄️



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Mushrooms on the march

Weather permitting, autumn is the time when mushrooms start popping up in our gardens, forests and fields writes **Judy Clements**

There are all sorts of fungi from moulds and rusts to the large mushrooms (Agarics) that most of us are used to. There are some 3000 large mushrooms to be found in the British Isles. It is these large mushrooms that are of interest to fungi specialists and mushroom-pickers alike. Agarics are particularly sensitive to environmental conditions – rainfall and warmth are particularly important – but many are restricted to specific trees or soil types. Most Agarics have gills which contain spores and the distribution of these spores is how mushrooms reproduce.

Contrary to popular belief there are few deadly poisonous fungi. The pure white Destroying Angel (*Amanita Virosa*) is deadly but extremely rare. However, the Death Cap (*Amanita Phalloides* above bottom left) is also deadly but common, I have found this species in the woods beside Eyke Recreation

Ground. Most of us recognise the Fly Agaric (*Amanita Muscaria* opposite top left) which is bright red with white spots. This mushroom contains a strong hallucinogen, similar to LSD, which affects the central nervous system but rarely causes death.

In fact, the genus *Amanita* contain 24 varieties of which many are highly toxic. They are identified by the bulb at their base, white gills, ring on the stem and remains of a veil clinging to the cap (as in Fly Agaric's white spots) and should be avoided.

Death from *Amanita* poisoning takes eight to twelve days starting with vomiting and diarrhoea but ultimately destroying the liver. There are a further eight or nine deadly species that severely affect the kidneys and digestive system. They are far more difficult to identify but are relatively rare.

Many of us are suspicious of 'toadstools' yet see them around us all the time. Look on

your lawn. It may have a fine circle of Fairy Ring Champignons (*Marasmius Oreades*) growing there. The cap of this small fungus makes excellent seasoning in soups and stews.

Each year the old oak stump in Church Lane hosts a fine crop of Honey Fungus (*Armillaria Mellea*). This fungus spreads by long black cords beneath the bark of affected trees and is one of their most dangerous parasites. There is no cure for *Armillaria Mellea* yet they are really good fried in butter with a little garlic!

Parasol Mushrooms (*Lepiota Procera*) abound in our area, standing in groups in pastures and woodland. With their tall stems and shaggy scales they are easily recognisable. Parasols are also highly regarded for the table.

Another sought-after variety is the Cep (*Boletus Edulis*), otherwise known as the Penny Bun. In continental markets this fungus is probably the most important edible species.

Boletus have pores rather than gills and grow in broad-leaved or mixed woodland.

They flourish beneath oaks in our part of Suffolk.

Our coniferous forests contain Pine Boletus or Slippery Jacks (*Boletus Luteus*). They too have yellow pores rather than gills as well as a slimy top to their caps. They are edible but are not of the best quality.

Mycology (the study of fungi) is a fascinating hobby. Mushrooms come in a plethora of colours – the red of *Amanita Muscaria*, the yellows and greens of the *Russula* genus and the delicate pink of *Marasmius*. Positive identification can be difficult without the aid of a microscope but you soon learn to recognise the common species simply by repetition.

There are many good books available to aid identification but the best one I know is *Mushrooms* by Roger Phillips. The important thing to remember is not to eat any mushroom unless you have positively identified it.

My introduction to fungi came many years ago when I went mushroom hunting in the early morning – field mushrooms, that is. By actually looking I suddenly became aware of the hundreds of different varieties of fungi in existence and quickly became a mushroom maniac. I'm still a mushroom maniac thirty years later. ❄️



Murmurs from the Morvan

John and Rosy Rabson moved into The Limes, Eyke, in 1978 with their little son, Hugo. Before his retirement John worked as a research engineer for BT at Martlesham. He is a former Chairman of Eyke Parish Council and Editor of The Warbler, the parish magazine. Rosy has worked in publishing, journalism, teaching and the law, and is the author of numerous books under her maiden name of Border.

In August 2005 John and Rosy Rabson and their three-legged poodle, Gussie, emigrated to the Morvan, a beautiful and little-known part of Burgundy, leaving their goddaughter, Jane Jackson, to look after The Limes. This is their story :-

We had visited France several times a year for many years, and we chose the Morvan for the beautiful scenery, the remoteness from motorways and the absence of Brits uninterested in 'going native'. After much pleasurable househunting we chose Maré le Bas, a hamlet 10 minutes' drive from the

market town of Corbigny.

Georges and Carmela Delcros had commissioned local craftsmen to build the house 10 years before in the grounds of an old cottage where Georges had spent his childhood holidays. They used traditional materials, with oak beams and shutters and superb tiled floors. They documented every stage meticulously. When we clinched the deal they gave us an album of pictures and a CD ROM. And, as they were moving to a much smaller property, they sold us their wonderful oak furniture, including a refectory table 10 feet long and three inches thick.

