



Meet the Marlands
(they're post-man Terry's inlaws!)



And Meet the Bees!
Sandy Sutch's apiary open day



And of course...
The Fun of the 2014 Fete

inside eyke

ISSUE 16 SUMMER 2014



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Maria's low-calorie tasty treat **TONY MATHER – PAINTING WITH A CAMERA** Will Eyke lose its ash trees? A report by Tree Warden Judy Clements



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From the Editor's shed



The 2014 fete was held on July 20th, with the Brigginslaws once again being generous enough to allow the use of their lovely garden. The early monsoon that had threatened briefly to wash everything away, from the hamster game to the teddy tombola and the Pimm's stall, miraculously stopped just as the fete was about to begin, and a good two hours or more of fine, dry weather allowed a very lively and enjoyable event to take place before the rain set in again.

The fete raised a grand total of £1,733.06, to be split equally between the church and the village hall, and thanks are due to all who helped make it such a success.

This year, your editor was for the first time accorded the rare honour of being allowed to join Messrs Macfarlane and Shaw on the burger stall. Awed at finding myself under the tutelage of two such grizzled veterans of the charcoal and the grill, I followed their every barked instruction with alacrity, grateful only for the chance to learn at the feet of the masters.

And indeed, all was going wonderfully until over-confidence or a hint of inattention crept in, and I committed the cardinal sin of serving up with a flourish a delicious bun, complete with cheese, ketchup and fried onions, but lacking the (some would argue essential) element of a burger inside it. The customer concerned, strange to relate, was so busy chatting that she had eaten two-thirds of it before she actually realised there

was anything wrong. She may remain anonymous in order to spare her blushes, but I fear that I will have to endure some months, if not years, of ribbing about my super-vegie-burger (guaranteed absolutely meat-free).

This issue also has pictures of another fundraising event held recently, Sandy Sutch's 'Meet the Bees' morning, which also attracted a good crowd and plenty of interest.

In addition we have an important and rather alarming article on ash dieback disease, a tale of a python at Bentwaters, an interview with renowned local photographer Tony Mather and a fair few other things besides.

Many thanks to those people who have sent in contributions – please do keep them coming. I know I always say this, but *Inside Eyke* really is a publication by the community, for the community, and we're always delighted to receive anything that you think might be of interest to the village. Next issue will be out around the end of October or beginning of November, by which time this sultry summer will be a fast-fading memory. So let's enjoy the sun while we can...: Tim

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Tales from Sierra Leone

Readers of *All Saints News* may remember some traveller's tales from Will Pooley, when he backpacked around India, Indonesia and Australia several years ago. Since then, he has trained as a nurse, and earlier this year left England for a six-month volunteering stint in a hospice – the only one in the country, in Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone. The country emerged from a decade of civil war in 2002, with the help of Britain and a large UN peacekeeping mission, and while progress is being made, poverty and unemployment are still major challenges.

His entertaining e-mails vividly illustrate a very different way of life, where goats and chickens outnumber people, where the average age is probably about 10 years, and where there is no mains water, limited electricity, and the only tarmac is what little the British forces left.

His first couple of weeks there were spent as the guest of the hospice director, Gabriel, in the largest and most comfortable house in the area, but still with electricity for only a couple of hours in the evening, supplied by a generator.

Now in his own accommodation, he initially resisted having a house-help, but it was a wise move to accept in the end, as household tasks are epically time-consuming: laundry by hand, cooking over a fire one pot at a time, ironing with hot coals.

At the end of April, he accompanied Gabriel up-country to attend village meetings on health and development issues, which also, inexplicably, involved attending a political rally. "Our first night was spent in a large village a few hours away. We reached the place at lunchtime where we attended a political rally for the All People's Congress (I think). Gabriel is from the area originally and has some family connections to the local chiefs so we had the privilege of attending

the bigwigs' lunch prior to the main rally. After pushing through a crowd outside the house we were ushered inside by police with AKs. The host, rich and influential thanks to diamonds, had his house boys serve us cans of ice-cold, European lager. The deputy leader of the APC was there, apparently the second most powerful politician in the country. Later, out on a nearby football pitch, the speeches began. They were dull, largely incomprehensible to me and over four hours long. The only entertainment came from the 'devils'.

