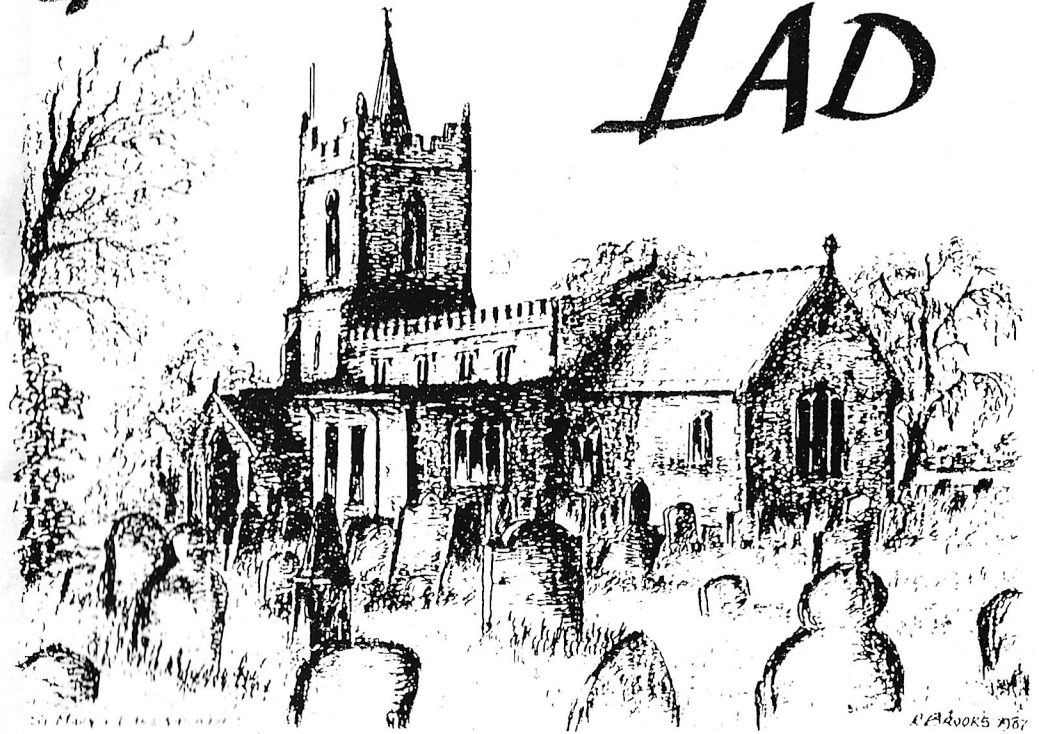


A LAKENHEATH LAD



by Pat Rissen

A Lakenheath Lad

(The Life and Times of Geoff Coleman)

by
Pat Rissen

Page One Publishing
Harleston
1989

*This book is dedicated to Mum and Dad and Pam
with love from Trish*

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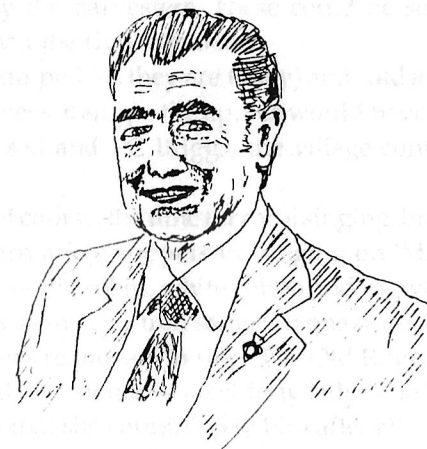
Front Cover by Ron Brooks

Family Beginnings

IT WAS 1915. The First World War was well under way and a young private by the name of Sargent Coleman from the First Suffolk Regiment was recovering from severe wounds to his arm, foot and knee in a Staffordshire convalescent home. One afternoon, a young ward maid by the name of Marion France tripped over his plastered leg, and from this unlikely beginning blossomed a romance that was destined to last for well over 60 years.

They were married at St Mary's Church, Lakenheath (as Sargent Coleman was a Lakenheath man) on 4th November 1916 and after the ceremony they walked back to Bridge Lane to the home of the bridegroom's parents — Mr and Mrs Peter Coleman — for their wedding reception.

And it was in Bridge Lane five years later — in the one-down, two-up chalk-built house — that their third son, Francis Geoffrey (Geoff), was born on the 21st October, following hard on the heels of his two brothers, Sargent James (Jim) and Leonard John (Jack).