One thing they left behind which we did not appreciate was a beautiful house name engraved on slate: 'Les Cénobites Tranquilles'. You need a working knowledge of French slang to pick up the pun: 'Laissez nos bittes tranquilles' translates roughly as 'Leave our willies alone'. Naughty Georges! Luckily Maré is so tiny that the postman has

no difficulty in locating us.

'Vacant possession on completion' does not seem to apply in the Morvan, because when we arrived ahead of our furniture, Georges and Carmela were still in residence. We lived peaceably under the same roof for a week,

Vacant possession on completion does not seem to apply in the Morvan

during which time Georges initiated John into the mysteries of the plumbing and heating and Carmela and I checked out the acre or so of garden and took turns to keep food on the table. Gussie made friends with Boris the next-door cat and the Delcros' cleaning lady, Yvonne, agreed to 'do' for us on Wednesday mornings.

The Morvan has never been a prosperous place. An important source of income, along with timber, was - until quite recently - wet nurses. The Parisian nobility and gentry did not breast feed. Instead, they imported sturdy peasant women to suckle the little aristocrat along with their own infant. I sometimes wonder if the mix-ups in The Gondoliers and HMS Pinafore had a basis in fact, and a little baby-swapping took place.

The Morvan is a National Park nowadays - think the Dales without the crowds - and there are lakes, forests and an amazing variety of châteaux, some open to the public but most still being enjoyed as private homes. And don't get me started on the churches!

We have red squirrels in our oak tree, bats behind our shutters and swallows nesting in our porch. The bird life is astonishing - last year we played host to a hoopoe, and in winter nuthatches and woodpeckers compete with the tits around the bird table. White Charolais cows and their calves graze in the field behind our house. At the right time of year a bull takes up residence. They don't do AI here, and I am sure the bulls at least are glad. ❄️

Strawberry season

Janette Stangoe

The sun is out and it's good to see
Pink apple blossoms adorning the tree
The air is warm, the sky is bright,
The first butterfly what a delight
Oh! No! It's the dreaded cabbage white

Seasonal battles now I recall
Green fly, Black fly, and things that crawl
Leather jacket, cut worm and things that squirm
All vying for a piece of the action
My vegetable patch being the main attraction

Outwitting the Blackbird is an annual endeavour
But I never win for he is ever so clever
It remains a sweet dream, to take
The first strawberries with a dollop of cream

Because the Blackbird has speared every one
That was ripe and juicy and sat in the sun
Netting them over is the only way
To have some left at the end of each day

This year I WILL NOT spend so much
On plants n'bulbs n'seeds n'such
What's that you say, Garden Centre has
Bedding plants in today!
Excited to see the display when new
Off I go and buy one or two
(Dozen that is)

The grass is neat; the flowers are tall,
Around the borders, along the wall
In the pots, there are lots, and lots
Of fuchsia varieties my favourite treasure
Jewel of the garden that gives most pleasure
Or rose, carnation, or iris I could go on forever.



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George Utting

The Mole Man

George Utting is one of a dying breed. Born and raised in Norfolk, at the tender age of 10 his grandfather taught him to catch moles - in fact George was not strong enough to successfully set the traps!

"In those days you could get sixpence for a good moleskin," George said. "We used to skin them and tack them to a board to dry. The skins were sent to a company in Wisbech who made them into moleskin waistcoats. Sixpence was a lot of money in those days."

George left school at 15 and started work on an estate in Norfolk. Catching rabbits and trapping moles was all part of the gamekeepers job. He eventually moved from Norfolk to work as under manager on an estate in Hertfordshire, where he met his late wife. He then moved to an estate in Surrey as gamekeeper, after which he took a job

driving for Securicor and stayed with them for 20 years, continuing mole catching in his spare time.

By now George was building something of a reputation so was asked to clear the moles on Suffolk Show Ground prior to that year's Suffolk Show.

He was approached by Look East who wanted to film him in action. George took a day off sick from Securicor, filmed for Look East then was told that he would be on TV that evening at 6.30pm. Well, you can guess the rest - his boss saw him on television and George resigned on the spot - before he could be sacked!

He then had to go to college to become an 'official' mole-man. "It was a joke really," George said. "They taught us all the wrong things, like wearing rubber gloves - moles

love that. Well I just went along with it to get my piece of paper then carried on in my own way. People don't realise that moles are smart they can smell things like rubber gloves, nicotine, dogs even, soap on your hands and won't come near. I rub my hands in the mole heaps, dirty them up a bit, then the moles can't smell me."

