

All the nudes that's fit for a prince

WINTERSET 2015

NEW BOOTS AND HANKIES

Old Glory – the Peaky Blinders of British folk dancing



Words and photos by our dance correspondent
Mr. John Kerrison

On the night of 12th January 2015 I found myself on a cold, windswept and lonely country road near Rumburgh in Suffolk. The drizzle had stopped but the wet road glowed golden, lit by the blazing torches of the bizarre procession approaching. A group of sinister men and women, with blackened faces and black clothing, marching behind a vintage plough, decked with white ribbons. There was silence apart from the whistling wind and the solemn beat of a drum. This was Plough Monday and this was Old Glory!

If Morris dancing is the dancing of halcyon summer days, as often portrayed in dramas such as Midsomer Murders, another form of folk dancing, Molly dancing, is altogether darker; more Peaky Blinders.

MORRIS MINERS

Molly dancing is a dance form, in some ways similar to Morris but traditionally danced by out of work ploughmen in the winter months of the 19th century, although it was also danced in the urban centres of the North.

It has its closest association with the Monday after Epiphany, the Christian festival commemorating the visit of the Wise Men to Christ, Plough Monday. It is said that the ploughboys would visit the landowners in their village and offer to dance for them for money, probably as a way of making some money and filling their time between Christmas and the start of ploughing in the spring. Landowners who refused might have a furrow ploughed across their lawn or be penalised in some other way. As the Molly dancers hoped to be employed by the same landowners they blackened their faces with soot to conceal their identities. They also wore their best clothes, typically black suits decorated with coloured scarves and hobnailed boots. By tradition Molly dancers were all male but one of them would dress as a woman, called the Molly. It is interesting that in the 18th century the places where transvestites and homosexuals would meet were called Molly houses.

Like Morris dancing, modern Molly dancing is a revival of a tradition that had died out. The Cambridge Morris Men decided to start dancing Molly in 1977.

NEW GLORIES

In Eastfolk a Molly dancing group, Old Glory, formed in 1994 to revive the tradition. Only dancing in the winter months it comprises of a "Lord and Lady", men attired as a gentleman and his lady, who lead the dances, an "Umbrella man", who is the announcer, a "Box man" who collects from the audience, a "Broom man" clearing the way for the dancers and a "Whipper-in", who keeps the dancers together. As is the tradition, the dancers are all men but Old Glory's musicians are all female.

The nature of the dancing is menacing, with the only sound apart from the music being the slow, heavy step heightened by the rhythmic stamping of the boots, their hobnails causing sparks to fly. I photographed them at their traditional Winter Solstice celebration at Geldeston Locks, the remote riverside pub near Beccles. The members arrived by boat and on foot across the marshes, lit by blazing torches, in a freezing wind. They began by claiming their area for dancing by forming a tight circle and advancing on the audience with glowering expression, forcing the crowd back. The air of menace and the harking back to a time when life was much tougher was heightened by the blacked up faces, the lack of speech and absence of any expressions of enjoyment during the performance. All the time the "Box man" cajoles the audience to donate to the charitable cause adopted by Old Glory. In this case it was the East Anglian Air Ambulance. The men wore the kind of clothing seen in faded photographs of farm labourers from the late 19th century, apart from the top hat and tails wearing "Lord" and the long green dress and bonnet of the "lady", whilst the blacked-up musicians, resplendent in long black coats and wide brimmed hats bedecked with huge garlands of holly and ivy exuded an equal air of menace. It was as if the audience had been transported back to the 19th century.

THE WREN AND THE PLOUGH

One of the two foci of Old Glory's short season of dancing is the ceremony of the Cutty Wren, which takes place in the village of Middleton in Eastfolk on 26th December, St Stephen's Day. Cutty means small. The group decided to

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Mummy, make the lady stop staring at me like that...

RETAIL HOCUS FOCUS

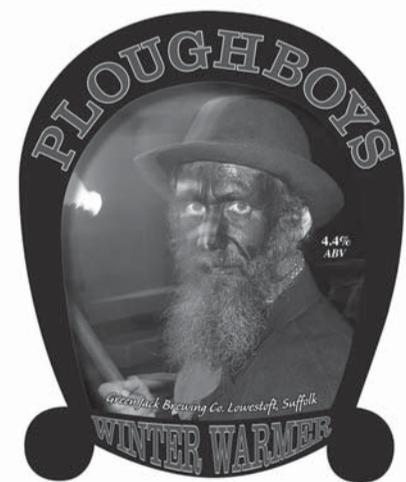
As this issue of the 'Auld Chronic' is our winter issue and as a few people in Eastfolk have started to celebrate christmas and as that ceremony usually depends on wanton profligacy, over-indulgence and unnecessary overspend, the editorial team decided to pull sharp focus on some of our lesser-known singular outlets in the hope that our readership can avoid Selfridges (Lowestoft) and not become bewitched by the dewy eyed old geezer in the John Lewis advert.

