



Waiting for 2021

HORNINGSEA Herald

Issue #141 mid-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

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 Development

Say NO to Sewage Works at Honey Hill

As you are undoubtedly aware Anglia Water has proposed three sites for relocation of the existing sewage works from Milton. Site3 is at Honey Hill and potentially within a few hundred metres of houses in our village. Additionally the site would have sewage pipeline corridors from Waterbeach and the city, plus an outlet of treated water to the river. So we would be surrounded. It's not just the potential smell or a large tall building blocking your view, but the sewage works would have an increase in heavy goods vehicles during construction, then ongoing traffic to service the sewage treatment plant.

The project name is Cambridge Waste Water treatment plant relocation (CWWTPR)

The initial consultation closes on the 19th of August - It is during this stage that the site will be chosen.

If you object to having the site near Horningsea please:

1. Give feedback to Anglian Water (preferably do all the below):
 - a. Visit the Anglian Water website www.cwwtpr.com
 - i. Post your comments on the interactive map in the documents tab on www.cwwtpr.com
 - ii. Make comments on why site 3 is not ideal.
 - iii. Make comments on why it should be on other sites or remain on the original site.
 - iv. Like comments that you agree with.
 - b. Call Anglia Water's Freephone information line 0808 196 1661 to ask questions.
 - c. email info@cwwtpr.com to ask questions
 - d. write to Anglia Water at Freepost: CWWTPR
2. Register for CWWTPR webinar by email: info@cwwtpr.com or telephone: 0808 196 1661 9am - 5pm Mon - Fri. If you call outside these hours you can leave a name and number and they will call you back.
 - i. Wednesday 22 July 10am to 11am
 - ii. Thursday 23 July 7pm to 8pm
 - iii. Friday 24 July 2pm to 3pm
3. Email our MP Lucy Frazer on why Horningsea is a bad place to put a sewage plant. All three sites are in her constituency so you need to point out why other sites are preferable (e.g. honey hill is greenbelt land. Sites 2, 3 and the original site are all brownfield sites).
4. Think what it will mean for Horningsea's roads, environment and landscape and tell your friends and neighbours to join the campaign (see flyer!)
 - a. <https://www.facebook.com/groups/HorningseaResidentsAssociation>
5. Display the attached poster (hard copies have been distributed throughout the village) in your window or other noticeable place.

Useful links:

<https://twitter.com/CambridgeWWTPR>

<https://cwwtpr.com/have-your-say/>

Calling all Horningsea children- Keep Honey Hill Sewage free- Children's poster competition

Margaret Starkie

Help us fight the proposed sewage works on Honey Hill. Design a poster/leaflet that we can put up in the village. Use your own words why it is important and put an eye-catching design. Prizes will be given for all posters/leaflets used. Ask your parent/carer to send your design to margaretstarkie@yahoo.co.uk

Horningsea past

Captain Reginald Cecil Baker

John Wilson

As you enter the churchyard from the High Street you may have recently noticed a small plaque stating there is a war grave in our cemetery. It is only recently that the war graves commission have recognised the grave of Captain Reginald Cecil Baker who is buried in a family grave just to the west of the large Holly tree. Normally war graves were marked with Portland Stone head markers, but in this case there is only an inscription on a low plinth marking his resting place.

Captain Baker was the son of Alfred Baker and Harriet Baker who resided at the school house attached to the old village school. Harriet was the village school mistress and in 1920 Reginald passed away from the effect of trauma inflicted during the first world war. There will be no one alive now who would have remembered him, but in the mid 1970s my father George Wilson who at the time was church warden found that Reginald was buried in the church yard and realised that his death should have been recorded on the village war memorial which is placed in the church. This is why when you look at his name it is separate from the other names represented there.



When we started to research the fallen of the village I had no idea that Reginald Baker was interned in the church yard, but eventually information came to light and his grave was found and cleared away so that the inscription could be read also a wooden marker and plaque be placed on the grave making it easier to find again should the grave become overgrown once more.

Initially my research into his war record was quite sketchy, as unfortunately most of the army records were lost in the London Blitz making it difficult to follow his career in the army. However new information has come to light, so I can now update his record.

It would seem that he joined the Army at the beginning of the war as a volunteer, and was posted to the 1/5 Seaforth highlanders landing in France on the 1st of May 1915 as a private in an infantry battalion.

By the 7th July 1916 he had been promoted Second Lieutenant in the East Surrey Regiment, then Lieutenant on the 7th January 1918 and finally Acting Captain 1st September 1918. In about 1917 he transferred into the new arm of the army known as the Tank Corps.

