

Hinxton Life

The magazine for people who love Hinxton June 2021



HISTORY PEOPLE GARDENING FOOD EVENTS VILLAGE LIFE

H I N X T O N

Saturday 26th June

FETE



All Welcome

starts at 2pm

Raffle

PlANTS

CaKES

BOOKS

HoT doGs

CraFts

HoMe
MaDE

on the Recreation Ground



See you there!



The Annual Fete is presented to you by The Friends of Hinxton Church
in conjunction with
the Parochial Church Council

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Hinxton Life is an independent village magazine established and run by volunteers.

Its mission is to inform residents of local issues and to maintain and promote community spirit.

Delivered free to approximately 170 Hinxton households.

Whilst the Wellcome Campus Reprographics department is shut the printing is being carried out at Falcon Printers in Linton. We are grateful to Linda and Peter for funding this issue.

Dear Readers

As with most things, we are running a little late with this edition. No proper excuses other than I have settled into a more languid lifestyle following months of enforced laziness.

Owing to this we are able to squeeze in a photo report of the **National Garden Scheme Open Day** on May 30th. This was the first Village event since the Christmas Light Up, and *BOY* didn't we need it?

A classic social day in Hinxton. The mood was buoyant and the visitors thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Our NGS organiser, **Jenny Marks** wrote " *I can honestly say your opening was a roaring success! Well done to you all.*"

The **Fete** will soon be on us at the end of June but, as I write, the gnomes of Westminster are deciding if we can have it. Even the **Garden Evening** in July could be threatened.

The lockdown was strangely liberating and, whilst squandering the opportunity to do some of the things that I should have done with the extra available time, now at least, I am acquainted with every nook and cranny of our little garden and daytime TV.

Mike

Our front cover is one of Philip Lowndes' fabulous automata called **SID EMBRACES ANARCHISM**. Much of his work can be seen by going to <https://www.facebook.com/Philip-Lowndes-Automata>

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Spotlight

Tell us about your early days growing up

I was born in Stratford-upon-Avon and lived in a small village called Wilmcote until I was 5. We moved to Malvern, where my parents were originally from, and they bought a beautiful but very rundown house that used to belong to Barbara Cartland's mother! My parents renovated it, with help from my grandfather who, amongst other things, rewired the whole place! I loved growing up near to my grandparents, although as a child I didn't realise their accents were strong Yorkshire ones, which they never lost.

I studied at Merton College, Oxford, initially to read Biology but I changed course after one year to Medicine. I was very lucky to have the support of the college tutor who bent the rules so I could stay in the same college.

I learnt to row at Merton which was more renowned for its academic success than any sporting achievement. I then trialled for Oxford Women's Boat Club. I am quite short to be a rower, but I made up for it in determination. I managed to win a place in the Blue Boat three years running and spent the last two as President.

After my last Blue Boat race we had the opportunity to go to Atlanta, Georgia, to test out their Olympic rowing course on Lake Lanier in races between Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and Yale.

I gave up rowing when I qualified as a doctor, when working hours were not easily compatible with outings, and years of rowing on the same side had taken a toll on my back.

I remain committed to trying to keep fit, for health reasons mainly, not always because I enjoy it!

This winter I have managed to swim through the whole winter, mainly at the recreation ground in Great Shelford or in Milton Lake. I have previously completed a virtual Cross channel swim and, rather aptly, an open water swim on the old boat race course in Henley. I'm hoping to do that race again this June and one day would like to swim the Scilly Isles swim and the Bosphorus cross continent swim in Istanbul.

When we were first married we lived in Islington in London, and later moved to Hinxton because we needed more space for our two young children. We arrived in the village a week after Isabel's first birthday. She is now 14 and Will is nearly 17!

One of my earliest memories of our house was having to climb up a ladder whilst 8 months pregnant to look at the upstairs layout, in the middle of a building site. I hate ladders at the best of times! I remember meeting Sue & Chris and also Jenny & Robin as they watched their own house being built.

Emma Senior talking to Kate Riley

We've been very lucky to meet other families in the village and to watch our children grow up together. I particularly remember the Christmas parties with entertainment for the children, luckily able to cater for a wide age range! Jubilee weekend was a great event, when everyone dressed in their best red, white and blue. I even managed a prize for my cake, although I am not a great cake maker, and I've still got the commemorative tea towel the children all signed!

We also had a period of a group of us getting together for children's tea which gradually became known as "Friday fizz". I remember Isabel and Tabitha doing a poster for it at After-School club and having to explain to the teacher that they had hot dogs and the parents had Prosecco! The "Supper on the Run" has always been a highlight for us and we were always grateful to the organisers for their social engineering to ensure that new families were introduced to existing ones on these evenings. We first met the Kirby's when they had just moved and were squeezed into the pudding course at our house at the last moment. Lockdown has taught me to appreciate the local area and the subtle changing of the seasons. I've discovered corners of Hinxton I didn't know existed and love being able to watch the lambs gambolling for a second year. I also love to cycle to Strethall to see the bluebells.

Tell us about your career

I was quite shy at school and loved biology so that's what I applied for, although I thought I wanted to work in healthcare somehow. Soon I realised I wanted to be a doctor and managed to change course after a year. During my studies I also worked in Nepal, in a leprosy hospital, in a sports medicine clinic in Melbourne and in a paediatric hospital in Calgary.

After my junior doctor years I came to Cambridge to teach anatomy and the job was twinned with resident medical officer at The Evelyn hospital, now Nuffield. Teaching anatomy was a good way to learn for surgical training and after six months I successfully gained a place for surgical training at Addenbrooke's. My first job there was on the transplant ward. It was a great team and hard work but very interesting and we really got to know our patients who would sometimes be on the ward for months or would be in and out frequently. I also did orthopaedics with an ex SAS doctor who insisted we run up the stairs during ward rounds (orthopaedics is on the 8th floor). He was astonished when I dared to ask for some time off to get married and go on honeymoon!

I completed my surgical training with six months of A&E in London and was successful in gaining surgical membership (MRCS). When I went for the award I was with Jonathan and the professor of surgery from Oxford assumed we were there because Jon had passed the exam, not me. Equality and all that!

Radiology offered me a chance to use the anatomy knowledge I loved and combine it with being a detective, as radiologists are often the ones who actually make the diagnosis. I successfully applied for a radiology training post also at Addenbrooke's. This meant I was doing exams until I was 32.

