

THE REEVE'S TALE



Houses in Bawdseck

November 1918

Volume 3, No. 10

THE RECTOR WRITES

I remember vividly still a visit I paid in 1932, 46 years ago, to Crakow the old Capital of Poland, when, believe it or not, I was one of a company of actors performing Shakespeare plays in Poland and Czechoslovakia, the first such company to visit these countries after they had obtained their freedom after World War 1. We had visited Posnan and Warsaw previously, but somehow it was Crakow which always stuck in my memory, as one of the most 'alive' places I had ever been in: I remember its glorious buildings, its great Cathedral, its lovely flower-market, but above all the cheerfulness of its people, and the warmth of the welcome they gave us.

Therefore perhaps it was all the more interesting for me that the Cardinal Archbishop of Crakow should have been elected by his fellow Cardinals to be the new Pope, John Paul II, to take the place of John Paul I, whose tragic death so shocked the world.

It may seem strange that an Anglican Rector should be writing these words, but it is perhaps a measure of the extent of the deeper understanding which now exists that he can do so, and that he can rejoice with so many others at the new signs of hope which this appointment foreshadows. Ever since the days of the beloved Pope John 23rd., who opened his heart and his arms to the whole world, relationships between the churches have been steadily improving, and now we have seen the appointment of a man who not only looks with love towards other parts of the Christian Church, but also comes to his high office with a deep understanding of the Communist world, and the knowledge of how to live and work with it without any compromise.

He has an immense task which few would wish to have to undertake, one demanding immense qualities of spiritual strength as well as statesmanship, and all the signs are that he has the necessary gifts to discharge it.

But he needs to be upheld in prayer, not only by his own people, but also by all Christian people, who can, if they wish, pray for him without in any way being disloyal to their own Church, and so I commend him to us all, praying that God will uphold him and us, that we may work for his Glory.

Tim Townshend.

CHURCH SERVICES FOR NOVEMBER

Roman Catholic Fr. Peter Marsh: Catholic House, 35, London Road, East Dereham. Tel. (9) 4066

Mass each Sunday: RAF Swanton Morley 9.00 a.m.
Dereham Catholic Church 10.30 & 6.30 p.m.

Methodist Rev. Ivor Claydon, 31, Trinity Close, Dereham.
Tel. (9) 5528

- 5th. Bawdeswell: 2.30. Rev. I. Claydon. Holy Communion
Foxley: 11. see Parish Church. 2.30 Family Service
- 12th. Foxley: 6.30 p.m. G. Middleton
- 19th. Bawdeswell: 2.30 . R.C. Lee.
Foxley: 11.00 United Service. Rev. W.G.T. Westgate
- 26th. Foxley: 2.30. D.A.W. Talbot.

Anglican Canon Tim Townshend: Foxley Rectory. Tel. 397

- 5th. Bawdeswell: 9.45 a.m. Family Service
Foxley: 8.30. Holy Communion. 11 am. Mattins (United)
 - 12th. REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY
Bawdeswell: 8.30 am. Holy Communion.
10.55 a.m. Remembrance Service.
Foxley: 9.45 a.m. Family Service
 - 19th. Bawdeswell: 9.45 a.m. Family Service
Foxley: 8.30 Holy Communion. 11 a.m. see Methodists
 - 26th. Bawdeswell: 8.30 a.m. Holy Communion. 11 am. Mattins
Foxley: 9.45 a.m. Family Service
- ALL SAINTS' DAY: Nov. 1st. Holy Communion; Bawdeswell. 10 a.m.

FOLLAND COURT

- Monday, 13th. November: Bible Study: 10 a.m.
- Monday, 27th. November: Holy Communion 10 a.m.

THE DEANERY SYOND will meet at Reepham Church on Wednesday,
15th. November, at 7.30 p.m.

REDVERS CYRIL BECK - aged 78

After a long illness, following his major operation over a year ago, 'Reggie' as he was affectionately known by his many friends, slipped away peacefully in his sleep in Dereham Hospital on 20th October.

