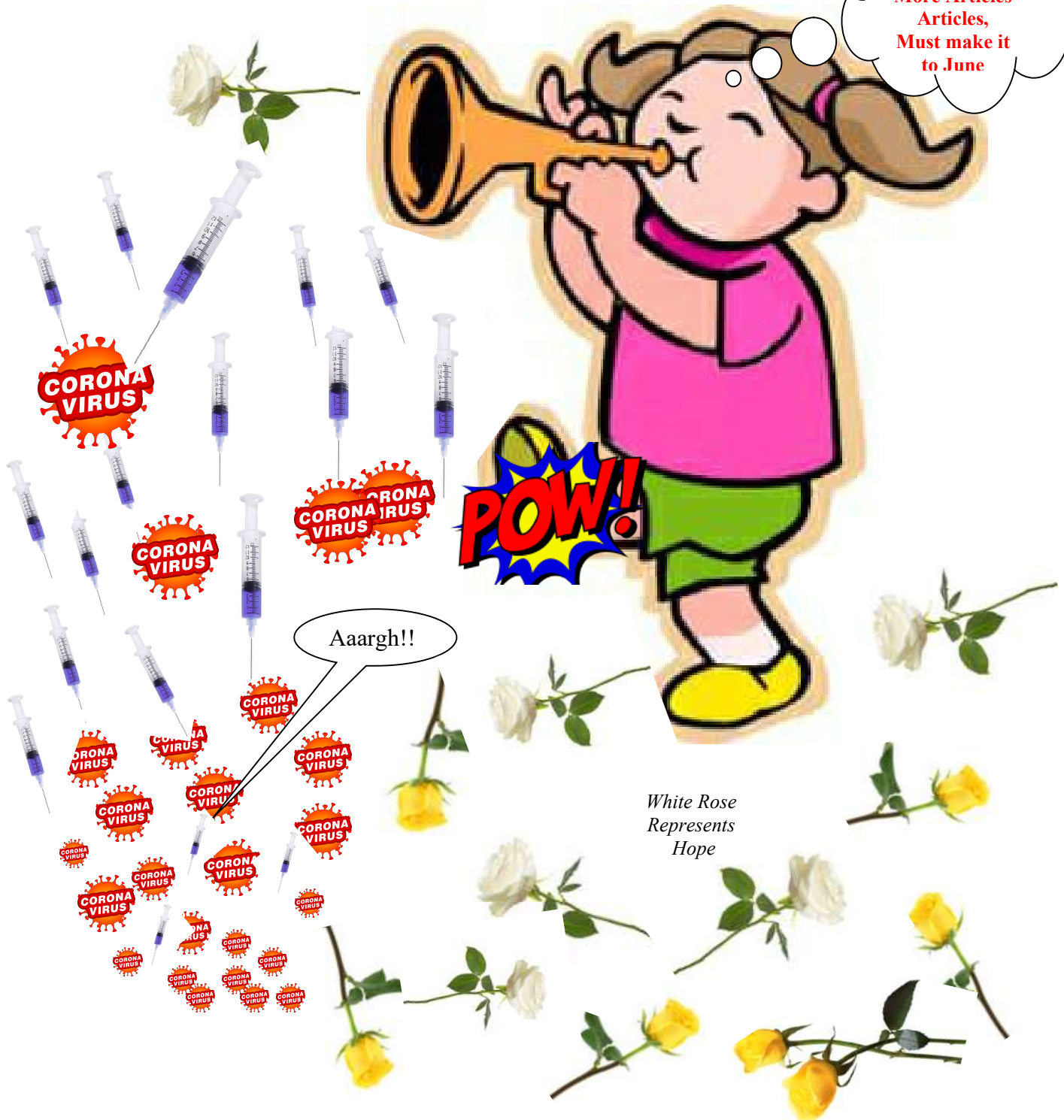


BENDLOWE'S BUGLE

Approx. distribution: 47+ hardcopies and a further 50+ emails

MARCH 2021

Meet & Greet
How long after
21st June?
Bugle – Need
More Articles
More Articles
Articles,
Must make it
to June



White Rose
Represents
Hope

The yellow rose is a symbol of friendship joy and caring. It conveys warmth, delight, gladness and affection. It is the rose to give a close friend; to say good luck and welcome back.

IT'S GOOD TO TAKE PART

BENDLOWE'S BUGLE

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Thank you to everyone listed above who have contributed their time and skills to compile another incredibly varied BENDLOWE'S BUGLE for our very special supporters

NOTE: We plan to make June's Bendlowe's Bugle the last, but in order to achieve this we do need more articles to fill another three Bugles. So, for your wonderful and friendly Community, put pen to paper or, alternatively, volunteer someone else. Make someone smile!



PHOTO: BY BILL ASKEW



Snowdrops to rival Castle Hedingham right here in Shalford

GHOSTLY GOING ONS IN PANFIELD

BY: MARGARET SPARKS



Panfield Priory Site Today

Many of us are aware that once there was a Priory at Panfield, hence Priory Corner, Priory farm, and Priory Cottages. Its location is shown on an OS map across the fields as just north of Great Priory farm. Wishing to learn more about the existence of this religious house as a background to an experience about fifty years ago I consulted that constant sage of learning: Mr. Google. Sure enough he didn't let me down, revealing there was a Priory in that location from 1069 to 1413 when it was dissolved. It was a cell of St. Stephens Abbey at Caen. During the reign of Henry III the Priory had three monks and a prior. No remains of buildings can be seen above ground. There is more about the Priory in Wikipedia for those interested.

Across the fields from the Priory is a cottage. At the end facing the B1053 there's a window of architectural interest as it is in ecclesiastical style causing one to wonder if it had any connection to the Priory. Perhaps "a Chapel without the gate", or outside the gate. This Cottage still stands though very much altered. It was the subject of an interview with a Panfield lady by the Braintree and Witham Times in the seventies. She, her husband and baby, lived in the cottage years before. It was a derelict place she said and her mother did not want her to go there. The interview revealed ghost stories fervently rendered with no room for scepticism, according to this lady whom we shall refer to as Mrs. B.

My mother sent me the newspaper clipping which I eagerly read at my home, then, in the United States. My two children and I were about to set off on our bi-annual visit to England so I showed them the article, promising I would do my best to try talking to Mrs. B about the ghosts which so intrigued the children. Once in England we wasted no time in contacting Mrs. B and listening to her fascinating tales. To begin with she told us of once walking up the hill near Cow Wood where there was a well, with her husband and baby. They collected a bucketful of water and returned. Back at the cottage her husband asked who that person was who walked by her side. She had seen no one. He insisted there had been someone accompanying them dressed in a long robe. Another time Mrs. B was hanging out the washing on a very windy day with the baby in its pram nearby. She heard a voice screaming to watch the baby. She grabbed the pram just in time to avoid a falling tree. Then there was the time they had an

elderly man to stay while she and her husband went out. When they returned they asked him if everything had been alright. He said yes, it had; especially as he had listened to a beautiful choir singing heavenly music. There was no radio in the house!

I seem to recall that around the time in question there was an article by James Wentworth Day on this subject in a magazine of Essex interest, perhaps the Essex Countryside. Anyway, Mrs. B. was staunch in her belief in the supernatural when she was interviewed. My children were enthralled too, especially daughter and her cousin, both pre-teens who announced that, although they didn't believe in ghosts; they would stake out a place at the cottage one night, or nights, to see if any apparition appeared that would match Mrs. B's description. So off they went armed with a flask of ovaltine, sandwiches, and accompanied by Joe, the Labrador who, they thought, might have a sensitive nose for the ethereal. Father promised to look in later.

At the same time as the girls cautiously approached the spooky cottage, Father and Uncle (the latter always game for a mischievous adventure) were partaking of darts and beer at the Panfield Bell. Closing time came and went, so Father drained his glass and said he had better be going. Uncle looked surprised, questioning the departure. Father replied he was going to a haunting. That floored Uncle for a bit but still he asked why, whom, where. Satisfied with nods and winks Uncle asked no more except with raised eyebrows. He emptied his glass and scurried to his car. Once home he ransacked the cupboard for his ancient duffle coat. He was always good for a laugh!

