

HUNTINGFIELD HARE



Issue 80 June - July 2020

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The Hare is also available on the village website (see below).

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Interesting times

It doesn't seem that long ago when we put together the previous edition of the Hare with the hope that this edition would carry more favourable news. Thankfully there has been some improvement but we are still living under "lockdown", although able to enjoy more time outside. For those keen gardeners the nurseries are now open and, if everything proceeds as expected, the majority of local shops will be opening from mid-June. All, of course, with the now familiar social distancing rules in place.

Due to the current circumstances we will only be distributing this issue of the Hare electronically. We do hope that the August/September copy will be back in paper format! Please see the back page for details of our village community response team, email lists, social media etc.

Finally, the Huntingfield Hare is still on the lookout for a new editor. If you are looking for a new challenge/project please get in touch.

Stay safe and enjoy the summer months. *The Hare Team*

Millennium Green News



The wildflower meadow before cutting...

We are happy to say that the playing field area of the Millennium Green has now been cut and will be easier to use. The contractors had seen half of their staff furloughed but the cutting regime should, hopefully, now return to normal.

We have also had some of the wildflower area cut to clear suckering Blackthorn from around the orchard trees so the pathways are clear and it looks very much better.

The uncut areas will be worth a look soon as they should be full of lots of wild flowers such as Ox-eye Daisy, Bedstraw and Birds-foot Trefoil with, hopefully, lots of butterflies flitting about.

Please enjoy using this wonderful village resource for exercise and relaxation while, of course, following the social distancing guidelines.

The Millennium Green Trustees



...and after

The logo features a stylized sunburst icon to the left of the text "Huntingfield Estates" in white on a black background, with "FRAMLINGHAM" in pink below it.

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Hub News

The Hub is currently closed until further notice with all events and classes cancelled. All current providers are promising to return once the COVID-19 crisis allows them to do so. Coastal Leisure Learning inform us that they are hoping to pick up again for the autumn term if possible.

The trustees applied for the government grant offered to financially assist small businesses through the crisis and are happy to announce that we have been successful in securing funding which see us through to more "normal" times when we can resume our normal service.

Best regards and take care
The Hub Trustees

Hundred Club Results

March

1st	Chris Biggins	£30
2nd	Jackie Driver	£15
3rd	Vikki Blackmore	£5

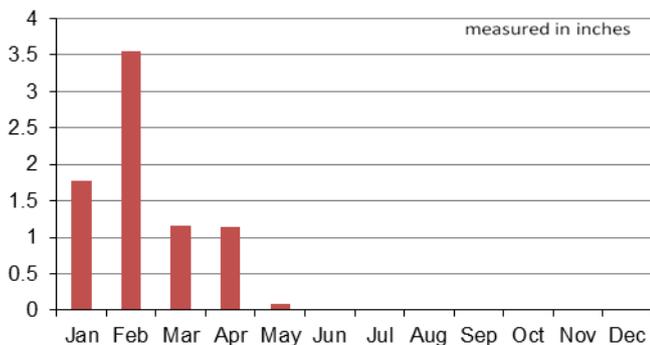
April

1st	Steve Moorhouse	£30
2nd	George Aldridge	£15
3rd	Dawn Peck	£5

The 100 Club exists to raise money for the maintenance of our wonderful Millennium Green and Wildlife Meadow. For £12 a year you are entered in the monthly draw to win £30, £15 or £5, so if you'd like to be included please contact me on 798169

Sue Brewer

Weather report: April - May 2020



I've not had my last few weeks wasted under lockdown filling in sheets with rainfall totals. March and April produced a small amount of rain whilst May, so far, has produced almost nothing. The total for March was 1.16" (29.38mm), April 1.14" (29.03mm) and May .09" (2.20mm) and that's it! This May has had only 2 days with measurable amounts of rain and another 6 days with no measurable amounts (defined as Trace).

So far this year I have measured a total of 7.71" (195.87mm) compared with 7.28" (184.91mm) in 2019 - quite surprisingly, very similar. The weather experts from Weatherquest in Norwich report that April 2020 was the 8th driest April in the UK. East Anglia has received just 6% of the average May rainfall, making it - currently - the driest May on record in a series dating back to 1862.