It is said that folk travel far and wide to sample the Aladdins cave that is Chipp And Naste Overstocks, and rightly so. Established as early as 2013 and ably run by Mr Kurt Rejoyndah and his staff C & N O specialises in selling old stock, bankruptcy and over-stocks as well as discontinued lines. Mr Rejoyndah remarked that a passing pair of German brothers who were in Eastfolk to re-trace the Rings Of Saturn walk popped in to buy a Strawberry Mivvy and were so taken by the sales strategy they planned to return home and set up their own corner shop doing much the same thing. Rejoyndah mentioned their names as being Mr Aldi and Lidl Todnackkundenwunsch and apparently they're doing rather well.

As to be expected, the stock never stands still; once items are sold they are replaced by something new. Here you can

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MYSTERY BEER SPOT



A few readers may spot the seasonal limited edition beer 'Ploughboys' turning up in their local Eastfolk pubs for December and January. It is advised you make the most of it whilst you can, because if Old Glory are dancing at that hostelry, it will disappear sharpish. Ploughboys is brewed by Green Jack, look for the distinctive pump-emblem showing a local ne'er-do-well and do not be fooled by imitations such as Doughboys or Double Diamond.

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Submissions for the next issue gratefully received as the Editor is running short on ideas as you may tell. Please send to the editor by email as above.
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(All Errors Intended)



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BBC RADIO SUFFOLK

...New boots and hankies

Continued from page 1

revive this tradition as Middleton was the last place where the pagan ritual of Hunting the Wren could be seen.

Boys would go round the parish and catch a Wren, which would be killed and put in a nest of Ivy and Holly on top of a stick. This would be paraded around the village with great ceremony and the origins of the ritual appear to lie in defeating the dark forces of Winter and bringing the world back to life. The skulking bird, with its habit of flitting around in the bottom of hedges and in crevices in walls may have associated it with the Underworld. Old Glory's version of the ritual does not involve the killing of a live bird but uses a carved Wren in a bush of ivy festooned with ribbons. Their ceremony involves a mix of wren-hunting songs, dance and story telling.

Plough Monday is the first Monday after 12th night and marks the end of Old Glory's relatively short dancing season, taking place in the Suffolk village of Rumburgh near Halesworth. After a plough is blessed in the church the previous day it is processed to the Buck Inn, festooned in white ribbons and rosettes, and here Old Glory dance and toast the plough. After singing a traditional Plough Monday song and burning the ivy and holly from the hats of the musicians the members of this enigmatic dance group melt away to await the next Winter and another season of dancing.

For more information about Old Glory's programme of performance visit: <http://www.old-glory.org.uk>

...Retail Hocus Focus...

Continued from front page

buy tins of the old 2-in-1 Oil from the late 1950s which sit perched neatly next to aerosols of discontinued WD30. Mechanics swear by the stuff, some travelling miles to stock up on it. The tin comes in the familiar yellow and blue livery with the boast 'puts the car back into carcinogens' on the label. "It's alright providing you wear gloves and a mask, says Rejoyndah" though it was replaced by the re-configured WD40 in 1948 he managed to buy a job lot off the US Airforce base at Lakenheath, "I don't think stocks will run out any time soon" he chuckled from his wheelchair through his voice-box.

As to be expected, the stock never stands still; once items are sold they are replaced by something new. Here you can buy tins of the old 2-in-1 Oil from the late 1950s which sit perched neatly next to aerosols of discontinued WD30. Mechanics swear by the stuff, some travelling miles to stock up on it. The tin comes in the familiar yellow and blue livery with the boast 'puts the car back into carcinogens' on the label. "It's alright providing you wear gloves and a mask, says Rejoyndah" though it was replaced by the re-configured WD40 in 1948 he managed to buy a job lot



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Cosmetics are there a-plenty the familiar V06 shampoo "acts better as a depilatory cream than a shampoo" says our C & N O owner and it is joined by Gibbs RR, 'that stood for Rolls Royce until they were sued by the car company and so went one notch better'.

"1001 Cleans a big big carpet for less than half a crown" went the advert that propelled the product into every home leaving vast stocks of 1000 Carpet Cleaner for C & N O to sell "It cleans a much smaller carpet, but works all the same" he adds, but it costs far more than 2/6d from me.

The groceries are a right old trip down memory lane if you remember packets of Ayds Slimming Goods, Midshipman Birdseye, Indigestive Biscuits, a great display of Heinz 56 varieties (before they invented Salad Cream) Bottles of '6-Up' line the shelves all the fizz long gone, and those of you who stayed awake through the last issue need no reminding about the local treacle tinned by Tate and Lyle re-named after Gallagher left Lyle and the Tate Britain moved in.

Where would the winter breakfast table be without those long-lost favourites: Kellogs Part Bran, Weetabricks, Co Pops, and UnReady Brek.

For the kids there are boxes of Let Go (made before before the ghastly Americanised Leggo) the, perhaps, unfortunately titled Poke-A-Woman cards, Sony Wees, Game Girls, and Syldavian Families but before the Syldavian Revolution of 2014 with the mass slaughter that followed.

