

CAMBRIDGE AND WEST SUFFOLK DRIVING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

Spring 2010

Leaders and Wheelers

The Dog Days of Summer¹

Hello, I'm new to this driving caper and am finding it all very interesting. Actually at first I found it rather alarming, if I'm honest. There I am one day, suddenly bowling along at 8mph and four feet off the ground, with no security except a modified dog lead and a safety harness. Ponies, cripes, what are they? Mighty big things. Must make a note –*stay away from those feet*. We're off. Might have given a chap a bit of warning. Nearly fell off there. I've never seen countryside move so fast. Whoops, look out passing tree branch ready to swipe one off one's seat. I was told that I was not allowed to look at pigs- nearly missed the pigs, can we go back, no? I'll catch them on the way home. Not coming home this way? Right you are, you're driving, I'm just a passenger. I wish we didn't have to go quite so fast over the bumps. It could do some damage. That's a nice little girl smiling at me. Hello little girl. Who are you calling cute? Sorry, must concentrate, where was I? Not allowed to look at deer either. Oh dear, dear are very tempting, my dear. Now I've done it- jumped off without thinking. Doing a jaunty bit of dangling here. Someone will notice I'm missing in a minute, at least I hope...yes, whisked up into the air and a deft swing onto the seat. What did I do that for? I don't really know, impulse I suppose. No, no I won't do it again. Rabbits, rabbits, rabbits. Jump, dangle, whoosh –back on the seat. Sorry, no I won't jump off a third time. Apparently I have to get used to this- can't think why but probably best not to ask too many questions just yet. New home and all that. They seem to like it and it's sure better than sitting in the run with the alsatian. Apparently I'm navigating next time. Wonder if I get to wear a Biggles helmet. And I like Mr Terence, and Mrs Sandy, and...Zzzzz. Busy day!

Brillo

Thetford Drive March 21st

We had a good attendance for the first drive of the year. Nine turnouts took to the tracks at Santon Downham. Canoeists and twitchers joined us at St Helen's car park. The spring weather brought them out in their droves – it's a pity it didn't bring out the attendants with the key for the 'facilities' as requested when the permit was applied for!

The ponies were tied up with their hay nets and dried off in the warm sunshine whilst we enjoyed our picnic lunch.

¹ Dog Days; Hottest period of the year, associated with the rising of the Dog-star Sirius, or Procyon (lesser dog-star). About July3rd to August 11th.

Attendance: Sarah –Jane and Graham with Tatty Ann, Hilary and Shaun with Blanket, Mouse and Ann with Jake; Ian, Sandy and Vicky with Dan; Philip and Margaret (Anderson) with Baron; Marianne and Richard (Lovelock) with Sam; Shirley and Leslie with Chloe; Ray and Linda with Poppy and Millie; Maureen and Jackie with Carrie. MW

West Rudham Weekend in April 2010

Our joint weekend in Rudham was blessed with sunshine. We drove to Sculthorpe Mill on Saturday via Farm Tracks and returned via Tatterford, Helhoughton and the railway embankment. On Sunday we drove to Bircham Windmill via Harpley and Houghton Deer Park.

Members attending were: Ben & Davida with Charlie, Wally & Eunice with Winston, Mouse & Mark with Jake on Sunday, Philip & Margaret Anderson Saturday evening and Sunday (no horse due to transport problem), New members Jeanette & Frank Standen joined in the whole weekend. Terence & Liz, Ian & Sandy and Maureen Willcox came on Monday for 2 nights after we had left. EB

SWAFFHAM PRIOR DRIVE 11TH APRIL 2010

In attendance:

Terence and Liz with Sylvie
Judith and Richard with Sonny
Hilary, Shaun and Vicky with Rosie
Mouse and Ann with Jake
Shirley and Lesley with Chloe
Maureen and Catherine with Carrie
Ian and Sandy with Danny
Linda and Ray with Millie and Poppy

Yet again we were blessed with a bright and sunny spring day, albeit with a nippy little breeze! Grateful thanks go once more to Adrian and Catherine for making their wonderful home and grounds available to us, in spite of them being away on holiday. Cousin Catherine, Angela and David were therefore our gracious hosts for the day, so thanks go to them too!

The 12 mile route was essentially similar to that of last year (all designed around the necessity to stop off at The Dykes End pub in Reach!) using single track fen roads and farm tracks. The new part of the route included tracks around Lord's Ground Farm, which were punctuated by clumps of lovely daffodils of several varieties. (The farm used to grow these as a crop for flowers and bulbs until the turf business took over a few years ago.)

A potential source of excitement was the building site for the new National Trust bridge over Reach Lode. Chris Durrant of 'Bam Nuttal' (the company *(in)*famous for the Guided Bus way to Cambridge) very kindly constructed a clay ramp especially for us, to bypass the workings and so enable us to use the under-bank drove to Reach. However, each turnout negotiated the ramp without incident, and a card and choccies have been delivered by way of thanks.