I'm sure you will have also noticed that May has produced some quite strong winds which caused leaf damage to a number of trees, but not as much damage as the frost of the 15th May when the air temperature dropped to -1C and -.1C here on the 13th. The ground frost temperature would have been significantly less

but the net result was that there was significant leaf damage to some trees as well as vines, creepers, bushes and bedding plants. All of the measurements will have differed depending on your location, as always. The lowest day time temperature I have recorded in May so far was 10.9c and the highest 27.1c. Again, please note that these figures are from a professional weather station and not from a min/max thermometer in full sun or close to a house or shed. It's worth noting that the swing between the lowest and highest has been quite extreme this month (21C difference on the 7th May). This presents quite a challenge to plants and crops, especially with added dryness.

Stay safe everyone, and enjoy the fine weather.
Richard Tyler



*Katharine Ellen
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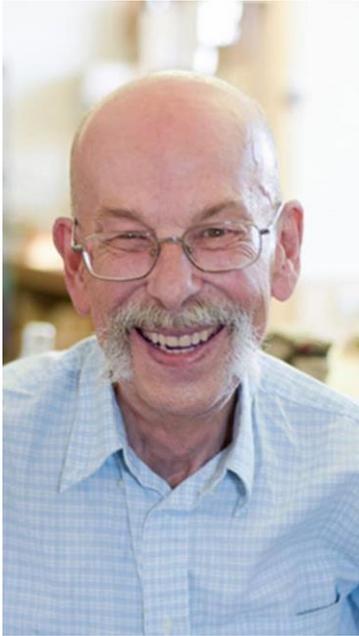
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Bob Pearse



It is with much sadness that we announce the death of Huntingfield resident Bob Pearse. He passed away peacefully at his home in Bridge Street on May 6th, 2020 aged 70 years. He was a familiar face to many – having lived in Huntingfield since the 1970's and being a regular visitor to the Arms.

Bob was Senior Valuer at Durrants Auctions (hence many villagers knew him as "Antique Bob"). With more than 40 years' experience in the antiques and auctioneering world, both locally and in London, Bob had developed a broad knowledge whilst specialising in ceramics, books, stamps, coins, cigarette cards and collectables. He also had a very keen interest in vintage cars and motorcycles. He will be greatly missed by all, especially his friend Charlie.

There will be a cortege leaving Bridge Street at 2pm on Monday June 1st which will travel via The Street to Huntingfield Church where it will stop briefly. This will allow neighbours, friends and colleagues to pay their respects en route (maintaining social distancing). Alternatively, you can follow the funeral cortege in a classic car or motorcycle to Waveney Crematorium where a private service will be held. There will be an opportunity to join in a celebration of Bob's life when we are able to congregate once more. Date to be advised.

Some messages left about Bob left on social media:

Dave and I are so sad to hear the news of the loss of Bob. He was one of the first people we met when we moved to Huntingfield in 1988. I remember the shop he ran with Sarah, at his home. Bob was always ready for a chat - always had a smile - loved his daily lager in the pub. He's been such a part, of the Huntingfield we knew. He will remain, in our memories, of the happy time we spent in the village. He was so well loved.

Christine & David Cooper

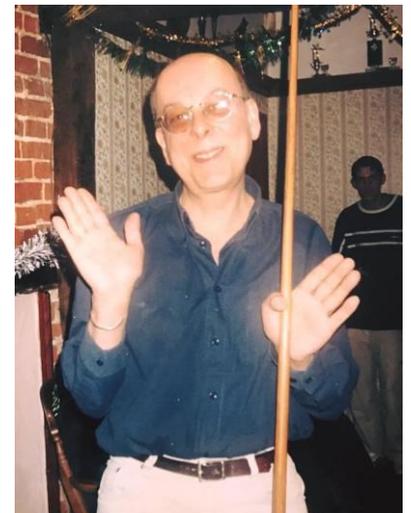
RIP Bob. You will definitely be missed at the Huntingfield Arms and by all your friends in Huntingfield, *Julie Collett*

RIP Bob, shocked to hear of this very sad news. It's not going to be the same without you at the auction, you will be missed by all. *Kaz Martin*

Oh dear I have known this very kind man for many years - at least 35 or more and always took his advice on everything. So so sad to know he has now gone. *Carol May Howland*

Very self-effacing, intelligent man, always underestimating himself. I enjoyed his tales of his travels and details of his macrobiotic diet in his hippy days. "Time for another can of numbing fluid". *Jo Tyler*

Bless him. Twas like an uncle to me! My Dad and Bob shared an antique shop in London before we all moved out of the big smoke! Such a great guy. *Daniel Feraille*



Church chat

It seems so long since we have been able to have a service in church. The church is still closed but the work continues busier than ever. If you would like me to pray for you, or for somebody else, or if I can help in any way please let me know. I was thinking that when we are able to open the Church we should have a celebration because we are safe, and in remembrance of those who are not. What do you think?