Oblivious to current legislation (Eastfolk being removed from the EU) C & N O has no problems selling cigarettes to inquisitive school children as long as they put up with John Player (before there was anything 'Special' added to the tobacco) Junior Service (fags so short they last a mere playtime break at school behind the bike sheds) packets of 20 Number Fives and Bensons (before the Hedges

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BE WARE



Programme

Tuesday 22nd December - Winter Solstice
GELDESTON, The Locks Inn - 8.00 pm

Thursday 24th December - Christmas Eve
SOUTHWOLD - Red Lion 7.45 pm
Market Square 8.15 pm
WALBERSWICK - The Bell 9.30 pm

Saturday 26th December - St. Stephen's Day
MIDDLETON - THE ANCIENT CEREMONY OF THE CUTTY WREN
Procession leaves village hall at 8.50 pm - arrives Bell at 9.00 pm

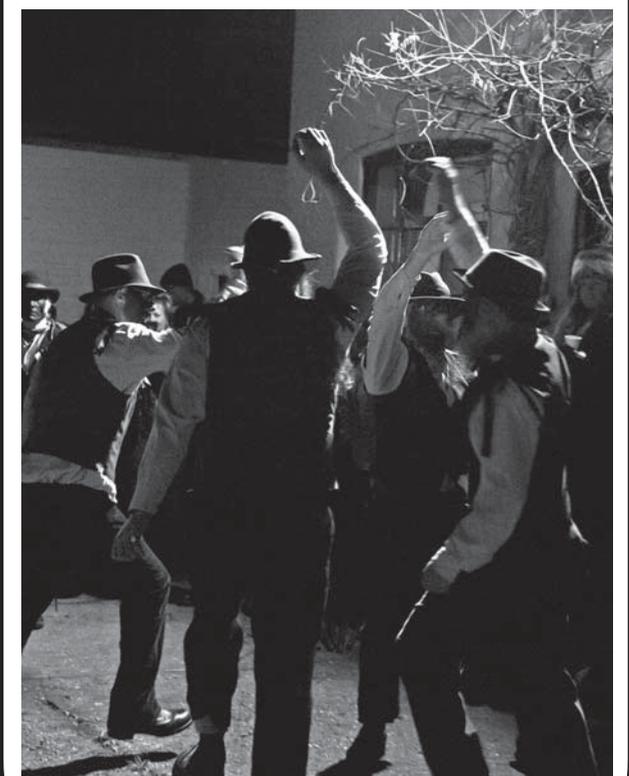
Saturday 2nd January
PAKEFIELD, The Oddfellows - Winter Beer Festival - 8.00 pm

Sunday 10th January
PLOUGH BLESSING IN RUMBURGH CHURCH
All welcome to join us at 3 pm in Rumburgh Church for the Plough Blessing.
(Please note: this is a short service, not a dance performance.)

Monday 11th January - Plough Monday
RUMBURGH, The Buck - A CELEBRATION OF PLOUGH MONDAY
Plough arrives and dancing begins at 8.30pm

Saturday 16th January
WHITTLESEY - The Straw Bear Festival

Saturday 23rd January
ELY and other venues in Cambridgeshire - A day of dance hosted by Ouse Washes Molly Dancers



(All times, except the Cutty Wren, are approximate)

...Retail Hocus Focus

Continued from page 2
amalgamation) all lit by packets of Bryant matches or Goose Vestas (before they went into selling burning hot curry).

C & N O stock demonstrates how a subtle change in marketing can alter the fortunes of a product, just as the same thing can happen in the world of celebrity Bruce Threesyth was going nowhere until he took advice and went one better and onto Come Dancing ('what's white and slithers across the dance floor?' being one of his more famous catchphrases) and where was the band Father Mumford before they decided to appeal to a younger audient? Certainly the Jackson Four had to wait awhile until their youngest sibling was born,

C & N O carry stocks of million-selling vinyl Tubular Bells only his copies do not have the spindle hole being, as they were, early Virgin Records albums before Branson saw the error of his ways, got out the Black and Desmond Dekker and so fell out with Mike Oldfield in the process.

Rumour has it that Kentucky Fried Chicken changed their name to KFC, not because a waistline conscious Britain wished to avoid fried food, but because the chickens they bred were so removed from what could ever be classified as a 'hen' they took pre-emptive avoidable action in these litigious times, (quite where this leaves Talk Talk we do not know) the family bucket of chicken tastes a bit funny but you can find a second use for the bucket right after you have finished.

Chipp & Naste Overstocks can be found at 23 (formerly 22) The Thoroughfare, Long Sufferingham, Eastfolk, open most hours except Mondays to Sunday.

Next issue: Focus on Focus of Halesworth

TOPLESS MODELS OF EASTFOLK

Oompah! Oompah! Stick it up your jumper!

"Where's that poor man's head"? or "Wo ist deine kopf"? I hear you ask.

Well we can only assume that he has, indeed, stuck it up his jumper, being as he is a member of Oompah Brass, pictured here during one of their model 'pop-up' performances at FolkEast 2015.