Back at the spectral site, tension was mounting! Father had arrived and they all settled down to wait. After a while the girls got restless and decided to stretch their legs by walking up the hill and back. There was a thick hedge separating road and field, ending near the cottage with a five bar gate. Meanwhile, ever so quietly (or should that be sneakily?) Uncle had arrived, parking his car in a lay-by up the hill and making his way down the hill towards the cottage and ghost hunters. As he arrived at the gate primed and ready to haunt, a car drove towards him. It couldn't have been better timed as the car's headlights lit upon Uncle's duffle coat with a much too big a hood that suggested a faceless figure. Words cannot describe the terrified reaction of the two girls who fled as if on wings towards Father screaming, "It's him, it's him!" and almost colliding with Father at thirty miles per hour as the apparition departed hastily up the hill. All this despite a friendly "woof" from the dog Joe who knew Uncle well

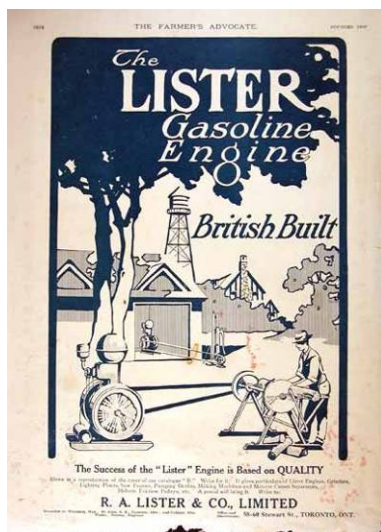
If I recall correctly, the Wentworth Day story had a more scholarly account than mine which has gone down in the Sparks' annals as one of the more entertaining of our memoirs despite the fact the girls didn't sleep very well for a while.



MY LISTER D ENGINE LOCKDOWN STORY

BY: SIMON BREEZE

My affiliation with Lister stationary engines began quite recently. My first engine was known as a Lister A or Junior A. A friend of mine offered me this engine which was in all of its component pieces for the sum of £40 in 2017. I was interested, but had no knowledge or notion of what this purchase may lead to nor the history of The Lister Engines.



An old Lister Advertisement

Although I am mechanically minded I sourced a well-known local contact who was an expert on stationary engines and asked him for assistance. With his vast skill set and knowledge the engine was soon back in one piece and running like new. I duly brought the engine back home and stored it in my shed. At this time, I lived on a narrow boat so shed space, on the bank side, was at a premium. One June a very large willow tree came down and landed on the shed. The shed was demolished but the engine escaped unscathed. At the same time, the land that the shed was stood on was repatriated to Network rail (another story!) so the engine had to go. I knew of someone who was very keen on this engine from the moment I purchased it and it was duly sold to him for £250, so a few pennies in the bank!

In 2018 my wife and I decided to purchase a property, so we were now 'land lubbers', or soon to be! I was browsing eBay and found another type of Lister engine known as a 'D'. I put a cheeky bid on an engine for sale locally and won the bid! Of course I tried to tell my wife it was 'an accident' and I did not expect to win the auction! Secretly (or not so) I was pleased as I had always regretted selling the Lister A, although I had limited options at that time. The property we were purchasing had a large garage which I have since turned into my workshop. It has a solid fuel stove and electricity now fitted so a real boon.

The advantage of the D type engine is that it is much smaller so space is not at a premium. The purchase of my second engine sparked a fire within me and I began learning about the engine. I then started purchasing other D type engines. It was

almost as if they were coming to me. I had the engines stored in a friend's barn whilst I converted the garage to my workshop.

LOCKDOWN!!

Last March, it was acutely obvious a national lockdown was approaching. I knew I would be home-bound for a long period of time and more importantly would need to keep myself busy (and out of the way from under my wife's feet)!

The Sunday before lockdown was announced (March 22nd) I gathered all of my accumulated engines together (5 in total then). This then began my lockdown journey which is still continuing now. I had never been inside one of these engines but was not overly worried as I knew they were a simple and hardy machine. Over the passage of time I soon developed my skills and techniques in restoring what looks like a piece of rusty old junk in to a living breathing machine once more.

The worst task is cleaning the grime and dirt from both inside and outside of the engine. It is a laborious and mucky task. Then the engine is fully stripped and cleaned even more. It is important to clean all of the internal parts and check for wear and damage. Components such as piston rings and valves are measured and honed. As does the exterior, it always surprises me how much of the original paint and decals are still present. I like to preserve as much of the originality of the paint as I possibly can. If an engine is in a very poor condition externally the paint and rust is cleaned off back to bare metal then blacked. This gives the engine an industrial look. I did this with my first engine and it is set off with copper detail as seen in the picture. The most rewarding part, apart from the first start up, is the careful rebuild. Namely it is a clean job and it is satisfying to see the engine being reassembled and looking as it once did.



My first Lister D engine I completed

The first start up is the 'grin factor'. There are always a few nerves when the cranking handle is inserted and the engine turned over for the first time. Without fail the engine will cough and in most cases fire up immediately. I have had a couple of stubborn ones when an extra adjustment is required but every engine has started with relative ease.

I check for leaks, fettle the carburettor and keep an ear out for any unusual noises and check for any fluid leaks. There is nothing like watching and listening to that engine run and the sense of satisfaction is great.

An offshoot of this project has been the friends and contacts I have made over this time. There is a local man in the village; a retired engineer, who has given me some

useful hints and tips and I am sure he gets as much pleasure as seeing the work done (when we can meet up) as I do. There are a myriad of social media sites providing a wealth of information and support as well as those sharing images of their engines and videos. A big part of the stationary engine scene is the attendance of rallies. Obviously these are not taking place, and even rallies planned in 2021 are being cancelled. I hope to attend a rally or 2 sooner rather than later!

I post on-line a lot of my work detailing the tasks I have described. As a result I now get asked questions and having rebuilt 9 engines (yes more turned up!) am able to offer advice and guidance which I enjoy.

I often ask myself what would I have done, and continue to do, during lockdown if I had not got these engines to rebuild. We are all aware of 'wellbeing' and mental health and I truly believe the work I have described has helped me get through lockdown. I work from home but I can only sit in front of a laptop screen for so long!

The Lister D Engine History.

It was back in November 1926 when the first D was sold to Goodwin and Barsby & Co Ltd. of Leicester. Lister, which was a large-scale manufacturer of farm machinery, sheep shearing equipment and engines, benefited greatly from the success of this engine which remained in production until 1964 – a remarkable 38-year production run. They were built at a time when stationary engines were needed in their thousands in agriculture, manufacture, construction, domestic and service use.

Before the widespread arrival of mains electricity the little engines were used to power all types of equipment including electricity generating plants for households and other buildings.

In farming these engines and the Lister D in particular, powered elevators, potato dressers, milking machines, saw benches, sheep shears, water pumps, root cleaners and turnip cutters.



A Lister D with a Lister Domestic water pump

Prior to the arrival of the Lister D a great many American engines from the likes of Amanco found favour but the little D proved to be reliable and economic and its smaller size required less room. This opened up a whole new range of uses for the type.

Over the years various improvements were made to the Freeman-Sanders design and a number of options became available. Differing governor settings and speeds could change horsepower ratings from 1hp upwards. Different magnetos, carburettors and

valve gear were also fitted and there were changes in the combustion chamber. There were reverse direction engines, radiator cooled ones and some that ran on paraffin. Production shifted from Dursley to Wroughton in 1948 and began to diminish from 1958 however it did not stop 250,000 of these little icons from being built in differing specifications.

POEM: KEEPING FIT

BY: CAROL HUSSEY



I'm thinking..... I may join a Gym,
 they seem to be quite trendy,
 a way to keep me fit and trim,
 and joints all nice and bendy.
 An old polo shirt and plimsolls
 are *not* what one should wear,
 I'll need to get all kitted up
 in all the proper gear.

Day-Glo lycra leggings in neon pink and green,
 a headband and some wristbands to complete,
 Blimey, such a scary sight I doubt you've ever seen,
 now something nice and comfy for my feet.

Trainers, sports socks, that's me done

I'm ready now to start,
 Treadmill first, let's switch it on,
 power walking for the heart!
 Enough of that, I'll try the bike
 imagine the Tour de France,
 the legs are working piston like
 and the brain is in a trance.

