

## ***Keeping in Touch..... Number 44***

***Thank you as always to those who have sent in contributions this week. The deadline for next week is noon on Wednesday. Please send anything to [c.a.curtis@ntlworld.com](mailto:c.a.curtis@ntlworld.com) if you would rather just tell us something, rather than type, then please lift up the phone to Chris or Alan—01480 350787 or pop a note through the door.***

***Keep safe everyone!***

### **PEOPLE NOT NUMBERS**

Every number hides a face,  
Vanished, gone without a trace,  
Flashed up quickly, on the screen,  
Victim of Covid 19.

As we watch the numbers grow  
How we pray that they will slow,  
Still it ramps on to invade,  
Vaccines help to fight crusade.

For a moment let us pause,  
Remember loved ones mine and yours,  
Think about the life they lead  
Collective memories of the dead.

What they said and habits too,  
Their beliefs and things they'd do.  
How they'd laugh and sometimes cry  
What made them cross, want to defy.

Mothers, fathers, siblings some  
Sisters, brothers everyone,  
Each unique, a work or art,  
God's hand now holds them in heart.

Even after battles won  
And Pandemic's over, done,  
Special memories we keep  
Locked in heart with love so deep.

cc IRENE CARTER

***A message from Peter and Gill German***

***"During our recent illness, Gill & I had many cards calls & messages from concerned folk. We would like to thank everyone for their prayers & kind wishes which helped greatly in our recovery"***

***Peter & Gill***

### ***Zoom coffee Morning***

***The next one will be on Thursday 25th February at 11:30. If a large number wish to join in then they will split into "break out" rooms for part of the time..***

***If you want to be added to the Invite list please contact Barbara.***

***[barbara.duffett@ntlworld.com](mailto:barbara.duffett@ntlworld.com)***

My Daughter wants a Cinderella-themed party, so I invited all her friends over and made them clean my house.



**SNARKECARDS**

## ***Speaking of essentials..... From Babs Moore***

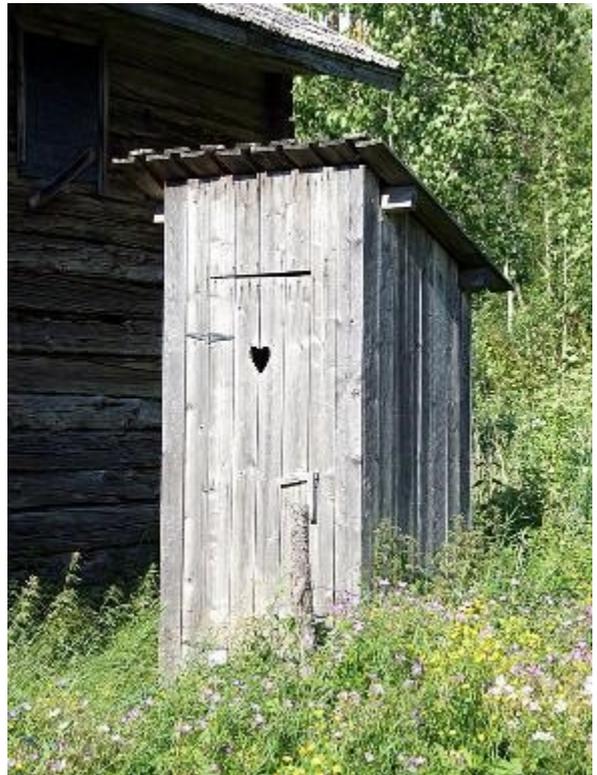
Babs' Mum was born and bred on farms on the Welsh Border and until she moved into Hereford when she was 74 she had never lived off a farm and never had to buy an egg

### **Toilets**

Nearly every farmhouse had an outdoor toilet. Usually, it was at the end of the garden with a long seat with two holes in. There were either buckets, the contents being buried once a week in the garden or they were cleaned out from outside the back of the toilet. A shutter door was lifted up and it was loaded with a shovel into a cart and hauled away two or three times a year. How the job stunk! Some people used to shake a bit of hot lime or ashes in the toilet to save it smelling. People used newspaper for toilet paper. A lot of country toilets did not have a bolt on the door and some did not even have a window. The only light was what came under or over the door. Very cold in winter. If you heard anyone walking towards the toilet when you were in there, you just gave a cough or said 'I'm here'. A man from London called on my uncle once, his toilet was a distance from the house and the Londoner complained there was no lock on the toilet. Uncle replied 'I have never known anyone want to steal anything from the closet'. In old days 'closet' was a common name for toilets. The village schools had buckets which were emptied at weekends and smelt of disinfectant on Mondays. They had newspapers cut into approx. 6" square and hung on the walls for pupils to use. The toilets were usually called lavatories.

Abbeydore and Upper Hill Schools each had one small wash basin in the boys and girls porches or as now called cloakrooms.

Ewyas Harold was more modern and had three or four white wash basins in the boys and the girls' cloakrooms. There was no light or windows in any of the village school toilets. Neither was there any artificial light in any of the village schools.



