

THE TIDE MILL

LIVING MUSEUM

Patrons of the Tide Mill: Lord & Lady Framlingham

CHALLENGE OR OPPORTUNITY

As you were warned last month, the series 'The Story Behind...' and 'It's a Result!' have now finished. We have the honour of contributions from our Patron, so this month does not have unsightly gaps (in contrast to the unsightly articles), but we need to think about the future.

This invitation is thrown open to anyone who reads the TM newsletter, whether they be Trustees, Helpers, Friends (or their families), Internet Surfers, GCHQ or even President Putin's people, you all have stories to tell and hitherto may have been seeking an outlet through which you can reach your public.

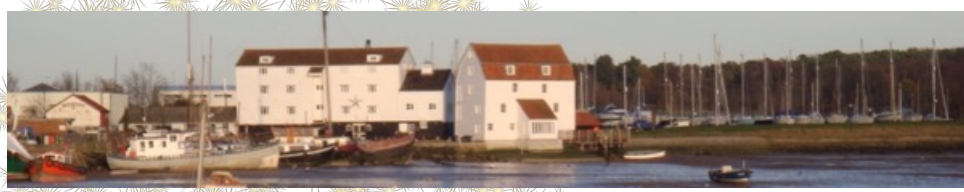
Well, seek no more!

Seriously, the newsletter can only survive if it has content, and the quality of that content is almost entirely in the hands of the contributors - you.

So, I hope to be swamped by a flood tide of your stories. They can be amusing, or just interesting, and don't be put off by thinking your story is not interesting - let me and the reader be the judges of that, and you'll be amazed how fascinated we both are by your trivia.

Meanwhile, I hope you continue to enjoy reading this newsletter and that, consequently, I can continue to enjoy masquerading as an editor for you.

Merry Christmas
Ed.



VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

Although a lot is still going on at the Mill as Christmas approaches, we are in winter mode.

As I said in my piece last month, it's been a good year which is great as we brace ourselves for the cost of a major redecoration some time later next year.

We have to keep at it to maintain our iconic and beautiful Grade 1 listed building.

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May I wish all our readers a very Happy Christmas and Healthy New Year. We look forward to welcoming you next year.

**John Carrington**

### ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

**Page 2**  
Being Patrons of the WTM  
**Page 3**  
Puzzle Page  
**Page 4**  
Engineering Gazette  
Me, My Father and a Turkey  
Busker's Corner  
**Page 5**  
WTM In and Out  
MME&T Continued  
**Page 6**  
The Heartbroken Swan  
Miller's Chronicle  
Wirral Bakers Come Back For More  
**Page 7**  
Curator's Coruscations  
**Page 8**  
WTM Christmas Picture Gallery  
Stop/Press  
**Page 9**  
Remembrance Day Wreath  
Diary Dates  
Visit Other Tide Mills  
Puzzle Page Answers

### TIMING IS EVERYTHING



IF IT WASN'T FOR THE LAST MINUTE  
NOTHING WOULD GET DONE.

SANTA WAS FORCED TO ATTEND A CHRISTMAS PARTY  
BECAUSE THEY  
REQUIRED HIS PRESENTS.

[www.woodbridgetidemill.org.uk](http://www.woodbridgetidemill.org.uk)





## Being Patrons of Woodbridge Tide Mill

I was delighted when first approached to become the Patron of the Woodbridge Tide Mill and said "yes" without a moment's hesitation.

I was well aware of the Tide Mill, had visited it on more than one occasion and knew quite a lot about its history and its importance in general and in the life of Woodbridge in particular.

I have always had a great affection for all the old agricultural methods, traditions and machinery and also a great love of the sea.

The Tide Mill, housed as it is in such a beautiful and iconic building, encapsulates everything about traditional machinery, the use of the tide and the way we worked in days gone by. I sought to capture this in a poem about the mill.

[See below. Ed.]

I have so enjoyed being able to watch the running of the Tide Mill at first hand, the superb team of volunteers and the way

everyone pulls together, inspired by the essence of the mill itself and the joy of working with it.