Tanks were the British secret weapon first tried out in 1916 during the battle of the Somme, however, they were few in number and despite being a surprise to the Germans they had very limited success and it was not until the Battle of Cambria that they were first used with great effect.

Cecil Baker would have trained in these lumbering" tanks"(so named as to make the enemy think that they were water tanks). Conditions inside were terrible, heat from the engine and guns along with fumes and noise made the inside virtually uninhabitable. They were slow, difficult to control and vulnerable to shell fire, bursting into flames very easily. Although the hulls were made of steel and most machine gun bullets would not penetrate them, their effect would be to dislodge shards of metal from the inside of the hull, this would cause grave injury to the crew of up to eight men.

It is hard to imagine how men fought in tanks in these conditions and the toll it would take on their lives even if they survived.

His first big tank action was the battle of Cambrai. Reginald is recorded as being in tank D 10 named "Diana", part of D battalion which fielded 12 tanks on the 20th November. The tank was a female tank armed with machine guns, The male tanks were armed with six pounder naval guns Both types were



fitted to sponsons on either side. It is recorded that Diana went into the attack followed by a group of infantry reaching the second objective in front of the village of Flesquieres before his tank became "Ditched" and had to withdraw from the battle. On the 23rd of November Captain Baker is recorded as being in command of D4 "Dryad 11 in the attack on Bourlon wood. It would seem that his tank made the objective deep in the wood.

Later in the war he is recorded as being in tank 2692 in the repelling the German 1918 spring offensive near Peronne, his tank was badly "ditched" and set on fire but not before the tanks ammunition was transferred to tank 8118.

Several years ago while Maggie and I were following in the footsteps of her great uncle, we walked his route over the Cambrai battle field, unknowingly also following Captain Bakers two attacks during the battle. Harry, Maggie's great uncle was in the 2/5th West Yorkshire regiment and is recorded to have been among the supporting soldiers of the tanks of D squadron.

It was also on this walk that in a deep ditch formerly part of the Hindenburg line that we found what was later identified as the hatch of a tank, could it be of Captain Bakers? it was in the right area.

The hatch is now in the collection of Philip Gorcznski, a historian of the battle, who incidentally found and dug up the remains of D51 "Deborah" which is now on display near Cambrai. D 51 was in the same battalion as Capt. Baker so he would have known this tank.

After the war Reginald stayed on in the army but was eventually demobilised in 1919 to take on a new life. It would seem that his health failed as a result of the traumas of the war and he passed away in 1920 while living at the school house. I have found his obituary and record of his funeral which is unfortunately not very clear and will be put in a later Herald.

My Horningsea Adventure Part 6.

Vee Saunders.

It's Saturday 9th July, if we were not going through this difficult time, it would be the Horticultural Show day and instead of writing about it I would be in the Village Hall with the rest of the Committee buzzing around in preparation for the arrival of the Show Judges at 10.30.

I am sure I mentioned in previous issues that Molly and Dinah introduced me to the joys of entering in the Horticultural Show. I was very much a novice with regard to Horticulture, but soon understood the show didn't just revolve around vegetables, but there were Domestic classes, Art, Handicraft, Photography - where does it end!

My problem was finding a niche to suit my particular interests. I didn't have a vegetable patch and when I did attempt to grow vegetables, for some strange reason, unpleasant little creature such as slugs decided I had grown them for their culinary delight, so that class was out of the question. So what next I thought, the Domestic

class caught my eye, but then I remembered the pathetic attempt to bake a Victoria Sandwich for W.I., what a disaster that turned out to be, so decided that was a no go area too. I did enter a jar of Gooseberry Jam one year, just to show willing only to be told by Mrs Dalton a very experienced judge, that I had boiled it for too long, she even wrote it on my entry card! To this day I can't look a jar of gooseberry jam in the eye, so painful! Joking apart, I knew when I entered, it had been boiled for too long but we didn't have any other entries until the last minute, so decided as I'd written the card I might as well enter.

A similar situation happened about 18 years ago. About three days before the Show, I hadn't received one single entry in the Painting Class, and to make matters worse we had a new Judge for that particular class. Panic started to set in and although I am by no means an artist, I decided believe it or not to paint something myself, how mad is that? The next dilemma, what to paint? I sat in total panic, when I glanced at the hearth, where I had a large display of Californian Poppies with Cornflowers, they looked bright and cheerful so I thought that will do. Next problem is paints and paper. I remembered there was a very old paint box in the cupboard and hopefully a pad. Thankfully they were still there, so after cleaning off the dust I settled down to paint. Near the cupboard on a table I had displayed some artificial autumn berries, they looked like a possibility so I took them into the sitting room, made a strong cup of coffee and settled down to the project in hand.