I have been a breast and general radiologist there since 2008. I am Director of Breast Screening and proud to say that our unit is now one of the most respected in the region. I also have a regional Public Health England role which involves inspecting other units and providing advice and guidance. Radiology is becoming more and more important in most patient's pathway which means I will always have work to do, sadly there is too much for us sometimes as the number of radiologists per capita is much less than in other countries.

What are your interests and leisure pursuits?

Mainly my interests are exercise based. By the time I have exercised, worked and been a mum/housewife there isn't much other time! But I like cooking and craft, especially sewing. I am not afraid to make a costume (for school play, party, festival etc) and I have sewed A LOT of face masks this year! I sometimes think the garden is another job to do but do enjoy gardening and being able to watch our garden change over the seasons. The garden is always best admired from the wood-fired hot tub though!

Do you have a favourite plant in your garden?

My favourite plant is a dahlia, particularly dark pink ones such as Ambition. It wasn't until I started growing them that I realised the smell was evocative of my early childhood and it turns out my grandfather grew them too. I don't remember that but I did remember the smell. I love hellebores and snowdrops too.

Do you like holidays and if you could choose anywhere in the world tomorrow where would it be?

I love holidays and we have been lucky enough to travel to some amazing places. As a student I travelled to Asia most summers, it was cheap to travel around there so I worked to earn enough for the flight and some spending money and then backpacked. In that time I went to India, China, Nepal, Thailand and my favourite of all Tibet, including Everest base camp. I will never forget the view from there, or the fact that myself and two friends had to share the only bed available, a mattress in a cattle shed in a monastery. It's changed a bit since then.

With the children we have travelled to Morocco, Sri Lanka, Vietnam, Namibia, Costa Rica, Finland, Croatia. We prefer active holidays, learnt to sail in Menorca, and have done a fair amount of kayaking, zip lining, white water rafting, skiing, snowshoeing.

I would love to go back to India which I know will have changed so much since I was there in the 1990's. We think Jon's great grandmother was Indian and his great grandfather built bridges for the Indian railways, his grandmother only coming to England after Partition.

What historical figure do you most admire – why?

Barack Obama, for his health care reform ideas
Nelson Mandela, for enduring imprisonment and ultimately achieving his dream to end apartheid.

Who would you invite as your ideal dinner guests?

Gerri Halliwell who has reinvented herself from wild Ginger Spice (and it would make Jon's day)

Zac Efron- whenever Isabel was ill when she was little we watched High School Musical and both admired him! He has done a lot for environmental awareness and I'd like to see what he looks like in real life!!

Daniel Levy - who co-wrote "Schitt's Creek" with his father. It is a family favourite programme and he is very funny, but also very progressive in terms of writing about human kindness, one of my most valued values.

What do you feel have been your greatest achievements?

My children, although being a working mother comes with a lot of guilt and not much free time.

The results of our small breast department in a small hospital that we can rightly be proud of.

Rowing in three boat races.



HINXTON 2021 SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Please enter the exciting
Hinxton Short Story Competition
Sponsored by The Red Lion, Hinxton

Rules for the Hinxton 2021 Short Story Competition

£50 prize money for the winner of each of the **Seniors** and **Juniors**

To be judged by the Hinxton Book Club members who have not entered

1. Closing date for entries is 12th June 2021.
2. Entrants must be resident in Hinxton. Everyone is eligible.
3. Entrants to the **Junior** competition must be under 16 years of age on 12th June 2020.
4. The maximum length of submissions is **1,000 words** for the **Seniors**.
(No minimum) **Senior** Group Stories must contain the words **STONE** and **EVOLUTION**
5. The maximum length of submissions is **500 words** for the **Juniors**.
(No minimum length) **Junior** Group Stories must contain the words **KEY** and **PEBBLE**.
6. The judges prefer a printed submission using ARIAL font, 12 point (as this page)
7. When complete, deliver your story in an envelope marked :-

Hinxton Short Story Competition (Junior or Senior,)

enclosing your name and address to:-

to 87 High Street, Hinxton, by 12th June 2021.

Do not put your name on your story as they will be judged blind.

8. The Judges' decision is final. The winners will be announced and the winning stories published in the autumn edition of Hinxton Life.

BOOK SHELF

by Sara Gregson

Here are some reviews from books read by Hinxtion Book Club over the past six months.

The Giver of Stars By Jo Jo Moyes

The Giver of Stars is Jo Jo Moyes latest novel set in Kentucky in the late 1930's, when a band of women pack horse librarians were paid by the American government to go out and deliver books and magazines to isolated families and schools out in the mountains.

The story centres around Alice Wright who marries a handsome American hoping to escape her stifling life in England. However, married life does not turn out well and Alice becomes a pack horse librarian to get away. There is intense poverty on the mountain, and we could all feel her pain as she travelled the countryside on her horse in the cold, rain and heat.

There is a lot to enjoy – in particular female friendships and the joy of reading. However, we didn't feel this was one of Jo Jo's strongest novels – we have loved many of her previous books.

Many of us remember Jo Jo coming to one of our first Book Club meetings – when she lived briefly in Hinxtion and was just starting out on her writing career!

Unreliable Memoirs By Clive James

Clive James was undoubtedly an extraordinarily intelligent and interesting character and most of the book club members were pleased to have read about his childhood and teenage years in Australia.

Beneath the fooling around, we felt that the loss of his father on his return from Japanese prisoner of war camp, was underlying everything he said and did. One quote stuck out in particular - that he was 'curiously envious of all families.'

Battling with school, girls and various relatives and with an overwhelming desire to be a superhero, Clive's adventures growing up in the suburbs of post-war Sydney are certainly very amusing.

Some feel this is the best of the *Unreliable Memoirs* series – but some of us might be intrigued enough to try *May Week was in June* - for local Cambridge interest!

