

Hinxton Life

The magazine for people who love Hinxton October 2021

Our brand new telephone box heralds the start of normality in 2021

Results of Short Story Competition

HISTORY PEOPLE GARDENING FOOD EVENTS VILLAGE LIFE

CHURCH NEWS



Derek was licensed as a Lay Minister for the villages of Hinxton, Ickleton and Duxford on Sunday 29th in Hinxton church by Bishop Dagmar the Bishop of Huntingdon. There were refreshments after the service.



Derek & Mary Munday

The Children's Society

Home collecting boxes were opened recently and the total raised for the Children's Society is

£270.29p.

Many thanks to the faithful contributors.

Hinxton Foodbank

Hinxton folk continue to give generously to the Foodbank which is located just inside the church.

In the photo you can see Hinxton's recent donations, being received by two of the volunteers from the John Huntingdon Centre. They are always grateful for your donations which go to families in need in the local area, and asked us to say a big 'thank you' to everyone who contributes.

The volunteers are particularly pleased to receive coffee, tinned meat, tinned fruit and vegetables (including potatoes), longlife milk and 'everyday' biscuits.

All good wishes,
Linda and Merv Russell



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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

It looks like we are steadily getting back to normality. The newly installed bright red **Telephone Box Library** near the war memorial, complete with a fresh set of books, symbolises the beginnings of a return to the famous Hinxton tranquillity we were once used to. During the course of the restrictions, we gained a fair number of new villagers. They are all warmly welcomed and we hope they will join in with the traditional social events that are gradually emerging from the gloom of lockdown. News of these events can always be seen on our sister Facebook page also called "**Hinxton Life**".

This Autumn issue features the results of the **Hinxton Short Story Competition**. The highlight of which are the entries submitted by **Poppy Nichols** and **Grace Ormerod**. It is wonderful to see such confidence demonstrated in their work. Hopefully, they will be inspired to continue writing. Our thanks go to the **Hinxton Book Club** and **Sara Gregson**, in particular for organising the judging.

Our amazing good friend, **Julie Baillie** retired from **Reader Ministry** on October 2nd. In recognition of her services over many, many years, the Ely Diocese has awarded her the title **Reader Emeritus**.

Thankfully, we can still look forward to Julie's involvement in the village for many years to come.

Mike

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In the Spotlight

Dick Brown talking to Kate Riley

It was great to talk face to face and fascinating to hear more about Dick's background - perhaps not the stereotype American!

Dick took British Citizenship in 2014 at City Hall in Cambridge.

I grew up in the US in Rochester, New York, eldest of four siblings. My father's career was in research & patents for Kodak. He was also a church organist in his spare time and my mother was a singer. My religious upbringing was in whatever church my father was playing in, which included Methodist and Northern Baptist (in the US very, very different from the Southern Baptist!)

My gene analysis indicates that I am 99% British! Our family tree goes back to 1600s when my mother's relative came to Massachusetts from Devon on the second voyage (the Mayflower was the first). I have seen the family pew and crest in the church in East Budleigh. My father's side came from Scotland to South Carolina in about 1740.

I attended state schools (called "public schools" in the US). I also attended the Eastman School of Music in Rochester to study the double bass, then went to university at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, intending to read ("major") in Maths, but soon changed to Chemistry.

I particularly chose Dartmouth to be close to the mountains in New Hampshire that I loved so much and because of the breadth of its courses. I had opportunity to study Philosophy, Social Psychology, Economics, Geography, Art and Literature. Graduation also had to include a year of Physical Education. My allowance of time for PE was easily filled with soccer, rock climbing and learning to ski – on land owned by the college. It was a wonderful period of my life and I finished second in class and gave the valedictory speech.

I applied for Rhodes Scholarship but didn't get it; I had been accepted by Balliol, Oxford, but instead chose to go West to Stanford in California, near San Francisco for my PhD, since I would receive full

financial support and I had never before been west of Kansas! Stanford was known for excellence in chemistry, but it was the first time I met with a cut-throat side of academia which I did not enjoy. It was the time of the Vietnam War when many were drafted and/or lost close friends. I am quite proud though, that my PhD was actually signed by Linus Pauling one of the few people who have received two Nobel Prizes, one for Chemistry and the Nobel Peace Prize. Happily I met my first wife during this time.

Despite being a class of 24 top rate students, only three found jobs that year. To allow my wife to finish her BA degree, I managed to find a job with Syntex, a pharmaceutical company located next to Stanford, but in the computer department, which combined my knowledge of chemistry and data number crunching. After two years of this I transferred into the pharmaceuticals (pharmacy) research group, where over twelve years I developed several innovative prescription drug products for asthma, hay fever (as the world's first nasal pump spray), and fungus and yeast infections.

One of my best career decisions was then to move to Genentech, where I was involved in developing the first biotech drug products. It was exciting work, both fun and intellectually challenging, with a group of amazing scientists.



I left Genentech four years later (the next best decision of my career), as it became too big and much less fun, to work in a series of small start-up drug companies in the San Francisco area. This resulted in long hours and a lot of travel; sadly the end of my first marriage was the outcome.