I will never forget the thrill of watching the huge, new, superbly crafted wooden wheel, that drives the mill, being carefully hoisted into place and later the pure fascination of seeing it slowly start to turn as the water pressure built up and the whole mill came to life and corn was ground once again.

It is truly wonderful to see the way that the preservation of a unique piece of local history combines with entertaining and educating young and old alike, not just to produce a great experience but flour which can be used in the traditional way and the sales of which help the whole enterprise along.

Even I have become a tolerably efficient Tide Mill bread maker!

Jenny and I are delighted and honoured to be Patrons of the Woodbridge Tide Mill Trust.

We stand ready to do anything we can to support it, wish everyone involved with it every success and the Tide Mill itself the brightest possible future.

**Lord Framlingham**



PHOTO: EADT

### The Tidemill

The old mill creaks and as it turns it tells the tales of long ago.  
Of Tide and water, sacks and grain, strong hands controlling ebb and flow.

Great wooden wheel brought back to life by skills as old as time itself,  
Can now be seen by young and old, not just from books from off a shelf.

Volunteers now run the mill as paid hands did so long ago,  
Their sole but rich reward to feel they keep the past so all may know.

No oil or coal nor feckless wind is used to drive this engine on,  
The gentle Deben sliding by yields up its strength and then is gone.

And when it's spent, it's done its work, it joins the mother flow again  
And no-one knows the job it's done except the stones that mill the grain.

The stones that down the years have ground the flour that makes the Woodbridge bread,  
On which the people of the town and the men who nursed the wheel were fed.  
In all these ways our thoughts are led, as we happily chew on our Tidemill bread.

By Lord Framlingham, Patron of Woodbridge Tidemill. © 2018



PHOTO: ED.



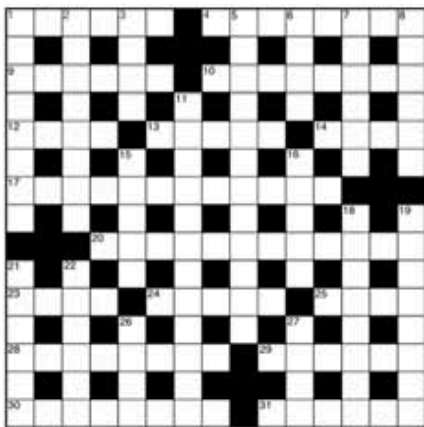


END OF YEAR PUZZLE PAGE



Here is yet another one-off treat  
for your entertainment  
and puzzlement.  
Perhaps the latter because  
you wonder why I bother.

An A4 size print of  
this page will make  
the answers easier  
to write.



- ACROSS**
- 1 Question if primate makes savoury treat. (6)
  - 4 Seemed to enter. (8)
  - 9 Castigates cooks. (6)
  - 10 Section in action went away. (8)
  - 12 Teas, perhaps, for informal fare. (4)
  - 13 Foolish if half this. (5)
  - 14 This should be 13A to become 12A. (4)
  - 17 Limited metal to make helpers. (4,4,4)
  - 20 Opposite of gradual flowing. (6,6)
  - 23 Part of a fluid banking system. (4)
  - 24 Gothic nose cone? (5)
  - 25 Wallower/pit wheel engagement, e.g. (4)
  - 28 As ragman perhaps solves this puzzle. (8)
  - 29 Dinosaur or allosaur could see dawn. (6)
  - 30 Tide Mill state when millers finish work? (8)
  - 31 Safest, perhaps, for Christmas. (6)
- DOWN**
- 1 Cake ingredients heard in river. (8)
  - 2 Low rise inundation. (8)
  - 3 Paste a nut. (4)
  - 5 This maintenance may be private event. (12)
  - 6 Perhaps made to eat in The Netherlands. (4)
  - 7 Pious routine. (6)
  - 8 Olly's pal was artful. (6)
  - 11 Sugar or maple perhaps make Christmas pastimes. (7,5)
  - 15 American protozoan? (5)
  - 16 Well labelled cat? (5)
  - 18 Frogs die arranged in grate. (8)
  - 19 Hag edges away to find solvers. (8)
  - 21 The outcome of being Blue Petered. (6)
  - 22 What Tide Mill flour is all about. (6)
  - 26 Viva voce. (4)
  - 27 Heathen festival arrogated and renamed. (4)



