



Rev. Alun Ford in action.

HORNINGSEA Herald

Issue #140 July 2020

**For further information on Horningsea
visit our village website at:**

www.horningsea.net

**To contribute to the Herald, please
contact the editor by the 25th of the
month at:**

horningseanews@googlemail.com

The Plough and Fleece grand reopening

Mary Corless

The Plough and Fleece will be open this coming Saturday (4th July).

We will be complying fully with Government Guidelines for Covid19 Safety in Pubs. We have several measures in place including:

- Separate exit and entrance signs.
- Notices asking people to socially distance (1 metre).
- Taking customers temperature on arrival.
- Having several hand sanitiser stations available throughout the pub.
- Hand sanitiser wipes in all the toilets and gel.
- Disposable face masks for staff and customers if required.
- Staff will have their temperature taken on arrival for their shift.

We hope to make both staff and customers feel safe but hoping not to spoil their dining out experience.

We are not just celebrating reopening after Lockdown, but we've also taken advantage of the lockdown to renovate parts of the pub. The front bar is now looking superb (and nicely insulated for those cosy winter nights ahead) and the hallway and toilets have had a much needed refresh. Plus the beer garden is an even more fantastic place to be. As well as work to the gazebo, the end of the garden has been changed to allow an

even better view of the gorgeous sunsets you can see towards the river! Surely the finest beer garden around to drink a Pimms whilst watching the sun go down.

We will no longer be doing takeaways on a Friday or Saturday. However, we may offer this service at a later date, once everything has settled into a routine once more!

We also wanted to thank the village for their amazing support during lockdown. Also to thank Horningsea CIC for their incredible support and encouragement. Without that, we wouldn't be opening Saturday ready to welcome everyone back!

<https://www.facebook.com/PloughandFleecePub>

<http://www.ploughandfleece.com/>

Farewell to Revd Alun Ford

Sunday 26th July, 10:00. St Peter's Church or via video conferencing.

Alun, our Vicar, will be leaving at the end of the month, he has been appointed to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Southwark. His last service will be on Sunday 26th July (see below). Meanwhile we will make a collection for a farewell gift. If you would like to make a donation you can do so via Andy Clarke who has the church Card Reader so you don't need to give cash!

Who will take his place? We have a meeting with the Archdeacon to discuss the options for our three parishes and will keep you informed when we know the plans. Meanwhile the Sunday morning Zoom services will continue until the end of August. From September we plan to have a "live" service in Fen Ditton in week one, in Horningsea in week two and Teversham in week three. In week four we will have a joint Zoom service. This is a temporary arrangement which will be kept under review.

Alun's final church service will be at Horningsea on Sunday 26th July at 10.00 for 10.30. You are invited to join "live" as the church is marked out for social distancing. If you would prefer to join by Zoom that will be possible too. The Zoom invitation will be sent out the week before! If you come to the church it is essential that you adhere to the Covid 19 rules ... handwashing, sanitising etc..

Horningsea Church is open for private prayer on Wednesdays and Sundays from 11:00 - 15:00. If you call in, please observe all the Covid rules!

Horningsea past

Around the Village - Silent Witness part II

John Wilson

For many years the rectory was the home of the Reverend Smythe, the last resident vicar. He came to the village in the late 40s following a long line of vicars including the father of Virginia Wade the tennis star. Paul Smythe was regarded as quite an eccentric, he would go into town every day on the bus to read in the libraries as he was a scholar. The village residents were more used to country vicars and did not take to

him, so he became more reclusive. The national papers cottoned on to this and a quote was made by him that Horningsea was the most heathen village in England. Many will remember him setting off to the church on a Sunday morning with a full chalice of communion wine, chanting as he walked and returning ten minutes later. Job done as they say now. His house was stuffed with books, many the same, and that is how he lived for fifty years.

Opposite the old school house is the Jubilee garden. This was the site of the old village hall, put up on land donated to the village after the First World War by the Francis family, now quay estates. Under the guidance of the "hut committee", a fearsome institution, an old hospital building was acquired and stood there until about 1999 until it was demolished after the building of the new village hall.

Many of you may remember going to the old hall to the doctors surgery held in the back room, no soundproofing there and everyone's ailments would soon be round the village, or the committed meetings also held there. Flower shows, Christmas parties, whist clubs and wedding receptions were also held there.

I can remember the productions put on by Mr Harding of Waterbeach where a sort of variety show was put on. Most memorable was a trapeze act using the roof tie bars, which bent alarmingly as the artists performed. Mr Harding used to run a delivery van which came from Waterbeach every week stuffed with everything you needed or perhaps didn't.