Moles live six inches to two feet underground, perhaps 3 feet in sandy soil. If the weather is severe they will go deeper, conversely should the weather be very dry they have great difficulty digging. All in all, moles prefer it to be wet. "Never put a hose pipe down the run hoping to drown them, they'll love that." George told us. "They often push the traps out of the ground or fill them up with soil, they are smart little creatures."

Moles have four or five young once a year. In the third week in May they build what is called a fortress. This is basically a big heap forming an underground nest lined with grass and leaves. Moles have eyes but are virtually blind. They eat mainly worms, slugs and all manner of insects.

George has an uncanny instinct for knowing where to lay his traps. He always carries a poker-like instrument for prodding the ground to ascertain whether there is a run or not.

Should there be a run, plus a fresh heap, he digs out a small amount of turf with a special spade, sets his trap then covers it with turf and soil - it is essential that the hole be watertight. The following day he checks the traps - invariably he has caught his mole.

"There are many different traps on the market but many are no good. Some rust, some are just not constructed properly. You get to know the good from the bad. Windmills, sonic noise makers and gas pellets don't work either," George told us. "Save your money and get a good mole man."

George is not as young as he was so now only traps moles for a few of his old customers. But if you have great heaps on your lawn don't despair, George has schooled his son in the art of mole catching and George tells us he's good! ❄️



Glorious Gardening Clive Boot

Officially summer will not run its course until the end of the third week of September but we gardeners know many plants are showing signs of having already run their course and the garden is starting to look a little tired. Eyke is a rural area where many people work on the land and regard August as the first month of autumn – the first of the harvest months but few would now disagree that August is really regarded as a summer month. However shortening days and a noticeable dew on some mornings means sowing and planting and pre-winter operations are just around the corner.

Several plants will still be flowering from last month, especially if you have been dead heading. Dahlias, gladioli and many annuals will persist in flowering until falling temperatures check their vigour and the first sharp night frosts cuts them down. While flowers coming into blooms are fewer you

can still enjoy colchicum, cyclamen, Nerine and the glorious variety of Asters.

It's a good time to transplant and most spring and early summer flowering border plants will stand being transplanted and don't forget to divide and re-establish overcrowded clumps including polyanthus if not already done so. It's also a good time to revive some of the border bushes such as Red Robin (Photinia) and Pittosporum. Give them a trim now and they should make new leaves for the autumn.

Give them a trim now and they should make new leaves for the autumn

Plant bulbs in earnest as we go through into the autumn, narcissus, iris, crocus, chionodoxa, all at a depth of about twice their own length and also crown imperials (Fritillaria) about 6" deep in good soil, though as I've previously mentioned, watch out for scarlet lily beetle in the spring. I have already moved my pansies and have taken cuttings for next year, along with penstemmon.

Although you can take rose cuttings if you want to try propagation – and the older varieties will strike more readily – it takes about two years before you see a flower – not a problem if you have a nursery bed at the back of the border. Keep black spot in check with fungicide or sulphur dust and gather and burn infected fallen leaves.

Going back to bulbs, some readers have asked for advice regarding blind bulbs. If they have been in the ground for five plus years and are not flowering – dig them up! However if they are naturalized under trees a regular low nitrogen feed (Tomorite or similar) should improve flowering. The main cause of blindness is dry weather in the



autumn and if they are under trees this could make matters worse. Usually it's a question of bulb age and often it's better to replace than try and save.

Talking about replacing – sadly this will be my last gardening article as we are intending to move from the area.

During the summer I had the good fortune to visit Sudbourne Flower Festival and noted a poem I'd like to share with you by way of closure of this particular plot. So having cleaned, oiled and hung up my spade and fork... here it is:

As you sit on the bankside, or lie prone under the garden trees,

Or sprawl wet legged by the pond or garden stream,

The Great Door, that does not look like a door, opens.'

With apology to Stephen Graham.
Continued happy gardening. ❄️ Old Adam

9th - 23rd October 2011

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Parish Council update



Eyke Parish Council, now over three months into its new four year term, has had a very busy time, and the two new councillors must have certainly felt they were thrown in at the deep end. One of them has already attended a workshop organised by the Suffolk Association of Local Councils for new councillors, and the other is booked on a similar course in October. The big issue has been formulating a response to the planning application for Bentwaters Parks, which has involved extra meetings at Suffolk Coastal District Council offices, as well as ad hoc parish council meetings. Behind this, of course, there has been a great deal of paperwork to consider in preparation. At this stage, the only thing we can be sure of is that whatever the outcome when the application is considered at Suffolk Coastal, and however our village is affected now, or in the years ahead, Eyke Parish Council will have done its very best to protect the interests of the community.

In the past few weeks, the PC has set up a village e-mail system, which it is hoped will prove an effective way of passing information to subscribers. By simply going to www.eykevillage.info anyone interested can elect to receive any or all of parish council agendas, minutes, planning information, county or district council information and matters of general interest. Modern technology is there to be used, and the parish council hopes this is a way of generating interest in its work. Thanks are

due to Mike Tatum, who advised, set up and will run the system voluntarily.