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



WORD LADDER

Turn SHEAF into WHEAT  
in seven one-letter steps.

| SHEAF | Clues    |
|-------|----------|
|       | Cut      |
|       | Deviate  |
|       | Applaud  |
|       | Tweet    |
|       | Gimcrack |
|       | Dupe     |
| WHEAT |          |

WORD WHEEL

The Word Wheel  
in each issue  
(which can be  
done on a scrap  
of paper), uses a  
nine letter word  
from the Mill  
Guidebook.  
Use a minimum  
of four letters for  
each word, one  
of which must be  
the hub letter.  
Give yourself ten  
minutes, and

don't use proper  
nouns, plurals or  
foreign words.  
30=average;  
45=good;  
60=v.good  
Answers on last  
page.



**WORD SPIRAL**  
Start at number 1 and form five-letter words around the spiral, with the last letter of each word forming the first letter of the next, to find the keyword in the centre row.

**Clues**

- 1 Bunch
- 2 Ruling
- 3 Astern
- 4 Bone
- 5 Spirit
- 6 Ratiocination
- 7 Collide
- 8 Nonsense
- 9 Note
- 10 Logo
- 11 Animals
- 12 Defence
- 13 Glaze
- 14 Greylag
- 15 Principle
- 16 Cumulus

17 Retard  
18 Youthful  
19 Orp  
20 Delete

**Keyword Clue:**  
Damp Dwelling?

What would you call a turkey that  
was found at the North Pole?





## ENGINEERING GAZETTE

In last months Engineering Gazette I mentioned that we were due a visit from a specialised Engineer to look at our leaking Penstock Valve. It is the Penstock Valve which controls the water flowing out of the Mill Pond to the wheel.

At low tide and after the pond was fully drained, the Engineer went down to inspect the



valve. His diagnosis was that the excessive leakage was due to wear and tear of the wedges which ensure that the valve shuts correctly.

After removing, cleaning and inspecting the wedges he replaced them and adjusted them to give the best possible closing action.

Of course the results of his work could not be seen until the following low tide. The leakage is much reduced but we will have to obtain some new wedges and fit them in the future.

**John Wood**

## Me, My Father and a Turkey

Me? I was a busy teacher. Him? He was in his 80s, hard as nails and soft as butter. And, he was staying for Christmas. The turkey? Well, it was huge and very dead.

I woke up that morning when my father brought me a cup of tea in bed. What a treat! What luxury! No work - the Christmas holidays had begun. My father, we called him Pop, had been up since 5:30 as usual.

When I finally made it downstairs I said, enquiringly, as I really wanted to know "What day is it today, Pop?" He consulted his watch.

"The 24th."

"That's Christmas Eve, oh my god, it can't be". But it was.

I jumped in the car, fortunately it was still early. I was working

towards the 5:30 habit myself, which is pretty well embedded now 20 years later. I arrived at Tesco and grabbed a trolley.

"Turkey first" I thought.

The supermarket was fairly empty and so were the shelves. No turkeys in the fresh meat aisle, so I headed for the frozen section. It was then that I saw her. With a look of grim determination she was also heading for this section but from the opposite direction. Long stretches of freezer were bare but up one end I saw one, a lone turkey. I put on a burst of speed. She put on a burst of speed. We converged on said turkey. I nearly fell at this fence, as with my paws on it, I realised why it was still here, it was enormous. I faltered, I could feel her breath, I had possession, I wrangled it into my trolley with a thud - my it was hard to handle. I did not meet her eyes. I like to think she

was only after an insurance turkey in case her original purchase proved inadequate. Head low with the shame of winning, I returned to the rest of my shopping.

Once home, how to defrost this monster? As we all know turkeys must be fully defrosted before they go in the oven. What did you say? Go in the oven, hmm no chance, it wasn't going to fit in the oven. First things first though, how to get it defrosted? I carried the turkey upstairs and placed it lovingly in a warm bath. Then I made everything else that one needs for Christmas or thinks one does. My family were expected and most of them were vegetarians, which doesn't involve the pursuit of dead, frozen animals but does involve a lot of chopping, rubbing and rolling.