Perhaps if his head were to 'pop up' we could admire the full spectacle of him in his lederhosen.

And that's a splendid instrument you have there Hans (or Nathan as he is usually known). I bet it puts the Oomp into oompah when you play that Bavarian style pop music of yours!



COW BOYS AND INJURIES

From our Farming Correspondent Sebastian Folk

Many readers will know of the ludicrous spectacle known as The Running Of The Bulls in Pamploma (Spain) some may even have had holidays whilst it was on, some may even bear scars. Scars is what it is all about as soon-to-be-ex-bullocks tear down the main street and young men dressed in Morris Dance outfits, fuelled on no small amount of Sangria, run ahead, alongside and sometimes underneath the stampede.

Of course this has become a tourist spectacle as prime views of the gore-fest from various windows are sold off at high prices to the incredulous visitors. Much like the Tar Barrel spectacles in the Derbyshire Dales or down in Ottery St. Mary (Devon) these events present a large attraction for well-heeled well-oiled visitors to the respective hamlets.

What is less well known is that the Running With The Bulls originated in East Anglia and certainly in Eastfolk. The Morris Dance outfits only go to show this further. Eastfolk Records show the event took place as far back as 1961 and the current event has little changed over the centuries. Taking place in early January - (the day after the second full moon but not if it lands on a Monday 'holy day' and if it does it is moved to the day after the first full moon of February but only if that is not a Friday 'holy mooses' - the main event is held up and down the Thoroughfare of Long Sufferingham. 'Up' if it is a leap year and down at all other times.

There is a difference though. The Spanish thought it more profitable to fill their streets with people and then introduce the hapless bulls which are slaughtered and eaten after the event. Long Sufferingham always had this the other way round making it less of a spectacle, a much shorter event but probably a tastier finalé feast.

FIRST CUTT IS THE DEEPEST

Cutts the Butcher has always been the starting (and in some cases ending) point Reginald 'Short' Cutts is the great, great grandson of Ezra Cutt (the 's' was added later by an inebriated shop sign writer who was not so hot on forward planning) and the original recipe created by Old Ma Cutt is fastidiously adhered to each year (except if the year ends in a 5 when there is no event and the bulls are held over for another 12 months so as to toughen them up).

You can imagine the spectacle when as many as two local farmers bring in their livestock (some setting off at dawn) so as to fill the high street with bulls both young and old. Some of the poor animals have been starved and, I'm informed, none of them have been milked for days to heighten the bovine need to 'do some damage'.

At a given signal the young men, often as many as three,



Eastfolk breeds bulls not like any udders

are introduced into the throng. As I wrote before, like the Tour De France, the event can be over in seconds.

Early accounts accused Cutt of being a spendthrift when it came to time and effort and went on to explain that the event was merely a device to avoid endless tenderizing of the steaks- the trample of the bull performing this task so readily - but one thing is for sure, well quite a lot of things are for sure usually, but the fact that the steaks of meat seem to change hand almost secretly (you enter Cutts by the side-door after an agreed knock -and ask for the 'special stuff') proves how 'special' this stuff may be.

The joints are not cheap, they come in a traditional and celebratory plain brown wrapper it requires chewing and if the summer has been a lazy one there can be quite a bit of fat, but (I'm told) that's where the taste lies. What is the taste? Despite the tenderising, the joints do tax the jaws somewhat and one has to be careful not to swallow splintered bone or dental work, there is a feint top-note of farmyard or manure, perhaps, but, like a well-hung cheese, this is to be admired and savoured. However 'clean' the kill has been, like a good pheasant, one must expect a degree of 'shot' to be lodged in their somewhere, though, in this case, that can take the shape of parts of iPhones, the odd wedding ring or genital implant.

Definitely not for the squeamish but worse events take place elsewhere, the Beccles Cake Rolling Competition or the Glem Ham Hanging Festival to name but three.

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FOLK EASTER CELEBS

May we warn you that Easter is just around the corner? We have already noticed the Eastfolk super markets stocking up on Bradbury's Cream Eggs and Chocolate Buttons and Bunnies in readiness for the Easter Celebrations so just to prepare you, we present two pictures of Folk Easters from today and yesterday.



First we have this lithographic impression of the Eastfolk Mummers from 1820 a gang of travelling tailsmen who presented made-up made-across and made-down theatre at the very first FolkEast Festival of 1920. Note the quaint period costume of the time and the man dressed as a woman as it was not the done thing to allow a true lady to tread the boards in them days.



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Now compare that to this picture taken backstage at last year's festival (2015) of popular local folk-combo expanded to its full line-up including various members of Below Head, Blow Isabella and The Higsons. How times have changed! Can you spot the various women dressed as men? As now it is the done thing to put the ladies up-front to cause the very essence of 'sinsation'.