For some reason, best known to Marion and Sargent, all their off-spring — and Geoff was to be followed during the next sixteen years by a younger brother and four sisters — were known by shortened versions of their second names. The others to follow were Ken, Marge, Kath and Rita. Ironically, the exception to this family 'rule' was the baby. She was frail from birth and the family named her simply 'Peggy', but at her christening it was ruled by the Vicar that 'Peggy' was not a suitable Christian name, and she was hurriedly re-named Winifred Eileen Peggy. Unhappily, she died in infancy in 1937 and her small resting place in Lakenheath cemetery is marked simply with the name 'Peggy'.

Unfortunately, Marion was ill for some time following the birth of Francis Geoffrey, and so he was fostered by Mrs Polly Fincham until after the arrival of his brother Peter Kenneth on Christmas Day 1923. Geoff however, remained fond of Mrs Fincham who he called 'Aunt Polly' for the rest of her life. She always referred to him as 'my boy Geoff'.



Geoff grew up in Bridge Lane, where every drop of water had to be carried up from the river to the house. As they grew older, this became a chore for the children of the family. Often the water was full of tadpoles or minnows, but it still had to be used for all the household purposes including cooking and drinking. On rare occasions, the river overflowed its banks, often reaching the last house in the lane. When this happened, the water would be drawn from the spring pump which stood outside the 'Half Moon' Public House.

Of course, there was a lack of privacy and space in such a small house, especially as the family grew in size. But the Coleman family were fortunate: some of the small chalk houses had been known to accommodate families with as many as sixteen children.

Money was scarce in the nineteen-twenties, especially for school-children, but sometimes they managed to earn a little. Keeping an eye on the 'Hall' driveway was one way of earning an easy penny, for one was always thrown to the boy or girl quick enough to open the gate to enable the owner of the Hall to drive through. It was worth hanging around for — you could buy a lot of sweets with a penny in those days.

At harvest time, the youngsters would go gleaning, gathering up the ears of corn missed by the harvesters. These could be sold for as much as sixpence a bag if you had the right contacts.

Apples were scrumped (as they are today) and sold at thrupence a peck. It could be a risky business, though: the apples would have to be hidden until there were enough to sell and PC Briggs, the village constable, was always vigilant.

Christmas was, of course, the time for carol singing, but Lakenheath boys and girls could also earn a few coppers by singing on 'May Day'. May Day crosses of wild flowers — red robin, white cotton and ragwort — were carried up and down the lanes as the children sang. On one occasion Geoff, who had a good singing voice, was requested to sing 'The Old Rugged Cross' over and over again as it reduced his listener — an elderly lady — to tears, only to learn at the end of the recital that she couldn't pay him after all.

There certainly wasn't any money to spare, but the boys and girls from the lanes managed to get a lot of enjoyment from the simpler pleasures of life. Summer days in the school holidays would find them swimming in the river; the same river that the household water came from. Hours would be spent splashing about, but they had to watch out for the cows. One large red cow in particular was partial too eating items of clothing, so everyone had to be on the lookout! And if the river should overflow, then what could be more fun than wading out into the flood water on treacle tins, attached by pieces of string.



Bonfire nights were also occasions to look forward to. Apart from the usual fireworks and bonfires, the lads would set light to old rubber tyres which they would tie to their bicycles and drag through the streets. Of course, they had to be on the lookout for PC Briggs, who would give any offender a stern telling off and a clip around the ear with his thick leather gloves. But he had to catch them first! Not an easy task, for the lads of Bridge and Death Lanes knew all the dodges and would run in and out of one another's homes, only needing to run in the back door and out of the front to be in another lane and out of the constable's sight. There was a great camaraderie amongst the 'lane dwellers' — or 'down-streeters' as they were called.

During their schooldays, the children from the lanes had many a fight with the 'up streeters'. The village was divided by the village pond (now the village green) and woe betide any down-streeter making their way home via Mill Road: Wings Road was the route they had to use. Fights and football matches in the school playground were normally between the up-streeters and the down-streeters.

But the whole village got together to celebrate Good Friday on Good Friday Hill. The shop-keepers would all have stalls on the hill and the children took their painted or dyed eggs to roll and wait patiently to be thrown oranges and pennies.