(Continued on page next page)

## BUSKER'S CORNER

The mouse knew not where he was, he had only come in here to hide,  
He started to creep around, he was just glad to be inside,  
He soon found he was in a mill, it had such a lovely smell,  
This might be something good, it really could suit him well,  
But he found the grain in a store, with everything locked up and proper,  
And traps planted here and there, he nearly came such a cropper,  
His need was not here to be filled, the millers were not out to fill it,  
So he packed up his things and departed, in search of a more comfy billet.





## Woodbridge Tide Mill

### In and Out

My fascination with the Tide Mill grows and grows. Although now in its third (probably) incarnation the mill has stood there with its feet in the waters of the River Deben for perhaps 850 years. Since before the Wars of the Roses, the building of the great cathedrals, the invention of the printing press, the Reformation, the Enlightenment and the dawn of modern science the mill has quietly done its job, grinding flour for people's bread.

The Tide Mill breathes in – and out. The tide comes in and the mill holds its breath. The sluice is opened and the mill exhales pushing the machinery into motion.

The water comes in and the water goes out, the grain comes in and the flour goes out. In the old days the manor's tenants came in and out, until replaced by the

commercial customers and now the museum's visitors. The tenants came with some reluctance perhaps, forced to use this mill only and obliged to pay a fee for the privilege; but they came in and out. Today's visitors come with enquiring minds. They wander round the old building, marvelling that technical innovation and construction is much older than they thought. Out they go with a bag of flour and a new sense of respect for our forefathers. And over all the sun and moon rise and fall, wax and wane, sailing untroubled across the sky, trailing the waters behind them like an elegant gown. As they turn the corner of the horizon the gown slips back down to the floor.

Nothing is ever quite still around the mill. Wind ruffles the surface of the pond. Birds follow the ebb tide down foraging on the tide line for food. At the top of the tide the water slaps oddly against the Tide Mill Quay as the river makes up its mind. Inside

children scamper round hunting down the last elusive mouse on the mouse trail. On the Stone Floor visitors move from foot to foot in front of the cut-out of the Augustinian Canon, enduring the Guide's monologue about the obligations of the Lord of the Manor.

Eight and a half centuries of moon-rise and tide-rise. Eight and a half centuries of people being fed physically and in other ways. Eight hundred and fifty years of doing its job, untouched by the petty pre-occupations of the humans down the centuries, apart from Henry VIII, who did change things for the mill, but even he did not stop it doing its job. Long may it continue to feed us all.

© Stephen Harvey 4 Sep 2018

Background Image:  
Cavendish Morton  
Woodbridge Tide Mill, Suffolk 1976  
Oil on board  
12" x 16"

### Me, My Father and a Turkey

(Continuation from page 4)

Let's fast forward to Christmas morning. With trepidation I approached the bathroom. I felt the bird, the skin was soft, oh joy, but I could hardly move the turkey's reluctant legs up and down - they weren't exactly frost free. I decided to cut them off. It would speed up the process and was after all a necessary amputation if it was to fit in the oven. Having achieved this I put the legs in the freezer, they were still quite icy so it would be ok - and the turkey I in put in a fresh bath to recover. I made the stuffing. My daughter, home from her first year at med school, got up. She went for a shower. She was a vegetarian. I talked her down.

With the turkey back in the kitchen, a few degrees warmer but still frozen inside I made the

decision to bone it. I sharpened a small knife. Pop came to investigate as I set about the task. A look of horror spread across his face as he saw his Christmas dinner being destroyed before his very eyes. I had never done this before but was, as with all things, supremely confident. I hacked through bones and scraped them free of frozen flesh, all the while promising him that it would be the best turkey dinner he had ever eaten. Inside I worried hugely. Especially as his face got closer and closer to the proceedings with doubt written silently all over it. When I had a flat slab of meat I whacked the hot stuffing down on top and rolled it up, pulling it this way and that hoping to make it vaguely resemble a bird worthy of Christmas dinner. By now my audience had grown to three - daughter, her boyfriend and my father. Would she like to practice

her suturing I asked, wanting to include her in this endeavour. The trouble is that medical stitches tend to be individually knotted affairs tied with great care. Turkey skin after its freezing and its bathing was not substantial enough to withstand the knot tying. Pop's face grew more and more saddened and disbelieving. It was still a vast bird even minus wings and legs and needed to go in the oven... now!