The Eastfolk Kitchen

with
Farmer Craddock

Instead of the regular Eastfolk recipes we have featured here (Jugged Jackalope, Baked Drop Bear Stew, Eastfolk Rusts to name but four) we'd like to take you to the furthest northern reaches of this isle to Hexhamshire and introduce our guest chefs for the day: one Rachel and Becky Unthank. (actually that's two - sub ed)

When they came south to headline the recent FolkEast Festival, I managed to get them to write down the recipe for the dish our caterers had to concoct for their back-stage rider. This pud followed their own Posh Cullen Skink, Sexy Mushroom Masala, Sprout Pasta and Mackerel Pan Hegarty, all of which taxed our caterers to the limit. Not for the Unthinks was there vodka and smarties (with the blue ones removed) oh no, they set up camp and tucked in to the very best local fayre. Local,

that is, to their home in the Northern Reaches. The Vodka and Smarties followed, stolen from the Blowhead dressing room (so I'm told).

Rachel takes up the story:

We love crumble. You can have so many different kinds by changing the fruit, adding ginger to the topping. Whatever you do it always tastes delicious and comforting, and is so easy to make. Our singing weekends wouldn't be the same for Becky and me, if it didn't start with practicing our workshop songs over huge trays of crumble making, with one of the kids diligently 'helping' and bringing us apples to peel and chop. We like to use eating apples rather than cooking ones, and then use less sugar, because they're sweeter.

Apple and Pear Crumble

For the topping

Plain flour (4oz)

Oats (4oz)

Sugar (3oz)

Butter (3oz)

For the fruit

Enough fruit to fill your dish

Pears

Eating Apples

Blueberries

Crushed lavender (pinch)

Demerara Sugar (Tablespoon)

Lemon



To make the topping, stir together the dry ingredients.

Rub in the butter until breadcrumb like.

Peel and slice pears and apples and arrange in crumble dish.

Crush up a tsp of lavender. We use a pestle and mortar.

Add to the fruit with a tbsp of sugar and a squeeze of lemon.

Give it a stir to evenly distribute the lavender.

Add the topping over the fruit, with another sprinkling of sugar for good measure.

Pop in the oven until golden brown on top.

Prick with a fork to make sure that the fruit is cooked.

Serve with ice cream or custard, or both!

However you prefer it.



Pianist Adrian McNally cooking Cullen Skink on the Taste the World stage at WOMAD, 2009, with Rachel and Becky singing sea songs in the background.

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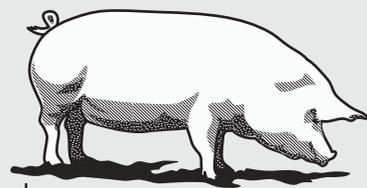
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THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE DUB STEP

By 'Ginger' Vitas

My booted foot hits the soaking grass and the water droplets perch on my toe cap like transparent pearls. They do not soak the leather - discolouring it as they usually seep into its tiny pores - they are apart, solitary beads of winter rain.

Now is the time of year where the wardrobe changes, where pullovers emerge from summer slumber, where the boots come out and the dubbin goes on.

Like all good things; dubbin comes in tins as a concoction of wax, oil and tallow, rendering this unsuitable for most vegetarians other than I. When challenged as to why I don't eat meat I'm often asked why I wear leather boots. "I don't eat my boots" is the only answer I can give, and my boots, built especially for me by William Lennons in Derbyshire, like the cows that created them, need feeding. We feed cows to cows: beef fat (tallow) to fat beefy boots.

I took a pair of worn out cracked 1930s Buckinghams up to Lennons and they used

them as a model to build me new boots, perfect in every recreated detail, they even rescued and applied the cotton heel pull-on tab from the originals, like building a new Bugatti around an original radiator, the new boots were begat of the old ones.

My mother made me polish my shoes for school. Reluctantly I'd smear the pitch-black Kiwi onto my Tufts - a shoe made with a cheap dimpled leather composite that didn't reward me with a shine, just an ungrateful mottled black dull complexion. I never saw the point and dragged them on the pavement on the way home hoping they'd wear out. No-one bought me Wayfinders with the compass in the heel and animal tracks on the sole, I come from a broken home.

To Dubbin a boot is not to covet it like a decent shoe polish. It's the narcotic of shoe care; you need 'works' to gently heat the stuff, you need a separate brush with which to apply it. There is no smug final brush-off so that the leather gleams back at you, no, there's just the dense heady oily

mat finish of a boot prepared to repel moisture, sacrificing the vanity of the shine for the comfort of dry feet. All with a dense vapour like meths and petrol and tar.

Sometime in the olden days, man realised that this valuable oily spew, when applied to leather, kept the best side dry, and so dubbin was invented, the word derived from the gerund describing the action of the dub: applying the stuff to leather, just as sound is dubbed onto film, so we dub leather to make it work better.

Dubbed boots stop squeaking, the very gum that saves any decent boot, also heralds their demise as the oil destroys the stitching that binds the uppers to the lowers, feet get wet one way or the other. Yet today I welcome the wet season; I can march through puddles, I can marvel at the coffee-rich mud spatters that sit on top of the boot, the rich fecal detritus of road, track and field, my feotal attire pressed into another years service, one that may well outlive me and become models for new boots to be made, new boots to then be

coated in fresh dubbin.