These devils were an assortment of costumed characters; one a haystack, one wearing a cloak adorned with painted land snail shells, another with an apron covered in small mirrors and a couple in ladies' frocks, all with wooden face masks. The devils danced wildly to drums and gourd shakers and drew quite a crowd. Periodically the devils barged their way through the ring of APC supporters watching the speeches. The noisy invasion halted the speech, which could only resume once one of the politicians stumped up some cash. Once this was passed to a minder of one the devils (each devil had its own minder seemingly charged with reining in its mischievousness) the devils erupted in more frenzied dancing and cantered away. As the only white face in the crowd the devils singled me out for harassment. In order to escape from under their hay and frock skirts I had to give them small change. It was all in good humour, everyone seemed delighted at my presence and I chatted to many.

That night we slept in the house of one of the politicians who lived in a nearby town. In the morning I met a neighbour, a man from Arkansas wearing a cowboy hat and a T-shirt



with 'King of Diamonds' printed on the front. He was one of a handful of white people in the area who are after diamonds and in the process of 'getting very rich or very poor' as he put it.

We stayed in N'Jalihun at a Shepherd's Hospice clinic the next night then travelled to Mopala on the coast a few hours away. Mopala's best links to the outside world are by sea, it's a couple of hours by boat to

Freetown. That is not especially remote by Sierra Leonean standards but the village of 400 has barely been touched by the modern world. The houses are all mud-sand and palm thatch, the water is from one

communal well and of course there is no electricity. Every adult male is a fisherman and every woman a fisherman's wife."

Now just about half way through his stay, there have been other wonderful descriptions of his day-to-day life, including how to pass your driving test, and dealing with the very complicated and mysterious workings of the local authorities.

On a more sobering note, recently he has learned from those who experienced it, the horrors suffered in the civil war.

Above all, though, he finds the people there friendly, funny and hospitable, and is settling into his work, which is to provide home-based palliative care, generally for cancer and Aids sufferers, a facility which would be absent were it not for the hospice. ❄

Jackie Pooley

Spiced Chicken Maria Hassan

So, it's that time of year again when we say goodbye to all the year 6 children, wishing them good luck at 'big school', and of course get ready for the summer holidays. Unlike the teachers (who contrary to popular belief still work during the school holidays) Diane and I have a full 6 weeks off. Yee haar! Woo hoo! Hell yeah! I think you get the message :-) This time round I thought it would be nice to try a low-fat chicken dish. This recipe is from *Slimming World*; for those of you who don't know already I am a consultant and like to try new recipes and this is one of my favourites.

Ingredients

Serves 4

150g tomato puree
2 tsp cayenne pepper
2 tsp garlic salt
1 tbsp dried mixed herbs
Freshly ground black pepper
1 egg white
60g wholemeal roll
4 skinless chicken breasts cut into 12 pieces
Low calorie cooking spray
Small handful of chopped parsley to garnish
Lemon wedges to serve

Method

Preheat your oven to 220c/fan 200/gas 7 and line a baking sheet with non-stick baking parchment.

Mix the tomato puree, cayenne pepper, garlic salt and mixed herbs in a large bowl and season with black pepper. Whisk the egg white in a clean glass bowl until stiff peaks form, then fold into the tomato puree mixture.

Whizz the torn roll in a food processor until you have fine crumbs, then transfer to a plate.

Dip the chicken into the egg mixture then roll in the breadcrumbs to coat evenly. Arrange the pieces in a single layer on the prepared baking sheet. Spray with low calorie cooking spray and bake for 25-30 minutes or until cooked through. Scatter with the parsley and serve with lemon.