Agent running in the Field John Le Carré

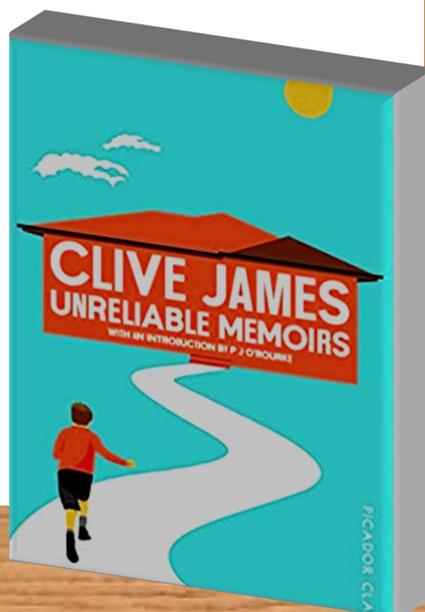
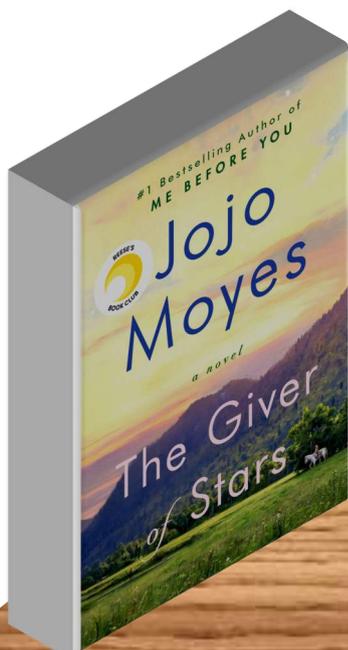
This was John Le Carré's final novel – the last of a long list of notable and exciting adventures including, *Tinker Taylor Soldier Spy* and *The Night Manager*.

There were those that thought – while perhaps not his best work, that it was wonderful, magical and full of twists and turns and ambiguities. There was certainly a lot of anger about the challenges facing the country at the moment.

And there were the rest of us that were left slightly bemused and lost – by all the twists and turns and ambiguities!

The story follows Nat, a veteran of Britain's Secret Intelligence Service who thinks his years as an agent runner are over. But then comes Ed, arriving out of the blue offering to play him at badminton at his club. There then follows secret missions and surveillance and a lot of Russian and German to-ing and fro-ing.

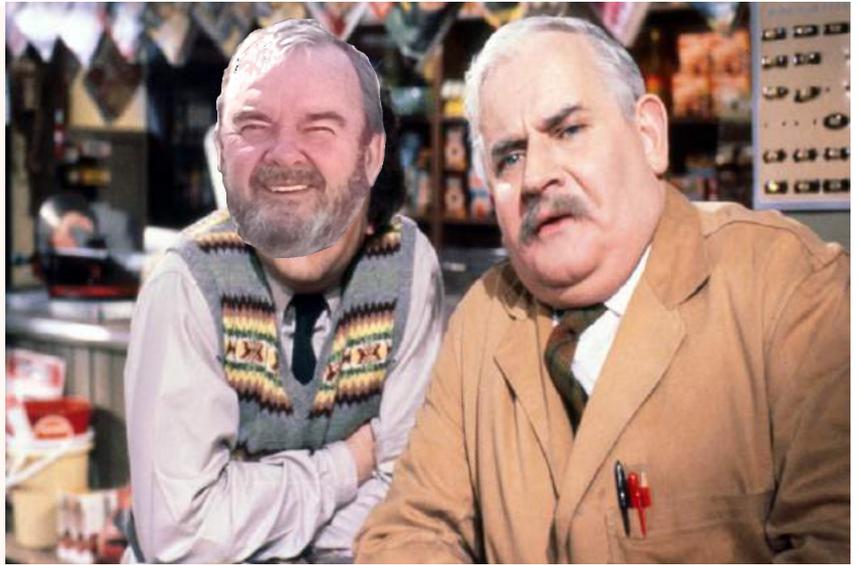
It left us wondering how and what young 'Le Carré' type authors will be writing about now and in the future. And are there still spies? Are their numbers increasing or dwindling in this digital age? And will we ever know?



OPEN all HOURS

‘Confessions of a Shop Assistant’

by Mike



Many of you know that, at nearly 73 years of age, I started a new career recently as a part time assistant’s assistant in the local shop. This is my 30th restart and hopefully it will be my last.

My first taste of high street retail was in 1968 working with a massive London domestic electrical goods specialist called **J & F Stone** located at the Marble Arch end of Oxford Street. It was here that I discovered that customers came in all shapes and sizes and that they should never be underestimated or left unattended for any length of time.

One of the perks of selling an appliance was that occasionally you got to go with the delivery man to help install it. One such occasion was when I sold a massive Hoover fridge to **Larry Adler** (he of harmonica fame) for £29 19s11d. He lived nearby in a Bayswater flat. The driver helped me to locate it in the kitchen then left me to plug it in and explain the controls and make my own way back to the shop. This I did very carefully but Mr. Adler was not really listening. Finally, after all the instruction, I switched it on and pointed out that the big red button in the centre of the dial was the instant defrost command which irreversibly deactivated the device for 24 hours.

“What, this one?” he asked then promptly pressed it. “Never mind” I said “I can come back tomorrow after work”.

He gave me a miniature harmonica in a signed box and half a crown as a tip. Nice.

Mr. Stone promoted me to be the manager of a tiny TV rental shop on the corner of Victoria Road and Kilburn High Road, conveniently, a short walk from my bedsit in Goldhurst Terrace. The shop had its very own Irish engineer called Kelvin and a little red van. The Area

Supervisor explained that the previous manager had ‘done a runner’ with the week’s takings and they didn’t expect much from me. It took a some days to clean the showroom and find two working TV sets to display. Not only had my predecessor nicked the till, but he was also renting out his own personal stock. Lots of people were coming in to pay their weekly rental who did not have an account. It took 6 months, but we ended up with a cracking little shop. When Kelvin left to join the old manager, I got the use of the van. (I didn’t have a driving license, but they didn’t know that, or care.) Repairing TV sets in those days involved taking the back off and pinging every valve until you found the broken one, then replace it. Failing that, I left them a new one.

There was a very profitable side line in portable aerials. When someone rented a set they invariably didn’t have an indoor aerial, so when I arrived to deliver, they willingly bought one of my “Specials”. This helped increased my weekly income of £12 per week by as much as £4 . The downside of these devices is that they are directional, so to get a signal you have to roam around the room tilting it at strange angles, like a manic water diviner. On one occasion I installed a set but on leaving, I left a very large Irish lady standing on her coffee table in the middle of the room with the aerial above her head. The rest of the family sat around watching the box, giving her instructions. They were all quite happy and I never heard from them again.

Next time I will confess my experiences as a home improvements salesman.



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MY CHILDHOOD TOWN

by Ceri Williams

You could say that I had a divided childhood.