All that remains of it now is the modern toilet block which was added many years after the hall was built. Behind the village hall the playground was built by the HRA on land once again given to the village by the Francis family. At the time they also suggested that the village have the whole Laney meadow, but it was not taken up.

Goose Green was named in memory of a small and decisive battle in the Falkland Islands which took place at the time it was built. The original sign was put up then and has never needed to be repainted. On the left of the green is the square, perhaps you have wondered why it was called so. Originally the building, which goes back many centuries, was in that form, with houses across the front and down the two sides and the toilets across the back. What now remains is the two houses to the south and the one to the north. The houses across the back are new and stand on the edge of what would have been allotment gardens. The houses were converted in the 1970s. it is hard to believe that the square housed over a dozen families.

Laney meadow was an area used for cattle for many years and before the new village green hosted many events from sports days and huge bonfire parties. Again in the 1950s there was an area fenced off against the Square allotments for a village play area. Mostly consisting of large concrete pipes which survived for many years as did the posts

The village school has been much covered with photos and reunions, perhaps someone could add to this for a future "Horningsea past" article. When the school closed in the

1960s the children were sent to Fen Ditton and the school house converted into the house you see today.

The village green was up and running in 2000 on the site of an old corn field, taken on a 1000 year lease. The new village hall was then built.

In the field behind, in the area of the large tree, was a paddock which contained the remains of the old field strip agricultural system dating back centuries. These were in the form of ridge and furrow, and survived until county farms grubbed up the hedge in the 60s. There was also a cattle pond or soak on the site of the village pond to the side of the vicarage. Recently very interesting photos surfaced on the website of the cottages opposite.

How little has changed, only the people. These trees and buildings around us continue to be a silent witness to our lives in this lovely village.

My Horningsea Adventure Part 5.

Vee Saunders.

My friendship with Molly and Margaret revolved at first around the Church, where I had been warmly welcomed into the congregation by the Revd. Laurie Marsh and the other church attenders. My Christian path had taken many twists and turns over the preceding years, but I somehow felt comfortable and at ease worshipping regularly in St Peter's.

I very soon discovered the beautiful flowers I had admired in Church each Sunday, had been organised by Dinah Asplin with her small team (see pictures). The displays never failed to create a wonderful country feel and whenever possible were in season.

After the Service one Sunday, Dinah took me by surprise by asking if I would like to join the Flower Rota. I really didn't know what to say, on the one hand I really wanted to say yes, but on the other hand I knew it could be a mistake. My reason for saying this is because I simply hadn't got a clue and realised with Dinah's beautiful examples, there would be a lot to live up to. Dinah however was very persuasive and I found myself agreeing to join her team, which over many years I have never regretted.



Dinah very soon took me in hand in her kind, gentle, encouraging way. I very soon realised there was so much more to arranging flowers than by simply plonking them at random in a container trying to be artistic but definitely not succeeding. In my ignorance I didn't know about Oasis and the advantages it gave to beautiful flower arranging. I thought Oasis was a water supply found after travelling great distances

across Deserts, suffering from exhaustion and heat stroke, so when Dinah produced blocks a green substance called Oasis, to be placed in water overnight, to be strategically arranged in a container, I couldn't have been more confused! Sadly, my education has been seriously lacking!!

Molly would often tease me about this, which I thoroughly enjoyed. I had been brought in a family where to take oneself too seriously was definitely not encouraged and has thankfully seen me through many sticky situations.

I soon started to enjoy my new found interest, especially when we would join together for Harvest Festival, Concerts and Weddings. Dinah is definitely an expert where

flowers are concerned. Her knowledge came from her parents who owned a Market Garden in the village and Dinah grew up with an understanding of flowers and how to look after them.

It was always a delight to work with Dinah and her Wedding arrangements were very professional. Over the years we provided and arranged the flowers for several Village Brides. It was always a joint effort, but Dinah's planning with the Bride, her pre-arrangements before the day and her enthusiasm was a joy to be part of. Liz Harrison joined the Rota and has often told me how much Dinah taught her and found how much she enjoyed Dinah's company.

Dinah would often supplement the flowers from her own garden and Liz remembers with fondness popping down to see Dinah, who would take her round the garden snipping flowers and giving advice on how to put them in water overnight before displaying the next day.

Over the years Dinah has always shown me warmth and friendship and I remember with great fondness sitting with her in the vestibule on a warm Summer's day or enjoying a cup of tea and a piece of homemade shortbread or flapjack in her comfortable home. When it was time for the Horticultural Show we would chat about our various entries. Dinah played an important part in the Show and at the beginning



of

up

would advise me ' the novice ' on how to enter. Her advice was always welcome and not intrusive.