Dubbin is readily available from recommended outlets: Felix the cobbler in Beccles, Jacksons Hardware in Halesworth and Chipp and Naste in Long Sufferingham though the latter's stock dates from the late 1940s and so may need extra boiling for ease of use.



'SNOT FAIR

Written with a feathered quill by our time-travel correspondent Mr Saul Waystaway

In the early to mid 1960s London was a magnet drawing the young and hip from the regions, as it shook off the real austerity of the post war 1950s and rode the peak of new-found British wealth.

As the decade drew to a close some of those incomers, and their London friends, left the city heading back out into the shires, and the quieter, slower, life of village and market town.

Many headed for Cornwall, some settled in North Suffolk, South Norfolk, and Eastfolk an open countryside of low hills and wide plains spotted with marsh and cut by fen, a region of few towns and many villages, with the River Waveney dividing one county from the other, and the Eastfolk mountains in the north ensuring finer weather at all times.

By 1971 a non-electric social network had developed in the Waveney area sufficiently large for a public event to be planned, which took the form of a medieval fair. This was the 1972 Barsham Faire, four more followed culminating in the last Barsham Faire of 1976. The money raised by the fairs was used to run a variety of events throughout the region, including music, theatre, art

shows, a travelling cinema and childrens events.

Come 1976 the first Bungay May Horse Fair was held, being the revival of an earlier tradition which had died out in the 1950s. In 1977 the second Bungay May Horse Fair was held and an ad-hoc group participated in the traditional Eye Show. The following winter some of the Barsham crew and friends set up the Albion Fairs, an attempt to take the fairs to the rest of the country - though financial limitations kept them mainly within East Anglia.

The next six summers were punctuated by weekends of creativity and spectacle, as different groups and individuals organised their own fairs, supported by the amorphous core group known as Albion Fairs.

After 1982 the number of fairs dropped rapidly though smaller local offshoots persisted and yet Barsham and Albion's influence continues to be found in odd places today.

Funded by the Barsham Faires; The East Anglian Arts Trust was set up in 1971, also funded by smaller events and later by some of the Albion Fairs. EAAT was the official parent organisation under whose umbrella, Barsham, Bungay and the Albion Fairs were organised and funds raised by the successful fairs were used to support other activities throughout the year.

The book Build Another Barsham was written as a do-it-yourself Fairs Manual. It also did a good job of demonstrating the spirit that made these events. It was used by other groups as the inspiration or template to create their own events, including Hood Fair in Devon and the Polgooth/Elephant Fairs in Cornwall (now owned by one 'Prince' Charles and known as the Port Eliot Festival). The book was clearly not read when it came to the larger East Anglian 'V' and Latitude Festivals.

In the days prior to the Facebook and Twitter wars, The Waveney Clarion was a newspaper through which contacts were exchanged. Its start-up funds were from the profits of the first Barsham Faire. Its initial team included Sandra and Andy Bell who had been journalists in London before decamping to East Anglia.

Thanks to the fine work of Borin Van Loon and Don Mathew the Clarion, though sadly no longer in print, now has its own website <http://www.waveneyclarion.co.uk/>

THE WAVENEY CLARION ran monthly from February 1973 to July 1984 to maintain contacts made at the first Barsham Fair. Its circulation covered the Waveney Valley, East Suffolk, Eastfolk, Norwich and East Norfolk and was non-profit making, but kept going by sales, events and loyal advertisers. The Clarion gave an alternative perspective on issues such as nuclear energy, food, border-line science, cruise missiles and the future of rural communities, famously it was home to Mick Sparksman's famous Coypu strip, becoming one of the longest-running and most successful publications of the 'alternative press' in the Atlantic Archipelago. Copies are safely stored within the 'Fairs Archive' in the Suffolk Record Office, Lowestoft Library, Clapham Road South, Lowestoft NR32 1DR and are available to be read by the general public.

Much of the tradition and aims of the Clarion are unashamedly applauded and echoed by the gallant collective staff of The Eastfolk Chronicle, though somewhat hampered by a lack of time, talent and too many pints of the Eastfolk Combustible Balancing Fluid (the local ale).

Though the scorching days of last August found at the FolkEast Festival may seem a long way off (and seem to be over-written by the few who claim 'we didn't really have a summer did we?') those who attended may have happened across a beautifully decorated, and wholly appropriate yurt in which was housed the Fairs Archive, a living breathing celebration of the Fairs of yore, a meeting and collecting point run by, and for, all those who remember the fairs and their children and (in many cases) their grandchildren. By expertly keeping the history alive they enthuse those too young to have been there (in forms other than freshly minted foetuses) to carry on the principles, action, fun and tomfoollery of the 'olden days' (any day before last week in some cases) and they too have one of the new fangled website things to be found at:

<http://fairsarchive.org.uk/>

Visits to both sites will cost you nothing may take up a few well-spent hours and are highly recommended throughout the cold dark days post winter solstice.