Painting by camera

If you are lucky enough to own a 2014 Woodbridge in Bloom calendar, you will already be familiar with the talents of Tony Mather. Tony has captured the beauty of the town month by month in his photos. Not only is he now the official Woodbridge in Bloom photographer, but the Woodbridge Society have also requested his skills as their photographer for features in the membership magazine.

As a commercial interior and architectural designer, Tony spent 45 years working all over Western Europe specialising in the leisure industry, creating interiors for hotels, clubs, pubs, restaurants and bars, not to mention an 'extreme sports' theme park in Tenerife.

Tony and his wife Pauline moved to Eyke from Kent in 2000, finding in their newly-built house the perfect combination of traditional Suffolk design and modern convenience. Although the move to Suffolk was part of a retirement plan, Tony's love for his profession coupled with the demand for his work meant a continued stream of

projects, both locally (the 'Alex' in Felixstowe and the 'Quayside' restaurant in Ipswich marina) and further afield in Spain, where a once-shelved night club project in Madrid reared its head some six years later, in 2005, with a programme of 'upmost urgency'! Now a top night spot for locals and tourists alike.

Photography was an integral part of Tony's professional life by way of recording completed projects. As an art student in the sixties he had found himself developing other students' photos as a means of access to the Royal College of Art, and in that capacity drew the attention of Sir Hugh Casson, head of the College at the time, who promised unconditional entry for the year to come, but choosing to pursue paid employment at that stage rather than impecunious studenthood, Tony found his design career blossomed.

Since Tony has been in Eyke, and after years of having a team of design staff to do his work whilst he travelled Europe to secure and procure design contracts, he has focused increasingly on his photographic skills and

taught himself to use the computer and photographic software to dramatise his photos. An example of this is the manipulated addition of tears to a child's face to maximise a photo's impact, or the enhanced detail of the 'chain behind a barge rudder' that stands at Snape Maltings.

Tony's photos cover a broad range, from Woodbridge in Bloom scenery, and newsworthy subjects in the Woodbridge Society magazine, to more specific design subjects. He refers to his preferred style as 'abstract'. "I like the detail rather than the whole picture" he says.

He recently won a prize for a set of photos taken in a Cornish tin mine. Each picture is of a detailed element of the workings of an image taken from the original, larger photo of the whole. "A bland picture can often contain a great photo within." He also loves photographing the wrecks still to be found in Suffolk waters, as well as classic boats standing on the marina in Ipswich awaiting refurbishment. "The weathered lines and barnacled textures of boats particularly

appeal to me," he says.

He claims that "there is potentially a good photograph within a metre of wherever you stand," and says a varied exhibition can be created from an afternoon in the garden. His range of photos certainly bear this out and as a member of the Ipswich and District Photographic Society, he has recently exhibited his work in the Ipswich Town Hall, and has also won many awards.

These days, far from the darkroom of the past, he uses a digital camera and, aided by computer technology to achieve his artistic results, is able to reproduce images on canvas, often for sale in local galleries and exhibitions, or featured in some of his interior projects.

Now both fully retired Tony and Pauline appreciate the natural delights and features that East Anglia has to offer. Tony's future plan however is to revive his painting skills, now with the benefit of the well seasoned 'photographic eye', for colour, composition and subject matter. Watch this space! ✨

Janna McKendrick



MEET THE BEES

On Saturday 17th June there was a 'Meet the bees' coffee morning at Reeves Hall in Eyke.

On a beautiful sunny morning almost 60 people met the bees, caught up with fellow villagers and enjoyed coffee, biscuits and cake in the garden.

Experienced beekeepers were on hand to explain the goings-on inside the two glass sided observation hives that had pride of

place amongst a range of bee objects. They shared information and answered the many questions that were raised on the day regarding the life of bees. There was also a touch table with bee related exhibits, honey for sale, cake stall and book stall.