I just crept into the 1960s on a cold January afternoon in the coal mining town of Abercynon in the South Wales valleys. Mother a schoolteacher and Father a civil engineer. Dad started out as a mining surveyor but, I think, saw the writing on the wall for the coalmines and retrained.

Abercynon was a larger than the traditional mining village and had a cinema. I remember going to see cowboy films and cartoons. It was a close-knit community and I saw a lot of my grandparents who looked after my brother and I when mum was teaching. Abercynon is built on the side of a mountain and from outside my nan's house you could see the mountain on the other side of the valley. The river Cynon meets the river Taff at Abercynon before flowing down to Cardiff some 16 miles to the south. I remember the river running black with washings from the coal. There were still slag heaps in those days. These were great mounds of poor quality coal and dust from the mine. They've now been removed and processed into 'smokeless fuel' The nearest town of any size was Pontypridd.

The miners used to receive free coal and it was delivered in bulk on the street outside the houses, some lumps were as big as a wheelbarrow. The coal had to be broken into smaller pieces before it could be carried through to the coal sheds at the back of the houses. The colliery finally closed in 1988 but coal stopped being taken out in 1973. The mine was joined underground to a pit in a nearby village (Ynysybwl) and the coal was raised and washed there instead. The famous steam engineer Richard Trevithick used the railway between Merthyr Tydfil and Abercynon. It was one of the first times a steam locomotive was used on a railway. All the 'Dylan Thomasian' characters were evident. Jones the milk, Bryn the fish, Kitty Williams the shop etc

I attended the Clock school (Abercynon Infants) It was called the clock school because there was a memorial clock at the entrance gates, my nan would always point out the name of her husband who had been killed in the war (Father's Father). After school we would sometimes walk to the park, I never did manage to climb up the big slide I stuck to the smaller one. Next to the house where I was born there were stables where the pit ponies would spend their two weeks holiday when the mines closed for a summer break. This was called miner's fortnight. The ponies didn't work underground but in the opencast mine. Holidays were normally spent at the seaside in Porthcawl, ideal for kids with lovely beaches and a large funfair. In 1966 we moved to North Weald in Essex where dad worked for the local council as a surveyor, mum taught infants in the local primary school. This was a totally different environment from the valleys. No hills, no river and no wider family as they were all still in Wales. North



Weald is a large village and was home to a world war 2 RAF base. When we moved to Essex they were filming at the airfield for 'The Battle of Britain' and when the film is shown I still look out for landmarks I recognise. The airfield is still active for private planes

I attended St Andrews C of E primary school from 1966 to 1971. My stand out memory of St Andrews was the outdoor swimming pool which was freezing cold, I think the heating system and the changing facilities have now been improved, I've never liked outdoor swimming pools since!

After the 11+ I was lucky enough to secure a place at Bancroft's School in Woodford Green. In my early days there it was a Public School which received a grant from the government. This stopped, I think, in 1975 so the school then became private. It was a boys only school then and we had to attend on Saturday

mornings. It was very old fashioned, most of the teachers wore gowns and there was a grass quadrangle which you were not allowed to walk on (Teachers and Prefects only) Girls arrived in the sixth form in 1976 although not a great number-Only 2 to start with. The school is now co-ed.

After A levels I decided to have a gap year- still on it. Mum still lives in North Weald and I visit every Saturday to do shopping, odd jobs etc. Mum is still active in the church but the congregation is very small, only a few elderly regulars and no resident priest. Not sure how much longer it can survive. The main reason for the Church's decline is that is situated quite a way outside the village, too far for people to walk. Nightlife was limited to the 3 village pubs of which only two still remain.

There was a bit more choice in Epping where you could find a nightclub and several more pubs. The northerly extent of Epping Forest is in the parish of North Weald

Another claim to fame of North Weald was the radio station based there. It was built in the 1920's by the Marconi company and received and relayed messages from across the Atlantic and Europe. I remember the 4 tall masts (90 metres high) which could be seen from miles around. The last mast was demolished in 1982 and the site is now abandoned. North Weald was also one of the most northerly stations on

the London Underground Central line so people could commute to London from the village. The station closed to passenger traffic in 1994 and is now only used as a heritage route which runs from Ongar to Epping.



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Rosie's Bit

May

Spring is changing to Summer and it's time to get busy and have fun. Feed finished daffodils and tulips: keep hoeing weeds and prune hedges like Box and Cherry trees.

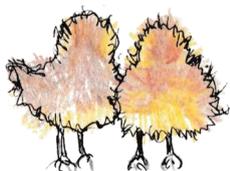
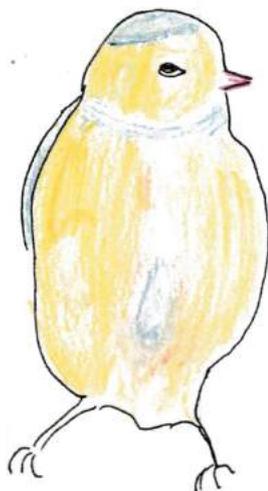
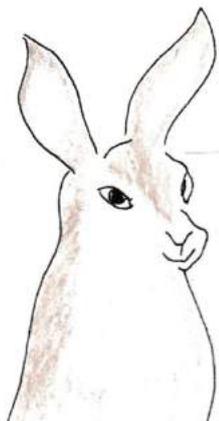
June

June brings the need to keep on top of dead heading to get a longer flowering period. Feed lawns and containers with a sea weed fertilizer and keep an eye out for pests and diseases.

July

A potash fertilizer applied in July to all shrubs, particularly roses, will ensure hardy shoots and good colour next year, Now is the time to cut back flowered perennials to encourage a second flush. Meals eaten outside in the fresh air seem to take on an extra pleasure.

Do try to take some time to sit in the dappled shade and enjoy the peace and quiet...jobs will wait !



Phil's Bit

Like a weathered version of Dominic Cummins, frost, during winter turns from the gardeners friend to a looming threat to be treated with caution. In the autumn and winter frost makes sprouts and parsnips reputedly more flavoursome, breaks down rough dug soil and kills pests and weed roots.

But in the spring it brings jeopardy to every weather forecast. Late frost brings despair to the gardener but possibly glee to the garden centre owner. Plantings of French and runner beans, but not broad beans, potatoes, sweet corn, courgettes, squashes, peppers, tomatoes are all at risk. The difference between frost hardy and vulnerable plants is the concentration of sugars and minerals in cells. Those with higher concentrations resisting freezing, with expansion of the water and bursting of cells. It is the bursting of the cells that makes frosted plant look so sorry so quickly.

