

THE COMMUNITY CABINET

W.I. Centenary

In addition to the Community Cabinet, the WI took over most of the Shambles in celebration of their centenary!

Jonathan Young

Dedicated his father, Michael Young, Jon's fascinating display of military memorabilia dates from the Boer War and covers, WW1, WW2, Vietnam, Korea, Cold War, Falklands and the present day. National origin spans, Britain, Japan, Russia, France, Holland, Bulgaria, America, Canada, Australia, Transvaal (as was), Germany and Italy.



On **November 20th** we had our annual **Quiz Night** with Roland asking the questions and Edna keeping score. The evening was a great success with the Roydon Pals victorious over six other teams. After all costs, £83 was raised. Additionally to Roland and Edna, my thanks go to Mike Clarke, Miranda Moore and Rosemary Palmer who "raffled" and fed us to the tune of £45!

NEXT MEETING

On **18th December**, there is a change to our programme and **Mike Bowen** will asking us **"Did You Jive in 55?"** Don't miss this locally renowned show!

CHARITY SALES

The main sale of the year was on 11 July and was a fantastic success raising £315



Here is the W.I. cake stall and their pennants from 8th August. In the background is the first of the Friends Mini-Sales, much "lower key" and timed to coincide with the Farmers Market on the 2nd Saturday of the month. Together with the 10th October, we raised around £350, thanks mainly to Suzanne, Avril and Miranda.

PROJECTS FINANCED so far this year:

Research into the Hoxne Scull (in our collection)

De-activation of Very Pistol (in our collection)

Special storage boxes for the collection

Specialised stationery for the acceptance process

The 2016 Programme of Lectures has been prepared by Mike Clarke with other event dates yet to be agreed in February. We are reviving the **Stroll around Diss** – look out for our poster on the Shambles lower door Friends Notice Board.

The Newsletter for the Friends of Diss Museum
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FODIMUS

Latin: we cultivate
Issue 002, November 2015

Many thanks to Rosemary Palmer for organising the trip to **Otley Hall on 17th June 2015.**

Twenty two visitors enjoyed a fine day and raised £35 for Museum projects



The snapper snapped! Brian Jones didn't know that John Taylor was taking his picture whilst he was taking the view on the right! Thanks for the pictures, gentlemen.



WRITERS CORNER

You never know your luck!

I haven't always lived in Norfolk, though my mother's family came from Norwich so there were connections.

My parents, both Londoners who hated London, couldn't wait to get out of it. My father's job as a District Auditor meant that they never lived more than three year or four years anywhere (which didn't give the DA time to get in cahoots with the local business community!) so I never felt much affinity for any place we lived in. Then my father died suddenly, leaving my mother with three small children to bring up on a minute pension. Her solution was to run a village shop so she could earn a living and look after us as well. This was in Sprowston, just north of Norwich.

In due course I grew up and left home - for London, where I couldn't wait to go. My great interest in life was music, especially singing, and in those days there wasn't much of this in Norwich, although I did sing in the Norwich Philharmonic Choir under the unforgettable Dr Heathcote Statham, but this ran to two concerts a year and the Norwich Festival (three days) every three years. But this wasn't enough, so off I went to London - and what a ball! I got a season ticket to the Proms, made a particular friend who introduced me to the ballet, and that became the love of my life (it still is). When I say I went to almost every performance Fonteyn and Nureyev ever gave, including the first, you'll understand my enthusiasm!

I had a whale of a time. Besides the music and the ballet, there was the British Epicure Society of which I was Secretary, the Cunningham Singers - a group of friends who sang mostly Early Music and Tudor anthems and madrigals (our voices have long gone, but we're all still friends), a fascinating job at Mills & Boon, foreign travel - wow!

But nothing lasts for ever. Mills & Boon were taken over by a Canadian conglomerate and all the fun went out of it, so when they offered me early retirement on excellent terms I grabbed it with both hands. London by now had lost its charm, to put it mildly, and was now a mass of traffic, litter, and hardly an English face to be seen. It was time to get out.

It was my brother who was the catalyst. I'd already decided to head back to Norfolk, but I didn't want to live in a city, even such a lovely one as Norwich. I didn't drive, so my brother, who lives in Blakeney, said 'why don't you look at Diss? It's on the railway line to London.' (Its also an easy - free - bus ride to Norwich, now improved out of all recognition and a far better shopping centre than London).

