

Bun, Cuppa and Chat

Veterans' Group



NEWSLETTER

February / March 2025



I normally start the March or April newsletters with news of Spring, but it seems to have come early this week, with temperatures in double figures, carpets of snowdrops in the Old Rectory grounds, birds singing, robins jostling for territory, and daffodils just starting to flower – and it is still February! We have also had a rare sighting in our drive of the migratory, yellow-panelled, iron-clad skip (we believe they over-winter at the Kent's depot in Pulham Market!) and a large bag of Type 1 to fill the holes in the drive. Sugie inspected the skip and passed it fit for filling. But mindful of my late mother's warning – *Don't cast a clout till May is out* – I continue to wrap up warm as the temperature will probably change! [It has! 27 Feb]



Film Night, Pennoyer Centre, Pulham St Mary

Would you like to enjoy a cinema visit without having to travel to Norwich or pay for parking? If so, how about trying the monthly Film Night at the Pennoyer Centre in Pulham St Mary? We show films on the third Friday of the month (except December), £6 per ticket on the door or pre-booked via the Pennoyer Centre. The bar opens at 7pm with the film starting at 7.30pm and ice creams are available at the interval. We also offer annual season tickets at £50, giving considerable savings for regular attenders. Season ticket holders also have reserved seats for all performances and may borrow the DVD free of charge after Film Night to view at home. We aim to show a range of films, mostly recent, though we occasionally show a classic, and always welcome film suggestions for future viewings. The next three films showing at the Pennoyer Centre are: Friday 21 March – *She Said*; Friday 18 April, *Next Goal Wins*; Friday 16 May, *Radioactive*.

The Pennoyer Centre

Wed 19 March, 7.30pm

Documentary film

Wilding

preceded by short talk by Ben Potterton about conservation work in the Waveney Valley

Tickets £12 including a glass of wine

<https://pennoyers.org.uk/>

tel. 01379 676660

This is now fully booked – Sorry!



A lot of bribery was involved, including a photo of her on the front page, before Sugie would allow me to use these delightful photos of Jolyon – Rick and Helen’s kitten – in the Newsletter. And Helen had to avoid telling him he was guesting in this issue in case he demanded modelling fees. Given this, and that Jolyon has already used up several lives, and cost a lot in vet charges, you don’t need to worry Sugie, you are still the Bun, Cuppa and Chat poster moggie.



"That's not what I meant by 'sit,' a you know it."



"Rover really put up a battle last night, dear, when I put him out."



Nacho is clearly not the only dog to prefer human beds and chairs to his own

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;
 For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

For Martin, Tom, Robin, David, Jim, Mike, Geoffrey, Bert and Jeremy, and all other members of the group who have 'crossed the bar'.

Bun, Cuppa and Chat Dates

The next Bun, Cuppa and Chat events will be on:

Thursday 27 March & Thursday 24 April

2.30-4pm

Mariner's Galley, Rushall

In Memory of

Martin French, Robin Coe & Tom Hicks

Martin was a career sailor, specialising in electronics and radar, entering the service at the age of 16 in 1960 and leaving some twelve years later. He married Sue in 1966, and she was immediately whisked away to Malta on her first 'posting' as a naval wife – quite a culture shock. After leaving the Navy, Martin maintained his interest in all things to do with communications, becoming a keen amateur radio user, and member of local clubs.

Robin was born in 1935 and grew up with his adoptive parents near Diss, with a love of the countryside and farming. He was fascinated by the building of Eye airfield in readiness for the arrival of the American bombers and in 1955, after completing his training at agricultural college, Robin joined the RAF and was posted to Neatishead Radar Station as a radar operator. He loved his period of National Service meeting people from all walks of life, and he kept contact with many for the rest of his life. He met Shirley at a dance while at RAF Coltishall and they married in 1958.

Tom was born in 1928, starting work at 14 as a butcher's boy. He joined the local cadet force, and missing war service by about a year, he joined the army in 1946, presumably as one of the first national servicemen, getting his dream posting to the Coldstream Guards, which included spending six months at the Tower of London! On leaving the army in 1948, Tom joined the Metropolitan Police and served at Bow, where he met Mary whom he married in 1964. After retirement, he served as Serjeant-at-Mace for Beccles Town Council, complete with top hat!

