

Keeping in Touch..... Number 48

Welcome to this week's KIT. Thank you so much if you sent something in this week. Please keep the articles coming if you want KIT to continue! The deadline for next week is noon on Wednesday. Please send anything to 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.

ALBERT PEACOCK MY BRAVE DAD—a true story from Irene Carter.

Many years ago, when I was a secondary schoolgirl, living in Tottenham, London. My parents, who were Newsagents lived over their shop in White Hart Lane. They had one of the biggest paper-rounds in the district and every morning all the boys would collect their papers very about 6am and deliver all over town. Mum and Dad opened the shop at 4.45am every morning and Dad would mark up the rounds, while Mum served the people either coming home or going to work. It was very busy and the White Hart Lane railway station was next door but one, and many people used it, even at that time in the morning.

News of a man attacking paper boys in our area became very big news, even making the News on the television. It was very worrying, and quite a few boys were attacked and interfered with, some badly. Ours were okay.

Dad called a meeting of his paper boys and gave them strict instructions to throw the paper bag wherever they were and cycle quickly away if ever anyone approached them or they were worried. He said it didn't matter about the papers or delivering, it only mattered they were safe.

He also said they must tell him about it. They all loved Dad or Bert as they called him, so took notice of what he said.

Well, the search continued and it was on the TV and radio, and a pattern emerged as attacks went on. A lot of boys said a policeman had stopped them and told them off about lights, or brakes etc. and made them get off their bikes and then threatened them with charging them if they didn't do what he said.

One morning after the papers had gone out, one of Dad's boys came racing back, upset and threw his bicycle down and rushed into the shop. He said a policeman had stopped him and he was frightened, so he cycled back on his bike as quickly as he could.

Dad said, "Where was he?" and as Johnny told him, Dad jumped on Johnny's bike and rode off shouting to my Mum, "Ring the police and tell them I'm going to look for him!". She did this, and before we knew it, Police cars, vans, dogs were on the trail. We were worried.

Meanwhile, Dad found the man cycling up the long cemetery path leading to Bruce Castle Park in Tottenham. Dad told us later that he when he saw how big the fellow was he thought if he approached him now he wouldn't stand a chance, (and dad was nearly 6ft in height), so he hung back keeping him in view until they came out to the Park. Dad noticed a young man on a scooter coming up the road, so he waved him down and asked him to help him approach the man. Luckily he agreed and together they stopped him and after a few questions realized this was the attacker.

They walked him to Tottenham Police Station, and when they got there and Dad explained, to the policeman behind the counter, who said, it couldn't be him, because he knew him, he was his neighbour and also a retired policeman. Dad insisted to see the Officer in Charge who also wasn't convinced, until

Dad pointed out, why was the man wearing an old fashioned uniform, or any uniform if he was retired? After questioning, it was indeed the man they wanted, and it resulted in a big court case, and him being put into a Secure Mental Institution for some years.

I remember being so proud when I came home from school that afternoon and saw my Dad's name on all the billboards, papers and the News on television that night.

The story doesn't finish there though, as a long time after, Dad got a letter from the attacker thanking Dad for catching him, saying he couldn't help his ways, but also that he would get Johnny when he got out and what he was going to do to him.

The next Zoom coffee morning is on
Thursday 25th March at 10:30 am.

Please let Barbara Duffett know if you'd like to join in
and haven't done so before.



**Correction :- apologies! - the young gentleman in the House
Group photo is Rob Woodham and not Martin!**

From John Williams

An alternative version of that piece of doggerel about
St Ives...

A bigamist beekeeper from St Ives

Had a very large number of hives.

They made lots of honey,

He made lots of money

To support all of his seven wives!

J D Williams

Favourite reading memories.

As a founder of our church poetry group, it occurred to me that there is a rich vein of prose to tap into also! Many of us still remember verse we learnt earlier in life, for many a source of great comfort in times of stress, or delight in times of happiness! So also with our other reading. How many of us still remember parts of novels which have made us laugh or cry? Or just fascinated us with the way language is used to carry us along with it to places we could never have reached on our own?

So I invite you to send in to KIT your own memorable quotes from novels you have read, recently or many, many years ago! Hope some of you will be drawn in, We shall all be fascinated to read what your favourites have been over the years.

I shall set off with a quote from a novel I first read in my twenties. I remembered being completely mesmerised by it at the time, though when I returned to it in my middle years it was not quite so riveting! (The enthusiasm of youth!)

However, one paragraph has never left me. The hero, Peter Abelard, (novel by scholar and poet Helen Waddell) has turned up at the farm where his lover, Heloise, is staying with her sisters family. His arrival is unexpected. She is in the valley gathering flowers.