I had never actually set foot in Diss before - I'd never had any particular reason to go there; it was just the last stop before Norwich, where I still had friends and used to visit regularly to see my mother. So I sold my house in London, found a B & B in Diss so I could explore the town before committing myself, and set about looking for my ideal house. With my usual luck, in a very short time I found it - and have been incredibly happy here ever since. My London friends, who thought I was mad to leave, to go and live in *here be dragons* territory, after a visit were asking how soon they could come again. And my neighbours were lovely too.

After a while I felt that Diss had given me so much, I ought to try and give something back. Somehow I discovered that Diss Museum needed volunteers - so here I am. And I haven't regretted it for a moment!

Pat Cowley, Volunteer Steward in the Shambles

The Friday lecture "Norfolk Prepares for WW1, the 19th June, was given by **Dick Rayner** of The Norfolk Branch of the Western Front. Mike Clarke thanked Dick for an excellent talk. Cakes were an added attraction adding £23 to raise a total of £103 for our funds.

I am indebted to a mystery contributor for this piece by Keith Waterhouse from the Daily Mail of Monday, March 27, 2000 that was delivered without a covering letter a few weeks ago.

Thank you for choosing this column's call centre in Ashby de la Zouch. If you would like to hear a really irritating automated voice droning on about phone rage, and you have a touch-tone phone, press your star button twice now. If you do not have a star button on your telephone handset, tough

If you would like to update your obsolescent phone - what is it, then, one of those old candlestick jobs? - to a state-of-the-art touch-tone model, press one.

All our operators are busy just now. Please wait. Your call will be answered in four minutes.

If you cannot stand the treacle by Vivaldi that we are playing for you while you wait, press two.

Thank you for pressing two. While you wait, if you would like to know about a cheaper way to insure your house, press three.

All our operators are busy just now. Please wait. Your call will be answered in five minutes.

If you believe you are going to pull the telephone socket out of the wall if you have to listen to one more flaming note of bloody Vivaldi, press four.

Thank you for pressing four. If you wish to complain to whoever is in charge of this raving madhouse, press five.

Thank you for calling whoever is in charge of this raving madhouse. He is not at his desk just now but you would like to put a brief message on his voice-mail, please press six and speak after the tone, and an automated voice will get right back to you.

You have reached whoever is in charge of this raving madhouse's voice-mail. He is not taking messages right now but if you would like to hear extracts from Vivaldi's Golden Syrup Suite, press seven.

Thank you for pressing seven. Vivaldi is engaged at present but if you would like to know more about how you can take a Eurostar weekend break for two for less than the cost of this call, press eight.

All operators are busy just now. Please wait. Your call will be answered in a fortnight. If you have had enough of this for a game of candles, please hang up and try again.

Thank you for calling this column's call centre in Heckmondwike. If you would rather hear a really irritating voice droning on about phone rage, and have a touch-tone phone, press your star button now..

Thank you for calling a really irritating automatic voice droning on about phone rage. All our irritating automated voices are engaged just now, but if you would like to hear Vivaldi's Music To Throw Up By, press one.

Thank you for pressing one. Mr Vivaldi is not at his violin at present, but if you would like to press two and leave a message on his voice-mail, he will play it while you are waiting for somebody - anybody - to answer the damned phone.

The number you have called has not been recognised. Please hang up and try again.

Thank you for calling this column's call centre in Newcastle-under-Lyme. If you would like to hear a really irritating automated voice droning on about phone rage, please ring this column's call centre in Ashby de la Zouch and ask for Mabel...

The September 18th lecture, given by **Stuart Bowell**, on The History of Advertising, was not well supported and, including cake sales, made a profit of only £12, begging the question: "How do we improve our appeal?" A lively response to David Young's questions on this subject preceded our own **Jill Brown** who brought a better attendance on **16th October** for her fascinating presentation about her grandfather who was **A Conscientious Objector in WW1**. A profit of £72 encouraged us to take up one of the suggestions and add meetings in July and August to next year's diary. Many thanks to everyone for all that effort, from programming to washing up, and making our meetings a success in both enjoyment and raising funds!