Talking of Dinah's flapjacks, when the Student Cross Pilgrims visit us in Holy Week, one of the first questions asked is 'has the lady brought her flapjacks this year?'. What a recommendation is that? Dinah always gave a lovely smile.

I have wonderful memories of when Dinah would reminisce about her childhood in Horningsea, how she went to the Village School and the interesting characters that used to live in the Village. Dinah has contributed fully to the life of the Village, spending many years on the Parish Council and the Quy Fen Trust Committee which was an important part of Dinah's life, along with Church and her time on the Horticultural Show Committee. In the last few years Dinah has gradually stepped down from her commitments and just a few years ago handed over the Flower Rota to Liz Harrison, telling me with much delight 'It is in safe hands'.

When the Lockdown is fully open I look forward to another chat with Dinah and a good old giggle!

[Horningsea cooks and bakes](#)

Please send in your recipes to share with your neighbours

Chokladbollar (Chocolate Balls)

Emma Taylor

Makes about 20 balls

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| <p>Ingredients</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 200g quick cook oats • 100g muscovado sugar • 130g Coconut oil, softened (can use unsalted butter) • 3 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa powder | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Pinch of salt • 2 tablespoons cooled, strong coffee (if you're a coffee lover like us I tend to add a bit more.. alternatively you could use milk or water) • 35g desiccated coconut (or use sprinkles) |
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1. In a blender or food processor combine oats, sugar, cocoa powder and salt. With a few short pulses grind the oats to a fine powder.
2. Tip the oat mixture into a large mixing bowl, add the coconut oil (or butter if using) and coffee and combine with a spatula, until it forms a sticky dough
3. Scoop out rounded tablespoons of the mixture and roll into balls and set aside
4. Put the dedicated coconut onto a shallow plate and roll the balls into the coconut to coat. If you don't like coconut you could use sprinkles.
5. Refrigerate for at least an hour.

I like to eat them straight from the fridge so they have a bit of crunch but you can leave them out of the fridge for a few minutes to soften slightly before eating.

[Lockdown thoughts](#)

Letter from Lockdown

Richard Pleasants

I think it is fair to say that my friend and neighbour, writer Alan Moore, is almost certainly cleverer than I am, particularly in matters cultural. However, it's probably also true that if you asked him to fix your boiler he'd be a bit stumped, but if you need an emergency poet, without a doubt, he's your man.

He was telling me the other day that Shakespeare wrote most of his plays during a lockdown. A little number called the bubonic plague was quite big at the time, apparently. He seemed to be suggesting that the bard had put aside any ideas of running up a nice bit of decking, or colouring in some rainbows, and instead had decided to knock off a couple of dozen lengthy plays topped off with a shedload of sonnets. If this is the case, it's sobering to think that if Shakespeare or the plague (but not both) had happened at a different time, generations of schoolboys would have been spared thousands of hours of tedious study.

I was bad at Shakespeare, along with quite a few other things, or so my school told me. I have found out later in life that if you are told you are bad at something, you tend to become so, even if you weren't to begin with. For example, Lorna O'Reilly has caused untold damage to my performance on the dance floor. Had my school not been so discouraging, my mantelpiece would now undoubtedly be lined with BAFTAs. I wonder if it's too late to sue.

My alleged educational incompetence meant that I was relegated to a lower set, where, instead of standing around in cloaks reading Shakespeare at each other, we sat in rows where a man who had never cracked a smile in his life read through each play line by line, and told us which were the funny bits. Now, I'm the first to admit that funniness is very much a subjective issue. To me, Ian Hislop (a journalist) is funny, but his sparring partner Paul Merton (a comedian, allegedly) just isn't, no matter how hard he tries - and he does. Equally, Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri, a story about a

woman's lone fight to get justice for her murdered daughter, is one of the funniest films that I've ever seen, but I'd rather stick red hot pins under my finger nails than watch an episode of Mrs Brown's Boys. However, I fear that my inattention has done me something of a social disservice in later life. It has been my misfortune, on more than one occasion, to be invited to an open-air performance of a Shakespeare play. Typically, these involved sitting outside on a nippy June evening watching some lengthy and obscure work during which I become conscious that certain people in the audience are wearing red corduroy trousers and laughing loudly and ostentatiously at certain inexplicable points in the performance. It's a laugh that says 'I went to a good school and listened when I was told which bits are funny so that I could laugh on occasions like this to show that I am rich and clever and that you are poor and thick' Only in England could a laugh say so much.