“Heloise raised her head, and saw a strange horseman on the track beside the stream. The light was in her eyes. She put up her hand to shade them, but in that moment he had leapt to the ground and was striding towards her, his cloak streaming behind him in the old remembered gesture. She did not move to meet him, because she could not: but as he came nearer he cried aloud, not to greet her, but at the glory that was in her face.”

Do hope some of you will be able to share your “gems” with us!

Liz Denham

From Babs Moore..... Thank you from The FreeWill Offering Secretary.

Many thanks to those who responded and have been practising with my skills of paying cheques in via photo and my mobile phone and it works very well! Much appreciated.

Some memories of the Free Church from Freda Barnard.....

I was sorting through some old photographs the other day and came across this one of Mary Anthony and myself in the church office on Red Nose Day in 1988. So as it is 'Red Nose Day' on Friday 19th I felt it would be interesting to show you all the 'daft' times we had, I think it was on this occasion we went out into the town with buckets encouraging people to donate. I think Mary managed eventually to keep her nose (the red plastic one) in place.



I started going to the Free Church in 1979, by 1982 at Easter I was received into Membership. I was elected to be an Elder in 1983 and was duly Ordained and Inducted that year.

I left work, as the department of Sadolin I was working in was being moved to Birmingham. At this time it was increasingly difficult for me to find employment as I was in my mid forties and secretarial positions were very few. So I met up with Kate to see if there was anything I could do during the day at church as a volunteer. A resounding yes was said and I started volunteering straight away fitting in where I could be of use. It took some time to get the ball rolling, but I organised and ran a new venture 'The Lunch Club'. I remember the wonderful encouragement I received from Frank Enfield (Jose Viles father) and I continued with this venture, during which time Joyce Taylors late husband was retiring from being headmaster and volunteered, but unfortunately never actually joined us as he passed away suddenly. In due time Joyce said she would like to volunteer in his place, and when I had been doing this for some time I asked Joyce if she would take over from me as I went on to pastures new.

When Mary Cox first came to F.C. she ran a Traidcraft stall in the hall on Mondays and I helped with this on occasions. The new 'pasture' was working with Mary Cox as her assistant in Just Sharing. In 1993 Mary was unwell so I stood in for her as Manager in Just Sharing and also working for Richard Baggott in the Christian Aid Office, as this was also Mary's job.

I can remember sitting at Mary's desk in the C.A. office when Keith Clarke (Church Secretary at this time) came in and asked me if I would be Assistant Church Secretary. After much thought I agreed to take on this roll and retired from this position after 13 years, 11 actually serving because of two sabbatical breaks. My main job during this time was Pulpit Supply which was challenging but very interesting getting to know so many Ministers and Lay People. The rest they say is history !!! I can honestly say I enjoyed my time as Elder.

Irene Calling....

SCHOOL TIME

The school bell rings
And here they come,
Lots hop and skip
With eager fun.

But some are stressed
And near to tears,
Scared of illness,
Full of tears.

Some are dragged
By harassed mums,
Tired of doing
Arithmetic sums.

Some parents
Of halo ways,
Quite enjoyed
Their teacher days.

Others drop of kids
And sigh!
How we've wished
This time was nigh!

Some won't go
As tears they mop,
Their little darlings
Howls won't stop!

Teachers smile
And calmly wait,
Bet your life,
Some will be late!

Masked and ready
In they go,
Hero teachers
Bravely show.

Education's
Back on track,
With Covid testing
On attack!

Chris Barber and St Ives

Earlier this month, we were saddened to hear of the death of Chris Barber, aged 90 - legendary trombonist and leader of a number of jazz bands playing skiffle, blues, ragtime, swing and our favourite 'traditional jazz'. Liz and I have been devoted fans since teenage years in the 1950's and we last saw the band perform a great concert at Snape Maltings in 2016.



So we are wondering how many church members can remember the annual concerts of the Chris Barber Trad Jazz Band at the Burgess Hall back in the early 1990's? Why did this very famous band come regularly to St Ives? We believe the reason is that a St Ives guitarist, John Slaughter, joined the band in the 1960's and was able to persuade the band to come and play here. These annual concerts happened for a number of years and tickets were like gold dust and often sold out within a few days. We believe they were organised by the local Rotary group. We can also remember going sometimes as a group from church. We think that Martin and Jackie Ballard, Peter and Freda Barnard were part of an enthusiastic group of Barber fans? Anyone else remember these great concerts - which seem to go on way after the allotted time with endless encores. Great musical memories.

Stewart and Liz



Marine Plastic Pollution Starts on Land by Sally Runham

Marine pollution starts on the land. And a town like St Ives with an important river flowing through it has a big part to play, and could be a focus for minimising single use of plastics.