The morning raised £302.60 for All Saints Church Eyke. *

Sandy Sutch, Beekeeper and Treasurer to Eyke Church

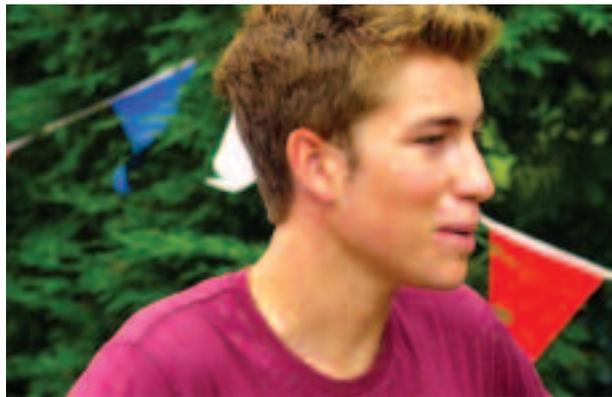


Issue 15 Spring 2014 Missed it? All editions of Inside Eyke are available to download in pdf (low resolution) version at <http://eyke.onesuffolk.net>



EYKE FETE 2014





A New Beginning

Meet the Marlands



Despite being international jewel thieves on the run from the other side of the county [Editor's Note – see 'Editor's Letter' in the last issue!], we decided we should introduce ourselves. On the last day of January we moved into The Tithe Barn in White Woman's Lane, from the village of Combs which is between Needham Market and Stowmarket. We decided we needed to downsize as age had started to take its toll, the family had their own homes and we had far too much land to cope with, plus a 12-foot-wide stream and three-quarters of a mile of hedge that needed regular cutting. My husband Bill, having been a farmer all his life, was used to hard work, and I helped out in the garden of course, but we knew we had to find a smaller property which would be easier to cope with and would give us the freedom to enjoy other pursuits.

Our daughter Catherine and son-in-law Terry persuaded us to move nearer to them and our grandchildren in Melton, and as our other daughter Lynne lives in Felixstowe, Eyke seemed an ideal village in which to settle. Sadly, since the day we moved into our new home Bill has been very ill, and instead of exploring the beautiful countryside, river

and forest we have spent many hours at Ipswich Hospital. The diagnosis came as a great shock, especially as we had left the majority of our friends behind, and have not yet had time to make new ones by joining in things in the village, but we are looking forward to attending and supporting the village fete. Hopefully, though the outlook does not seem rosy, things will gradually get easier, and we shall be able to explore new horizons and get to know people in the village before too long.

Bill is a Suffolk boy, born on his father's farm at Earl Stonham near Stowmarket, and from a very small boy he worked on the farm with their Suffolk Punches. From the age of six he drove wagons carting sugar beet, turnips and carrots back from the fields, and as he was so small the villagers used to say it looked as though the horse was on its own – Bill could hardly be seen! In the school holidays he was allotted the tasks of horse hoeing, harrowing, rolling and ploughing, added to which there were eggs to collect, cattle and pigs to feed and cows to milk. There was not much time for play in those days; youngsters today would probably not be impressed if they could not go and meet their friends and join in all the clubs and sports available to them, but had to work instead just for the love of it.

After National Service in the RAF, he returned home and was devastated to find the horses gone and more tractors installed in their place. He vowed that when he had a farm of his own he would buy a Suffolk Punch, and this he did. As soon as the opportunity arose he bought a young colt – the first of many – and so we started our lives with Suffolks. In 1979 Ousden Victor was our first stallion, eventually joined by Susannah, our first mare, an enormous gentle horse who bred us several foals. We owned other Suffolks and bred other foals, and Bill spent many hours schooling and training them to work on the land. We then took them to working events held for charity, every year :



Left: Will with Terry and Colony Candy. Top left: Bill at the 2004 Suffolk Show with Humbug and top right with their 1850 farm wagon
Bottom right: Bill and Humbug harrowing. Bottom Right Patricia with Humbug and Candy

taking a pair to work at Wantisden's 'Power of the Past' weekend. Bill also took our horses to Otley College's Open Days for many years, and ran weekly 'Heavy Horse Courses' at the college attended by people from all over the country and abroad. One mare, Colony Candy, has a special place in our hearts: Bill used her to drive our daughter Catherine and her bridesmaids to the church at Willisham on her wedding day, and she also took Catherine and Terry away from the church afterwards in our 1850 farm wagon – most of you will know Terry as your village postman! As you may imagine, it was a great wrench to have to part with Whatton Falcon, our last Suffolk, in order to move to Eyke, but with Bill's health deteriorating we knew we couldn't keep him. We made sure he went to a good home where he will be worked with another Suffolk his own age.