Pumping iron – lifting weights

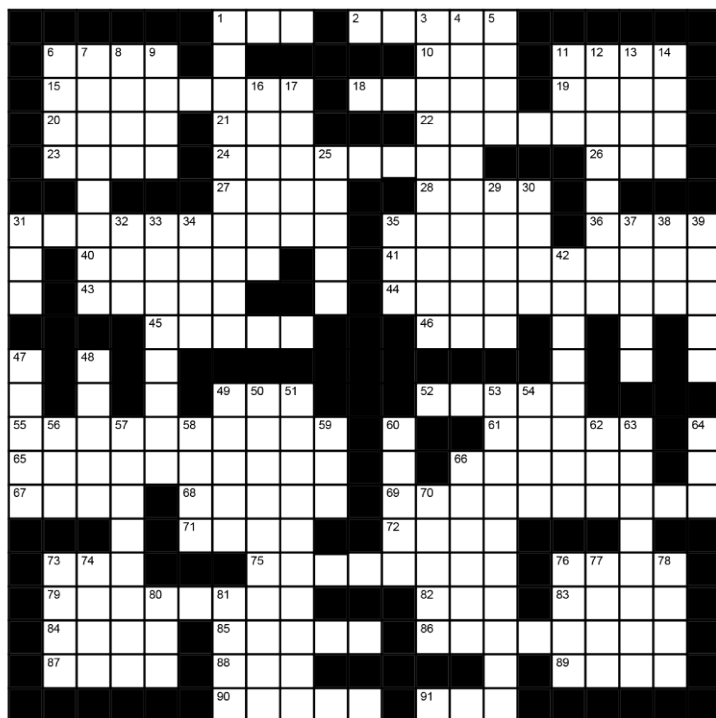
I really need a break,
 A healthy smoothie made from Kale.....
 no thanks, just tea and cake.

On second thoughts – I'll leave the Gym
 it's really not for me,
 I much prefer to walk outside
 with fresh air, birds and trees.

CROSSWORD

BY: ROBERT BURROWS

Bendlowe 8



Across

- 1 One for the road (3)
2 Little people (5)
6 Encourage (4)
10 Tree feller (3)
11 Throat-clearing sound (4)
15 Bus station (8)
18 Hosiery shade (5)
19 Cotton unit (4)
20 First man (4)
21 Explosive stuff (3)
22 Left wing politician (8)
23 Anag: Oh my (colloquial) (4)
24 Repitition (8)
26 Genetic stuff (3)
27 Venus de ____ (4)
28 Feeling (4)
31 Shrove Tuesday (7,3)
35 Belong (3,2)
36 Twofold (4)
40 Cotton fabric (6)
41 Medical viewpoint (10)
43 Not so crazy (5)
44 Foot stomping dancer (4,6)
45 Makes level (5)
46 Compass direction (3)
49 Group involved in "the Troubles" (3)
52 French farewell (5)
55 Incurring a debt (3,7)
61 Twangy, as a voice (5)

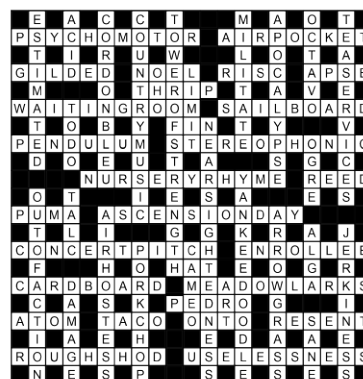
- 65 Position of a Bishop (10)
66 Obsequious bow drawing back one foot (6)
67 Supporting member (4)
68 Give the lie to (5)
69 Brains (10)
71 Gracefully thin (4)
72 Yours and mine (4)
73 Sound of relief (3)
75 Stout glove (8)
76 Pond gunk (4)
79 Lacking in seriousness (8)
82 Monetary unit of Romania (3)
83 Elite soldier (4)
84 Fungal spore sacs (4)
85 Supple (5)
86 Cargos (8)
87 Pink (4)
88 Undivided (3)
89 Youths wearing Edwardian style attire (4)
90 White heron (5)
91 Part of O.H.M.S. (3)

Down

- 1 Metric measurement (10)
3 Light stage play (10)
4 Journey for a purpose (10)
5 Appear (4)
6 The Beehive State (4)
7 Goes back (8)
8 A thousandth part of a kilogram (4)

- 9 Television award (4)
11 Epitome of simplicity (3)
12 Bad tempered woman (8)
13 Distinctive flair (4)
14 Roman boundary marker (4)
16 Not picked up (6)
17 Inscribed pillar (5)
25 Shade of blue (5)
29 Soak (5)
30 Children's author Blyton (4)
31 Seed vessel (3)
32 Cloak and dagger organisation (3)
33 Unable to remember (8)
34 Ukraine's capital (4)
35 American television authority (3)
37 Stomach woe (5)
38 Tavern offering (3)
39 Text of a song (5)
42 Merry drinking party (8)
47 Lions' hairs on neck (5)
48 Craze (5)
49 Drive forward (5)
50 Align anew (10)
51 Physicist's study (10)
53 Unwholesomely close (10)
54 Viscount's superior (4)
56 Choose (3)
57 Mediums (8)
58 Louts (4)
59 Swing site (3)
60 Imbecile (5)
62 Mimic (3)
63 Rebuked (8)
64 Heating fuel (3)
66 Public road between buildings (6)
70 Zeros (5)
73 Way off (4)
74 Plus (4)
76 Tiff (4)
77 Hamster's home (4)
78 Physics calculation (4)
80 Pizza order (3)
81 Therapeutic plant (4)

Solution Bendlowe 7



HONEYMOON HOTEL

BY: MARGARET SPARKS

We left our wedding reception in Panfield at about 4.30 in the afternoon, stopping en route to Cambridge to clean wedding graffiti from the car. At the reception desk of our hotel my new husband checked in while I stood aside in a trance after so exciting a day. Someone kept calling “Mrs. Sparks “, but no one answered until I realised it was myself they wanted, the first use of my married name.

The next day we headed north to the Lake District. When I made reservations at this rather distinguished and expensive historic house (the kind we would not dream of using ordinarily)



I told them we would be arriving late; after dinner was over and could we have some light refreshments in our room. No problem apparently. Tea and sandwiches were carried in by a waiter who asked if we would like breakfast in our room tomorrow. We said that would be nice. “Indeed,” he murmured, a twinkle in his eye, “But you will have to get up for lunch”.

Armathwaite Hall is a notable building near Keswick. Despite it being beyond our price range; for this special occasion we had booked three nights at three pounds per night. Such extravagance! It is about one hundred times that now. We acted the tourist dutifully climbing Skiddaw, and visiting Beatrix Potter, Wordsworth, and the National Trust. We didn’t want to leave and wondered if our finances could stretch to another day or so. Whispering this one evening around the fireplace in the Great Hall we must have been overheard. The hotel was frequented by wealthy business men from Manchester. One evening we were approached by one of them. “I know you are honeymooners”, he said, “Because you come down that staircase”, he waved towards wide oak steps, “Side-by-side instead of one behind the other”. He handed us a five pound note which was so very welcome. *So we stayed a little longer!*

Before we left to go back to everyday life we took another walk in that beautiful countryside. It was at the foot of Skiddaw that I spotted a modest memorial. I read it quickly, loving its poignancy, then rushed back to the car for pen and paper. The memorial paid tribute to three members of the Howell family in the early nineteenth century. One of them was an expert and breeder of Herdwick sheep.

It read:

Great shepherd of thy heavenly flock
These men have left our hill
Their feet were on the living rock
Oh guide and bless them still



Skiddaw mountain is 3,054 ft. Its summit is the 6th highest in England

It was hard to leave the Lake District but we had to return to our rented cottage near Rayne Hall, Mary’s Cottage, (at three pound a week) One afternoon we were sitting in the garden when we smelled smoke. It was coming from a Dutch barn opposite that belonged to Mr, McGregor of Rayne Hall. My husband rushed over there to help and later achieved some publicity in the Braintree and Witham Times as well as an American publication, The Stars and Stripes, under a heading in the man bites dog department, Sparks Puts Out Fire.

LOVE YOUR MUSCLES

6 exercises for strength and balance

Try these six simple exercises two or three times a week – every day if you like – and you should soon notice improvements to your co-ordination and balance



- MAKE SURE THE CHAIR YOU USE IS STURDY
- WEAR SUPPORTIVE SHOES
- IF YOU EXPERIENCE CHEST PAIN, DIZZINESS OR SEVERE SHORTNESS OF BREATH, STOP AND CALL YOUR GP OR CALL 111
- A SLIGHT SORENESS THE DAY AFTER IS QUITE NORMAL



Heel Raises

Stand tall, holding the back of a sturdy kitchen-type chair or kitchen sink, then lift your heels off the floor, taking your weight onto your big toes. Hold for three seconds, then lower with control. Repeat 10 times.

Toe Raises

Stand tall holding the same support, then raise your toes – taking your weight on your heels. Don't stick your bottom out. Hold for three seconds, then lower with control. Repeat 10 times.

 Find a wealth of health information at saga.co.uk/falls

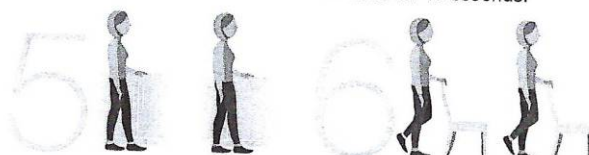


Sit to Stand

Sit tall near the front of a chair with your feet slightly back. Lean forwards slightly and stand up (with hands on the chair if needed). Step back until your legs touch the chair then slowly lower yourself back into the chair. Repeat 10 times.