Timing of planting out is critical. I heard of a new "allotmenteer" over the border in Hertfordshire who planted tomatoes out at the beginning of April. I will waste a sentence in telling you that it didn't end well. (or ker-ching as per above).

A late frost can make it into the second week of June. There are web sites that make predictions. The last frost this spring is predicted by the second week of May - no warranties given.

If you are caught out there are mitigations that you can make. Fleeing the plants retains the soil warmth. Watering during the day can help as wet soil holds more heat and cloches help warm it even further. Potatoes can be earthed up covering the leaves, slowly making the ridges that many people think are necessary at planting. As a last resort you can try spraying the leaves with water as it goes dark to offer some protection.

If all else fails, you can always go and make Scotsdale's day and buy some more plants.

Mount Pleasant (No.20 High Street)



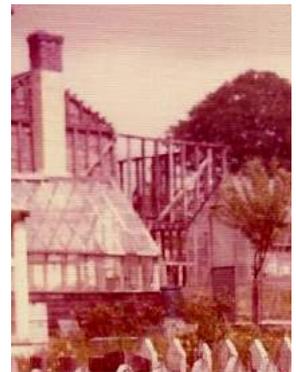
No.20 has been the home of Mervyn and Linda Russell since July 1978. A few years later, their daughter Anna arrived followed by another daughter, Lauren. Merv was a wholesale fruit and vegetable dealer at London's Spitalfields Market and Linda was a teacher.



Reg Mendham working in his garden with No.20 in the background

The previous owners were Andrew and Margaret Blake. They bought the house in February 1976 from Hinxton Estate. Andrew was a builder and he renovated the house, adding a further bedroom and bathroom.

From 1965 until 1973 Peter and Jeanette Angell lived at N.20 with their children Deana and Christopher. Peter worked at Lordship Farm.



Work in progress in 1976



Deana



Peter and Jeanette Angell

In 1954, newlyweds, Ted (Edward) and Beryl Harris moved to No.20. Ted was a gamekeeper for the Hinxton Estate and, at that time, Mount Pleasant was No.30 known as Gamekeeper's Cottage. Their two daughters Rosalind and Deborah, were born in the house. The bedroom windows were very low to the floor, so bars were put in to prevent the girls from falling! The family moved to Langley in 1965.



The Harris family on Deborah's Christening Day in 1960



1939 Johnnands Alice Billett were back at the Cottage with daughter Agnes. John, now retired. He died in 1945.

In the 1920s Frederick and Laura Georgina Kemp lived at Mount Pleasant. They married in 1904 when Fred was 44 and Laura 32. Fred, an agricultural engineer, died in 1937 aged 77. Laura, a dressmaker. Passed away in 1950.

Henry and Mary Billett were living at No.20 in 1911, having moved from Church Street, Ickleton. Henry was a cowman. They had six children, Emily in 1889, Frank 1890, Bessie 1892, William 1893, Arthur in 1894 and Percy in 1895.

At the start of the 1st World War, Percy (a baker's boy) joined the 2nd Battallion Gordon Highlanders, moving to 9th battalion just days before he was killed in action on the Somme on 15th September 1916 aged 20. (Viv Ellis wrote this piece about Percy for Hinxtton's WW1 100 year commemorative service.) Percy is remembered on the village war memorial as well as the Thiepval War Memorial in France.

In 1901, Mount Pleasant was home to another branch of the Billett family, John and Alice Billett (John was Henry's cousin). He too was a stockman on the Estate. They lived there with their children, Ethel, Frederick, Alice Albert, Ernest and Dorothy. Soon after this photograph was taken in 1903, the family moved to College Farm, Duxford where John was the Farm Bailiff. They had two more children, Agnes and Hilda



The Billett family in 1903



In 1897, aged just 2, Albert Billett was the youngest at Hinxtton School.

It has long been believed that Mount Pleasant was at one time a Coaching Inn selling only ale and I think this was called The Carpenter's Arms.

The publican was Northfield Reynolds (his mother's maiden name was Northfield) He was born in Hinxtton in 1809. On Christmas Day 1832 he married Sophia Wakefield. Three years later, they had a son, Richard and two years after that, a daughter Elizabeth, followed by Emma in 1839.

In August 1841, while the family were living at the King William (at the time it was being run by John Davey and his wife Rebecca Wakefield, Sophia's sister ?), they had twin boys, William and James. Sadly both boys died within a month, James being buried on 1st September and William on the 5th. In 1843 they had another daughter, Hannah Dorothea, but she too died at the age of 11. Their mother, Sophia, passed away in 1848 aged 37 leaving Northfield to raise their remaining three children.

In 1851 the family was living at the Carpenter's Arms. Now 15, Richard was working as a groom and Emma was her father's housekeeper. As well as being the landlord, Northfield was also a carpenter and was responsible for re-pewing the church in 1843. By all accounts Northfield was struggling to make a living, having been involved in a complicated court case for the recovery of a debt and having to sell a cow he owned to his uncle as a set-off for rent. William Reynolds was a retired farmer who owned more than twenty cottages, presumably including the Carpenter's Arms. Northfield died in 1855 aged 46.

Thanks to Jason Ansell for sharing some of his wonderful bird photographs along with his account of the Blue Tit nest building in his garden.



Blue Tits - nest build to fledging.

By Jason Ansell

We have always encouraged our feathered friends to the garden with feeders and a large bird bath and have the pleasure of visits from many different species. This year we decided to go one step further with a nest box and thought it would be great for our grandson, who is nearly four, to be able to see what was going on inside with a nest box camera. After a bit of research we decided on a Green Feathers IP wireless camera which could be viewed live from any smart device. Being mid March we were worried that we may have missed the boat this year. The RSPB

website, a valuable source of information, said that small birds such as blue tits, great tits, sparrows etc are looking for suitable nesting sites from late February and often won't use a new box the first year. We built the box anyway, installed the camera and connected it to our devices and our grandsons iPad. As word got round we ended up connecting it to lots of other family