Hours later, the rest of the family had gathered. The vegetarians sat down to their Christmas pie. Pop and boyfriend waited for the turkey to be unveiled from its swaddling of foil and tea towels.

And lo, it carved like a dream and tasted divine. It was indeed the best turkey ever but I have no intention of ever boning another one.

**Wendy Reid**

**CHRISTMAS MINCE**

**SPIES**

**SHOULDN'T BE TRUSTED!**

[www.woodbridgetidemill.org.uk](http://www.woodbridgetidemill.org.uk)





## The Heartbroken Swan

The swan's heart broke the day she died,  
His pen, his pen, his pen.  
Around her lifeless form he swam,  
Again, again, again.

I came upon this tragic scene  
As I walked the river bank,  
And as events unfolded,  
My heart just sank and sank.

Swans mate for life, like us, they say,  
But unlike us, they mean it.  
I had the proof before my eyes,  
Yet wish I hadn't seen it.

Trussed in line and tangled weed  
The white form slowly rocked,  
He pushed and pecked and paddled,  
Deeply, deeply shocked.

Despairing at last of signs of life  
The weary cob took flight,  
And up and up and up he flew,  
Till nearly out of sight.

With a fatal twist he lunged and plunged,  
And as I held my breath  
He hurtled down at breakneck speed,  
Down to his certain death.

The splash which broke his graceful neck  
Shook his loved one free,  
And side by side and still entwined,  
They floated out to sea.

© Michael Framlingham 10 April 2015  
PHOTO: ANNE BATEMAN/www.flickr.com

### THE MILLER'S CHRONICLE

With the year coming to a close it's time to thank all the volunteers for their help and effort milling, bagging and delivering our flour over this last year and to thank them for the expected time and effort in the year that is to come and the newsletter for reporting what we do to a wider audience.

At this time of year we produce half the amount that is milled during the warmer months. Although milling during the colder months is frankly harder both physically, as its very cold in the mill, and keeping the grain in good condition as it is run through the mill. We have to be mindful of the moisture

content of the grain in comparison to the relative atmospheric humidity of our mill, as great problems can arise if these differences aren't respected. It's a question of keeping the stones as cold as they can be and this is mainly achieved by running the stones as slowly as possible while still achieving efficient production run.

**This year's  
production of our super  
flour to date is 5,395.3kg.**

(855⅔ stone Ed.)

Personally, after all is said and done, I find the Deben estuary at its most beautiful in the depths of winter. The work is more satisfying yet very nice to be back home afterwards, in the warm, by the fire!

**Dan Tarrant-Willis**  
[dantarrantwillis@yahoo.com](mailto:dantarrantwillis@yahoo.com)

### Wirral Bakers Come Back For More.

In summer 2017 Michael Gopfert, who helps to organise the Wirral Breadcircle (go to [Breadcircle Blog](#)), visited the Tide Mill and purchased some of our Fine Grade flour. He was so pleased with the flour that he asked for 25kg more. Quotes from couriers were far too high to make the supply viable. Luckily my daughter, who lives in Liverpool, was visiting Woodbridge and transported the 24kg back to Merseyside. Michael and the Breadcircle were delighted with the loaves they baked and declared it the best flour they had used.

Recently a friend of Michael's was visiting the Woodbridge Area and was able to call into the tide Mill and take another 24kg back to the Wirral Breadcircle.

Bob Spillett

**DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE ELF WHO PUSHED HIS BED INTO  
THE FIREPLACE?  
HE WANTED TO  
SLEEP LIKE A LOG.**

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# CURATOR'S CORUSCATIONS

By Fraser Hale

## Hiding Our Light Under a Bushel?



Most visitors to the Tide Mill, quite understandably, focus on the fabric of the Mill itself – it's structure and machinery. It is, after all, a rare and fascinating machine; an example of an engine that drove the global rural economy for over two thousand years. It's certainly a powerful draw.

