



*Horningsea in Spring (Jack Lambert).*



## ***Dinah Asplin***

*Lindsay Davies*

Dinah's funeral will be on the 1st March at 2pm in St Peter's Church, Horningsea. Numbers who can attend are very limited due to the Covid rules but the family plan to walk to the church from the bungalow. If you would like to pay your tribute to Dinah please stand on the High Street as the funeral procession passes.

Dinah will be greatly missed in the village. She lived here nearly all her life, having been brought up in the bungalow where her father ran the nursery, attending Horningsea school, moving away for just a few years when she was first married but returning to the village again and living here for almost the whole of the rest of her life. She was a pillar of the church, ran the flower rota, a key member of the Horningsea Show and winner of the home made wine cup almost every year. She was a trustee of the Horningsea Parish Charities for many years and a trustee of Quy Fen at one time. She organised the Horningsea School reunion. She was so gentle and kind and a fount of knowledge. We all express our sympathy to Matthew and Cathy and their families.

## ***Wild Mothering Sunday Service***

**Sunday 14th March at 10.30 in Horningsea Churchyard**

(see attached poster for more details.)

We have our fingers crossed that by 14th March the weather will be improving and we might feel a bit less anxious about going out so we have planned a Wild Mothering Sunday Family Service in the churchyard. The Covid rules will still apply so masks must

be worn by adults and we will keep in our bubbles 2m apart. There will be activities involving pebbles and flowers! Please bring a picnic mat, ground sheet or picnic chairs ... and wear warm, waterproof clothes! Can you please let us know if you plan to come by ringing Jennie on 864513 or email [horningseaevents@protonmail.com](mailto:horningseaevents@protonmail.com) so we can ensure we don't exceed our risk assessment numbers.

It is hard to believe that it will be a whole year since we went into the first lockdown ... we were told to close the church the day before Mothering Sunday last year. Let us hope we can celebrate emerging once more!

## ***St Peter's Church Services***

- 14th March 10.30 Wild Mothering Sunday in the Churchyard
- 21st March at 10.30, Service in Fen Ditton
- Palm Sunday 28th March at 10.30 - Zoom
- Good Friday 2nd April - a Quiet Hour in St Peter's Horningsea from 2 - 3
- Easter Day - a service of Holy Communion at 9.30. There will be a Zoom Songs of Praise at 15:00.

<https://www.horningsea.net/archives/3747>

## ***Horningsea Concert for the Spring Equinox***

**Saturday 20th March at 18.30 by Zoom**

A number of our talented village children and some equally talented adults have volunteered to take part in a spring concert on 20 March. If you would like to join in the fun by reading a poem, singing or playing please email [horningseaevents@protonmail.com](mailto:horningseaevents@protonmail.com)

The Zoom contact address will be put on the village Facebook site and posters in mid March.

<https://www.horningsea.net/archives/3750>

## ***Horningsea Horticultural Show AGM***

*Marilyn Dew, Acting Show Secretary*

The AGM will take place via Zoom on Wednesday March 17th at 7.30pm. It is almost certain that this year's show will not take place but the committee must have their meeting. After the show in 2019 the accounts were checked and signed off as usual. Although the first part of the AGM is usually open to all village members we feel this is not possible at the moment. Therefore the committee will discuss the possibilities for next year and think about any new classes or alterations that might be good to introduce. Anybody who would like details of any conclusions can contact me at :- [horningsea\\_show@garywdew.plus.com](mailto:horningsea_show@garywdew.plus.com)

The same applies to anybody who would like to join the committee or offer help with next year's show.

## Horningsea Planning

### *Save Honey Hill - Webinar with Anglian Water*

**Tuesday, 2nd March 19:30- 21:00**

The Save Honey Hill group have organised a webinar with Anglian Water this coming Tuesday. The meeting is to be run on a tight schedule so as to make the most of this time and the group have organised a set of questions from the group itself. There will be time at the end of other attendees to ask questions. It is very important that as many residents attend as possible. If they think you do not care, then they will do as they please. See the attached flyer for more information and the meeting link (Zoom).