Since Mary Cox set up the Eco Group, collective use of single-use plastic containers has reduced considerably. Tookeys sells its drinks in glass or china vessels, washed and reused. Single-use plastic is still a scourge elsewhere, though, and more must be done to reduce it. We now have three refill shops in town; in the Courtyard, on East Street and on White Hart passage. You can take in an empty plastic bottle or dispenser and fill up with generic laundry and cleaning products. Sweets treats are sold loose and carried away in washable cloth bags.

The St Ives Eco Action meeting held on 4th March hosted Rowan Byrne, experienced marine biologist, fellow of the Royal Society of Biology and technical lead scientist for 'carbon neutral' consultancy firm Mott Macdonald. Rowan's talk was highly charged with scary statistics for pollution of oceans. 8-13 million tonnes of plastics enter the ocean each year. At this rate, oceans will contain more plastic than fish by 2050. Marine plastic originates on the land, washed off into rivers and out to sea. 'Plastic is not our enemy,' said Rowan. 'It's our abuse of it that is the problem. We need to get away from a linear economy where resources are used once and disposed of. We must move to a circular economy so that every item of plastic is reused many times. Currently, only 30% of plastic is recycled. Single-use plastic fragments and the smaller the particles get, the more organisms they reach causing more damage.'

Rowan urged safeguarding oceans which are a sink for carbon dioxide. Plastic does not always float. It can sink to the sea bed and cause major damage. Source of plastic is important. Exfoliant skin cleansers containing microplastics were banned in 2017. These worked their way into the food chain, and were found in insects. Washing fleeces releases nanofibres into the food chain.

Plastics abound in the River Great Ouse. Some detritus is over 40 years old, appearing after major flooding incidents where it is floated off land after perhaps being trapped in reedbeds for many years. Organisms such as barnacles have been found to use plastics as part of their habitat, i.e. adapting to the new polluted environment.

At one of Rowan's projects at Newmarket wastewater treatment works, plastics are captured and assessed. Most prolific are single-use wet wipes and single-use facemasks; both contain polypropylene fibres. Wet wipes are a huge problem changing the form of river beds. Wet wipes, dental floss and grease combine to form major blockages. Tyres contain synthetic chemicals and plastics and leave a residue on the road 'tyre particulates' that runs off during rainfall and is found in fish. A project in Milton Keynes is measuring this.

Rowan Byrne suggested ideas for St Ives:

- ◇ Declare St Ives town centre a plastic free zone and work with local businesses, retailers and the community to raise awareness of the damage plastic does to our environment and suggest alternative more sustainable solutions.
- ◇ Ban single-use plastics across the town. Identify plastics we use and ban them.
- ◇ Install a sea bin in the River Great Ouse to capture waste plastic and empty regularly.
- ◇ Reuse plastics at home, wash them, peg out to dry on the washing line and use them as much as possible.
- ◇ Washing machine bags for items like fleeces where nanofibres could be released into the water.
- ◇ Reuse and upcycle waste plastics such as car parts made into writing pens. Such products will be more expensive but use your financial muscle to effect change.

If you have any more ideas, please get in touch.



Microplastic fibres from synthetic textiles found in the deep sea. The concentration of microplastic in the deep sea is much more than the amount in the infamous Great Pacific garbage patch. Source: Natural History Museum.



Quiztian Aid

Christian Aid's fun filled online quiz has returned and is suitable for all of the family.

It's an exciting return of Quiztian Aid, which was a great success last year.

It'll be hosted by some special guests, who will be announced soon. To sign up go to the Christian Aid website and look for Christian Aid Week virtual events.

When Saturday 8 May

Time 7pm

Christian Aid knows just how important it is to come together as community and that's why there are some exciting virtual events for to you get involved with this Christian Aid Week.

You also have the opportunity to run your own quiz night with your friends and family – more info on the website.

Two of many different ways to raise money for this year's Christian Aid Week 10th – 16th May 2021

More information soon

Some old sayings from Babs' mother's memoirs.....

Where the wind is on Candle Eve (February 1st) there it will be on May's Eve.

Frost in November to carry a duck the rest of the winter mud and muck.

It's a "lazy wind" meaning it was a bitter cold wind that went straight through you instead of round you.

Something had plenty of heft about it meant it had plenty of weight.

Something that was decaying and smelt unpleasant, people would say "It did hum a bit".

An hour in the morning is worth two a night.

A lot of hip and hawthorn berries indicated it would be a hard winter.

Always plant seed in the growing of the moon.

A new moon on a Sunday would be a month of bad weather.

He who pays the Piper calls the tune.

If you change the name and not the letter you marry for worse and not for better. (If the bride's surname started with the same letter as her married name).

Married in Lent you live to repent.

The east wind is no good for man or beast.

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

No good waiting for dead men's bones (waiting for someone to die who you think will leave all their goods to you).

Does anyone know any that are local to this area?