Heel-Toe Stand

Stand tall, with one hand on your support. Put one foot directly in front of the other to make a straight line. Look ahead, take your hand off the support and balance for 10 seconds. Take the front foot back to hip width apart. Then place the other foot in front and balance for 10 seconds.



Heel-Toe Walking

Stand tall, with one hand on a support like a kitchen cabinet. Look ahead and walk 10 steps forwards, placing one foot directly in front of the other so that the feet form a straight line. Aim for a steady walking action. Take the feet back to hip width apart, turn around and repeat the steps in the other direction.

One-Leg Stand

Stand close to your support and hold it with one hand. Balance on one leg, keeping the support knee soft and your posture upright. Hold the position for 10 seconds. Repeat on the other leg.



WHY NOT PULL OUT THESE CENTRE PAGES AND KEEP THEM ON THE FRIDGE?

POEMS:

BY MARGARET SPARKS

TO YORKSHIRE WITH LOVE



Lonely little valleys
Begging us to find them
And they were well hid

Friendly little hills
Imploring us to climb them
And climb them we did

To see in the distance
More tempting paths to follow.
We went where we were bid.

To where stone walls abounded
Sealing Yorkshire's secrets
Beneath an emerald lid

ALMOST



To look around, you'd never know
That Spring is almost here
For the pall of Autumn's dying
Is still brittle from last year.
But there's birdsong on the
sunbeams
And a softening underfoot
As I watched two robins courting
From my quiet spot in the woods.

POEM: BY SHEILA BUSH

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING!

When living in London the church had boot sales in the church hall and below is what happened on one of my visits...

On my visit to the church
I thought I'd have my usual search,
A good look round at all the tables,
Looking for "Designer Labels".

Some lovely boots I saw for sale
I thought I'll have them without fail.
To try them on first would be wise
Making sure they were my size,

One went on with a bit of a squeeze
Never mind I'll have them please.
But it wouldn't come off so I heaved and heaved,
By now I was getting rather peeved.

The other boot I tried, the zip then broke,
I got very hot and thought this is no joke.
I can't get them off "What can I do?"
The sales lady said I can cut them for you.

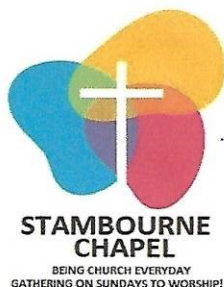
The scissors were useless so out came a knife,
I just wanted to run for my life.
The vicar came over to see what was happening,
I couldn't move and the boots were a flapping.

The boots were cut off,
I paid my money,
No one was laughing,
Well it wasn't funny.

Before this story comes to an end
I think there is a moral my friend.
Don't scoff at others when buying toot,
As one day the boot may be on the other foot.



BY: JILL HOLMES



Chapel End Way, Stambourne, Halstead, Essex. CO9 4NX
Minister: Adrian Burr, 07983 656166
Secretary: Jill Holmes, 01440 709528
Treasurer: Elizabeth Tew
Deacon: Robert Holmes



Press Release

Stambourne Chapel Care

My name is Jill Holmes and I am a Community Worker employed by Stambourne Congregational Chapel. I am a retired Learning Disability Nurse and have many years of experience working with families and liaising with statutory and voluntary agencies.

We have received grant funding to develop a project which aims to support vulnerable people in the area (Stambourne and surrounding villages from Haverhill to Halstead).

The project has been set up to reduce isolation and loneliness that people may be experiencing and matching them to a volunteer or a local service, to build up supportive communities.

This may be related to the pandemic and the lockdown we are currently in, but not entirely. There are many other reasons people may feel isolated and/or vulnerable, and we are planning for the project to continue beyond the Lockdown.

We plan to compliment the services that are currently available and to work alongside other agencies.

We are looking to recruit volunteers to provide services such as befriending, visiting, advocacy, shopping, collecting prescriptions and transport to medical appointments. This list is not exclusive and if there is an unmet need please contact us and we will try to help where we can.

Before a volunteer becomes allocated to any task we will complete an assessment which will include a risk assessment, paying attention to the current coronavirus restrictions at the time.

For volunteering opportunities or to make a referral, please contact me on 07883423528 or email at holmesjill30@gmail.com.

..... IN PLEASANT PLACES (ii)

BY: HILARY PENNEY

Before I leave my pleasant places in N Ireland I want to take you to a small seaside town called Ballycastle near the north-eastern corner of the island of Ireland, which has long been dear to all our family. My mother, as a very young teacher, was sent there in 1941 to help cope with the influx of Belfast children escaping the blitz from the city, many of them being evacuated to the north coast and surrounding country areas. During her time there, about 18 months in all, my mum, a proper city girl, played a full part in the community making many lifelong friends and, as a result,

family holidays in Ballycastle were a regular treat.



The north Antrim coast is a spectacular sight with its basalt-topped limestone cliffs, little fishing harbours and long sandy beaches.

In summer, wild fuchsia hedges line every smaller road and the gorse – or “whins” as it is known –

blooms almost all year round. Across 6 miles of turbulent water (this is where the Atlantic meets the Irish Sea) lies the island of Rathlin and on a clear day you can see Islay and Jura to the north and the Mull of Kintyre about 13 miles to the east. Indeed, Scotland sometimes seems close enough to touch and it is not surprising that the northern counties of Ulster and the Hebridean islands formed the Kingdom of Dalriada long ago. The local dialect and accent still reflect these Scottish ties.

Ballycastle stands at the head of Glenshesk, the northern-most of the nine Glens of Antrim; farming, fishing and small-scale tourism used to be the main occupations and the town is still the venue of the “Oul’ Lammas Fair” on the last weekend of August.

In my childhood, it was a mainly agricultural affair, with cattle, sheep and horses being traded, stalls selling the traditional “dulse” (dried edible seaweed) and “yellowman” (a kind of chewy honeycomb sweet) and local fiddlers, pipers and drummers entertaining the crowds. Nowadays, I’m sorry to say, the livestock mart has pretty well disappeared and the streets are lined with tacky clothes and souvenir stalls, raucous music blares from speakers and most of the crowds are definitely not local. However, it only happens once a year and can be avoided! The town still has its small independent shops although a modest Co-op was added a few years ago and if you walk up Ann Street to the bakery or butcher’s everyone you pass will greet you with “That’s a grand day!” whether they know you or not, and even if it’s a “soft” day ie raining.

Ballycastle Bay is guarded on its eastern side by Fair Head (or Ben More in the



Gaelic), a forbidding basalt cliff, and by Kenbane Head to the west. Fair Head was a favourite venue for geology field trips in my school and university days and I shudder now to think of us skipping down the “Grey Man’s path” with a vertiginous drop and treacherous scree below - no “Health & Safety” or risk assessments in those days, we were expected to use our commonsense! But I don’t think anyone ever came to serious hurt barring the occasional sprained ankle. The Strand, a magnificent sandy beach, is nearly a mile long and is rarely overcrowded even in high summer, though surfing the Atlantic breakers is popular now. Not many swimmers brave the water, apart from children in the shallows, because it is *seriously* cold all year round. I have shivery memories of being coaxed in with cries of “You’ll be fine once you’re in!” – no, I wasn’t, and it has put me off sea-swimming ever since. Or any

swimming, come to think of it

Ballycastle is still surrounded by farmland and a few fishing boats still leave the harbour but tourism is big business now because the north coast was one of the settings for “Game of Thrones” and scores of coach-loads of tourists come to see the sights, good for trade but a nuisance on the minor roads. The town is nowadays connected by (mostly) dual carriage highways to Belfast, just 60 miles and an hour away, so it is becoming more and more popular as a “home with benefits” for working people who want the best of all worlds; there has been something of a local building boom to cater for them.

Game of Thrones “Dark Hedges”



There is so much to do in the area. If you are a walker there are coastal paths in both directions; going east you may catch a glimpse of the “crannogs” or ancient lake dwellings on top of Fair Head before you reach Murlough Bay and its stunning vistas of Rathlin and Scotland, weather always permitting. Walking westward takes you to Ballintoy Harbour (fabulous café) and Whitepark Bay, 3 miles of glorious, deserted sandy beach, and, eventually, to Dunluce

Castle, the Giants Causeway and most importantly, the Bushmills Distillery! If you have had enough of sea breezes the Glens of Antrim are within easy reach by car or

bike, each with its own distinct flavour and views, small hill farms, beech-lined lanes and heather-topped hills, and always the faint tang of peat smoke on the air.