The Mill contains, however, many smaller artefacts related to the business of converting grain into flour. Though their historical

footprints are smaller than that of the Mill itself; their influence arcs shorter, they still embody stories of interest and context. As far as the social and political history of the Mill is concerned, two of the most interesting of these currently sit modestly up on the Stone Floor – always the bridesmaids to the blushing beauty of the millstones themselves.

A Bushel is a very old thing! It used to be just a bowl. Any bowl. Not made to hold a specific quantity of anything, just "some stuff" – the English word is derived from the Old French *boissiel*, meaning "little box", and dates from somewhere between the 8<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> centuries. It is an important word, though, as it links the Mill's grain measures to the phrase that I've taken as my title. The phrase is derived from a biblical parable that appears in the gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke. Jesus uses the analogy – that no one would light a candle only to cover it up – to encourage those who have found the love of the Lord, to make that

knowledge known to others. When the New Testament was first translated from Latin into English, in 1525, William Tyndale chose the word bushel to express the idea of a vessel that was large enough to cover a candle or lamp, and that was sufficiently opaque to shroud its light.



The bushel has been an official measure for both liquids and dry goods since the middle of the 13<sup>th</sup> century. It was first defined in Henry III's 1266

*Assize of Bread & Ale*, although the quantity that it held has changed a little over time. The bushel measures in the Tide Mill (one is a full bushel measure, the other a half) are dated 1824. This is the very year that the imperial bushel was defined by George IV's *Weights and Measures Act*. The imperial bushel is equivalent in volume to 8 gallons. The 1824 Act stipulates that '*the Standard Measure of Capacity, as well for Liquids as for dry Goods not measured by Heaped Measure, shall be the Gallon, containing Ten Pounds Avoirdupois Weight of distilled Water weighed in Air, at the Temperature of Sixty-two Degrees of Fahrenheit's Thermometer, the Barometer being at Thirty Inches.*' And that '*all Measures shall be taken in Parts or Multiples, or certain Proportions of the said Imperial Standard Gallon; and that Quart shall be the Fourth Part of such Standard Gallon, and the Pint shall be One-eighth of such Standard Gallon, and that Two such Gallons shall be a Peck, and Eight such Gallons shall be a Bushel, and Eight such Bushels a Quarter of Corn or other dry Goods, not measured by Heaped Measure.*' The Act goes on to describe how suitable measures of brass shall be made, in these various proportions.

Though robust objects, these measures were made from large amounts of a semi-precious alloy. As they became worn or damaged, the measures were commonly melted down so that the brass could be re-used. Consequently, these measures are scarce now, and the Tide Mill is very lucky to have them in its stewardship. Along with these rare items, the Mill is blessed with a fascinating collection of artefacts that help to enrich our visitor's experience. It is all too easy to overlook the smaller items in favour of the Mill's motile majesty, but let's make sure the Mill doesn't hide its light under a bushel.



ANNO QUINTO

GEORGII IV. REGIS.

C A P. LXXIV.

An Act for ascertaining and establishing Uniformity of Weights and Measures. [17th June 1824.]



WHAT'S THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT YOU CAN BUY?

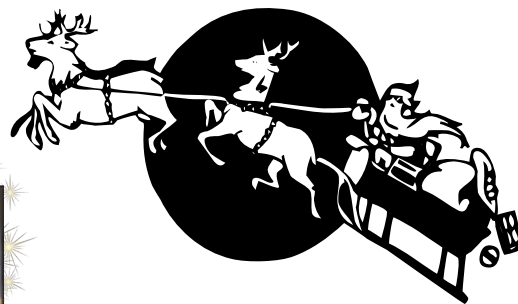
A BROKEN DRUM –  
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT.

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# WOODBIDGE TIDE MILL

## CHRISTMAS PICTURE GALLERY



**MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
EVERYONE!**



### STOP PRESS QUIZ NIGHT

On Friday, 16th November, thirteen teams battled it out at the annual Tide Mill Quiz with the Periodic Table Dancers eventually coming out on top. Participants challenged by an eclectic mix of questions ranging from the identification of dog breeds to local knowledge to the location of this

year's Love Island! And, if you don't know what a Polstead Black is, look below\*.