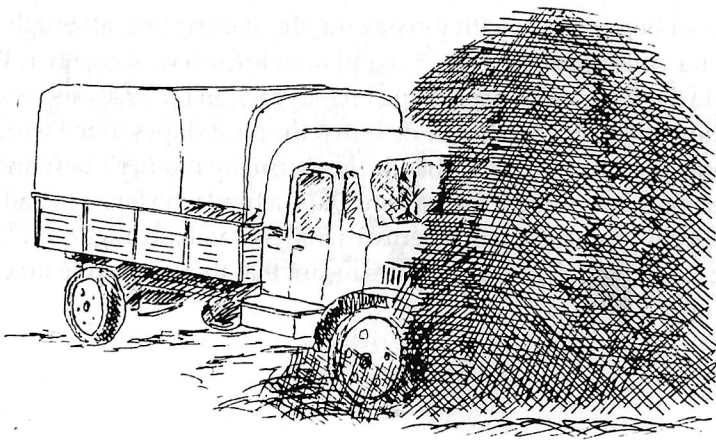
School began early, with three being the starting age, although as they got older, the children often found ways of dodging school altogether. Truancy isn't new to the 1980' — it's been going on for years! In the 1920s and 30s, it was to do nothing more sinister than slide down the Nest slopes in the winter time on anything they could get their hands on — usually mother's best tin tray, or even (on some occasions) the frying pan. Quite a headache for any headmaster.

Saturday night for the Coleman family, was bath night: on Sunday, attending the Baptist chapel three times meant that there was little time left for anything else.

Growing Up

As Geoff and his brothers and sisters grew up, they were expected to help their father working on the family small-holding. At first, Sarge Coleman worked entirely with horses: his horses would pull anything — including the village snow-plough. But, eventually he had to move with the times, and he bought himself a lorry and taught himself to drive by steering it up and down the yard. Unfortunately, he wasn't very good at stopping, so in the early learning stages, he would carry out this manoeuvre by running the lorry into the haystack — which worked very effectively!

Sargent Coleman had been a keen footballer in his youth and, as his sons grew up, he retained his interest in the sport by becoming Chairman of the village football club. Every Monday evening during the football season, the team sheet for the forthcoming Saturday would be displayed. And just because father had a hand in picking the team did not necessarily ensure the Coleman boys a place in the side. They had to queue with all the other lads to see if they had been selected to play.



eggnomM

In the summer of 1936, Geoff went off on his very first holiday: two weeks training camp with the Territorial Army and he was extremely proud of the TA uniform.

But life for the family was beginning to change: that same year, the family moved into a four-bedroom house in North Road — changing status to 'up-streeters' overnight. The new house — with its four bedrooms, sitting room and kitchen — seemed like a palace after life in the lane.

In June 1939, Geoff — along with many other village lads — joined the Suffolk Regiment, becoming Private Coleman FG 5828736. In December of that year, the Regiment was due for service overseas but, being too young for overseas duties, Geoff was transferred to the Royal Artillery on 21st December 1939, and served with them throughout the war.

Marriage

Geoff met his future wife at a Whist Drive in aid of the Home Coming Fund. It was a Wednesday afternoon and Geoff — being at home on leave at the time — accompanied his mother to the Old Rectory at Eriswell. Ivy was there with her mother. They were immediately drawn to one another and agreed to meet for a walk at the weekend, before Geoff returned to camp. During their walk, they agreed to write to each other but, over the following months, the letters dwindle and it would not have been surprising if nothing further had come of their friendship. But they met again one afternoon when Ivy was cycling home to Eriswell from the Co-Op where she worked. Geoff was on leave again and they immediately arranged to see one another at the dance in Lakenheath Village Hall later that evening. From then on, they continued to meet and write and eventually they became engaged.

Their wedding was planned for 2nd January 1943 at St Peter's Church, Eriswell (now known as St Lawrence's), with the reception to be held in the Reading Room at Eriswell, formerly the village school. A bus was laid on to transport all the groom's relations from Lakenheath to Eriswell. Clothing coupons were hoarded and rations stretched to cater for the reception. Then disaster struck.

Four days before the wedding, Geoff received a telegram instructing him to report back to his regiment by 8 am on Saturday, 2nd January — the wedding day. He immediately telegraphed a request for a twenty-four hour extension but this was denied.

Things looked pretty bleak for the young couple until the Vicar of Eriswell agreed to bring the ceremony forward to the Friday. All the carefully made plans had to be brought forward — not an easy task to accomplish, especially in war-time.