It was hard to leave our previous home after so many years, but since moving to Eyke we have met some lovely people who have been most helpful in various ways. I



must mention our new neighbours here in White Woman's Lane, particularly Pauline and Tony, Jane, and Stella and Alistair. They have been so friendly and welcoming, and we do appreciate the kindness they have shown us. And I must not forget Nathan; we are grateful for his help and friendly advice as well as his time. Of course it was a pleasure to encounter John and Fiona living so close, as we have known them for many years through our shared love of Suffolk Punches and membership of the Suffolk Horse Society. Strangely, we recently purchased a beautiful portrait of John and Fiona's Eyke Samphire at a SHS art exhibition, little guessing that we were soon going to be living in the same lane. We still have some four-legged friends, albeit somewhat smaller than heavy horses – four dogs which we exercise around the village lanes, giving us the opportunity to admire other people's horses. We hope to be in a position soon to be able to join in some village and church activities, and to pop into the Elephant and Castle for a meal. Meanwhile, we shall look forward to the fete, and if Jean asks, to providing her with a cake... ❄️

Patricia Marland

Ash Dieback

By Judy Clements

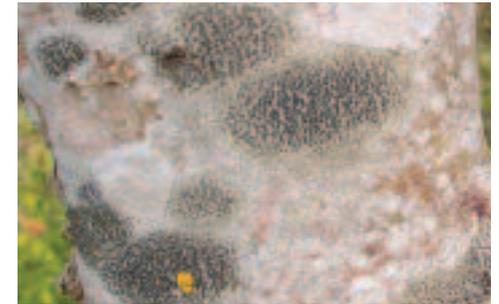
In my capacity as tree warden for Eyke I attended an informative seminar at Rendham Village Hall on May 10th. The main topic for discussion was the serious problem of Ash Dieback disease or Chalara Fraxinea.

The disease is thought to have been introduced to Europe in 1992, when the first cases were found in Poland, and may have originated from Asia, possibly Japan. It was subsequently discovered across Europe in 1994, and was first detected in mature trees in the UK in October 2012. By March 2013 it was estimated that 155,000 saplings were already infected. It is suspected that the first infected trees were saplings sent from the Netherlands to a nursery in Buckinghamshire. We are now two years further down the line and the enormous scale of the problem is becoming abundantly clear.

Chalara is causing massive stress-related tree death, with Norfolk, Suffolk and Kent being the main hot spots. The disease originates from the spores of the fungus *Hymenoscyphus pseudoalbidus* which grows during the summer on Ash petioles (the stalk that is attached to the leaf blade) amongst leaf litter. The spores are borne on the wind, allowing rapid spread.

Spore production occurs in the leaf litter between June and September. Leaf symptoms begin within two months of infection, when they start to curl and droop. During August to October black dieback will occur. (Not to be confused with the normal black winter buds.) Young trees can succumb within one growing season while mature trees will often resist for some time. The disease eventually invades the pith of the tree, which is usually fatal.

There are estimated to be 1.6 billion Ash trees in the UK, making it the country's third



most commonly recorded tree. When we consider that Denmark has lost 60-90% of its ash trees it does not bode well for Suffolk. At this point in time there are more ash trees alive than there were elms prior to Dutch Elm disease. It is expected that by 2018 around 75% of our ash trees will be infected.

These are some of the signs to look for. (Don't forget that ash trees are usually the last to flush in the spring so slow growth does not necessarily mean infection.)