With prayers for you and yours.

Rev. Linda. Contact details on back page.



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Notes from the sheep pen

Baa to you all



What strange times you humans are going through! There have been some unexpected benefits for the team during lambing, namely the lack of traffic resulting in fewer phone calls - hooray!! Probably the best alert old floppy hat received this spring was from a well-meaning chap driving a black "blinged up" 4x4 and sporting copious

amounts of jewellery plus statutory tattoos. Waving frantically at him on his trusty quad bike he shouted "Oi, Mate" (*always endearing*) "this sheep is 'avin (no h or g) and is bleedin' (no g) to def (*we presume he meant death*)". Unfortunately, he hadn't noticed she had two very fresh lambs next to her and was busy doing a wonderful job cleaning them up - as 98% of the new mums do! DJ did patiently explain and the fella went away much the wiser. Shame the pubs aren't open as he would have had a great story to tell his mates whilst guzzling his pints of lager!!

With the 'lockdown' staffing has been difficult and stretched: both the vet student and a local lass taken on specifically for lambing were not allowed to continue as the advice from the government indicated it would put the team and the NHS at risk. This left the old fella at Heveningham, Lucy at Sibton with the most difficult group and Paul over at Henham. They were fortunate in having Sara (from the Arms) who dealt with the orphans and "mothering up" problems without coming into contact with the team. This relieved the pressure no end.



All us girls have done what we were supposed to and with a whole month of sunshine (if a little nippy at times) the survival rates were the best ever.

Unusually, the 14 of

us girls scanned with quads all carried them to full term. Many of them were fostered on to other ewes that only had one lamb using the 'Bob Farmer' (*see photo*).

The most extraordinarily event of the season was one girl who produced seven lambs by caesarean section! Apparently, there is a (more than) one in a million chance of this happening. Sadly, two lambs were born dead and the poor old ewe didn't survive the trauma. One has to remember we sheep are renowned for popping our clogs with the slightest level of stress.

The lambs have now been T&T'd with rubber rings: one T is for tails, the second is for something else f which only half of them need to be done!

Time whizzes by and shearing is imminent although there is a shortage of shearers this year because the New Zealand government's pandemic precautions will not allow the crew to return home at the end of the season. Fortunately, junior management (David's son) has found some Welsh lads willing to come across - the sooner the better as fly strike is becoming a problem.

Finally, with huge frustration some ***** so-and-so's stole the boss's pretty new quad bike from the yard! Three others were also stolen locally on the same day. You will now see old floppy hat back on the old one brought up from Essex. I think I heard him growling "So much for 'lockdown' the b.....s!"

Stay safe...

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Budding Ideas

Well, if ever there was a reminder that frosts can hit late in the year, we had it in mid-May! One of the latest I remember and I got caught out - as I am sure many of you were – with runner beans and courgettes which were just hardening off; all gone. Not to mention the new buds on fushias, roses and wisteria - officially from Kew. The date for the latest frost is 26th May, which I believe dates back about 150 years! We rarely get them so late - a timely reminder that you can never second guess nature.

Added to this is the fact that, since beginning of March, we have had very little, if any, rain. It emphasises that the gardener's job whilst mostly enjoyable, is not always an easy one!

As the gardening calendar moves into the summer months, with the weather improving in leaps and bounds, we see the start of the really 'blowsy' season when all the big, over the top flowers make their first appearance. Roses are at the forefront with dahlias, geraniums and many others just starting to come into their own.

There is a lot to keep on top of at the moment but it is also the time when all your hard work over previous months really starts to pay off: perennials and shrubs cover the ground and start smothering out weeds, the grass will slow down a little and all looks lush and green.

Summer bedding plants are a great way of filling in gaps in your border - keep them well watered and deadhead regularly. With most nurseries closed until recently bedding plants have not been easy to come by. However, there is nothing to stop you growing seeds for late summer bedding or autumn colour. Or why not take cuttings from the likes of cornus, hydrangea, weigela etc. and save a little money in the process.