For bird watching and dolphin-spotting you can take a trip to Rathlin island on a choice of two ferries, one fast and one slow, which leave Ballycastle harbour every couple of hours in high season and deposit you at Church Bay on Rathlin. From there, a garrulous mini-coach driver will take you to the RSPB reserve at the western cliffs at the tip of the island, recounting local history and landmarks as he goes. In spring and summer N Ireland's biggest seabird colony goes into overdrive and as you gaze out to sea it strikes you again that there is nothing between you and North America except the ocean.

What takes me back to Ballycastle year after year? Although England has been "home" for many a year it is something about the quality of the northern light, the long, long summer twilights, the accents of my childhood and sharing the "craic" with local friends – maybe just nostalgia after all! Ballycastle is changing, of course it is, and I would not want to keep things just as they were in the past, but something of the old character does still remain and I'm happy to say that my children and grandchildren are its latest fans.

POEM

BY: CAROL HUSSEY



SECRET MISSION

I'm on a secret mission
 so, I'll need a good disguise,
 coat down to my ankles
 dark glasses for my eyes,
 floppy hat with downturned brim
 a scarf that covers nose and chin.
 Quiet shoes that make no clatter
 How do I look?it doesn't matter.
 I'm waiting for the sun to dip,
 then I can set off on my trip.
 Down the hill to the village shop,
 once I'm there, inside I'll pop,
 hoping no-one I know will see me,
 I'm here to buy a *Woman's Weekly*!

POEMS: BY DIDI CROOK

RUBBISH ON THE MOTORWAY

A Monday morning
a mood depressed, lonely, sad –
a long drive to work,
almost, driving on auto
just awake, mechanical.

Watching rain splatter,
wheels turning
splash muddy slops
onto dark tarmac –
dull mind watching tyre-marked lines –
nothing breaks monotony.

A car window opens –
paper scrunched into a ball
roughly thrown out –
 abandoned piece of rubbish
 infuriating my mind.

Only – too soon calm,
for suddenly I notice
the paper seems alive
being taken by the wind
created by turning tyres

The white ball
 seemingly jumping,
giggling with joyous glee
between the busy cars.
I can almost hear it shriek
with a child-like happiness.

My heart resonates
with spontaneous laughter
for,
 unexpectedly
a small white paper rubbish ball
holds the innocence of “Joy”.

WHEN WILL YOU COME, O GYPSY

When will you come, O Gypsy,
When will you come o’er the sea?
I’m getting tired of the waiting –
tired of my being free.
I’m longing for our uniting,
Your wild soul with mine,
to complete the restless cycle
my soul needs to link with thine.
I feel your heart in the fur of kittens,
I see your eyes in the clouds,
I see you move in the mane of horses,
and I know your dream on the hills.
You will come from the natural living,
from a foreign life to me,
but my soul has known in music
that you are calling me.
Come soon, soon, O Gypsy,
take me where I should be,
to that land I was born in,
yet the only land for me.

TWILIGHT IN WALES, ABERDARON 1950

A curlew flying – a lone call crying,
The red glow of a dying sun,
The old men enter the village to talk,
The day’s work is done.
The Irish sea shines red and gold
The eastern clouds make the Afterglow,
And slowly the night comes to the land
With the sea’s inward flow.
The sheep have ceased their bleating
The cattle all are still –
Geese are cackling in the valley
 - Silence falls upon the hill
The Men have come from the fieldland,
To talk far into the night,
Then to return to their farmstead
To sleep till the morning light
The gulls are flying home to roost
For the sky is darkening ever –
The moon reflects into the sea
And the twilight now, is over.

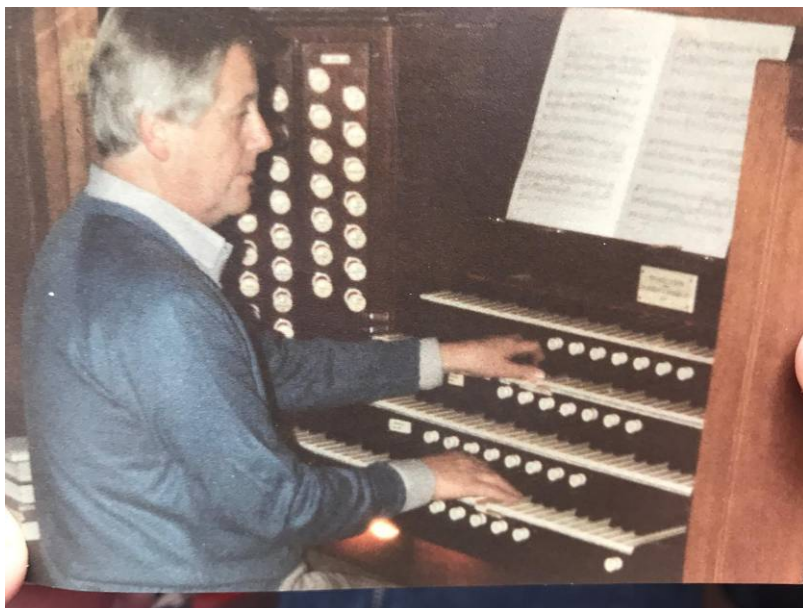
ORGAN STORIES

BY: RICHARD WEBB

Hello Everyone!

Richard Webb here again with some more stories.

I just thought you might be interested about yet another organ story!



Wethersfield United Reformed Church, almost next door to where I live in Saffron Close, is now a private house with a young family living there. Hamish, the owner had no use for the organ and therefore donated it to another church. The organ was built by Cedric Arnold of Thaxted, a well-known organ builder, who built many local organs. The organ was dismantled by my friends Andrew

Stevens and Andrew Ray, both very competent organ builders, who transported it to Hacheston Parish Church in Suffolk where it looks good and sounds well in its new home. I played it on the last day as it was being dismantled. I had to vacate the organ seat fairly quickly to prevent being carried out the door!!!!

My other hat was playing in local dance bands. I played at most halls in the area over a period of many years, including two years in the RAF in northern Germany. I was also organist of the station Church with - would you believe, Padre "Lord" as the vicar.

We had some amusing things happen whilst in The Norwood Simpson dance band back on "civvy" street. Once, we were booked to play at The Old Rectory in Frating near Colchester. "There it is, it must be the place – bay window, porch, beer crates stacked up!" So we parked near the porch and started to unload. The band leader and myself got out of the car first. I had my music case, mike stand, etc, the band leader had his trumpet in a case plus mike stand. We knocked on the door and walked in. "Good evening, we are the band". Well you should have seen the look on the lady's face! She was knitting and her husband was watching TV. We were at the wrong Rectory!!! We apologised and quickly retreated, telling the other two musicians, "Stop! Don't unpack – we are at the wrong address". We did get to the right address in the end.

The band used to play at the Wethersfield Airbase quite often. Also at Little Bardfield Hall. This is back in the sixties. We used to play for dances and there were other groups that played opposite us. Other guest stars appeared like “The Springfields” – a group of three singers, including Dusty Springfield and her brother plus one other. Also, the well-known Matt Munroe – he has his own pianist with him, but needed our drummer and bass player to play with him. Matt was short in stature and therefore had to stand on a chair when he sang so that he could be seen better. Ted and Gerald thought they had hit “THE BIG TIME”!!



As some of you will remember, the American Air Force was stationed at Wethersfield Airbase and many of the families rented houses in the area. Two pilots rented a thatched cottage in Little Bardfield and we were asked to play for their Halloween evening. Well, they had plastic bins filled with a potent ‘punch’. I don’t know what was in it, but when the party ended, the left over punch was thrown on the open fire and it exploded up the chimney - it was a thatched cottage!! We managed to get out alive!

We also played at the “George Washington Balls” at the Wethersfield Airbase with a ten-piece band playing Glen Miller, Count Basie, plus a lot more, which was very nice to do. Also I remember playing for a special ‘Anglo-American’ Ball in Kings College right opposite the famous Kings College Chapel in Cambridge. I remember it well as we had to play the English and American National Anthems for the toast – a very nice evening.

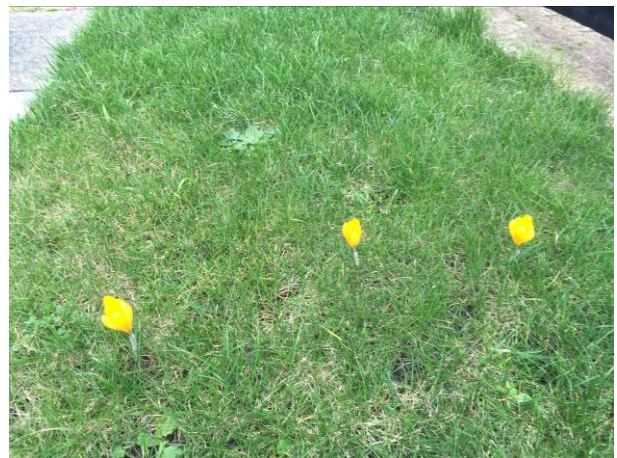
One thing about playing in dance bands was the weather – fog and snow in the winter was not so good – summertime was very pleasant. When I was with Don Drury’s band from Colchester, we always played for the New Year’s Eve Dinner Dance at The Swan in Lavenham – 9pm until 2am. I can remember travelling home more than one time in the snow, arriving home at 3am. No New Year’s Day off in those days. I had to be at work at 8am – not always feeling full of the joys of “oh good, it’s New Year’s Day” and I have to work!