However, six months later I met Chloe when we both worked for Matrix Pharma, me in the home office in California, she in the UK office near Winchester. Over the following 12 years, we carried on a 5000 mile relationship (and changed jobs several times), but my jobs always involved a lot of European travel, so along with various holidays, we were fortunate enough to seldom have any longer than three weeks without seeing each other. In 2008, she finally agreed to marry me (one of my best accomplishments), and in early 2009 we tied the knot! I became a UK citizen in 2014 and now carry two passports.

I first came to Hinxton when Chloe rented number 43 in 1998. I haven't seen major changes to the village since that time. But I think there will be a lot in the next five years.

I know Dick & Chloe love the great outdoors, so I asked, what about your best holidays?

Yes, in 1974 I had a memorable trip to India & Nepal for 6 weeks with my first wife. In those days walking or riding a bike in Kathmandu was the best and easiest way to get around, unlike now with the current crowds, motor vehicle traffic, and air pollution.

Five years ago Chloe and I went to the Galapagos which was truly awesome. To see and observe wild-life so close and undisturbed is breath taking. The islands are tightly managed by Ecuador so the natural history is protected and maintained.

Another outstanding trip was rafting the Grand Canyon in the US for a week. The Grand Canyon has everything:- incredible scenery, geology, plants and wild-life as well as some scary rapids!

The other wonderful holiday was in Costa Rica where I would readily return.

Backpacking trips in California's Sierra Nevada and walking in the French Alps have also been high points (literally!)

Dick told me that when people in California ask what he likes about living in England. Pubs and public footpaths are high on the list!

My Favourite flower

Californian poppies of course!

Music

Bach's Brandenburgs, and Hovhaness' Mysterious Mountain.

Historical figure

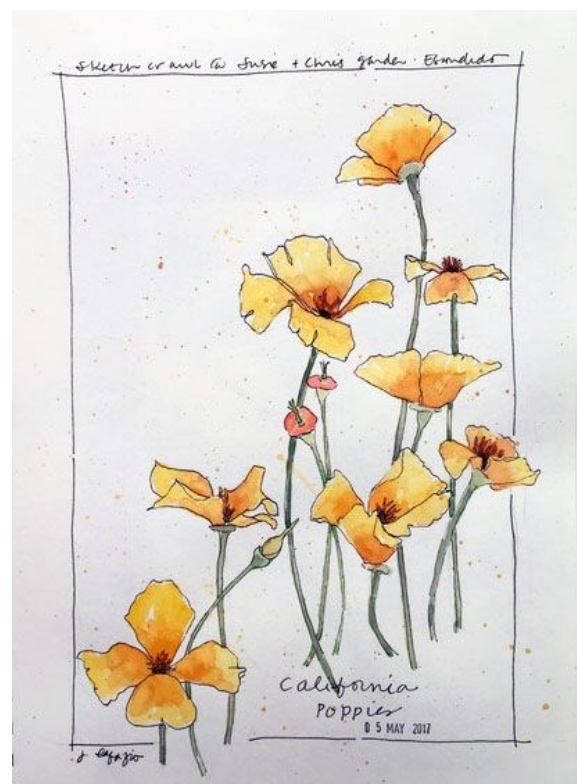
Ghandi and Abraham Lincoln – both peacemakers in very difficult circumstances.

Dinner guests

Without hesitation the Obamas.

I am very lucky to have lived such a full life. I have a daughter and five grandchildren in California. I have really enjoyed my career, loved music & made the most of the great outdoors. I can still beat the family down the ski slopes too!

From a career standpoint, I am perhaps most proud of my achievements in pharmaceutical research and development. Linked to that, I was able to give valuable on-the-job training and monitoring to a lot of young scientists. Last but not least, I once rode my bike in California on a series of five 200-mile day rides in a single season!



Julie Baillie's 80th Birthday Party

July 3rd 2021



To—Linda and Merv (hosts par excellence) the party guests and everyone who celebrated my 80th birthday with such joy, a huge **"Thank you"**!

The beautiful birthday cards will be treasured forever.

The generous donations to the Friends of Hinxton Church amounted to £365.

With my love and deep appreciation,
Julie.

GARDEN EVENING 2021

at The Oak House



We calculated that this was the twentieth Garden Evening in aid of **The Friends of Hinxton Church!** The original date for the Garden Evening was Friday 16th July – which of course was a balmy, sunny day! But the date had to be moved because the easing of restrictions did not occur until 19th July. So on the renewed date we had to contend with heavy showers, winds and cloudy skies. At several points in the day we were tempted to call the whole thing off!