He originally came from Lincolnshire, but worked on his Uncle's farm in Foxley all his working life. There he was greatly respected as a good friend and neighbour, and when Folland Court was built he was one of the first to move in. He was a great help in welcoming others as they came, and in making them feel welcome in the new environment, and was one of the moving forces behind the Over 60 Club there.

He will be sadly missed, but for his sake we can have no regrets, as he is now free of all his suffering. May he rest in peace.

WE ARE GLAD that Patricia Steward, Billy Mann, and Heather Davies are all home from Hospital, and we hope that they will all make good progress.

WELCOME into the Church for Daniel James Bowgen, Baptised on Sunday, 22nd. October.

BAWDESWELL & FOXLEY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

At the October Meeting, the last of our W.I. Year, we faced that which all committees dread, the non-arrival of the Speaker: however all was not lost, as Members and Committee got together and planned the Christmas Party, to be held in December, when we hope to entertain 36 Members from other Institutes.

The next Meeting will be held in Bawdeswell Village Hall on 13th. November at 7.45 p.m. This will be the A.G.M., which was to have been followed by the planning of the Party, but for which we now hope that the Secretary will be able to find a Speaker instead, though the notice is short. It is hoped that 1978-79 subs of £1.75 will be paid at that Meeting.

Committee; Mrs. Larwodd's, Wed. 8th. November, 7.30 p.m.

SPONSORED WALK

Those two stalwart men, Jimmy Elsdon and Nicky Davies, set out from Norwich early on the morning of October 1st, to walk to Fawley: they had been dropped there by Nicky's grandma, and resisted all offers of lifts as they strode along, Nicky's legs having to go at about twice the speed of Jimmy's, being considerably shorter. Crazy, perhaps, but crazy in a good cause, as they had determined to do a sponsored walk for the Church and Chapel Funds. Largely due to the tremendous efforts of June Bermister, who had visited every house in the village, looking for sponsors, Jimmy was well supported, as also was Nicky, and as a result of their adventure, they raised between them the splendid sum of £95.92, that's to say, £47.96 for each of the Churches.

We express our great thanks to them, and also of course to all who sponsored them.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOMES

Sandi Taylor would like to thank all those who helped with the recent collection for the above, and also those who gave. The result of this effort was that we raised just over £20.

Bawdeswell & Foxley Play Group

The Dance which was very well supported raised the total of £106.59, and the Organisers would like to thank all who helped in any way, and those who came along. Mrs. Wright of Reepham Road, who won the delightful Smurf, the first prize, has most generously given it back to be raffled again, and this will take place when the Christmas Hamper is raffled, details of which will be in the next issue of Reeve's Tale.

Please note: There will be a TUPPERWARE PARTY on Thursday, 23rd. November, at 8 p.m. in the Village Hall, Bawdeswell: proceeds will go to the Play Group Funds.

IF YOU ARE HAVING A BONFIRE OR FIREWORKS AT HOME, PLEASE LOCK UP YOUR PETS: we may like big bangs, but dogs and cats most certainly don't.

SOMETHING NEW !

It is always good to welcome a new organisation in the Community, and this Month we are delighted to give such a welcome to the FRIENDS OF BAWDESWELL SCHOOL, the joint Brain-child, one imagines of Mr.Pyne, the Managers and the Parents.

This is not a Parents-Teachers Organisation, as it concerned with a wider catchment area than just the present parents, as it hopes that past, present and future parents will all be drawn in as well as Old Boys and Old Girls. Its aim is to promote the social and financial well-being of the school, and it is the intention of the newly-formed Committee that everyone will have a good deal of fun in the process.

The Committee itself consists of George Kemp as Chairman, Mrs. Maggie Sayer as Secretary, and Mrs.Helen Cook as Treasurer, plus the following committee members; Mrs.Lilwell, Mrs.C.Mears, Mr. Oldfield, Mr.Skinner, Mrs.Taylor, Mr.Waye and Mrs.Hepburn-Wright.

The first event will be a BONFIRE PARTY on Friday,3rd.November, 7 p.m. in the School grounds. There will be a bonfire and fireworks on the playing field, and hot drinks and hot spuds as well. Entry is FREE, as this is to be a social event.