- Blackened leaves (may look like frost damage.)
- Veins in the leaves turn brown.
- Tips of the shoots become black and shrivelled.
- Dark lesions, often diamond-shaped, on the trunk around base of dead shoots.
- In mature trees dieback in twigs and branches in the crown, sometimes bushy growth where new shoots appear further down.
- When the fungus has entered inner parts of the pith an ochre/lime green colour is seen on the trunk.

Hopefully the illustrations will give you a better idea of what you are looking at.

So when you are roaming around Eyke take a look at the Ash trees and should one give cause for concern you can email me on judy.m.clements@hotmail.co.uk

Because a 'post ash' Suffolk will be a tragic event I hope to begin a replanting programme in the autumn by raising young native trees from seed and eventually planting them among hedgerows and in the countryside. If any of you are eager to help our trees it would be great if you could start planting acorns, sweet chestnuts, sycamore etc. during the late autumn because Suffolk will need all the help it can get. ❄️

Snake on a plane

By Dave Macfarlane

As I'm sure many of you know, I have had a lifetime career in telecomms, and back in the 70s I was a fresh-faced BT telephone engineer. At this time I was assigned as one of the resident maintenance engineers on Bentwaters and Woodbridge bases. The whole USAF infrastructure of Tactical Fighter Wings, organisation and culture had a huge influence on the way in which we operated as telephone engineers, and in keeping the massive telecommunication systems working across the bases and ensuring they dove-tailed into the USA and USAF European Theatre. Now, a short while ago, I was sitting in our local hostelry chatting when conversation drifted onto the past, when RAF Bentwaters was still an operational station, and the American military was a very large part of local life. Before you know it your *Inside Eyke* editor know it had been persuaded into setting down some of my memories.

One story that comes to mind, was I was told to report to the 78th Fighter Squadron HQ at Woodbridge base. The 78th Squadron was a fighter squadron and was the only one stationed at Woodbridge Base; they flew Phantom 4D jets. The squadron was known as the 'Bushmasters' and all of the pilots wore a badge on their flying suits which depicted a huge snake ready to strike at its enemy. At that time, I did not realise that a bushmaster was an actual snake!

Off I drove down to the squadron HQ, which was located not far from the operational runway. I was slightly concerned, as a on a normal call I would have been given the circuit number of the system that had a fault on it, and needed my attention to get it fixed. Never mind, I was getting used to vague information when on a call to the USAF.

On arrival at the HQ I went to the operational control desk, to find a lot of pilots in the vicinity, pleased to see me, offering coffee (I should have smelt a rat!). I was not the only Brit there, as there was also a guy from the Dept. of the Environment. It seemed like they had lost their python.

Apparently the bushmaster is a very dangerous snake, and doesn't make a nice pet, so they decided to get a python instead (the rumour was they brought it in in a Phantom jet). Unfortunately, it had a habit of escaping and hiding up somewhere warm, and on this occasion the probability was that it was either the telephone equipment cabinet or the heating duct - hence me and the DoE guy.

It was decided I would go first, and I was assured that I had little to worry about as, with luck, it might be asleep. Trust me, I have never opened a telephone equipment cabinet with so much care in all of my life. On first looks there was nothing, but then the idiot pilot who was conducting the search suggested I took off further equipment covers just in case their python had gone in there! In the interests of Anglo/American relationships, I told him to look himself, or words to that effect. Fortunately for me, their pet was not there, but was found by my new friend, the very brave DoE man, although he also declined any American request to handle the little darling.

In the end we were all happy. The 78th were happy as they had their python back, my new DoE mate was happy he had stopped shaking, and I was happy that the bloody python was not curled up in my telephone cabinet! The Americans kindly offered us a coffee after our sojourns, which we both refused, deciding a stiff drink would probably hit the spot better. That was the end of that call-out, and a young telephone engineer, went off to the next call, wiser to the differences between bushmasters and pythons, shaking slightly and hoping the next call was to be just a broken phone! ❄

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And more from this year's fete!