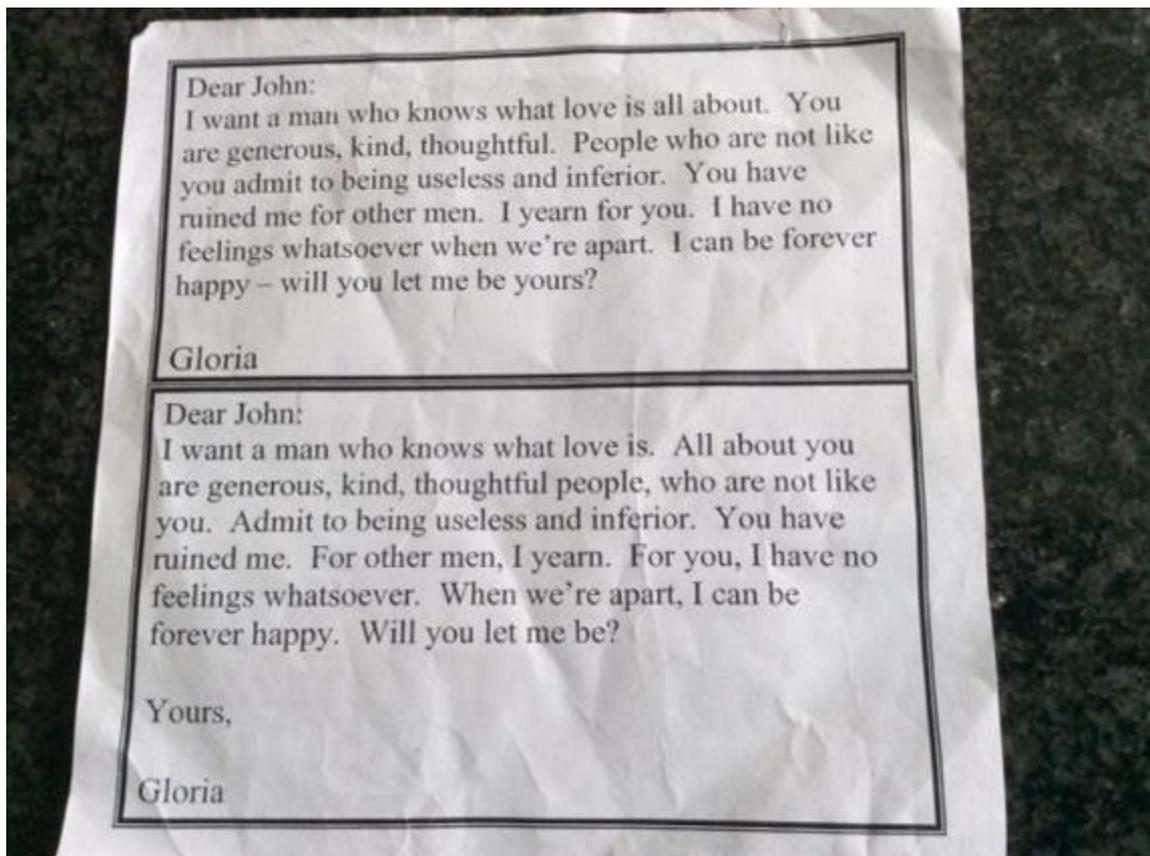
### ***A postscript from Chris.....***

*I spent the years between age 2 and six in a tiny rural village in Gloucestershire. Whilst we had an inside toilet in the house, the tiny village school lacked such refinement! The lavatories were housed in a hut across the playground. I don't recall how often the toilets were emptied but I do remember the excitement when once we had new buckets!!*

*Neither did we have the relative luxury of cut up newspaper! If we needed to visit the said facility we were presented by the teacher with a piece of cut up wax crayoned paper which had been painstakingly cut into 4! Result—absorbency zero and pupil esteem of their own art work minus zero!!*

Instead of giving something up for Lent, why not start a new hobby or habit that is positive and forward looking!

**What a difference punctuation can make! From Martin and Jackie.**



**Alan's father took to writing poetry in retirement.**

**He wrote this on 15th February in 2003 in the run up to the 2nd Iraq war.**

*How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given.*

*So we sang at Christmas.*

*Silently, too, the first green tips of daffodils,*

*Quietly pierced the wet cold earth.*

*Strong and brave.*

*No one heard the snowdrop nestling in the hedgerow*

*But now dancing in the sun in February she takes centre stage,*

*Blowing in the wind, dancing in the sun,*

*Graceful ballerinas.*

*Aconites, crocuses, primroses, violets,*

*Play their supporting roles.*

*Daffodil buds now like spears stand straight*

*Soon to turn their heads*

*And trumpet the joys of spring.*

*All joining the colourful symphony.*

*Yet not a sound is heard.*

*Ideas too come silently,*

*But powerful when their time has come*

*Permeating the human heart.*

*Today a world wide surge for change,*

*As people march and banners wave,*

*Give peace a chance, say "NO" to war!*

*Ripples in the pond*

*From that Silent Gift.*

**MGC..**

**We humbly suggest that after the word "change" these two lines are substituted.**

*As the world unites to beat the hidden foes,*

*Virus and global warming, say no to greed and self.*



***Things you (probably) never knew about Alan and Chris....***



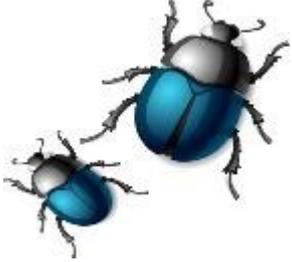
***During Universtiy RAG week in 1968, Chris transformed herself into Dougal from the Magic Roundabout—she's under the sheepskin rug!***

***Alan donned tights and marched down Exeter High St as a drum majorette!***

***No—repeat performances to come you will relieved to know!!!***



Can you name the 1960's bands from these clues? —from Sally

1	2	3
		
4	5	6
		
7	8	9
		
10	11	12
		

Answers next week!

If you have access to You Tube, Char suggests you watch Rylan Clark singing "Don't worry about a thing, every thing is going to be alright"  
<https://youtu.be/PekXUqjHJM0>