We are asked to say that Fireworks will be very welcome, and preferably ONE LARGE ONE per family, rather than lots of small ones, and these can either be handed over on the night, or given to Mr.Winterbone at school during the week before. Please note that all fireworks will be let off by the chosen stewards, under controlled conditions.

There will be a "Best Guy" Competition, and the one judged best will be put on the top of the bonfire, surrounded at the foot by the rest. 'Guys' should be brought to school on Friday morning for judging.

On Friday December 15th. there will be a School Adults Party at the School, 8 p.m. to midnight: there will be a light Buffet, and a Licence has been applied for. Numbers will be limited to 150, and tickets can be obtained in advance from parents (£1). Raffle Tickets are now obtainable.

Lots of good things to come, Panto, Christmas Party etc, but more of these later.

Editor's Note.

I am very glad to print below extracts from an Article by Mrs. Lilian Mann of Folland Court, in which she describes something of her childhood. This is the stuff that history is made of rather than the great events which hit the headlines, the kind of thing which will interest people in another hundred years' time: and I hope it may provoke others to follow her example, especially as she describes a world completely strange to the younger people to-day.

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MY CHILDHOOD

by Lilian Mann

I was born in the little village of Langham near Blakeney on 8th. September, 1902 in the village Post Office-cum-General Storss: my father being the village postman.

Every morning and every night my father would travel to Blakeney in his pony and trap to collect the letters and then return to deliver them in Langham. In the winter months this was always done in the dark, as he left home at 5.30 a.m., returning at 9 a.m.: in the afternoon his hours were from 4.30 to 7.30 p.m.

My parents were both staunch Primitive ^{Methodists}, and my father was a local preacher, Sunday School teacher, and class leader. All the family attended the small village chapel every Sunday, together with any guests or day visitors who happened to be at our house. Every Sunday we would have the visiting preacher or preachers - sometimes there were two - to tea, and we often formed the biggest part of the congregation. The Circuit Minister would often stay two nights in our house in order to visit the folks in the village next day. The only method of transport was by pony and trap, cycle or on foot, and the Minister had a large area to cover. Many local preachers would walk 12 miles or so to keep their appointments.

I look back in wonder and amazement at how my mother managed to look after us: I was the youngest of eight children: we were always well fed, well clothed and well shod. Mother made everything we ate and almost all our clothes, for both boys and girls; she also served in the shop: though never really in good health, yet she was always cheerful, loving and kind to all, and our house was an open door for everyone.

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(continued...)

At the age of three I fell and broke my arm: I remember an old lady in the village bandaged it up in vinegar bandages, and then my mother had to push me in the pram to the doctor's, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. He bound it with wooden splints, and I remember I cried bitterly and he was angry.

Another incident stands out in my mind, the Sunday morning when I did what I was forbidden to do. This resulted in a nasty fall down the steep sides of a clay pit, cutting my head badly. My father harnessed the pony and trap and drove me to the Doctor: this resulted in him missing his Sunday afternoon service, and as my Mother went with him this meant no Sunday lunch for them: but neither my Father nor my Mother uttered one word of reproach, though I ruined my best frock with the blood stains and also was very sick. For three weeks I was very ill, but though she had all the extra work of nursing me, Mother never once complained.

We were a very happy family although our pleasures were of the simplest kind; a trip to the sea on Bank Holidays and parties at Christmas time. In the summer we played in our own yard behind the house, and in winter we played games like Snap, Ludo and the like. Christmas was the happiest time of all as then our parents would join us in our games and we would also have several friends to tea. For two whole days the shop would be closed, although my Father still had one collection and one delivery of letters on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Mother of course, did all the cooking, and Christmas has never seemed the same as in those far off days.

I recall the first night I ever stayed away from home, when I was about 4 years old, and had been spending the day with my Aunt and her three children. When the time came for me to go home. I suddenly decided I wanted to stay the night with my cousins. My Aunt agreed, and I was put to bed. All went well until about 1 a.m. when I started to cry for my mother and would not stop: My Aunt did all she could to console me, but in the end decided that there was nothing for it but to take me home. This meant a two mile walk through a large wood and down a lonely lane in the darkness, and I cannot remember what my parents said when I got home, but it was four years before I went to stay away again.

/to be continued in next issue.