John Carrington was the firm but fair quizmaster and ensured the smooth running of proceedings. He was ably and efficiently assisted by Anne Barrett as scorer, Judy Riggs, who ran the raffle, and Jane Lynam and Anne Gartley.

It was a lively evening enjoyed by all and raised the handsome sum of £533 for The Tide Mill's funds. There was a bumper raffle to which local businesses (Sweet Dreams, Browsers, Honey & Harvey, The Kitchen Shop and Rohan) generously donated prizes. Also, Adnams kindly donated a contribution to the winning team's prize. A big thanks to all of them.

**Jane Lynam**

\* A cherry!

**DID YOU KNOW THAT OLD  
SNOWMEN ARE ALL CALLED  
WATER?**

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🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄🎄

Three Milling demonstrations will take place in December at 15:00 on the 4th; at 14.30 on the 19th, and at 09.00 on the 27th.

Too early for Other Events for 2019 to bother you just yet.

For full general mill working times use this link to the website: [Turning & Milling](#)

Correspondents: all copy for next month to be sent to [WTMeditor@gmx.com](mailto:WTMeditor@gmx.com) by the middle of December please.

Stakey at N Pole: Post



WORD WHEEL

Different, effendi, definier, refined, feinted, fen-fire, fifteen, define, infied, defier, fender, defter, niffed, diffier, ritted, finder, friend, redfin, ritted, treid, refine, effed, defer, freed, feted, fited, fiend, fined, fired, fried, fedid, drift, fiter, finer, infer, feint, refit, feed, fend, deft, find, free, reef, feet, fete, tief, fife, telf, fine, fire, rife, tief, fern, fret, reft, niff, ritt, tiff, firm, frit, rift.

WORD LADDER

WHEAT  
CHEAT  
CHEAP  
CHEEP  
CHEER  
SHEER  
SHEAR  
SHEAF  
LADDER

WORD SPIRAL

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

CANAPE  
APPAREAR  
U E A P P A R E D  
R O A S T S D E P A R T E D  
R P E P V M U G  
E A T S B A K E D C A K E  
T I D E M I L L T E A M  
S E E O A B F E  
A B A R I Y R M E S H  
B E R M O G I V E M E S H  
O E M A E Y D E  
A N A G R A M S A U R O R A  
R D A E S F E A S T S



PHOTO: PIPPA MOSS

# VISIT OTHER TIDE MILLS

Woodbridge was the last commercially operating Tide Mill and, out of an apogee in excess of over 200 in he UK, is now one of only two Tide Mills still producing flour for retail to the public, the other one being at Eling, on the edge of the New Forest in Hampshire. But, here are nine more Tide Mills, all in the UK, but most are not active. Use these links for more information:

- Eling Tide Mill, Hampshire
  - BattlesbridgeTide Mill, Battlesbridge, Essex (converted for business)
  - Beaulieu Tide Mill, Beaulieu Estate, Hampshir (Restored and converted to offices)
  - Carew Castle tide mill, Pembrokeshire
  - Fingringhoe Tide Mill, Fingringhoe, Essex (house converted) (No Website)
  - Pembroke tide mill, Pembrokeshire (mill ponds only)
  - Place Mill, Christchurch, Dorset (not-working order, restored) (May not have been a tide mill)
  - Thorrington Tide Mill, Thorrington, Essex
  - Three Mills tide mill, Bromley-by-Bow, London (aka House Mill)
  - Clock Mill tide mill, Bromley-by-Bow, London (aka part of Three Mills)
  - Tide Mills, Newhaven, East Sussex (sluice only)
- Go to [Wikipedia](#) for more

AND FINALLY:  
DON'T EAT THE CHRISTMAS TREE  
DECORATIONS, OR YOU MIGHT CATCH TINSELITIS

[www.woodbridgetidemill.org.uk](http://www.woodbridgetidemill.org.uk)

9 of 9