I must admit it took me most of the night, but seemed very necessary at the time ---- how could we have a Judge with nothing to judge! This thought had spurred me on, and about 10 cups of coffee later, I had produced two paintings, technically they left a lot to be desired, but at least they were colourful. I comforted myself! Then a miracle, the day before the show, Bill Parker and Oswald Brown each entered two paintings, I breathed a sigh of relief, at least the judge would have something worth judging now! This however did not deter me, 'once more unto the breach' and all that. I had given blood sweat and tears so decided to exhibit, my feeble attempts were at least colourful!

The new Judge arrived, I had been allocated to assist, so showed him the exhibits. He was totally unaware I had exhibited, so it was interesting and if I am honest a little exciting when he kept returning to my 'Autumn Berries'. He spent a great deal of time admiring Bill and Oswald's paintings awarding them top prizes, but for some reason he seemed drawn to my painting. As he had awarded all the top prizes, I indulged myself a little wondering if he might be considering a 'Highly Commended', so clutching discreetly a Highly Commended sticker, I stood patiently by his side. He suddenly spoke and said 'Not bad for a ten year old' I quickly replaced the sticker in its box and mumbled with a smile ^ oh yes of course, would you like a cup of coffee? ' He replied he would and turned to look at the other exhibits. I scurried away to the kitchen to make his coffee. I looked for Molly for I was longing to tell her all about my silly moment. eventually I found her and we laughed then and for several years after during our moments of reminiscence!

These are just two silly situations I experienced during my association with the Horticultural Show. The rest of the time has been interesting and exciting and I have even managed to win a few prizes mostly for flower arranging.

It has seemed very strange not to have had the show this year, the feeling of achievement from the Committee after the Judges have left and we smarten the displays ready for the afternoon.

Please don't forget about the Horticultural Show next year. Let's hope all things being equal we will be able to hold it and if you haven't experienced it before, please think about it, I'm sure you will enjoy the fun and enjoyment it brings.

Horningsea cooks and bakes

Please send in your recipes to share with your neighbours

Gas BBQ toasted cheese sandwich.

Chris Lindley

You can use a charcoal BBQ, but this is all about speed and cheapness. Why waste money on charcoal that costs more than the ingredients.

Sliced white bread

Butter

Red Leicester

1. Turn the BBQ on to warm up.
2. Butter the sliced bread on one side only
3. Slice the cheese
4. Add cheese between two slices of bread. Make sure the butter is on the OUTSIDE!
5. Turn BBQ to medium
6. Cook 90 seconds on one side, turn and another 90 seconds on the other.
7. Turn off BBQ. If cheese not bubbling, then leave on the BBQ covered for a few mins or so.

Eat and repeat!

Lockdown thoughts

Letter from Lockdown

Richard Pleasants

A few weeks before the start of lockdown I decided that I should think about changing my car.

If the measure of when your middle-aged crisis began is the age at which you bought a sports car, then mine began at twenty-two, and is still going on now. The problem is that while a low two-seater is easy enough to slip into in your twenties, it's a little less

easy in your fifties and well nigh impossible beyond that. I tend to fall into my current car, and sort of roll out of it - sometimes onto all-fours - whereafter I have to claw my way up the side of the bodywork into as vertical an attitude as I can manage. All this tended to suggest that I should consider something more 'sensible'.

My first thought was a Skoda Yeti, but my wife pointed out that if I intended to drive around in a Skoda, then I would be doing so alone. Next I considered a Seat, which is a Skoda in all but name. I already own a Seat in Greece, where it is full of sand and peppered with dents. It has a growly little three-cylinder engine and has been a perfect device for the job.

When I entered the Seat showroom it appeared to be deserted, but when I closed the door behind me it revealed a receptionist, sitting behind possibly the smallest desk that I have ever seen. The cars were so tightly packed that I almost had to climb over the front ones to reach the ones behind. They all had prices written in their windscreens in black felt-tip pen. The salesman was a paragon of ignorance who barely seemed to know what a cylinder was, let alone how many his cars had. Nonetheless, he offered me a test drive. After a fifteen minute search for the ignition keys, we all abandoned the idea, and I trotted down the road to the Jaguar showroom.