But families and friends rallied around. The Reading Room was made ready, food prepared, bus times altered. News travelled by word-of-mouth, although the bride was not certain, despite several telephone messages, whether she would have her bouquet until the lunch time bus, carrying the flowers, reached the village square.

The wedding day was cold and snowy, although the snowfall from the previous night soon began to thaw, leaving everywhere sludgy and dirty underfoot. To help with the smooth running of the day, the two bridesmaids — Jean and Kathleen, sisters of the Bride and Groom respectively — carried out an extra duty and swept the path to the Church ensuring that it was clean for the Bride's arrival. And the happy pair were duly married.

The day was rounded off nicely by the announcement that the Groom's youngest brother, Ken, had received his call-up papers that morning. Now all four brothers were 'in the war'.

When the festivities ceased, the Groom left to return to his regiment and the bride and bridesmaids were left to have the wedding photographs taken the following week, in a Bury St Edmunds studio, without him.

Shortly after the wedding, the regiment sailed to Gibraltar, where they manned the searchlights and ack-ack guns.

For the first three years of their marriage, Geoff and Ivy — like many other war-time couples — kept in touch with one another by post. Geoff's letters usually contained postcards, photographs and poems. He wrote the poems himself: he enjoyed composing verses, having a feeling for words.

Geoff brought home several mementoes of his time overseas. He loved music and had managed to see one or two operas; he kept the programmes of these, alongside his photograph of Vera Lynn. During his time in the services, he spent a spell in hospital recovering from an operation; loathe to be idle, he spent the time making belts and learning to embroider. The two tapestries that he made of his Regimental Crests were among his prized possessions.

After The War

The war over, Geoff returned home to his wife and family in May 1946. But he didn't come home to Lakenheath — there wasn't room in the Coleman household for the young couple, and so they lived at Number 33, Eriswell with Hilda and Percy Mendham, Ivy's parents. And Geoff began working on Lord Iveagh's estate while his spare time was devoted to the foundation of the Eriswell village football and cricket teams.

During the bitterly cold winter of 1947, the couple's first child — Patricia — was born, adding to the crowded conditions at number thirty-three. It had been the coldest winter for many years but, as the summer approached, Geoff and Ivy were offered a cottage on the estate, at Violet Hill. A pretty name for a two-up, two-down tied cottage with a lavatory at the end of the garden. But, at last they had a home of their own.

In May 1949, daughter Pamela arrived to complete the family, who were already thinking of moving on. They wanted to own their own home and Geoff wanted to get away from the confines of the estate and work for himself. So, with their savings slowly mounting in the bank, they began searching for a piece of land and making plans.

Besides working five days a week for Lord Iveagh, Geoff found a job as a bar-tender at the NCO's Club at RAF Lakenheath, working from 4 pm till 12 midnight on Saturdays and Sundays to earn extra money. He also began keeping pigs and chickens, although the pigs seemed to resent this as they were always getting out. They usually escaped to the sanctuary of the nearby Rectory, from where they would regularly have to be collected. Occasionally, though — if he was feeling in a kindly frame of mind — the village Vicar escorted them home.

As their savings mounted, Geoff learned that the only way he could be granted a permit to build a house was to call it an 'agricultural house' and for this he needed at least nine acres of land. Eventually, he acquired the necessary acres at Undley. The land was very rough — useless for most

Work and Play

practical purposes, but to fill the vital 'agricultural' requirement needed to build a house when a suitable piece of land could be found, Geoff decided it would be useful for rearing the pigs. So the pigs were moved from Eriswell to Undley.

To ensure that the pigs could not indulge in their favourite pastime of escaping and roaming the nine acres, Geoff fenced their enclosure with 'electric fencing'. In order to get into the enclosure to feed the animals, he had to climb over the fence — for some reason there was no gate. This meant that the 'juice' had to be turned off. The job of touching the fence to check that the power was off always fell to younger daughter Pamela who — for some reason unknown to the rest of the family — could never feel the current running through the wire. Hearing the question: "Is the 'lectric off?" Pamela would touch the fence and assure her father that all was well. But when he tried to grab the fence to climb over it, the current would make him leap into the air. This phenomenon happened time and time again.



Daily trips had to be made between Eriswell and Undley to feed the pigs and, to speed this operation along, Geoff bought an old grey van. The van only had one seat — the driver's: the front passenger, usually Ivy, had to perch on an orange box while the children and other passengers had to travel on a blanket on the floor.