The Dickleburgh Foster Care Scheme

As many of you know, for some years I have been researching the lives of the 300 or so children who were in care in Dickleburgh from about 1875 to 1912, in the charge of Mrs Louisa Brandreth, the Rector's wife. Most were girls, housed in one of the two children's homes in the village, Rose and Lee Cottages, but some girls and boys were fostered in the village with 'respectable working-class families'. Nearly 50 families or individuals have been identified as fostering children in the village over the period, including many well-known Dickleburgh names, such as Mr and Mrs Lockett who ran the newsagent's shop at the bottom of Harvey Lane and Jabez and Charlotte Vyse who farmed on Dickleburgh Moor. Descendants of some, such as Rose and John Snelling, a county council roadman living in the Street, pictured right, still live locally.



Most of the children under Mrs Brandreth's care left the village when they were old enough to start work, usually in their early teens – the girls going into service, and the boys working as gardeners, grooms or perhaps joining one of the armed forces or the merchant navy. They left little trace of their time in Dickleburgh apart from entries in the baptism register when they arrived or the census returns or, for the boys, their names listed on the village war roll of honour or war memorial.

There are hints though, that for some of the Dickleburgh children, their childhood in the village had a lasting, and happy impact on them. Harry Hales was fostered in Dickleburgh as a child, joined the army in his teens

List of Officers, Crew, and Royal Marines on Board at midnight on Sunday, April 2nd, 1911.				
NAME AND SURNAME	AGE last Birthday.	CONDITION as to MARRIAGE.	RANK or RATING and Branch of Service.	BIRTHPLACE.
Reginald W. Kempton	20	Single	Abse Seaman	Graddesdon, Ixote
Stanley V. H. Koch	21	Single	Abse Seaman	St. Pancras, London
John A. Hockley	21	Single	Abse Seaman	Grainstone, Kent
Walter E. Brooks	27	Single	Abse Seaman	Grifford, Kent
William E. Bromwich	21	Single	Abse Seaman	West Ham, London
Henry J. Tomblaw	27	Married	Abse Seaman	Richmond, London
Charles J. Gayer	19	Single	Abse Seaman	St. George's, Dept. Kent
James A. Gardner	19	Single	Abse Seaman	Bromley, Kent
John W. Cash	22	Married	Abse Seaman	Dickleburgh, Diss, Norfolk

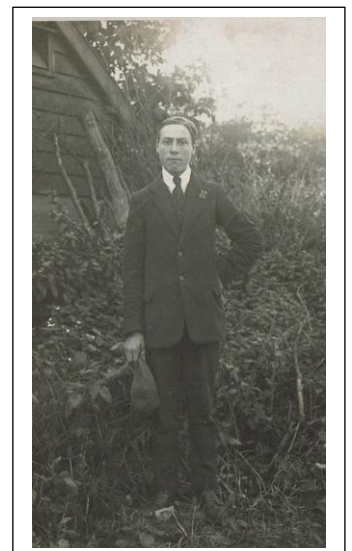
and was killed in action in 1914, aged just 21. He named Ellen Lockett, his Dickleburgh foster mother, as his sole legatee. William John Cash, a deserted child from the workhouse in Burton on Trent, was fostered with the Vyse family when he was just five and joined the Navy in 1906 when his place of birth was given as Diss. While serving on HMS *Inflexible* in 1911, he gave his birthplace as Dickleburgh, so clearly the Norfolk village was the only home he had known.



A few children remained in the village after leaving care, or returned to Dickleburgh in later life. Mary Fewings, whose brother Louis was fostered with the Lockett family before emigrating to Canada, was apprenticed as a dressmaker to her foster-mother, Miss Catchpole, in Shimpling, and then worked locally as a dressmaker and latterly at the old Pulham workhouse when it was a mother and baby home. This must have been difficult for her as she was resident in Stepney and West Ham workhouses as a child. Mary lived in the middle

cottage beside Dickleburgh Stores, and died around 1990, so is remembered by some still living in the village today.

Donald Martin Jefferson (right) was born in Unthank Road, Heigham, Norwich, the illegitimate son of 16-year-old Gertrude Jefferson who lived with her parents and brother Oswald in the Belmont Hotel, Cromer where her father was proprietor. She was probably sent to Norwich to have the baby. Donald was fostered at a young age with Mrs Kerridge a widow living in Dickleburgh, who in 1911 was fostering three other boys. He remained in the area, married in 1927, died in 1970, and is buried in Brockdish. His daughter who still lives locally told me that both her parents looked after Mrs Kerridge in her later years.