members, quite an audience! Up went the box in the tree on a Saturday, 2.5 metres facing North East (as advised by the RSPB). Now we wait and hope. To our amazement, our first viewing was on the following Monday morning of a blue tit. After several visits during the week, by Thursday we had the beginnings of the nest. The pair took about two weeks to build it with lots of moss, cut up bits of wool (supplied by us) and feathers. The first egg was laid on 8th April then one a day followed, always at around 6am. Blue tits lay lots of eggs, the average clutch is 8-12 but the record is 19. They do this because the rate of survival isn't good for the young birds. The RSPB advise that 50% survival is good, a bit sad but that is Nature's way. Our blue tit

settled on 11 eggs and diligently sat on them day and night constantly turning them and fidgeting around to keep the heat even. She often left the nest for a few minutes in the morning, often to have a bath and probably a few morsels. The male blue tit did bring food to her quite often. The first chick hatched on 29th April and the rest over the next two days, ten chicks and one unhatched egg, suddenly the new parents had their work cut out to feed their new family. They did an amazing job, their work rate was relentless. From first light to dusk they were in and out constantly with bugs and caterpillars, breaking them up at first while the chicks were small, then whole. Sometimes the grubs they bought



were so big you wondered if the babies were going to be able to swallow them and sometimes it was a real effort to get it to go down. All the time the parents were doing the housework taking away faecal sacs and keeping the box clean. The adults would dig down through the chicks to get to the sacs underneath. Sometimes the babies would do an odd kind of duck dive, sticking their bum up in the air exposing the sac for the adult to take. This routine continued for about three weeks. The baby birds were looking like proper blue tits now and moving around the box. They would spread out on hot days and all cuddle up on cooler days. The bigger ones were starting to look out of the entrance hole. On 18th May we viewed the box in the

morning and were surprised to see only three chicks left. The rest had fledged early that morning and two more followed that afternoon. We could see lots of fluffy little baby blue tits flitting around the garden struggling to fly. The parents were still watching over them and taking them morsels of food as well as visiting the box to feed the one remaining chick. The reluctant one spent the night in the box all on his own, the female hadn't stayed in the box with the babies overnight for about the last 4 or 5 days. Probably because it was so crowded. The following morning he was still not ready to take the plunge. He would sit in the entrance hole calling for mum. She would flit around nearby

trying to entice him out. Finally around midday he made the leap and flew down onto a wardrobe I had in the garden. Then another short flight across to the patio to have a wander around between the pots. Eventually he made it up into the holly tree where the other babies were spending a lot of their time and our nest box had done its job admirably. From 11

eggs they managed to rear and fledge 10 chicks successfully which for blue tits is a great return. The egg that didn't hatch was unfertilised, when we took it out and broke it, it was still yellow inside. Blue tits rarely have a second clutch especially if the first is a success so the box remains empty. We have been thoroughly entertained by our blue tit family and we can't wait until next spring to watch it all again.



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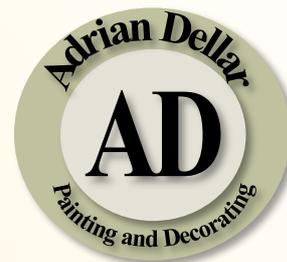
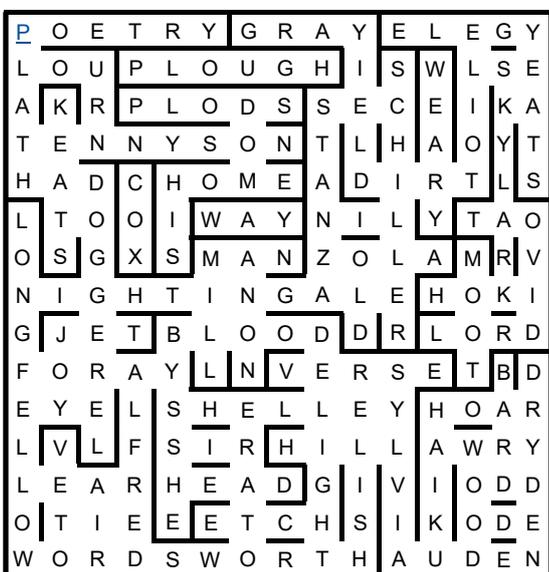
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Dear Friends

Letter from Oz

Germany

May is my favourite month of the year in the UK, so I hope you are all enjoying fine weather and new freedoms. Here in Melbourne the days are mostly fine, mild and sunny with glorious displays of Autumn foliage. Out in the bush it is different, with few deciduous indigenous trees the landscape is more of a uniform green laced with silver, but still beautiful.

It's almost 3 months since there has been any community transmission of covid in Victoria. Life is becoming increasingly frenetic as we return to more normal ways of living and are probably more relaxed than we should be.

So what preoccupies us these days?

The economy of course, which is recovering well we are told, but impacted by the deteriorating relations with China and trade embargoes. Unemployment is now comparatively low and economic recovery likely to be hampered by an acute shortage of skilled labour with international migration at a stand still. Islanders from Vanuatu have been brought in to pick the fruit and vegetables normally the domain of young backpackers from around the world.

On a personal level my grandsons occupy a lot of my time and after the inertia of our long lock down I'm trying to get a bit fitter. It is now possible to enjoy all that multiracial Melbourne has to offer. In the last couple of weeks at our lovely Art Deco cinema I have seen the NT London production of Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge" and the delightful Korean film "Minari", both tales of migration, was transported to

for the world premier of the play "Berlin", lunched with friends in a nearby suburb hosting many good Vietnamese restaurants and started Nordic pole walking. I've seen two excellent art exhibitions here in the city, but happily discovered, in a provincial city two hours north of here, the Mary Quant exhibition curated by the V&A and joyfully relived those heady days of the 1960s.

Perhaps the most memorable recent event for me was rooted here in Victoria. Friends took me to a concert by Archie Roach, a much admired Aboriginal

singer, song writer and campaigner for the rights of First Nation Australians. It turned out to be a mesmerising evening. Truly impressive was the eloquence and generosity of a man who as one of the Stolen Generation was removed from his family at the age of 2 and placed in an orphanage never to see



his parents again. By his late teens he was a homeless alcoholic. His songs record the incredibly painful events of his life. I wept as he sang his most famous song "They Took the Children Away" about his removal from his family and how he grew up "acting white and feeling black". In another song his wife remembered the desperation of her grandmother who tried unsuccessfully to hide the children under her long skirt. This has stayed in the memory and its easy to understand the anger of Aboriginal people who have one of the oldest cultures in the world dating back 60,000 years and systems which enabled them to live successfully and peacefully, in harmony with nature, in one of the most hostile environments anywhere, only to have it mostly destroyed by the colonisers.