## Horningsea past and present

### *The sky above Horningsea: My life with the stars 3*

*John Wilson*

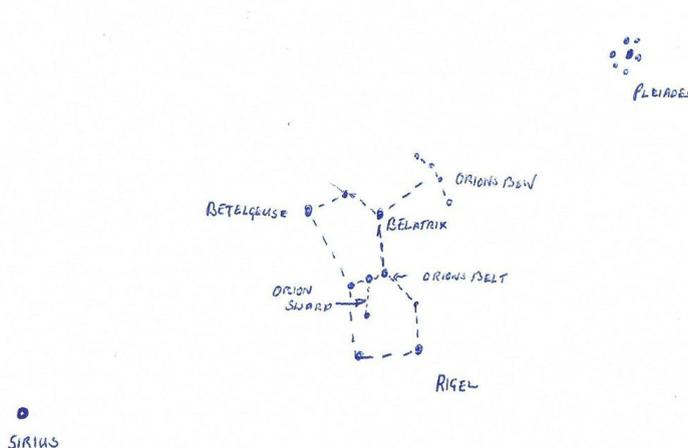
On many clear nights, star constellations can be seen in the sky, some can be more visualised and easier to imagine than others

One of the most prominent and easily recognised is the constellation of Orion. The ancient astronomers liked to link up various stars to make animals and figures in the night sky. Orion or sometimes known as the hunter can at present be seen in the South East from about 6 pm onwards.

The shapes made from the stars in this constellation are in the form of a hunter, wielding a bow, while from his side hangs his sword. Looking along the flight path of his arrow you will see a cluster of stars known as the seven sisters, who in ancient mythology are depicted trying to escape the hunter.

The most prominent part of the Seven Sisters constellation of the are seven stars visible to the naked eye, these can be picked out individually and certainly with a low power pair of binoculars you can see the many other stars that form the cluster.

Going back to Orion, at the top left corner is the star Betelgeuse which is red in colour, possibly named after red beetles found in the Middle East where many of the stars names have their origin. At the bottom right is Rigel, another bright star. Tracing Orion's belt to the left you will see some distance off the star Sirius or sometimes known as the Dog Star, a much loved favourite for Navigators as it is the brightest star in the heavens, allowing it to



be observed before the horizon fades while taking star sights. The Dog Star is in a small constellation depicting Orion's hunting dog

Certain stars like Rigel Sirius and Canopus have the effect of twinkling when looked at through binoculars or a telescope. Scintillation of the light from the stars is like looking through an old fashioned kaleidoscope, their image constantly changing colour, making it a brilliant spectacle

Looking at the shape of constellations you have to remember that the stars are not in a line in the heavens but may be staggered by many light years. Also the shapes seen by our ancestor's centuries ago may have been different to what we see today.

The time taken for the light to travel from the stars is many thousands of light years, so they may not exist today. To give you an idea ,a light year is 18600 miles per second so one light year is  $18,600 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365 = ?$  miles some homework for the children

## ***Trees and Woodland***

*John Starkie - Tree Warden*

The UK government is [encouraging us to plant trees](#) as part of its effort to save the planet.

Combustion, of anything, produces several things, including [carbon dioxide](#), which is a '[greenhouse gas](#)'. It accumulates in the atmosphere and tends to block the radiation of heat into space. So the air gets warmer, year on year; the polar ice sheets melt, flooding parts of the earth, and human life on Earth becomes less easy.

Plants, and especially trees, absorb carbon dioxide during the daytime and, with water and a few other things, turn it into wood. This partly offsets the output of carbon dioxide produced by burning things.

It's easy to think of a group of trees as a woodland or a forest, but it's probably not. We look at the trunks, branches, leaves and fruit, but we rarely see the roots. And we almost never see the enormous network of fungal hyphae which connect the roots of trees within a woodland or forest.

If you allow a slice of bread to become mouldy you'll see that the mould (which is a fungus (usually a [species of Mucor](#))) spreads long, white, branching filaments throughout the slice. These filaments (hyphae) absorb nutrients from the bread to feed the fungus. At some stage the mould develops upright hyphae surmounted by tiny black spheres: These produce spores which eventually float away on the wind to colonise other slices of bread.

Mushrooms and toadstools are [fungi](#), very similar to Mucor, which colonise the ground in a woodland or forest. Their hyphae form a [mycelium](#) which spreads throughout the forest, often for hundreds of metres or several miles. Remarkably, these fungal hyphae connect with the roots of trees (and other plants) and carry food, water and messages (!) between plants. This 'forest' of underground fungi is called Mycorrhiza.

In his lovely little book, "The Hidden Life of Trees" Peter Wohlleben gives details of how this happens and how we know it happens. He makes it clear that without its mycorrhiza a group of trees cannot be a forest.

When we plant trees they may or may not have fungi attached to their roots; usually they don't. It takes decades, perhaps centuries, for a woodland to develop enough [mycorrhiza](#) to be a true forest.

When [Cow Hollow Wood](#) was planted it was intended that it should remain untouched for the rest of its life. It's now several decades old: probably it's still a group of trees and not yet a true woodland or forest. It's likely doing a good job of absorbing carbon dioxide from the air. As it matures into a forest it'll lock that carbon dioxide into its structure above and below ground.