There, things were very different. Dotted around the huge acreage of polished flooring were a few polished models and a very polished saleswoman whose make-up was thicker than a Jaguar's carpets. Oddly, I discovered that a Jaguar E-Pace can be bought for little more than a similar spec Seat. But Jaguar is actually Jaguar Land Rover, and as the erstwhile owner of four new Discoveries, I was wary. They're OK if you're handy with a spanner, but they tended to get stolen. It's tiresome to wake up in the morning and find that your car is in Gibraltar, and the only thing in your driveway is a dry rectangle of gravel and some broken glass.

I should say that there are cars that I will not entertain: If it's OK for a 50-year-old male Turner Prize winner to identify as an 8-year-old girl, then it's OK for me to avoid certain cars that might identify me as something that I'm not. For example, I will not own a Ford or Vauxhall as I do not eat at MacDonald's or go fishing. I will not own a Volvo as I don't enjoy driving into motorcyclists and I will not own a Bentley because I am not a footballer or a pedophile. I will not own a Japanese car because I cannot forgive them for what they did to the British motorcycle industry in the 1970s - even though we richly deserved it, and I will not own a French car because they drive like skips and have silly names - I mean, 'Cactus' - why? Because you feel a prick when you sit in it? I cannot see the point in Volkswagens and I could no more own an Audi than buy my clothes at Marks and Spencer or my art at John Lewis, and, with the exception the 'Touring', BMWs have become almost universally chavvy, though they are still an exciting drive, particularly if you enjoy going round roundabouts sideways. I will not own a Kia or a Hyundai as I have no idea what they are or where they come from.

And then there's Mercedes. My daughter used her ML300 to collect a whacker plate from a plant hire company for me. The bloke behind the counter gave her a really hard time, demanding multiple forms of ID, until the boss leaned round the office door and

told him that it was OK because he knew her dad. The assistant apologised 'It's the car' he said, 'I thought you were part of the travelling community'. Those weren't his exact words.

The choice having narrowed considerably, I head back to the dealership from where I bought my current car. The salesman welcomes me like an old friend. He remembers my name, my wife's name, where I live and what I did for a living. This is impressive, because it's seventeen years since I last saw him. I explain my need and he begins to show me an SUV along the lines of the Seat and Jaguar - though rather more expensive - but he can tell that I'm not focussed. I've spotted something second-hand on the forecourt. It has a black hood and grey paint, and big bright red brake callipers. If I parked it in my drive and covered it in a light layer of dust, most people wouldn't be able to differentiate it from the car that I already have. The only distinguishing signs would be the 'Carrera 4S' sign on the back, and the fact that I would have lost weight as I could no longer afford to eat.

The key is in the dust. I hardly use my car. I don't need a new car. I don't even need the car that I have. Gradually, it dawns on me that I may already own the last car that I will ever buy. It feels like a part of me may already have died.

And then I remember that the last car that I bought is not the dusty grey one in the drive, but the shiny red one in the garage. It has high, wide sills that you can sit on before sliding easily into the driving seat. It has two cosy back seats for my little grandson and ample luggage space inside a sleek hatchback. It is exempt from MoTs and the cost of the road tax is nil. Insurance costs annually are about the same as a meal for four, and that, and all other costs including fuel, are more than covered by its year-on-year increase in value. Its engine looks as if it's been transplanted from a WWII fighter, but uses surprisingly little fuel. This economy is compounded by the uncertainty as to whether it will start at all, and if it does, whether it will actually make it to your destination - let alone home again. All this means that one tends to opt for a bicycle, which in turn keeps the mileage low and the value high and the air clean. It's a win-win-win situation. From an ergonomic, economic and eco-friendly point of view, it's the perfect means of transport.

In fact, the more I think about it, the more I can't understand why a 5.3 litre Jaguar V12 E-Type isn't the ride of choice for all old-age pensioners. Judging by the small ads in Classic Car magazine, there's anything but a shortage of supply.

[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

Horningsea Snake - Can we reach 150?

Hélène Grislin

Our Horningsea "lockdown snake" has reached 100 stones! Check and have a look in the Jubilee Gardens: each one is a piece of art and it has attracted artists of all ages. We need more of you to pick up a stone (any size!) and draw whatever you wish to add to the snake. Let's hit 150, or more.



Notes

Horningsea Horticultural Show Trophies

Marilyn Dew

Due to the village show having to be cancelled this year, please could trophy holders keep their awards safe for next year's show.

On behalf of the H.H.S. committee.

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.