More stories next time!

PHOTOS OF SHALFORD

WINTER v SPRING

BY: GILL ASKEW



Future Proof – Lifetime security for Social Care funding and Ring-fencing Family Wealth

**By: Adrian Quick, MSc FPFS LLAA
Chartered Financial Planner**

Welcome to the third of three articles about ‘Doing the Right Thing’ by engaging in Later Life planning.

Over the last two months I’ve discussed:

- the basics of long-term care and the need to identify whether the primary need is social or nursing care, as it has significant financial implications, and
- ensuring you have a voice even when you lose personal capacity, with Lasting Powers of Attorney

This month I am focusing on options for self-funding social care, which the vast majority of care provision falls within. At this stage, I am assuming that you have taken guidance from a Care Navigator (see January’s article) and ensured that the primary care need has been correctly assessed as social care, all support benefits have been claimed (ie: Attendance Allowance) and that with available assets over £23,250 you are by default a ‘self-funder’.

As we have previously discussed, social care may be either domiciliary and delivered in your own home, or residential in a care home. You have a right to express how your care is delivered, subject to overriding medical needs, and your attorneys should have prior knowledge of your preferences (see last month’s article on LPAs).

So, what options exist for funding the social care financial gap ie: the shortfall between the cost of care and income from pensions, interest and investments? It depends on whether assets are fully liquid (cash or readily realisable investments) or tied up in a property, but include:

- Monthly drawdown from cash
This is the usual default if the family home has already been sold
- Monthly income and/or capital drawdown from investment
NB: be careful of Capital Gains Tax (CGT) when encashing investments
- Rental income from property
NB: rental income is taxable and must be declared to the Inland Revenue. If long term rental, future increases in the property value might attract CGT on sale

- Deferred Payment Agreement (DPA) on the property with the Local Authority if in residential care (therefore no longer resident in your own home)
- Lifetime Mortgage to release equity from the property if receiving domiciliary care (so still living in your own home)

NB: Be careful! Whilst you, your spouse or a dependant relative is still resident in your own property it is ordinarily not treated as an assessable asset against self-funding. If you raise capital from your property, the cash immediately becomes assessable

All the above are typically well understood.

There are two challenges; how to ensure the available funds aren't exhausted before the care need expires (the longevity risk), and how to minimise the loss to the inheritable estate?

Immediate Needs Care Annuity (INCA)

One solution offers to both future proof the payment of the social care fees gap and ring-fence the remainder value of the estate being left for distribution under your Will.

In exchange for a one-off capital premium, a guaranteed, index linked and tax- free payment is made direct to the registered care provider. The risk of 'living too long' has been transferred to the insurer and is 100% covered by the Financial Services Compensation Scheme (FSCS).

Having covered the funding gap, the remainder estate is not subject to further erosion, providing security of the inheritance and allowing both tax planning and capital growth investment to be considered.

The risk within the solution is 'not living long enough' to recoup the capital cost, although there are capital protection options available.

The capital cost is a formula that multiplies the shortfall gap by the projected longevity. A single simple application is used to access all INCA providers, and each will request your medical history direct from your GP and care provider. Qualified medical underwriters in each provider will consider the medical evidence and form a judgement of remaining life, based on their prior experience. Each provider will price their product based on that longevity assumption.

Let's consider a simplistic example:

Social care fees funding shortfall (the gap)	£30,000 per annum
Projected Longevity Assumption	Provider A 3 years
	Provider B 4 years

Ignoring the cost for indexation of the benefit in payment and discount for having received the capital up front and paying the benefit over a period of years, the premium quoted would be:

Provider A	£30,000 x 3	£ 90,000
Provider B	£30,000 x 4	£120,000

As the underlying product and guarantee is the same with both providers, we would ordinarily recommend provider A. We have seen premium differentials in excess of £100,000, so advice is important
 If you live more than 3 years, the benefit payment will continue for as long as is required...guaranteed!

Of course, it's not always the right or exclusively appropriate solution; the projected remaining life may be too short, health is deteriorating rapidly creating too much uncertainty of future need, there are insufficient cash funds to cover the full purchase cost (although the Local Authority may agree to fund any shortfall).

All attorneys should consider an INCA, to meet their legal obligation to secure provision of care for life, where possible.

In this short series of three articles, I aimed to draw your attention to the need and value in 'Doing the Right Things' for yourself and your families through early stage later-life planning action, with the following suggested steps:

1. starting with family discussions and getting the legal basics in place
2. ensuring that you have Wills that reflect your current wishes, putting the right money in the right hands at the right time
3. arrange both Property & Financial and Health & Welfare Lasting Powers of Attorney to ensure your voice can be heard when you can't speak for yourself
4. **Seek professional Care Navigator support in the early stages when care needs are identified and specialist care funding advice to ensure that good financial outcomes prevail**

Please feel free to call or email me and have a confidential chat if you have any immediate concerns. At the very least, I should be able to offer support or direct you to another appropriate professional.

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A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

A PAPER CUTTING FEATURING DR. JOHN GOUNDRY

SENT IN BY: JAN MEDDLE

Dr. John Goundry (photographed by Roy Squire) stands by his motorised surgery with one of the best waiting rooms in the country.



Essex doctor does his rounds in motorized caravan

DR. JOHN GOUNDRY laughs when he says "I dare say the stuff in the waiting room would do some of my patients as much good as the stuff I dispense." His waiting room is the saloon bar of the George, a centuries-old inn at Shalford. His surgery is a motorized caravan—the first of its kind in Britain.

Once a week Dr. Goundry's out-patients meet at 11 a.m. in the rafted bar, where two-foot-thick logs burn day and night throughout the winter in an ancient ingle-nook fireplace. Many are old-age pensioners. The oldest is ninety-two. They have not had a resident doctor in Shalford for many years.

The mobile surgery is equipped with gas fire, couch, desk and chair, cupboards full of drugs and everything necessary for obstetrics. In it Dr. Goundry receives his patients and dispenses drugs and medicines. "God knows what the old folk would do if he did not come" says landlord Les Burton. The nearest chemist is four miles away.

One of Dr. Goundry's regular patients at Shalford is Charles Thorogood, aged seventy-four, who has been having treatment for about five years.

"I think the surgery and the waiting room at the inn are a marvellous idea," he says. "There is nowhere else for us to

wait. I always have a beer while I'm waiting, and another after I've seen the doctor. I reckon it's the best doctor's waiting room in England."

Dr. Goundry's surgery is at Wethersfield, three miles away. Because of the infrequency of the local bus service a patient visiting him there from Shalford would require about half a day for the return journey. Said Mr. Burton: "It would be terrible for old folk in wintry weather."

Mr. Burton's wife, Joan, makes coffee—"on the house"—for some of the elderly

by M. Riley

women patients, but some of the men have a drop of stronger stuff. "It doesn't make any appreciable difference to trade," says Mrs. Burton, "but we love having them here. Everyone knows everyone else, and they have a good cosy gossip round the fire."

Dr. Goundry's mobile surgery serves two other villages. "It's much more interesting than working from an ordinary clinic" he says. ★409E

A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

PAPER CUTTING FROM THE CHRONICLE, 27.6.2013

FEATURING THE ORDER OF BOWLER HATTERS

SENT IN BY: JAN MEDDLE

Hi Folks. I do apologise, but my skills are insufficient to make this paper cutting readable. Therefore, I have typed the article below – Alice:-

12 Chronicle, Thursday, June 27, 2013

REMEMBER WHEN

ORDER OF BOWLER HATTERS: Gentlemen pub-goers Hats off to the gents who helped make a difference

By Joe Sturdy
joe.sturdy@essexchronicle.co.uk

GENTLEMEN who brought laughter and happiness to an Essex village by doffing their hats to avoid a fine of two shillings (10p) traded memories at a special reunion recently.

A few members of Ye Ancient Order of Bowler Hatters club gathered on the playing fields at Shalford village hall, near Braintree – almost 40 years to the day since a bench was installed there to mark their charitable endeavours.