## ***Letter from Lockdown***

*Richard Pleasants*

You may already be at the stage where you've realised that the only person who is really interested in your reminiscences is you. Memories are rather like a pension plan. You spend your life accumulating them at a steady rate, and when you're not really making any more, and come to draw them out, there's never quite enough.

When I was a boy, I used to visit my grandparents often, because I liked them, but as I turned into a teenager my visits were more financially driven. My grandfather, who was a sharp cookie, had cottoned on to this and would make me sit through at least half a dozen of his self-orientated anecdotes before he reluctantly clawed his way into his tattered purse/wallet and teased out a fiver, thumbing it carefully and repeatedly to make sure there was only one.

During the latter part of his long working life - he had virtually to be removed bodily at the age of 75 - he was buyer for Pye's, which older locals will remember, was a manufacturer of TVs, radios and other electronic goods which were - by and large - rubbish. The chief reason for their poor performance and quality was that they were built from components purchased by my grandfather. He had what I will term an Exchange and Mart mentality. Exchange and Mart, for those not in the know, was a flimsy cheap magazine that consisted entirely of classifieds and small ads for goods of a type whose low prices were matched only by their low quality. From it he would source the strangely-shaped polyester trousers that he wore, that were always a couple of inches too short, and the brown plastic shoes. He would pore over the document with his pebble glasses propped on top of his head, and the cheap paper no more than an inch or two from his face, periodically licking his finger extravagantly before peeling one page over the next. From it he also purchased a hearing aid of remarkable cheapness, which had a volume control which, when turned to its lower setting, rendered the device completely useless, and when turned up caused a shriek of feedback so vicious that it startled me as a mere bystander, and seemed to cause his head visibly to warp.

So he would turn the volume down and embark on one of his stories, oblivious to my grandmother's yells of 'Dad! DAD! HE'S HEARD THIS ONE!'. She always called him Dad. All the stories followed roughly the same format, about his distinguished achievements at Pye's, and the ensuing overwhelming praise for him from the firm's big cheese, C.O. Stanley. The firm was mother and father to him.

My father's stories followed a rather different pattern and were sometimes told with a slight smirking reluctance, while my mother fidgeted with light agitation, and hinted that we really didn't need to hear this one. In the main they involved people who were often the worse for drink (principally my father) doing preposterous things. One featured a trip by him and a friend to Hunstanton on a single-seater Norton (one on the tank, one on the seat) whereafter they 'picked up a couple of girls' and returned to Cambridge (two on the tank, one on the seat and my father on the luggage rack, from whence he fell at high speed, fortuitously, into a pile of gravel).

Featuring heavily in my father's pre-war, and hence pre-marriage, stories was his BSA three-wheeler - a device with a 9hp Hotchkiss V-twin engine between its front wheels, and a narrow rear wheel set in a 'boat tail'. He would tell a story of how he was at a wedding in London, where he again 'picked up a girl' and suggested that they head off somewhere quieter - like Torquay. They set off down the Edgware Road and - possibly due, on his own admission, to being 'half cut' - he inadvertently got the rear wheel of the BSA stuck in a tram line, lost control, and rolled the car right over and onto its wheels again. Miraculously unhurt, their antics had nonetheless caused a small crowd to gather causing my father some concern over the possible arrival of the law, and an ensuing 'Drunk in Charge' ticket. But fortuitously (again) a sudden summer downpour caused the little crowd to disperse and spared my father a trip directly to jail without passing 'Go' and without collecting £200. Most bizarrely of all, they then continued their journey and drove to Torquay in the lightly bent BSA 3 wheeler. It's probably the equivalent of driving to Nice in a modern car.

This story leaves a lot of questions unanswered. In fact it leaves a lot of questions unasked. The principal amongst them is what kind of girl allows herself to be picked up by a drunken stranger at a wedding in London and then to be driven by him to Torquay in what was effectively a dinghy on wheels. Who was she, and what became of her? We shall never know (or care, I hear you mutter).

Disconcertingly, decades later, when he had become a family man, we all went on holiday to a seedy hotel in south Devon where - inexplicably - my father seemed already to know one of the waitresses, a solidly upholstered woman of about his age, whose working attire seemed to consist of some form of converted straightjacket. Years afterwards I found myself wondering if she was in fact 'Torquay Woman' who - abandoned by my father at the altar in Budleigh Salterton - had lived out her life quietly, doling out prison-standard food in a grimy coastal hostelry. I'll never know. My father, and everyone who knew him, are dead. The story is frozen in time, unresolved.