Your watering regime is really important right now and need to be as effective as possible. Water early in the morning or late at night which reduces evaporation. Also, watering directly at the root ensures that water gets to where it is needed. However, if a plant is wilting and looks very sorry for itself water over the leaves as the plant will absorb the water and pick up more quickly – but don't do this in bright, hot sunshine!

During these drier conditions play it safe and raise the blade on your mower: your grass will stay greener if you are not cutting it too closely.

If you have not already done so, put in plant supports before perennials put on too much growth and tie in stems on tall plants and climbers as they grow to stop them from flopping.

Do keep on top of those perennial weeds, removing them as soon as they appear. Oh, and after doing all this, don't forget to leave time to sit down and enjoy your view!

Lori Kingsley-Adams

Feature plants:

Philadelphus (Mock Orange)



Very popular shrub with white fragrant flowers. There are varying sizes so it's quite easy to pick one for your garden space.

Prune directly after flowering.

Hostas



These wonderful foliage plants look at their very best directly after the new leaves have unfurled and before they get jaded by the summer heat, or shredded by the slugs.

They do flower – usually lilac or white flower spikes but are primarily grown for their foliage. Great in pots.

Alstromeria



Fabulous colourful perennial which are suitable for a mixed border. Great grown as cut flowers as they bloom throughout the summer in shades of

red, pink or orange. Keep deadheading to ensure flowering until the Autumn.

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Nature Notes

Whilst we are all still in the lockdown it's been reassuring to see that the natural world is still carrying on its usual cycles of life and, in some cases, benefiting from the reduced human activity.

The village is resounding to the screams of one of my favourite summer visiting birds, the enigmatic Swift. The sickle winged, darkly coloured aerial masters are the fastest flying bird in level flight and are also called the devil bird due to their screaming call. They like to breed under roofs made of pantiles, hence the reason they return to Huntingfield each year. House Martins and Swallows are also using local buildings, including "The Arms", to build their mud-based nests. If you are lucky enough to have either nesting on your house please leave them to breed as numbers of both species are declining nationally.

Lots of other migrant birds have also arrived in the Parish with warblers such as Whitethroats, Blackcaps, Lesser Whitethroats and Chiffchaffs singing loudly from hedges and woodland. Several Common Terns that have spent our winter way south near the Antarctic have been feeding on the lakes at the Hall.



Locally there have been several sightings of Cuckoos. One has been calling close to the lake - probably targeting the Reed Warbler nesting around the lake shore. I have

seen and heard two displaying from my garden, which was really enjoyable and also unusual as it is several years since I have even heard one here.



I have also received quite a few reports of Red Kites passing over the village. These raptors are as large as our local Buzzards but have narrower wings, a looser flight and a deeply

forked tail that they use very obviously to help them steer.

As we move into summer more flowers will be coming into bloom so do use your local exercise expedition to watch out for plants such as the Bee Orchid (pictured) which was found growing locally near a hedge.



Please enjoy our lovely local countryside as it blossoms into its summer glory and most importantly keep safe and well in these unusual times.

Tony Howe

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Bob & Charlie go to Morocco

In tribute to Bob Pearse we are featuring a reprint of Bob's entertaining account of his Moroccan adventures with Charlie back in 2010 which he kindly wrote over two issues of the Hare.

Way back in the springtime when the rest of us were dreaming about holidays to come, Bob Pearse & Charlie Cattermole did more than that, they actually went on their holidays. The idea was conceived one evening at the Arms when both thought it would a great idea, as the time grew nearer the doubts began.....however, at last they were off.

Day 1—Marrakesh International Airport (two planes on the tarmac)



A blast of hot air greeted us as we crossed to the terminal furiously shedding pullovers. Our first delight of many to come was our hotel situated in the old French quarter. The lobby was encrusted with intricate plaster arabesques leading down into an open tiled courtyard complete with climbing plants, fountain and a resident tortoise. An evening meal of tagine, a mildly spiced meat and

vegetable stew served in a conical clay container and one or two cold beers completed our day.