The search for a piece of land for a house continued because landowners were reluctant to sell. Eventually, after lengthy discussions, Mr Dell and his wife agreed to sell Geoff and Ivy a plot of land for £200. And generously, he included free of charge, the two trees that grew at the bottom of the garden. He had, he said, charged the next-door neighbours ten shillings each for their trees.

The permit for the house was granted but, as they had spent all their savings on the land, it was some time before construction could begin, so the chickens and their huts were moved from Violet Hill on to the piece of land that was one day to become number 29 Eriswell Road. The Coleman family were moving to Lakenheath a bit at a time. Plans were drawn up, and slowly the house began to grow until, at last, in June 1953, it was ready for occupation. And the Saturday after the Coronation was chosen for this great event.

Having at last acquired his house, Geoff now pursued his next goal: he wanted his own business. Together with his cousin, Sarge Rutterford (Cody), he bought two lorries and the autumn after the family moved to Lakenheath, the new partnership of Coleman and Rutterford secured the contract for the collection and disposal of rubbish from RAF Lakenheath. But their troubles were far from over. To move the rubbish to their site at Undley — or indeed to transport anything anywhere, the new firm needed a licence: a 'C' Licence. But when they went to court to make their application, they were fiercely contested; even the agent from British Rail fought the case — though goodness knows why. Geoff and Mr Veal from Lakenheath Fen, who went to court on the new firm's behalf, argued their case hotly. But the Judge refused to grant a licence, and the hard won contract had to be handed over to Mr Rolfe ('Toasty' as he was known in the village) who carried out the work temporarily. Eventually, the case was reviewed and the licence granted: Coleman & Rutterford — later to become the Lakenheath Waste Company — was in business.

Over the years, the business grew steadily and, with the family growing up, Geoff and Ivy decided to build a grocery shop onto the side of the house. The little shop was open from 7.45 am until 7 pm five days a week and from 8 am to 1 pm on Saturdays and Sundays. Naturally, it was mainly Ivy's province, but all the family were expected to lend a hand from time to time, and it was usually left to Geoff to hold the fort on Sunday mornings while Ivy carried out her duties as Church organist.

Although he was very busy, Geoff managed to find some time for recreation. He belonged to the British Legion, where he ran the darts league for several years, eventually becoming Chairman of the Club. He also belonged to the Men's Forum and later joined both the Rotary Club and the Lions. He was very proud to have been chosen as the first President of Lakenheath Lions.

But, it was the Lakenheath Amateur Dramatic Society, which he joined in 1956, that gave him the most fun. He loved acting, although his first stage role didn't call for a great deal of talent. He played the part of a Coast Guard and merely had to carry on stage a lady whose life he was supposed to have saved, and say three lines. But from that small beginning, he went on to play more exacting roles. And he enjoyed them all — even though in the early days, his youngest daughter would sit in the audience and recite his lines word for word, insisting on pointing out his mistakes. In those days, when Geoff had a part in a play, the whole family learned his lines.

As the years passed, the Dramatic Society branched out and decided to stage a yearly pantomime, in addition to the two plays a year that they already produced. And although many people will, no doubt, remember Geoff in his most familiar role of Dame, it is the very first Lakenheath Panto — when he played the Emperor in Aladdin — that holds a special place in family memories. During the week of that first Pantomime, on 1st February 1967, that Geoff became a grandfather for the first time, with the arrival of Frances Jane.

Work and Play

The baby arrived in the middle of the afternoon and Geoff only had a short break between coming home from work and going on stage, but he was determined to see the baby. So, he quickly changed into his stage clothes and drove from Lakenheath to Brandon in his full regalia. Complete with make up, turban, jewels and shoes with curled-over toes. He certainly caused a stir among the neighbours when he arrived in Brandon. But the sight of him dressed as Emperor, holding that tiny baby, is one that cannot be forgotten.

The plays and pantomimes also allowed him to indulge in one of the other great loves of his life — singing. He loved to sing, not only in Church where he always joined in the hymn-singing with great enthusiasm; he loved to sing anywhere, often breaking into song as he drove one of the lorries or cars.



Troubles

Family parties, too, were often turned into singing sessions as all the Coleman's enjoyed a song. Everyone had their own favourites which they sung time and time again, from father Sarge's "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy" to youngest sister Rita's "Jealous Heart".