In July there was a meeting of representatives from various local parishes, including Snape, Campsea Ashe, Wickham Market, Eyke, Melton, Rendlesham, Bromeswell and Ufford along with District and County Councillors to explore the idea of working together on local issues and offering support and advice on individual parish problems. Parish Councils can often feel they are working alone, and the idea of a network such as this was taken up enthusiastically. Already the idea of organising a planning workshop for parish councillors, run by SALC in one of the village halls has been suggested. As the consideration of planning applications is one of the regular tasks of PCs, training in how to deal with them effectively would be a welcome skill.

The Annual Audit has been completed for another year: once the accounts are closed for the year at the end of March, and the internal auditor has cast his eyes over the accounts (thanks here to Mike Fisher), the completed documents have to be sent to the external auditor, for scrutiny. At any time, anyone interested can contact the clerk to ask to see the accounts, and all spending has to be agreed and minuted by the parish council. There are various notices to be publicly displayed over the course of the audit, and these can be found pinned up in the bus shelter, or on the notice board.

The only thing which had parish councillors puzzling and scratching their heads this year, was the request from the auditor to record a value for each of the parish's fixed assets. These assets were agreed to be the Rec, the car park, bus shelter, street lights in Church Lane, the village sign - and a lawnmower. Including a nominal value of £1 for the rec, this total came to £15062.00. I wonder how many years it will be before the Parish Council is asked to review this again, and what the total will be then? * Jackie Pooley, Clerk to Eyke Parish

FOOT PROBLEM?

Treatment of corns, calluses, nails, verrucas etc

Home visits from a foot healthcare professional

Registered member of the British Association of Foot Health Professionals
Elizabeth Gallina
MCFHP MAFHP

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01394 460 270

josgallina08@aol.com

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The Dana Cup

The Dana cup is the second largest youth football tournament in the world and this year saw its 30th anniversary. 850 teams from 45 nations descended on a

town called Hjorring in Denmark, for a week packed full of world class youth football. A total of 20,000 boys and girls aged from 11-19 years would compete in over 2,000 games over the course of the week. Our team, Ipswich Town Boys under 15s, were in group 9 along with 3 other teams from Norway and were set to play our first game at 08:30(Danish time) on Tuesday 26th July.

On arrival at Billund airport in Denmark we then had a three and a half hour coach trip to where we had to be. Our home for the week was a class in a large school called Svommehal in the town of Hjorring, sleeping on shall we say very uncomfortable beds. Once we had checked in and got ourselves sorted, had some food, which was actually pretty good, it was time for the opening ceremony. All the teams paraded through the streets of Hjorring wearing their teams colours and carrying their country's flag. Then the Dana cup was opened by the mayor of Hjorring, which was followed by a Michael Jackson tribute concert. We didn't stay for that so we headed back to our room to focus on our football.

The opening stages saw us play 3 games of which we won 2 and lost 1 but still won the group on goal difference, going on to the last 32 stage where we won 3-2, then on to the last 16 where we won again 4-0. Things were really looking good for us in the quarter finals with a 5-3 win on penalties. We were

now into the semi finals - this was the closest any Ipswich boys' team had ever come. We next played a team called Musa from Finland, going on to win 2-0. We were now the only Ipswich boys' team to reach the final, set for 10:30 am (Danish time) Saturday 30th July. In the Ipswich Town U15 Boys Vs Odense BK of Denmark game we started really well opening up the scoring after only 8 minutes to 1-0. We managed to hold off the Danes until fate struck 5 minutes before the end and the Danes scored making it 1-1.

We kept pushing on and had a few good chances when fate struck again, this time in the form of the final whistle! We went on to play extra time but still no score so the final was to be decided on penalties and yes, if you hadn't guessed, like any true English team we lost 6-5. We got silver medals but had achieved a lot – the only Ipswich Town Boys team to reach the final, so although we lost we were happy with our result and it was time to go home. The Ipswich Girls' team U16 won their final and the Ipswich Boys U12 were sadly knocked out in the quarter finals, but all in all not a bad week for Ipswich.

We landed at Stansted airport at 10:30 pm and as we came through the arrivals singing 'come on you blues' and other songs everybody in the airport started clapping. Some people probably didn't even know why they were clapping but they were and it was great. If you would like to know more about the Dana cup you can visit their web site at www.danacup.com or if you would like to know more about youth football you can visit www.suffolkfa.com If you are lucky enough to get on in football it can be very exciting and rewarding I am only 15 and have played in 3 different countries and have enjoyed every minute. ❄

Jake Mazur, The Elephant and Castle