Sarah Emily Adams was one of a family of six children who came to the village from Burton on Trent workhouse. Their father had deserted the family and their mother had died, possibly from neglecting herself to care for the children. The five girls went to Rose Cottage and Sam, the only boy, boarded out with the Vyse family on the Moor. Sarah later returned to the village and married Eddie Vyse, the son of her brother's foster parents.

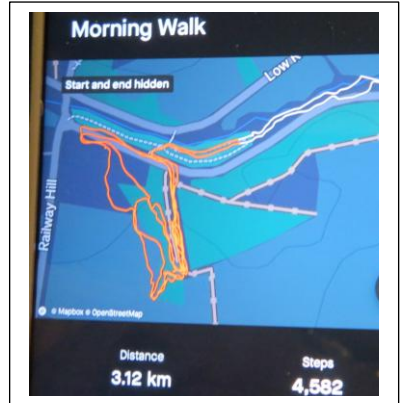
Norman's Chuckle Corner

- During an evening dinner party, the family's four young children came downstairs, completely naked, and walked around the table. The parents and their guests ignored the children and kept chatting. The children then went back upstairs, and a small voice was heard, 'You see, it is vanishing cream.'
- Knock, Knock. Who's there? Bella. Bella who? Bella not working, that's why I knocked.
- A mother asks her son if he thanked his friend's mother, Mrs Smith, for the lovely party. 'No, I didn't mum, George did, and Mrs Smith said, 'Don't mention it'. So I didn't!'
- The surgeon talked to his patient after the operation. 'I've got some bad news and some good news. The bad news is that we had to amputate your leg, but the good news is that the man in the next bed wants to buy your slippers.'
- My wife and I let astrology get between us - it Taurus apart.
- What happened when the world's tongue-twister champion was arrested? They gave him a tough sentence.
- I've been bored recently, so I have decided to take up fencing. My neighbours keep demanding that I put it back.
- I was wondering why the frisbee kept getting larger. Then it hit me.
- Do you know what it means if you come home to a little affection, tenderness, and sympathy? It means you're in the wrong house.
- A professor was removing parts of a corpse instructing medical students in anatomy. As he removed the parts, he said, 'This is the heart, this is the liver, this is the kidney' and so forth. Another student arriving a little late asked another student as he sat down, 'What's he doing?'. 'Sssh, he's giving an organ recital.'
- Why do seagulls fly over the sea? Because if they flew over the bay, we would call them bagels.

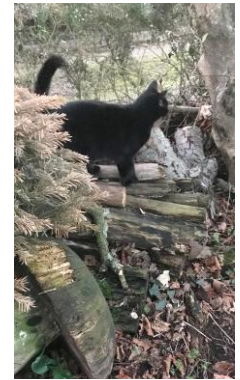
Musings from the Mutts and the Moggie

Nacho here, we are all in big trouble again – I gave the Missus the runaround, literally; Sahara enjoyed (another) nibble at a piece of cake, and Sugie spread, corpses, blood and guts over the floor and even up the wall in the back kitchen, in her regular killing sprees.

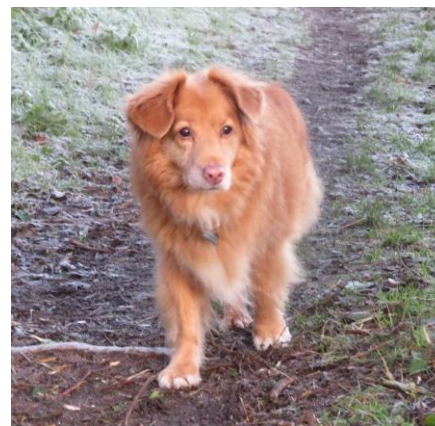
It was not my fault. A deer jumped out of a fenced piece of land beside the footpath & somehow, I found myself the other side of the fence. The Missus couldn't work out how I got in or how I could get out (and I wasn't telling)



so she had to walk all the way round through the Rectory grounds, then up and down, to find a gate. The orange lines show our walk – Missus did 3km, I did 2km and Sahara, who the Missus parked up by the place I got in, and then had to be collected, did about 1km!



We are all enjoying the early Spring!



The Bun, Cuppa and Chat Group is part of the Benefice of Dickleburgh and the Pulhams,

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