Besides dressing up for plays and panto, mimes, Geoff enjoyed playing the part of Father Christmas. He played this role for many years at Lakenheath School, where he never quite succeeded in fooling his youngest grandson, Richard, who always guesses that it was really his Grandad dressed-up. But never, even at the tender age of five, did he let on to his class-mates. Geoff also appeared as Father Christmas at various village functions, such as the Church's Christmas Fair. But he liked playing Santa at home too. Late on Christmas afternoon, when all the presents had been handed out from the Christmas tree, he would disappear from the family gathering and — surprise, surprise — Santa would appear a few minutes later, knocking on the front door, with one last gift for each of his three grand-children.



One Christmas however, this little trick almost backfired. He had changed his costume and hurried round to the front door with three parcels in his sack. But when he handed the packages to Frances, John and Richard, he noticed a little girl watching from the window of the house across the road. Her little eyes were shining in anticipation; what could he do? Quickly, another package was found, and a delighted little girl had an unexpected visit from Santa.

Troubles

In 1974, Lakenheath Waste Company celebrated its twenty-first birthday by giving a party for its employees, families, friends and customers. The business had grown from two men and two lorries, to twenty-two men, five women and a fleet of eight lorries.

By this time, the firm provided many charities with an easy way of fund-raising. Newspapers, cardboard and rags were rounded-up by churches, chapels, cub packs and many other charitable societies, and collected by the firm's two vans — used especially for this purpose.

But amid the enjoyment of the party, many recalled the fire of a few years earlier, which had swept through the Company's eleven acres and caused thousands of pounds-worth of damage.

The blaze had begun with a spark from a small fire, which was being used for rubbish burning one Saturday afternoon. The spark started a fire to a stack of cardboard; the wind changed direction and the fire spread rapidly. Within minutes, tons of paper was ablaze. Fortunately, Geoff and Pamela were working in the yard. Pam gave the alarm as the fire spread towards the baling shed. Geoff drove the lorries to safety as quickly as he could, and they escaped damage. But other equipment — including three paper balers — were ruined. Tons of valuable paper and cardboard were lost, along with the buildings, despite valiant efforts from the fire-fighters. The five employees at work were quickly joined by firemen from Mildenhall, Brandon, Newmarket, Littleport and Bury St Edmunds. Water was pumped from the nearby Mill Pond, but it took six hours to control the blaze. Nothing was insured.

Geoff and his partner were forced to return to working the long hours that they had at the start of their partnership and — with help from the Bank — the Company gradually recovered. But the stress and worry eventually took its toll and not long after the Company's twenty-first birthday celebrations, Geoff became ill. He was admitted to West Suffolk General Hospital for observation, where he was found to be suffering from hypertension.

End of Story

By now he had become interested in local government — although he had been a parish councillor since 1964 — and in 1974 he was elected to serve on Forest Heath District Council. He stood as an Independent, since he believed that politics had no place in local government. He also stood for election to the Suffolk County Council, but was beaten to the post by Mr J Wortley.

Eventually, ill-health forced him and Cody to sell off half the business to Mr J Egmore of Walsham-le-Willows, while they continued to trade in waste paper and cardboard.

In 1977, just as he was getting ready to go on holiday to Great Yarmouth, Geoff suffered a heart attack. It was Friday evening and he was alone down at Undley. He waited until the pain abated and then drove himself home and characteristically neglected to mention it. The next day, he and Ivy set off on their holiday. On a rare childhood visit to Great Yarmouth, Geoff had decided that it would be the most fantastic thing in the world to spend a week's holiday there. And, despite trips abroad and holidays spent in other parts of the country, he still felt that way about his annual visits to the resort.

Fortunately, he was already taking tablets to thin his blood because of the hypertension, and he continued to take these as the pain increased. By the Thursday evening, the pain had spread into his arms and back. He longed, he said, to sink down in the street as he and Ivy made their way back to their hotel, but he feared that passers-by would think him the worst for drink. Later that night, a doctor had to be called to the hotel and he was admitted to hospital.

Despite his ill-health, Geoff — who had been diagnosed as a diabetic several years before the heart attack — carried on as normal after his recovery. Unfortunately, his partner Cody was forced to retire, because of his own poor health, which meant that Geoff was left to carry on alone.

Determined not to give in to illness, he became President of Mildenhall Rotary Club and during his presidential year, insisted in taking part in everything that he could, including a ten-mile sponsored walk.