Best wishes to all

Theresa

Note from Ed. This was written on May 13th before the new lockdown in Melbourne. Things are a little different now.



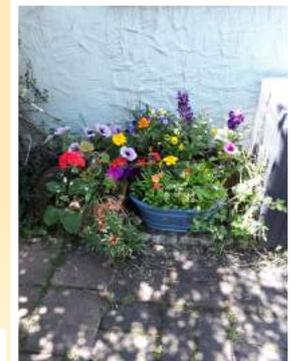


At the end of May, Hinxton entertained 320 visitors from far and wide to enjoy walking around some of our gardens and take tea and cup cakes at the village hall. Apart from the parking problem, the day was a happy one and we ere blessed with a beautiful day.

A very encouraging amount of money was raised for **The Friends of Hinxton Church** and the very worthy **National Garden Scheme** charity.

Massive thanks to all exhibitors, helpers and gardeners.

Hinxton at its very best



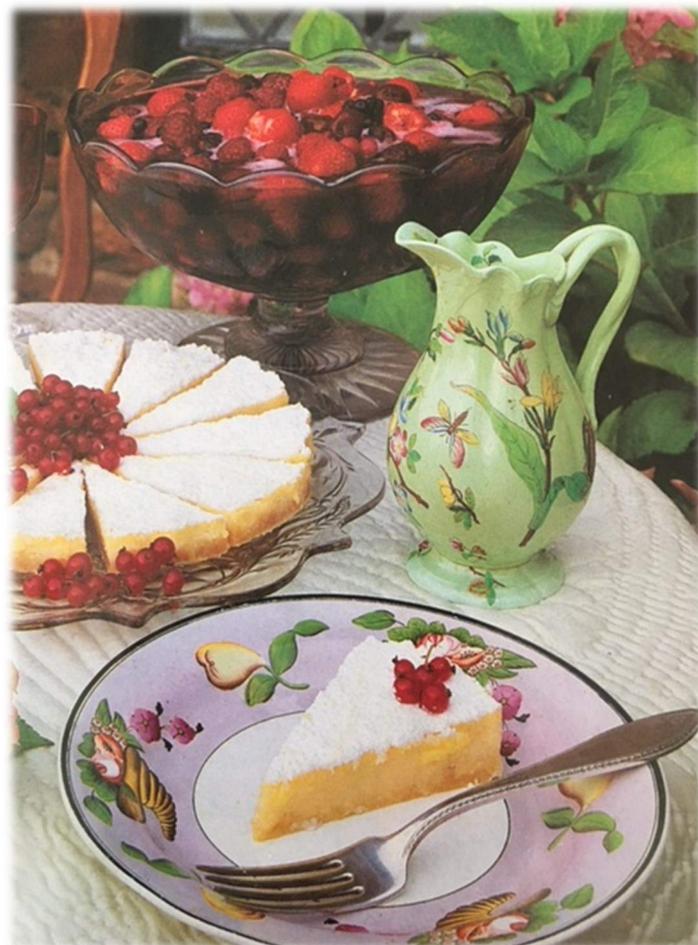
Linda's Recipe Page



As I'm writing this there's intermittent sunshine but a bitter wind. Hopefully by the time you're reading it, the skies will be blue and the weather balmy - because this is a great dessert to serve after an al fresco meal on a summer's day.

It conforms to my criteria, i.e. easy and delicious, and you need determination to refuse a second helping. Bear this in mind as it is rich and will feed up to ten people...but you might want to double the recipe and cook two if you have many very greedy people to feed! (It freezes well in the unusual event of leftovers.)

Serve with berries and cream or ice cream.



Lemon Fudge Tart

3oz plain flour

Icing sugar

5oz butter

Grated rind and juice of three lemons

5 large eggs

5oz caster sugar

1. Blend flour, 1 level tablespoon icing sugar and 2oz butter in a food processor until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. (If you don't have a food processor, rub the butter into the flour by hand, then add icing sugar). Put mixture into an 8 or 9 inch (22cm) ceramic flan dish and press into the base using your fingertips.

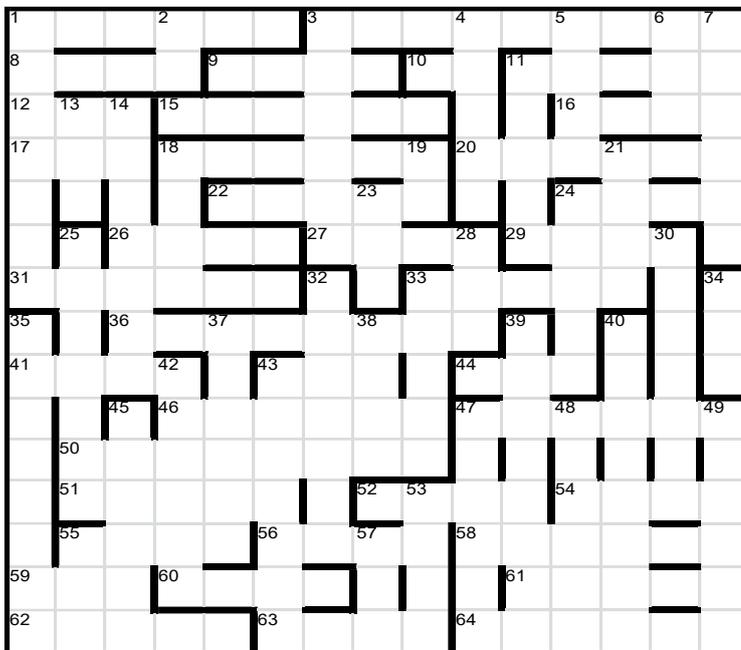
2. Bake at 170 degrees centigrade, fan 150, gas mark 3 for 35 - 40 minutes until golden.

3. Melt remaining butter. Place in a food processor with the grated rind and juice of the lemons (about 7 fl oz/ 200ml), the eggs and caster sugar. Blend until smooth. (Or, whisk eggs and sugar. Add juice and melted butter and whisk again, then add grated rind).

4. Pour over the warm shortbread base. (It needs to be warm. If it is cool, pastry crumbs will rise to the surface.)

5. Bake at 130 degrees centigrade (120 fan) gas mark a half, for one and a quarter to one and a half hours, or until just set. Cool and refrigerate.