Frustrated by the quantity of edits and omissions in my father's account of his life pre-my mother, I set myself a challenge: would I be prepared to write an account of my life up to the day that I met my wife, complete and truthful, and more particularly,

would I be happy for my daughter (and now, my grandson) to read it? The challenge was in fact three-fold: Firstly to remember completely and accurately everything that was worth telling. Secondly, to be happy to tell it without guilt, shame or crippling embarrassment, and thirdly (and most crucially) to make it entertaining enough for them (or anyone else) to want to read it. Autobiography is potentially the most tedious of literary genres, consisting, as it does, of a proliferation of one-trick ponies who believe that being excellent at strumming a guitar or kicking a ball gives them something interesting to write about. Some of the most stultifying hours of my life have been spent listening to after-dinner speeches by so-called sporting 'personalities' at sporting dinners to which I have been dragged under duress.

So, 90,000 words later, I had produced a document entitled 'Life Before You' which, if broadly available, would see me shunned by half my old friends, and sued by the other half. I've had to be terribly careful who I've let read it, ensuring not only that no one reads it who's in it, but also that they don't even know anyone who's in it. I am pleased to say that the few people who have read it have generally responded well, and not just with vapid platitudes. Admittedly, one friend who'd lived in Australia for most of her life said that she'd enjoyed it, but could have done with a little less technical detail on the problems that I'd experienced with various motorcycles. I pointed out that this was included deliberately, to illustrate what a tediously myopic little tick I was. 'What do you mean was?' she responded hotly, in her Aussie twang.

My sister-in-law was less equivocal. She handed it back to me and said 'You really were a shallow little \*\*\*\*\*.'

But writing it was a real eye-opener. Firstly, In writing events down it made me understand things that I hadn't understood at the time. Most significantly though, having written it down I am now aware that I am free to forget it all, either deliberately or accidentally. Indeed, in my dotage I will be able to pick it up and turn to a page at random and re-live a forgotten memory. In extremis I may be able to pick it up day after day and read the same passage day after day, and enjoy the freshness of the story as if it was the very first time. And my daughter, when I'm no more than a memory, will be able to pick it up and find chapter and verse on tales of which she only remembers a fragment - though admittedly her reading of it so far baulked at some of the seedier bits of the 1970s.

With technology advancing at the rate that it is, it can only be a matter of time before we will be able to wirelessly download the entire contents of a human brain into some form of electronic archive, from where, if we're not careful, it could be shared in its entirety on social media. This will not just include experiences and knowledge, but also, presumably, emotions - and secrets.

Now, there's something new to worry about.

## ***ON113 update***

*John Wilson*

After I wrote the article about all the events that involved George Wilson that took place on Convoy ON113 in 1942. I was about to put all the papers away, thinking that

there would be no more to add, when I had a thought, are any of the children who were passengers still alive. After an initial search I could not find anything, however I mentioned this to a friend whose wife is a Genealogist and she said she would conduct a deeper search.

To cut a long story short, two months later she produced a long detailed list of names that could be related to the children, highlighting Valerie as possibly being alive and also included an address in Kent. I decided to write giving my contact details in case it was Valerie thinking this is a long shot.

About six weeks later Maggie answered the phone and to her surprise Valerie identified herself as the Valerie who survived the sinking on the Pacific Pioneer along with her Mother and Brother. She recalled the time vividly and had spent many hours telling her family about that day.

Sadly her brother passed away last year. Since then her son and daughter have been in touch and asked me for any information I can send them. Valerie then dictated to her son a letter telling me of her memories of the day. At the time of the attack she was on deck with her brother and Captain Campbell who wanted to show them a whale nearby. She then shouted to the Captain in excitement that there were dolphins near the ship, but these were the torpedoes racing towards them. It seems that she was right over the torpedo explosions, she then ran back to her cabin to get her lifejackets, and became separated from her family.

A sailor found her and carried her down a ladder on his back, but she fell into the sea. Eventually they were pulled into the lifeboat covered in oil as many of the survivors were. In the life boat she was reunited with her Mother and Brother.

She recalled the trip to Halifax on RCNS Calgary, dressed in seamen's clothes and had her photograph taken with the ships dog who was named Cal, along with the ships cat called Gary.

On another tack I also found that an artist in Canada had painted a painting depicting



the rescue, and was also interested in the details. He is going to send Valerie a copy of the painting. I believe the original painting to be in Calgary where it was commissioned to recognise the Captain and crew of the Corvette Calgary for their bravery in stopping to pick up the survivors, at a time when there would have been considerable danger, as the ship could have come under attack from the submarines which were still nearby.