Day 2—Exploration by foot

The quiet streets around the hotel lead to the main commercial avenues complete with modern stores, banks, ATMs interspersed with pavement cafes where one can sip coffee and watch the world go by. No men smoking hookah pipes! These are now confined to museums and gift shops. A constant stream of mopeds and taxis pass by in a seemingly manic procession. We soon learn the art of crossing the road. There are pedestrian crossings but badly marked and motorists largely disregard them. The trick is to cross to a painted orange strip in the centre (a supposed refuge) and then run like hell for the other side. The police are strict on speed enforcement but seem quite happy to allow a family of four to ride a small moped.



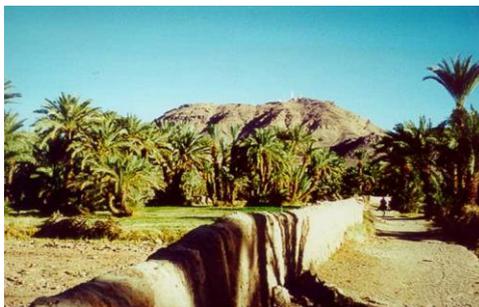
Day 3

We engaged a Caleche, a highly painted open carriage drawn by two horses and decorated with bells and floral garlands and rather self-consciously set out for a tour of the

old city ramparts ending at the Majorelle Gardens (pictured), a delightful oasis of calm with date palms, grossly swollen cacti and blue-tiled carp filled pools and fountains.

Days 4 & 5. Our first adventure

A two-day trip with guide and driver over the High Atlas Mountains in a much needed 4 x 4. The lower foothills adorned with glowing pink oleanders and small fields of maize and barley. The single-storey mud houses look archaic but many sprout satellite dishes. (Communication is excellent. Charlie obtained five bars on his 'phone in the remotest places). Rising higher we see tumbled layers of strata rich with fossils and minerals. The high pass crossed, we descended through a land of marked contrast with jagged water erosion gullies and tumbled blocks of mud and rock perched precariously on the mountainside. Further down we paused at an ancient Kasbah (fortified encampment) built in 1100 where, we were told, the film Gladiator was set. Then through groves of date palms and stunted tamarisk trees onto miles of barren plain.



Finally, on to Zagorra (left), the last oasis before the Sahara. Some miles into the desert we halted at a tented Berber

encampment where we were to stay the night. As the sun went down against a backdrop of camels silhouetted against the distant mountains we sat down to eat. A meal of barley soup, tagine and fruit served on rugs and cushions outside our tent followed by an impromptu session of drums and chanted song. One of the berbers took a fancy to me and want to 'couchez avec moi' so I quickly invented a loving wife but went to bed with clenched buttocks and some trepidation, relieved to wake in the morning intact!

Day 6—Back in Marrakesh

We noticed with surprise that the streets are relatively clean but many in an unfinished state with missing paving stones and potholes. No smell of sewage and very few flies to bother us. Only half a mile from the hotel are the Harti gardens, a large formal area of date palms and orange trees interspersed with tropical growths and fountains, even a thirty-foot high pigeon loft made of the ubiquitous pink clay with decorative mouldings.

In the evening to Jmaa el fina, a huge square in the old town crammed with vendors, snake charmers, berber dancers and musicians as well as every variety of hustler and ne'er-do-well. I was caught by a man with two monkeys, one with baby, who are trained to climb into the arms of tourists, who are then relieved of a pretty penny for photos.

Now we're into their second week when they are becoming more confident, so things are bound to go wrong!!

Some interesting facts about donkeys. In the more remote rural areas people often live in mud houses often perched high above the road and approached by steep, barely discerned paths. A moped would be useless in such terrain so here the donkey comes into its own. Most families keep two donkeys, one at the house and one tethered by the roadside. Once a week on market day, donkey number one is laden with produce to make the torturous trip to the road. Number two is then loaded to make the less arduous journey to market. Upon return number two is left by the roadside with a bucket of water and some hay, while number one staggers up to the house.

Day 7

Today I resolved to visit the Museum of Marrakesh located deep in the Casbah, amongst narrow winding streets arriving only to find a pair of large iron and wood doors with a notice proudly stating that the museum was closed. Within minutes I was approached by a tall berber clad in a white jalaba and indigo headscarf. This was one of the infamous false guides. What the hell I thought. The worst that could happen would be a light duffing up and the loss of about £30 in my pocket. He led me away from the tourist shops and through the meat market to increasingly narrower and darker streets. A door at the end of a cul-de-sac alley opened to reveal a large open area of stone vats, each containing a vile liquid in which were immersed camel, cow and goat skins. Labourers stood waist deep in this putrid mess turning the skins. My guide explained that they would do this for a month, after which the skins would be hung to dry. The action of the sun would transform these dull looking hides into the brilliantly coloured finished product.