Most of the turnouts congregated on the village green for a welcome pre-lunch drink, and were joined by several friends including Gwen, Jeff, Bunty, Angela (with arm in sling!) and David. The route back to Swaffham Prior took us up towards Reach Wood and round the back of the village via the unique network of byways. A pleasant day was had by all and congratulations go to Lesley and Vicky who completed their first ever full drive as Whips and will be awarded a Club Drive Rosette! HAF

Training Day at Worlington 8th May

The day dawned with grey skies and showers. After meeting for a coffee a road drive set out led by Brent with Leslie as groom.

Sallie, on the moat field, helped members with schooling in the dressage arena. Despite the inclement weather she continued to instruct and advise- young (and older!) ponies benefiting from her wide experience.

Shirley held a driving session with a new member driving Jake. Members could also drive through cones, hazards, and Granny's Wood.

After a convivial lunch in the coach house we all decided, on account of the continuous rain, to abandon the cones competition and other activities and head for home!

Those taking part;

Ian and Steph with Danny; Mouse and Ann with Jake; Judith and Richard with Sonny; Graham, Mark, and Sarah-Jayne with Magic; Diana and Jess with Prince; Hilary and Shaun with Blanket; Brent and Leslie with Chloe.

If anyone would like further training to take their Road Test or BDS exams please contact me. Shirley Reeder 01638 716096. SR

Elveden Drive Sunday 27 June 2010

It is always a privilege to drive on the Elveden Estate, not only in the sense that we can drive there by kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh but also because the farm land is beautiful, the tracks are a very high standard and there is so much to see. Shirley and the C&WSDC have enjoyed this privilege for 28 years.

This time we gathered on a level site near the Elveden shop and café. There was space, grass and water.

Shirley had planned, mapped and marked two routes. The red route, chosen by everyone in the morning, was about 11 miles. We left at 11, passing the shop, to cross the road (the B1106, not the A11) on to the farmland, alongside the new course for the riders. There were notices to warn them that there would be carriages about. We saw black deer but no riders, no horses and only one human, in a 4x4 on the road to the Estate Manager's mansion. The drive took us through the forest, across breck land, and along countless field margins, passing acres of potatoes, onions and cereals. Nearly all the tracks were firm, rabbits had extensively modified one and some were perfect roadways. There was one car, no tractors and the irrigators, in Elveden they are immense, extending over hundreds of yards, were off in the distance.

Everyone had enjoyed a happy drive. Some had invented their own routes in spite of charts, a full briefing and marker flags along the way. We all safely re-assembled by 1pm for our picnic and were joined by Linda and Ray. The sun added its sparkle to the day.

You will have to ask Mouse about the yellow route, her turnout was alone for the afternoon drive.

As I say, it was sunshine all the way and then we heard the news ... Germany 4 England 1. Say no more!

There were nine turnouts:

Shirley and Alan with Chloë
Mouse and Anne with Jake
Maureen and Jenna with Cassie
Ian with Dan
Brent and Sam with Rex
Hilary and Sean with Blanket
Sandra and Cheryl with Cracker
Mary Ann and her Dad with Sam
Liz and me (no I'm not her Dad) with Sylvie.

Shirley had arranged a lovely drive.

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The One-Hoss Shay by Oliver Wendell Holmes

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.

It was on that terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of shaises, I tell you what,
There is always a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In pannel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, throughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break down:
"Fer," said the Deacon, "t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain, is only jest
'T make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the the straightest trees
The pannels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;

The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never no axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Throughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through,"
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hindred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arive,
And then come fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of of all we value here
Wakes on the mom of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less or more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And the spring and axle and hub encore.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to fiftly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, –
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, –
 Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once, –
 All at once, and nothing first, –
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Know Your Horses Word Search

M	T	R	O	I	K	A	B
H	O	O	F	C	I	X	A
E	D	O	O	R	M	L	N
E	S	I	R	E	B	E	B
L	A	C	E	W	L	W	U
U	L	O	W	E	E	H	R
N	U	C	H	L	W	I	Y
G	T	K	A	L	I	P	C
E	E	E	L	A	C	Q	R
B	A	Y	E	N	K	S	O
I	J	E	G	D	G	D	S
T	U	G	R	A	I	R	S
R	P	D	O	U	G	A	C
A	H	O	O	D	G	G	O
C	H	A	M	E	H	U	B
E	O	B	R	E	E	C	H
V	I	C	T	O	R	I	A
S	L	E	I	G	H	J	Y

You should be able to find the following; (or cover this up until you have had a go) –

Kimblewick, cockeye, douga, drag, salute, forewhale, groom, gig, landau, troika, axle, hood, hame, lunge, hoof, lip, trace, Victoria, rug, sire, oil, tug, bay, bit, heel, hay, whip, Banbury Cross, cob, crewel, hub, breech, sleigh, door.

Any items not included in this newsletter will be carried forward to the next one.