Sometimes it's hard to believe that if the Calgary had not stopped to pick up the survivors then our lives would not have existed. A sobering thought when you project it to the lives lost during this time of this terrible virus.

## Notes

### ***Horningsea Lockdown Short Story Competition***

**Entries close on 31 March, so get writing!**

The theme is "Light". Adults must write a story in under 2000 words, 12-16 year olds in under 1000 words and under 11 year olds in under 500 words. You don't have to live in Horningsea to enter, so tell your friends.

Entries plus the fee of £5 per Story (adults) or £1 per Story (children) can be dropped into St. Johns Barn, St Johns Lane or emailed to Franjohnstone@me.com. You can find the rules attached or on Horningsea.net or by emailing Fran Johnstone.

The stories will be judged by a panel of authors and the results announced at an event in May.

We look forward to reading your entry!

<https://www.horningsea.net/archives/3753>

## ***Easter Eggs – already!***

St Peter's are planning to put in an order for Real Easter Eggs. They are high quality choc, Fairtrade, palm oil free, come in plastic free packaging and have the Easter story in the box. This year they come in:

- Milk , White (new!) both £4.50
- Plain. £5 .50

If you were thinking of getting one from the supermarkets they aren't stocking the Real Easter Eggs this time as they have reduced their ranges this year after 2020's experience.

Please let Jennie Pratt (01223 864513) have your order so that we can place this BEFORE 8th MARCH to get free delivery.

## ***Update - Horningsea Full Fibre Internet***

*Robert Balm and Chris Lindley*

We have been working with Cambridge Fibre to get Horningsea on Full Fibre Internet. The work on this project is still progressing and we have some more news for you. On Feb 25th Cambridge Fibre informed us that they resubmitted the changes (last couple of postcodes) last night and answered the last questions this morning. It's now technically approved and is at the commercial approval stage.

This means that we are waiting to see if the project is financially feasible. I got the impression that Cambridge Fibre seems to think that the project has a very good chance to go ahead. I am still cautious until it is all approved. I won't get my hopes up. However, we are still moving forward and we will contact you as soon as it is time to make you provisional orders on the Cambridge Fibre website. As soon as we know we will provide instructions and we can all sign up for this much improved service.

Please keep a close eye because our sign up for vouchers has to be in before the end of March. So these next few weeks will be crucial.

Once signed up, the project can go ahead. We will likely need at least 60 households to sign up. We should be able to achieve this as more than 60 of you have shown interest so far.

Because the infrastructure does not exist yet and the glass fibre cable will have to come from either Waterbeach or Milton, we will have to be patient and wait for installation. Even though I have not seen any project schedules yet, I expect that this process of connecting us up could take until Christmas 2021. Wouldn't that be a nice present?

For more information and to add your name to the list of interested households, please go to: <https://www.horningsea.net/services-2/hyperfast-broadband-in-horningsea>

You can also show your interest by emailing [ultrafast@horningsea.net](mailto:ultrafast@horningsea.net) and submitting your full name, address and postcode.

## ***Horningsea Parish Council meetings for 2021***

*"The Parish Council meets every second month on the last Wednesday at 7.30pm in the Village Hall (May, July, September, November, January and March). "*

*For the foreseeable future meetings are being held virtually. Email [clerk@horningsea.net](mailto:clerk@horningsea.net) for an invite.*

- 24th March
- 26th May
- 28th July
- 29th Sept
- 24th November

Meetings may be rearranged due to external events, but you can view "Horningsea events/meetings" on the Horningsea Herald calendar:

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

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

<https://goo.gl/MrNWfg>

## ***Horningsea Assists - mutual aid group***

We wanted to remind Horningsea residents that help will be available for any Horningsea resident that will be shielding or vulnerable.

Ways to ask for help:

- Post in the Horningsea Residents Facebook group.

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

- Email [horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com](mailto:horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com)
- Call: Graham Haynes on 07723 472858

If you want to volunteer your help then email [horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com](mailto:horningsea-assist@googlegroups.com).

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

### ***Fruit and Vegetables in church porch***

Horningsea Parish Charities will continue to put a selection of fruit and veg in the porch each week. Thank you to everyone else who has "topped up" the food with other contributions. Please come along and help yourself or pick up something for your neighbours who are still isolating. We know how tough life is for families with children home all the time, for people trying to work from home, for those who have been furloughed or whose jobs or businesses have just stopped. Let us know if you or anyone you know is in need of a small grant [Ldathorningsea @ gmail.com](mailto:Ldathorningsea@gmail.com)

### ***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 local businesses. 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. Do NOT send articles as PDF or Word files. 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.