It all began at the George Inn pub when Charlie Thorogood, wearing his Sunday best, would raise his bowler hat to women entering or leaving the pub. The idea caught on with the regulars who installed a fine of two shillings for anyone who missed a lady entering or leaving, in order to raise funds for the disadvantaged.

"He always used to come in for his pint of bitter before he departed for home after he'd been bell ringing, and when he came in, he doffed his bowler," said Mike Meddle, 73, the co-founder and chairman of The Ancient Order of Bowler Hatters club, who moved to the village in 1963.

Inspired by Charlie Thorogood, Mike and three friends – Peter Canham, Tony Owers and Richard Smith – banded together to help pay for a resident's stolen coat and would doff their hats in the pub on a Sunday. And so Ye Ancient Order of Bowler Hatters was born.

"If we didn't when a lady came to the bar we were fined two shillings," Mike said.

Fines

"The fines mounted up as the ladies came in through different doors to catch you out – Sunday mornings could cost a bit."

The group broadened its charitable idea when members decided to bring the elderly residents together for a party, as many had not seen each other for years.

"We came up with the idea to buy the oldest members Christmas hampers with drinks and pies so they could meet up again," said Mike.

"Some of the tales that they told of what went on during the First World War and the jokes they played – it was good to hear."

The club expanded to around 20 members and the hats became a village trademark.

"People came from the villages around Braintree to see the fun in the mornings," Mike said.

Alongside the hat-doffing, functions were constantly held to raise money to buy the Christmas hampers throughout the year with everything from dances at the village hall, forest races, darts competitions with other pubs, fancy dress contests and fairs.

One fete in 1972 was the Hatters' crowning glory as Miss World from Australia came to give out the hampers at Christmas.

"She saw the Bowler Hatters in action – there's a photo of every one (right) doffing their hats to her," Mike said.

Despite this, however, the biggest highlight for Mike and his friends was seeing the elderly population come together after 60 or more years apart to exchange stories and snaffle a sausage roll.

"You use Christmas, you like a drinker? – W. Whiskey? – Just for me, smiled. Eventually years after in greeting, due to some ing new jobs relay, who. None. I guess it was a great friends, all raising none of the village. It created – no profit was."

The Hatters the village was a park bench so anybody a resting while hour or two of This was the door seat in the. The old ones month at the fallen into dis final few pomp kitty were spent only to the very



HAPPY SEAT: The hatters have replaced their original bench around Braintree to see the fun in the mornings," Mike said.

ORDER OF BOWLER HATTERS: Gentlemen pub-goers in Shalford imposed a fine of two shillings (10p) on members who forgot to doff a lady

HATS OFF TO THE GENTS WHO HELPED MAKE A DIFFERENCE

By Joe Sturdy, Essex Chronicle

GENTLEMEN who brought laughter and happiness to an Essex village by doffing their hats to avoid a fine of two shillings (10p) traded memories at a special reunion recently.

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Despite this, however, the biggest highlight for Mike and his friends was seeing the elderly population come together after 60 or more years apart to exchange stories and snaffle a sausage roll.

"You used to get them down at Christmas and you said 'Would you like a drink'? 'Oh no, I don't drink!' – 'What about a brandy or whisky'? you'd ask, and they'd say 'Just for medicinal purposes'," he smiled.

Eventually, in 1984, some 15 years after the first hat was raised in greeting, the group disbanded due to some of its members finding new jobs – including the secretary, who emigrated to Hong Kong.

"I guess it was a sad moment – it was a great group of people, friends, all with one spirit and raising money for the old people of the village," said Mike.

"It created a caring atmosphere – no profit was made from it."

Legacy

The Hatters' lasting legacy to the village was the installation of a park bench near the cricket field so anybody could come and sit, resting while watching a good hour or two of sport.

This was the first public outdoor seat in the village.

The old one was replaced last month at the reunion – it had fallen into disrepair – and the final few pounds in the group's kitty were spent helping the elderly to the very end.



Jan Meddle brought out to me the goblet that was presented to each member when the group disbanded

IT READS:

Bowler Hatters

1970 - 1983

THE PEARL OF AFRICA AND THE LAND OF A THOUSAND HILLS

BY: ANDREW HULL

A few years ago, I decided to give my motorised travels a rest and decided to visit two countries I have long heard and read about. Countries throughout my life that have been in the headlines, each synonymous with atrocities of one kind or another. I have been to other countries in Africa, each with their own murky history, but Uganda and Rwanda conjured up an image of the dark heart of Africa that I was fascinated to see. Uganda, referred to as the Pearl of Africa and Rwanda, the land of a thousand hills. I have learnt on most of my travels that such is the irony of life that some of the most beautiful places on the planet have seen some of the darkest acts of man. I found that both of these countries are no exception.

So I landed at Kampala in Uganda just after Christmas day, the airport is full of UN supply planes and UN helicopters, a sure sign of the country's fragility and need for



further support. Kampala was where Idi Amin, known as 'The Butcher of Uganda' had his palace, and sadly his torture chambers. However this was the past.....here was the present and I found Kampala to be manic, bustling, entrepreneurial and growing at a rapid pace. A place made all the more bizarre by the huge number of Marabou storks

living in the city, huge birds standing what seems 4 foot tall thriving on uncollected garbage To see them flying through the city reminds me of scenes from Jurassic Park!

Not being a city lover, I decided to catch the bus towards the Rwandan border, gazing out of the bus windows, I was amazed to see how heavily farmed the country was, considering it is quite mountainous almost every square inch was cultivated, all divided into what looked like acre plots reaching up to the tip of mountain tops. It looked like extremely hard work, not a John Deere tractor in sight. After some beautiful stopovers and some colourful Ugandan service stations (big roadside BBQs) I found myself at the Rwandan border and being ordered off the bus! Not a great start I thought! I was ordered into an office with some other travelers and the 'customs' man started rummaging through my rucksack. What was he looking for, I asked? I found

my answer, he soon dumped my dirty washing out of the carrier bag I had it in and confiscated the bag.....plastic bags are illegal in Rwanda!

After we left the office and got back on the bus I could see why they are illegal, Rwanda must be the cleanest country I have ever seen, not so much as a cigarette butt anywhere! It put Essex to shame! I had also never seen so much tarmac on a road, a foot thick. Whatever they were doing now as a country appeared to be working. Considering its recent past, this is an amazing transformation. Let's not forget back in 1994 in just 100 days almost a million people were slaughtered in Rwanda. One of the most rampant genocides in modern history. Most of the dead were Tutsis with most of the violence perpetrated by Hutus.

Let's leave its sad history there and move on to what I had really wanted to come to Rwanda for, The Volcanoes National Park and the chance to see the rare mountain gorilla in the wild. On our way to the park I could see Rwanda was as heavily farmed



as its neighbour Uganda, every patch of the rich volcanic soil was cultivated. As we approached the park I could see the beginning of trees and forest. After a traditional welcome at the park entrance we were driven a short distance to a village where we would begin our 4 hour trek up to see the gorillas. Groups are small, only about 5 people, and only one trip a day, this same trip has now exploded in price and costs £1500! David

Attenborough recently described the Rwandan mountain gorillas a success. I'm not sure if I agree, upon leaving the village and approaching the original primeval forest we were greeted by heavily armed guards, our tourist dollar pays for the protection of these gorillas, without these guards you knew the gorillas would be killed, the forest cleared and the land cultivated. It's a sad state of the world that Attenborough rates this as a success, I think a better description would be 'the best we can hope for'. We trekked further up into the mountains, there are guards who follow the gorillas 24 hours a day, and as we went higher up into the mountains we could see across to the Congo, the beating heart of Africa. The Volcanic National park straddles the two countries, security on the Congolese side isn't as tight and poachers constantly try to get to the gorilla.

We were approaching the gorillas now, and our guard told us to stay quiet and still. Suddenly I heard what sounded like a huge cat roar out! It was a large silverback giving us a warning shot! It stood only about 10 metres away, standing menacingly

above us looking down. The guard let out a noise similar to clearing our throat, apparently gorilla talk for, 'it's ok it's just me'! After a few tentative moments we could then walk slowly along into a clearing where the main family group were, all sitting around! It was an amazing experience, we stood, at times only a few feet from various gorillas, mums looking after the most adorable baby gorillas, slightly menacing teenagers looking at us. You learn its best not to make eye contact with an animal 10 times as strong as you with the ability to rip your limbs off! This moment, although exhilarating, was also tinged with sadness, I could see the main silverback was missing his hand, a victim of a Congolese poaching trap. As I saw the two guards standing by, looking at the gorillas as if they were family, I could see how perilous their future is. As you look out across towards the Congolese forests you could sense the dark forces at work, poaching , deforestation, conflict, the inevitable spread of man at the expense of wildlife.