But his chief concern, as always, was for the village of Lakenheath and he wanted to do all he could to ensure that there was plenty of 'life' in the village for future generations. To this end, he was glad to accept the appointment of President of the village Cricket Club; he was Chairman of the British Legion, and the Playing Fields Committee, and he continued to carry out his duties as Councillor and Churchwarden.

1983 was a busy year; besides celebrating their Ruby Wedding anniversary in January, Geoff was also thrilled that it marked the opening of the village's new indoor bowls club. The bowling green had been a dream of his for many years and in October — after a lot of hard work by many people — it was finally opened.

In May 1984, he was elected Vice Chairman of Forest Heath DC, and Chairman-elect for 1985 — a fact that he was very proud of since he would be the first Lakenheath-born man to fill the position. As the New Year of 1985 dawned, Geoff was also anticipating a family celebration. He loved parties, and a family party had been planned for Saturday, 2nd February, to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of grand-daughter Frances and also her engagement.

A week before the party, however, he began to feel unwell, although he insisted on carrying on as usual. He went to a party on Saturday evening, and attended church the next morning. Monday found him still full of pain, but he went to work as usual until his nephew David — who had worked with him for many years — insisted that he go home. A visit to the doctor revealed that he suffered a mild heart attack and needed to rest. But he would, he assured the family, be perfectly all right by the Saturday evening.

For a little while, the rest seemed to do him good, and he seemed to be making a slight improvement. But early on Thursday morning, the pain increased and he was admitted to West Suffolk Hospital. Once there, he seemed to rally: Ivy and daughters visited him during the day and each time there seemed to be some improvement. On Friday morning when Ivy telephoned the hospital he had spent a restful night. All seemed well, and the family had reason to hope that he would be moved from the intensive care unit within the next few days.

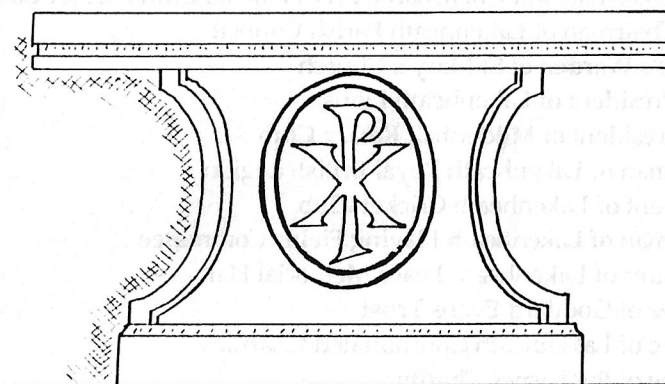
But it was not to be. At ten minutes to twelve on Friday, 1st February — just as a nurse was about to take some blood from his finger — he complained of feeling faint. He died a moment later. The hospital did everything possible. But nothing could bring him back.

† † † † †

Over four hundred people attended the Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Francis Geoffrey Coleman on 6th February 1985. Tributes were paid to him in all the local newspapers and over two hundred letters and cards were received by Ivy and the family.

Of course, he is still greatly missed, especially by his immediate family. But while the life of this Lakenheath Lad might have been short by today's expectations, it was extremely busy, undeniably happy and undoubtedly lived.

A collection taken at the Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Francis Geoffrey Coleman raised enough money to install a new nave altar for St Mary's Church. The altar was dedicated by the Bishop in January 1987.



*If memory be all that's left,
Until dreams at last come true;
The veil between will consecrate
My memories of you.*

These words, written by Geoff during the war, are inscribed on his headstone.

Organisations

The following is a list of organisations that Geoff was involved with up to 1st February 1985:

Vice Chairman and Chairman-elect of Forest Heath District Council
Vice Chairman of Lakenheath Parish Council
People's Warden of St Mary's Church
First President of Lakenheath Lions
Past President of Mildenhall Rotary Club
Chairman of Lakenheath Royal British Legion
President of Lakenheath Cricket Club
Chairman of Lakenheath Playing Fields Committee
Treasurer of Lakenheath Peace Memorial Hall
Trustee of Goddard Evans Trust
Trustee of Lakenheath Consolidated Charities
Trustee of the Barnes Charity
Chairman of Lakenheath Dramatic Society
Secretary of Lakenheath Indoor Bowls Club
Governor of Mildenhall Upper School
Governor of Mildenhall College Heath School
Past Governor of Breckland and Lakenheath Schools.