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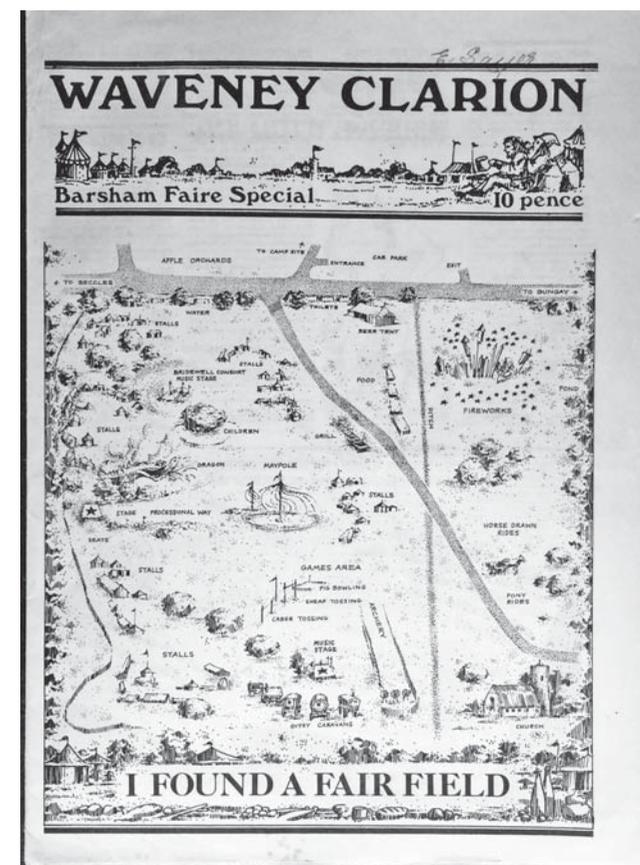
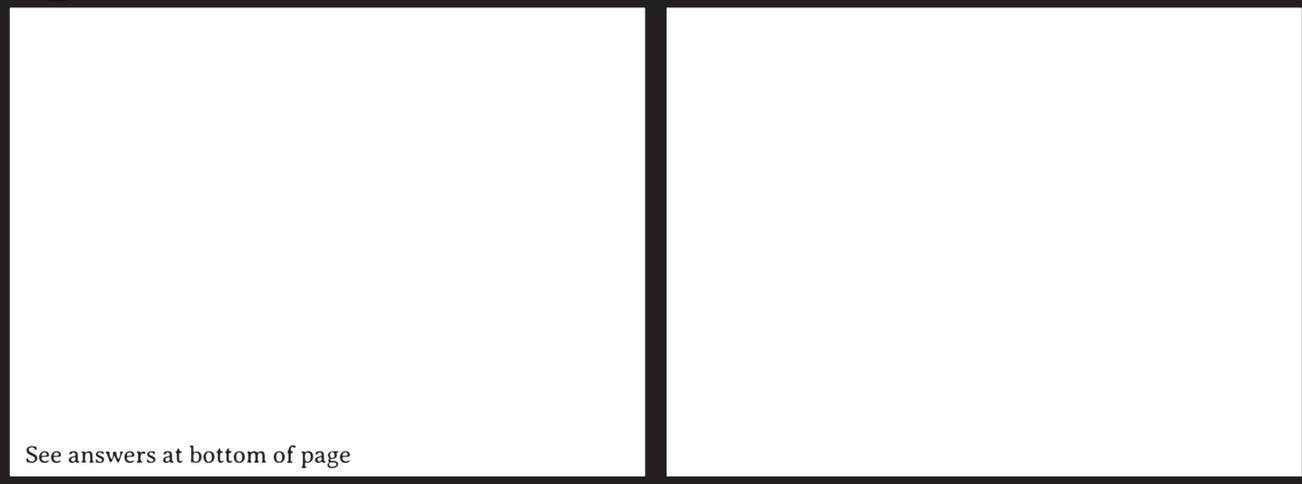


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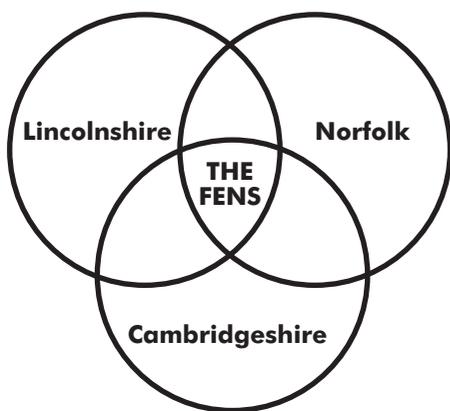
Puzzling Page

Spot the differences in these snow scenes



See answers at bottom of page

FEN DIAGRAM



IT'S A CRACKER

- Q: What did one snowman say to the other?
A: Can you smell carrots?
- Q: What would you call a photo the Queen took of herself?
A: A Onesie.
- Q: How does Jack Frost travel?
A: By icicle.
- Q: Why is a broken drum the best present?
A: You just can't beat it.
- Q: What type of shoes can be made with bananas?
A: Slip-ons.