My father promoted the virtues of the school, which was costing him a large proportion of his modest income, by citing such distinguished alumni as Peter Hall and Marius Goring. They were, in fact, the only distinguished alumni of the school. Fifty years on, the list of distinguished alumni is unchanged, if you don't count one David Gilmour - he and the school don't really talk about each other much. The only difference is that now, nobody has heard of Marius Goring. Peter Hall, of course, was director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, so obviously listened when I didn't. Otherwise, it's quite gratifying to know that even those whom the school deemed to be good at everything have sunk without trace in a sea of anonymous mediocrity.

I must stop banging on about my old school. I do it far too much. I was doing it one evening at a dinner party to a prospective 'parent'. She stopped me and said tersely but patiently, "Listen, Richard. I want my son to go to the kind of school that gives him the easy confidence that has no need of a personal number plate.". I have an answer to most things, but I didn't have an answer to that.

I haven't fact-checked Alan's hypothesis vis-a-vis Shakespeare and plagues. He may be wrong, possibly due to misinformation or - more likely, I later discover - due to deficiencies in his hearing. The conversation moved on, to - oddly - the government nuclear bunker, which we all knew was somewhere in Essex, but none of us could remember where. Alan told us about a visit to it, that he had made some years earlier. He described its entrance which apparently looks like a perfectly innocuous suburban bungalow.

"Kelvedon Hatch?" I said.

"No." he replied, "Just ordinary slates."

Advance Events

HRA Calendar of events for 2020

Forthcoming Dates for Diary 2020-21 (don't write in pen).

- 19th September Apple Pressing
- 1st November Bonfire Night

- 29th November Christmas Tree Lighting
- 20th January AGM
- 30th January International Night

Reports

Please send in reports and photos of Horningsea and relevant events to horningseanews@gmail.com

Notes

Concert for Horningsea

Lindsay Davies

Thank you to everyone who took part in the Zoom concert on 21 June, from the young musicians, the singers, older musicians and readers of prose and poetry. It was a wonderful mixture and showcase of our talented residents!

Friends of Horningsea Church

The new Friends committee is meeting this week. Helen Skaer has taken over as Chair and Nicky Asplin as Treasurer. Michael Harrison and John Rooke have both retired from the committee after many years of running the Friends so successfully. If you are a Friend you will be receiving a letter telling you the plans for the coming months, and reminding you to pay your £15 subscription! If you are not yet a Friend, then application forms will shortly be available in the church and online.

Horningsea Assists - mutual aid group

Don't want to leave home because you are self-isolating? Do you need someone to do your shopping, cook food, walk your dog, pick up a prescription etc.? Feeling isolated and need a chat? We want to ensure that nobody is left isolated or without what they need. We won't ask anything of you in return and we will respect your self-isolation.

Ways to ask for help:

- Post in the Horningsea Residents Facebook group.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/HorningseaResidentsAssociation/>

- Email horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com
- Call: Graham Haynes on 07723 472858
- Message or WhatsApp someone else in the village who can get your request out.

To offer help post in the help-offered thread in the Horningsea Facebook Group or email horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com.

Please ensure that your neighbours are well. A phone call can make a difference to somebody alone.

<http://www.horningsea.net/archives/3442>

Local food deliveries

James Carruthers

There's a list of local companies that will deliver to Horningsea on the village website.

<http://www.horningsea.net/archives/3442>

Public Calendar of Horningsea events

There's a public calendar to share Horningsea events. This is a busy little village and it can be hard to keep track of all the different events. Anybody can view the calendar with this link:

<https://goo.gl/4592dL>

You can also add it to your own calendar directly using the following link:

<https://goo.gl/MrNWfg>

How to submit news to the Herald

The only guideline for news is for events and articles that are of direct relevance to the inhabitants of Horningsea. The Herald does not accept advertising, but one off "news items" may be used to publicise your "service". To submit news items either email "horningseanews@gmail.com" or submit them via Twitter.

<https://twitter.com/horningseanews>.

In these lockdown days all villagers are invited to send in recipes, thoughts on lockdown, photos of the village past and present, your hobbies! If it interests the editorial team then it gets published!

You must submit by the 2nd or 4th weekend of the month, the Herald being published before the first and third weekends of the month. Submission of any news items implies consent to any editing and the editorial team's decision is always final. **Always send as plain text via email.** Do NOT send formatted documents as then the editorial team need to remove all the formatting. Do NOT send articles as PDF. Stay under 700 words, preferably less. Attach any photos to the email. If you send in a PDF or image of a poster/flyer then attach a paragraph of text to go into the Herald as well.