Next, along a maze of alleys to, unsurprisingly, his uncle's leather and carpet shop where I was ushered to the basement, piled from wall to ceiling with brightly coloured Berber rugs. The cheapest rug had an asking price of £200 and my attempts to extricate myself became difficult. Eventually convincing them that I truly was a tourist pauper I escaped the basement only to find my guide at the door who courteously, but insistently, relieved me of a pretty penny for his services.

Day 10

Today we travelled to Les Cascades de Ouzoud. A series of waterfalls in the foothills of the High Atlas mountains, the second highest in Africa. Our steed was a beaten up old Land Rover which came with an octogenarian driver who preferred to occupy the centre of the road because it was slightly less rough than the rest of the road. At the village we found no signs or indicators as to the whereabouts of the falls. After blundering about for a while, the inevitable guide appeared, first leading us through tumbled olive groves, each tree marked with red paint to denote family

ownership. Thence to a steep mud and rock path down the side of the canyon.

We saw fossilised olive roots and on the opposite side prehistoric troglodyte caves. Our first sight of the falls came half-way down, huge curtains of water crashing into the pools below. At the base of the cliff was moored a very



strange boat built from scaffold boards lashed onto old oil drums with half a dozen garden chairs tied to the deck. Motor power was in the form of a brawny boatman who rowed us to within yards of where the waterfall thundered into the river. Speech was impossible and our cameras rapidly became waterlogged. On the other side of the river a

well maintained path took us back up, past a band of marauding monkeys and stallholders. Having nearly drowned in the waterfall we finished the day with a three cheese pannini, fresh salad with black olives accompanied by copious amounts of local ale.

Our final road trip was to Essuaria, a fishing port on the Atlantic coast. Unlike our previous trips we were now in the flatlands and the roadside shops which, in the Atlas, displayed fossils and mineral specimens were now replaced by rugs and metal stained glass lanterns. Nearer to the coast were plantations of thuya wood trees, not unlike figured walnut and much prized by local craftsmen. Essuaria was a



revelation compared to Marrakesh. The ancient stone built harbour was crammed with brightly painted fishing boats from which heavy catches of mackerel were being hoisted amidst

much shouting and general chaos. Upon leaving the harbour we entered the old Medina. The shopkeepers were laid back and friendly and the goods were priced—a thing unheard of in Marrakesh. We then visited the beach where Charlie dipped his feet in the Atlantic. A memorable first, or was it athletes foot, I never did find out!

Our remaining days in Marrakesh were spent in general poverty, having spent our money on excursions. We became experts at exploring the back streets with many interesting encounters. We both agreed that the worst thing about our holiday was boarding the plane to return home. **Bob Pearse**

Huntingfield Community Response

Under the auspices of the Parish Council the village has a Huntingfield Community Response Team who can provide help, support and information for anyone that needs it. Services such as shopping, pharmaceutical / parcel collections, dog-walking etc. can be arranged with a team of volunteers. Additionally, if you need someone to talk to please pick up the phone.

You can contact the Team via phone or email:

Phone: 01986 799110

Email: community@huntingfield.uk

Your Parish Councillors

Emma Ward (Chair)	Newall Hall Farm	785343
David Blackmore	Giffords	785348
David Burrows	The Old Post Office	798165
Jackie Driver	Katanning	799135
Guy Newton	Huntingfield Hall	
Karen Forster (Clerk)	huntingfieldclerk@gmail.com	

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The Kids Club Team

Sally Clarke, Jos Bailey, Linda Burrows, Marta Camus, Jackie Driver, Carla Kruger, Charlotte Yule

Events Group

David Blackmore 785348	Carolina Hare
Sally Clarke 785348	Linda Berry 798165

Communication

As well as the response team we have two email distribution lists – one for the Huntingfield Hare subscribers and another for The Hub. If you would like to be added to either of these lists please email (huntingfieldhare@gmail.com and thehub@huntingfield.org). For social media users there is also a Facebook page for Huntingfield Community where we can share information about local supplies, services etc. Please feel free to post to this page <https://www.facebook.com/groups/huntingfieldcommunity/>

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