Coming in the next issue: The Fens and how to avoid them.

EASTFOLK PARLOUR GAMES

While away the long, dark, winter evenings with friends and family. Summer will be back in no time.

WINK, WINK

Prepare a piece of paper for each person and turn them face down. Everyone takes a piece of paper, all of which are blank except for one which says "murderer" another says "detective". The murderer tries to hide his identity while everyone carries on talking. At some point he or she makes eye contact with someone and winks at them, at which point they feign sudden death. The detective needs to use deductive reasoning to try to find out who the murderer is, and the murderer just needs to "kill" as many people as possible.

REVEREND'S GAME

Reverend Crawley thought up this children's game. Today it is often used as an icebreaker among new groups of people, or even just an exercise to build teamwork. To begin, eight to ten people get in a circle and put their hands in the middle. Then everyone tangles their arms up and grabs the hand of someone else on the opposite side of the circle. No one should let go of anyone else's hand, but the group must try to untangle themselves so they end up back in a circle. This usually requires a great deal of acrobatics, flexibility and patience.

ARE YOU THERE?

This is a two player game where the players are blindfold, then they hold one hand each and kneel or lay on their stomachs. In the other hand, they each hold a rolled up copy of The Eastfolk Chronicle and the first calls out, "Are you there, Moriarty?" The other player replies, "Yes!" and then the player who asked the question tries to hit the other player on the head with the newspaper, while the other moves to avoid being struck. Moriarty is chosen as the target because he was the arch enemy of Sherlock Holmes in the stories written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.



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- 27th March - Greg Russell and Ciaran Algar
- 24th April - Sam Kelly Trio

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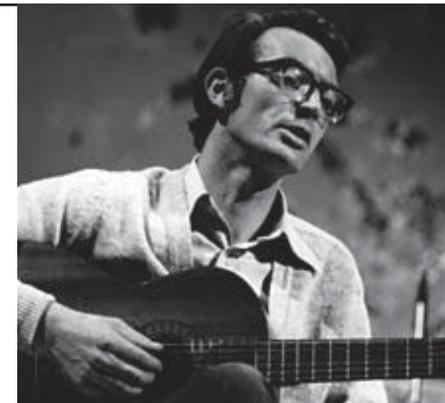
A cup of the Yorkshire tee

By t'E Lawrence

On a recent trip up in the Yorkshire region I was introduced to their very own mobile phone network t'mobile (re-named T Mobile for those outside this grand county). On gaining access to this network I found that my normal spell-checker translated texts automatically into the bewildering local dialect without which, I was told, few would understand me.

In the local pub I met my colleague and offered to buy him a pint and dinner. He refused citing that he was a t'totaller and ordered a cup of t' and a t'bone steak instead.

I was in the region searching out possible headliners for next year's FolkEast festival and had come to sample a local Rapper Side (so I was lead to believe) who seemed to be headlining the local Festival t'in The Park. Imagine my surprise to find that the act was led by a black American who danced very little, spoke in language new to me and went by the name of Ice t'. I declined the gentleman's kind offer of a souvenir t'shirt, costing, as it did, several pounds too many.



A great Yorkshireman who would have headlined Folk East 2016 if if only he had stuck around (note, he is not Jarvis Cocker)



FolkEast

FolkEast 2016
19th, 20th & 21st August
Glemham Hall, Suffolk
Weekend Tickets in Advance from £96

"What I love about FolkEast is that it is real, happening, absorbing. It's gentle, friendly and human. Folk music is not a tiny pigeon hole, but one massive great menagerie"

The legendary Neil Innes

"...probably the most inclusive festival around, FolkEast is different and the acts, the organisers and the attendees know it. It's fun, family friendly, foodie, foot-tapping, yet even though some of its many bands and venues may be bigger than others, nothing really takes centre stage."

"FolkEast is more than just a festival - it's out to nourish our roots, to celebrate our store cupboard, to restore bridges with the past before it's too late and make them truly accessible for the future. It's all about culture, context and opening up to Suffolk." Lindsay Want, EADT Suffolk Magazine

"The site has an established, at-home feel, something like a tribal encampment. As one punter remarks, it feels like something that has been here since the Middle Ages. You cannot turn your head for music from all over the field, midday to past midnight, over all three days. To say nothing of the dance sides of varying traditions performing throughout. There is, if anything, almost too much. The riches are embarrassing! There are Suffolk horses, foraging, knitting, craft workshops. There is a pigeon-plucking contest. There is certainly something for all ages to enjoy and it is possible to spend the entire festival looking at everything but the music. But it is well worth a visit - in fact, it's worth more than one visit. One wonders if people who are not from Suffolk would quite "get" the unique ambience, rather like a cross between the Cambridge Folk Festival and a very large village fete. But it's worth giving it a go. I doubt that this visit will be my last." Mim MacMahon, Folkcast

FolkEast presents

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With special guest Lady Maisery
Norwich Arts Centre
Tickets £14
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Saturday 7th May 2016

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