6. To serve, remove from the fridge an hour beforehand and dust with icing sugar.



Hinxton Spring Crossword 2021

*on a theme of 1ac by Steve Trudgill
with Jenny Goodwin and Steve Theobald*

ACROSS

- 1 Season core of apple after last orders with a sign of engagement (6)
- 3 Eland found in nice muddle – yellow harbinger of 1ac (9)
- 8 Bird has new reversal around onset of rain (4)
- 9 1ac on a four year cycle? (4)
- 10 Direction of 1ac? (2)
- 11 Marked off for roadworks with a pine product? (5)
- 12 Austrian lush pasture heads the way to summit (3)
- 15 See 33d
- 16, 60ac Dr.'s op won arrangement of early 1ac flower (8)
- 17 Meadow in Leamington Spa (3)
- 18 Deranged cook going after copper gets bird marking time (6)
- 20 Lazy, ambling traveller starts going by way of Baltic country (6)
- 22, 11d Songbird heard in 1ac begins chirping heartily, indeed very loud, finding what is normally winnowed out (10)
- 24 One type of 1ac 43d, quietly playing without sheet music (4)
- 26 See 34d
- 27 Home where 18a is not welcome? (4)
- 29 Starter of fruit with sauce – drink with raw egg (4)
- 31 Type of warbler heard later in 1ac, a short testament to something not on high – a type of basket? (6)
- 33, 3d Relatives of tabby chasing after nut, finding lamb's tails in 1ac (5, 6)
- 36 Former partner shows anger about decay going back around outside (8)
- 41 Sunbeams show beginnings of really auspicious year starting (4)
- 43 Offer for first bargains in Debenhams (3)
- 44 Unlike earliest of balloons under duress bursting is good sign – of 1ac (3)
- 46 Sleuth finally starts old London murder examination with Sherlock initially (6)
- 47 Curtain upon stage at first covers part of play, then desert plant revealed (6)
- 50 Creature hibernating till 1ac has short sleeping space next to fenland river (8)
- 51 Notions derived from sea change after immense deluge starts (5)
- 52 Jog or walk briskly, backwards wrong (4)

- 54 Speck found in car test, English (4)
- 55 Old stables in Cornwall back after start-ups of many efforts (4)
- 56 One of the Christmas three? Seen as sensible and generally erudite leaders. Stuff that! (4)
- 58 Big cat found in Ganzhou garden after beginning to crawl (6)
- 59 Metric measurements start to regulate form of address (3)
- 60 See 16ac
- 61 After initial creation, mad king is lucid (5)
- 62 Primarily, empty nesters, not unusually, indicate boredom (5)
- 63 Ingredients of caramel toffee turn ice to water (4)
- 64 Tavern in the heavens is not well upholstered (6)

DOWN

- 1 What hippos do after start of sundown – gulp! One doesn't make a season after 1ac (7)
- 2, 30d, 19d, 1ac Turnip sprig fusion is cooked – as by 7d, 37d running after source of mineral water? (2, 7, 2, 6)
- 3 See 33ac
- 4 Type of 1ac, 43d - which as a fruit could be upset if in cart (5)
- 5 Party saint seen in old time 'do' (4)
- 6 New prefix confused one (3)
- 7, 37d Re-write the words Adam wrote 2d, 30d, 19d, 1ac (6, 6)
- 11 See 22ac
- 13 This cricketing position might be out on a limb (3)
- 14 Pal's rye cooked for garnish (7)
- 18 Oar doesn't begin to remove the surplus (4)
- 19 See 2d
- 21 Something to draw over vile mess (4)
- 23 Moroccan hat worn evidently in café zones (3)
- 24 Implore first Pope to show the way forward (5)
- 25 Cricketer Richards goes to superstore to find composer of 1ac – one of his four (7)
- 28 Sailor is one which will desert sinking ship backwards (3)
- 30 See 2d
- 32 Stiffly correct, upright linguist aunt starts to give proper Latin name to 35d (7)
- 33, 15ac In 1ac, bird arrives from south, with airmen crashing (5, 6)
- 34d, 26ac Flying owls pick mostly early 1ac flower... (7)
- 35 ...RIP - Morse code for even earlier 1ac flower (8)
- 37 See 7d
- 38 Roman day visible from ringside seat (4)
- 39 Cambridge punt propeller has introductions to oodists
Coleridge, Keats finding Somerset hills which 7d, 37d set out for 2d, 30d, 19d, 1ac (8)
- 40 Gin tenor mixed predominates in composition of air (8)
- 42 Astute small mammal not easily tamed before daybreak (6)
- 43 Crowd returns, gathering round deficit showing 4d and 24ac flowers in 1ac (7)
- 45 Restore or mend a form of Tate (6)
- 47 Leaders of Contiguous United States capture fabulous bird of legend coming out colourfully in 1ac (6)
- 48 Copper begins merging with uranium and lithium into heaped clouds (6)
- 49 Make a mistake in shrinking container for drink... (6)
- 53 ...finding remainder in dire straits (4)
- 55 Least amount – short time? (3)
- 57 Hair fixer made from orange lacquer (3)

Desert Island Jukebox

with Ivan Yardley

Both my first two songs remind me of the long school holidays when a teenager. The weather was always dry and hot and everything was so laid back and carefree. Rose tinted glasses perhaps?

1 "In the Summertime" by Mungo Jerry

2 "School's Out" by Alice Cooper

Songs 3 and 4 remind me of my parents. My mother had a crush on Frankie Vaughan and regularly dragged my father along to his concerts at **Caeser's Palace** and **The Talk of the Town** nightclubs. My father, as a young man, was a drummer in a jazz band and would plap along withj his Cosy Powell records.

3 "Give me the Moonlight" by Frankie Vaughan

4 "Dance with the Devil" by Cosy Powell

Music choices 5, 6 and 7 are songs I play when I need to chill out. It was difficult to choose a particular song from Penguin Cafe's back Catalogue as they are all so good, but, since I had to choose just one, **Air a Danser** edged it on the day. Sit back, take your shoes off, let the music reduce your stress levels and allow your mind float on a sea of dreams.

5 "Air a Danser" by the Penguin Cafe Orchestra

6 "Albatross" by Fleetwood Mac

7 "Chi Mai" by Ennio Morricone

I can't think of a better piece of music to play when driving a convertible in Beverley Hills in Los Angeles County early morning when it is still dark. Wearing a black suit, black sunglasses and looking as cool as hell

"The Peter Gunn Theme"

8 by the Qatar Philharmonic Orchestra





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