After the quite profound experience of meeting the gorillas, I was on to my next major port of call, I was heading back to Uganda and to a mountain range that I had never



heard of before researching this trip. The Rwenzori Mountain range is one of the most important in all of Africa and hosts 6 out of the 10 highest peaks in Africa. The highest points are permanently snowcapped. It's also referred to as the Mountains of the Moon and its glaciers, waterfalls and streams are considered to be one of the main sources of the River Nile. Considering its importance it seems to fall off the radar, attracting few tourists, yet it is considered one of the most beautiful parts of all Africa and I had the fortune of trekking for a few days up into it.

My travel companion and I had found the only trekking company, situated in a small village, we had arranged for a whopping 5 guides and porters. There is no work here, similar to the rest of Africa, China had found its way here, the Chinese had bought the mines and mineral rights that sat under this huge mountain range, given away no doubt by a corrupt African official. The Chinese promised work for local people but after a few months our guides told us everyone was fired and only Chinese workers were employed, Chinese food was shipped in on the roads they had built, all the way from the ports of Kenya and the minerals were shipped back to China. The locals gained nothing.

We spent several nights trekking higher and higher up into the mountains. We found our guides the hardest working and fittest people we had ever met and nights were filled under the stars or next to cliff faces talking of shared experiences. Words don't really do these mountains justice but Mountains of the Moon is an apt description, they felt "other-worldly". Our trek came to an end and we descended thinking next time we should do the full 12-day trek and climb to the top of the snow-peaked mountains, crampons the lot!

On our descent, we could appreciate more the volatile nature of this landscape, you could see how ravines were formed, trees brushed aside by heavy rainfall and as we got to the bottom near one of the now unused Chinese mines you could see how buildings and bridges had been destroyed. It was only last November I got an email from one of our guides asking for help, his whole village had been almost wiped away by some of the worst flooding the area had ever seen. It seemed to sum Africa up, stunning, volatile but fragile. I was happy to help where I could..

The rest of the trip was spent crossing Uganda, seeing many of the sites, we probably spent too long at a place called Jinja, the adrenaline capital of East Africa and the home of African bungee jumping and the launch pad for white water rafting the River Nile! A great experience but if you get the choice, rafting the Zambezi under Victoria Falls is better!

Africa to me is always exciting, the air feels electric, that anything could go wrong at any time. We got held up at gun point on one occasion when on the bus and on another occasion we were going through an area when only a week before everyone was taken off the bus at gunpoint and robbed. That is Africa, moments of real beauty from not only the landscape but the people however it seems a dark underbelly is never too far away.

I've been reading with interest about the recent elections going on in Uganda, how a pop star – turned - politician was a serious threat to the long-term leader, so much so he had to wear body armour when canvassing and many of his supporters were killed by pro- government forces. He is now under house arrest after the long term leader won the election in January, in what the president described as 'the least cheating election' in its history. Many international election monitors would disagree and journalists are now banned from speaking to the famous pop star politician.

It's also sad to read about the escalating tensions between Uganda and Rwanda, once staunch allies their relationship is currently deteriorating beyond repair. I hope this situation resolves, I want to return. I think both countries are jewels of Africa, from its people to its landscape

PEOPLE WORKING FOR PEOPLE

*helping to promote community life &
social interaction to enrich lives*

(William Bendlowe Charity)



PLANNING TO SECURE BENDLOWE'S FUTURE FOR THE COMMUNITY

CHARITY'S PURPOSES & OBJECTIVES

Some of you may remember the Trustees circulating a Newsletter in 2018 stating:-

“2018 is a very different world to when William Bendlowe set up several village charities in 1573. Times have changed dramatically and we feel that the best way for Bendlowe's to serve the villagers is for the Charity to promote The Community by organising and encouraging people to meet and socialise.....”

In order to achieve the above we held, on the first Friday of each month, Meet & Greet and arranged numerous outings and social events, to cater for the minority as well as the majority. Over the past few years, we have enjoyed witnessing a growing nucleus of followers and supporters proving that there is a niche for social interaction and the value of our revised Objectives.

However, March 2020 saw Covid-19 bringing all social activities to an abrupt halt and Covid has highlighted to ***everyone*** in society (young, old, rich, poor, fit, healthy, disabled, working, retired) the ***importance*** of social interaction and day-to-day contact.

Bendlowe's Trustees recognising the importance of their revised Purposes and Objectives felt that to formalise them further would only benefit our Community. Under the Charities Act 2011, it is within the “Trustees' remit” to revise the Charity's Objectives to keep up to date with the current needs of the Charity. However, to formalise them further, the Charity Commission's approval should be obtained in order for the Governing Document they hold to be changed and their website updated so that the general public can view the Charity's information.

Therefore, in December 2020 contact was made with the Charity Commission and after the usual formalities, the Commission confirmed their approval and agreement to the revised Purposes and Objectives. Their website was updated on 15th February, 2021 to fully reflect this change.

The benefits to the Charity and in turn to the people of Shalford and local villages can not be overstated. The platform for the Charity's work has been widened in many directions. The change puts the Charity in an extremely strong position to work for the Village and become an invaluable asset to the Community. Recognising the current needs of the Community; future Trustees will be able to channel the work they carry out to cater for those needs and help to enrich lives.

The vaccine programme is being rolled out and, hopefully, soon most people will be able to return to their normal lives, working and socialising but, alas, there will be some unable to socialise and interact as easily for themselves creating a niche for Bendlowe's – People Working For People – to fill and we are now, more than ever, ready and able to do so.

WEBSITE – www.bendlowe.co.uk

The next logical step, having secured an important and invaluable future role for Bendlowe's within the Community, is to ensure that it is in a position to communicate efficiently and effectively with its followers and supporters and be relevant and accessible to those people.

I am delighted to report that William Bendlowe Charity – a mere 448 years old is, at last, embracing modern technology and will be launching its Website www.bendlowe.co.uk on 1st March 2021.

William Bendlowe Charity is in a very strong position to continue its work for the Community of Shalford and surrounding villages for many more years to come . . .



Time to celebrate – Cheers!

Contact details:-

Alice on 01371 851146 or Sally on 07785 235000.
Email: alicecox53@btinternet.com or smwelsh1@btinternet.com

STAY SAFE



***Bendlowe's
People Working for People***

NOTE: We plan to make June's Bendlowe's Bugle the last, but in order to achieve this we do need more articles to fill another three Bugles. So, for your wonderful and friendly Community, put pen to paper or, alternatively, volunteer someone else. Make someone smile!



PROPOSED OUTING

Our outing to The Hut, Felixstowe is still booked but is subject to Covid restrictions and conditions. Providing everything goes to plan, all restrictions will be lifted by the booked date 18th July, 2021 but clearly there are still some uncertainties surrounding this. However, on the assumption the outing does go ahead, we will need to know numbers as soon as possible. Therefore, if you are interested, would you please let me (Alice – 01371 851146) know at your earliest convenience.

A DAY AT THE SEASIDE

"THE HUT" ON THE PROMENADE

Felixstowe IP11 7LR

<http://fopwa.onesuffolk.net/the-hut/>

SUNDAY, 18TH JULY 2021



The Hut is an extremely popular venue situated on the promenade at Felixstowe. Fitted with access ramps and disabled toilets in addition to standard WCs

Fully-equipped kitchen and comfortable lounge



Stay comfortably indoors with a sea view or take a walk in the sea air and visit the sea-front gardens. The Hut holds a stock of 8 wheelchairs for those finding it difficult to walk.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|---|--|
| <i>Price</i> | - | <i>£15 including Fish & Chips (Sandwiches can be arranged)</i> |
| <i>Pick Up/Drop Off</i> | - | <i>Shalford Village Hall</i> |
| <i>Times at Village Hall</i> | - | <i>Leave: 9.30 a.m. prompt Return: 4.30 p.m. approx</i> |
| <i>Transport</i> | - | <i>Coach</i> |
| <i>Contact</i> | - | <i>Alice mobile: 07850 264518 home: 01371 851146</i> |

Bendlowe's - People Working For People

It's good to talk


William Bendlowe Charity
People Working for People
Promoting Community Life



Bendlowes
Encouraging
Neighbourly
Dialogue
Locals
Openingly
Welcoming
Every
Supporter



FRIENDSHIP AND HOPE



LOVE Your Community



It's good to take part

Bugle Contact details: Alice Cox
Email: alicecox53@btinternet.com
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Telephone: 01371 851146 or 07850 264518

William Bendlowe Charity Number 241285
Trustees: Alice Cox Sally Welsh Alex Shannon