However, despite the calamity of our borrowed heavy-duty awning (which would have accommodated at least 50 people under cover) collapsing in a heap at 4.30 pm as a result of a heavy gust of wind, we kept going and the rain ceased just in time before 6.30 pm. Unfortunately it remained a cool evening but the guests came and enjoyed themselves, with the typical British grit in evidence! There were 87 attendees in Jane and David Chater's beautiful garden and we were so pleased to have a good clutch of newcomers. We are hugely indebted to our wonderful hosts who worked tirelessly for the occasion, before, during and after the event. Thank you also to **Derek Munday** who shifted countless tables and chairs from Hinxton gardens in his trailer, to **Merv Russell, Margaret Malcolm and Kate Riley** who helped to assemble it all and then take it all down the next day! A big thank-you to **Lee Scott** who took away the heavy awning just in the nick of time – we would have been really stuck without his help! The contributions of food were fabulous and so generous – thank you to all who brought such wonderful goodies.

A decision was made to donate the raffle proceeds to **Great Ormond Street Hospital**. This decision was made to "fill the gap" left by the abandonment of the Coconut Shy (due to the poor weather), the takings from which were intended to be for GOSH. This charity was chosen because it has and is providing some special care to a village connection.



Thanks to Kate's persuasive tactics as ticket-seller, we were able to send **£500** to GOSH – a fantastic result.

The wonderful sum of well over **£1300** was raised for The Friends which is a very impressive total bearing in mind the weather conditions, and we extend a huge thank-you to all who came and supported the event and also to those who gave donations.

Andrew and Virginia (Walker)



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MY CHILDHOOD TOWN

with Paul Breen

You could say that I had a divided childhood.

I was born on 28th May 1948 in the **Heywood War Memorial Hospital** some 6 weeks before the start of the National Health Service. My mother was in the hospital for 2 weeks at a grand cost of 16 guineas (£16.80 in today's money) I was the youngest child with an older brother and sister.

We lived in an area of **Newcastle under Lyme** called the Westlands, which was a very attractive district with a park, tennis courts and an 18-hole golf course about half a mile from the centre of Newcastle. The house in which we lived had been a wedding present from my mother's father and cost some £800 in 1940.



Newcastle under Lyme is located in the extreme northwest of Staffordshire adjacent to the 5 (now 6) towns of Stoke on Trent and is reputed to have come into existence in 1173 when a Royal Charter was granted and

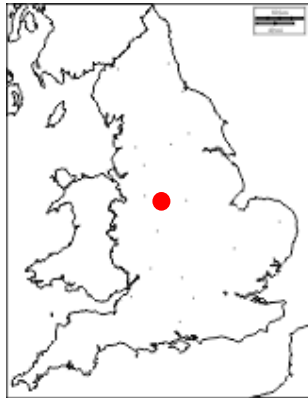
owes its name to the building of a new castle there in the twelfth century when the area boasted huge swathes of lime (*lyme*) forests.

Historically, Newcastle's industries were mainly involved with coal and ironstone mining and brick manufacturing although felt making and millinery trades existed for many centuries right up to the middle of the eighteen hundreds. Surprisingly, the proximity of the Potteries played a very minor part in Newcastle's history although at one time it was the fourth largest producer of clay pipes.

At the beginning of the eighteenth-century Newcastle's importance peaked and it was known as the "Capital of North Staffordshire" due to its location on crucial road junctions. Stagecoaches had to pass through the town and were serviced by a number of major coaching inns and it was here that the mail coaches disgorged their letters. As a result of its importance it became a place where doctors, lawyers and bankers set up their practices. My schooling began about a quarter of a mile from our house in Newcastle at the Priory Road infants' school where I spent two years. Including getting into trouble for being the leader of the "bareback gang" as we took off our shirts at playtime and apparently terrorised other children. At the age of seven, I transferred for one year to the Friarswood school which was only 100 yards from Priory Road and it was from here that I passed an entrance examination to be admitted to the Preparatory School at St. Josephs College in Trent Vale Stoke on Trent at the age of 8. My brother who was 8 years older was also at this school although he died sadly when I was 14.



St. Josephs was a direct-grant Catholic Grammar School conducted by The Christian Brothers and despite not being a Catholic I remained there to the age of 16. My religious history is somewhat eclectic because I was baptised in the Church of England and attended a Methodist Chapel. It's no wonder I remain confused!



I enjoyed a haphazard academic career at school which came to something of a pinnacle when, a week before I was due to sit ten "O" levels I was involved in a high-speed collision on my bicycle when I confronted a car coming towards me at an estimated joining speed of 75 mph. I came off worst and broke both wrists, damaged ligaments in one leg and had a serious head injury (that explains a lot you may say). After a few days in hospital I was allowed to sit six of the planned "O" levels because it was thought that these could be done by dictation. I enjoyed the comfort of an armchair in the Headmasters sitting room,

was served coffee by his secretary and actually succeeded in passing English Literature! I was subsequently prosecuted for "riding a bicycle in a manner liable to endanger the general public" and apparently this was the first time this offence had been prosecuted. My father and I missed the planned family holiday to attend court where I was found guilty and had to pay a fine.

My non-academic achievements included playing both rugby and cricket for the school as well as performing on the cello in the school orchestra. However the crowning glory was probably when I performed as a lovesick maiden in the school production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*.



At this point the school and my father thought it best I went elsewhere to do some resits and I enrolled at the College of Commerce on a 2-year course which involved accountancy and business subjects because at that stage I thought I wanted to be an accountant. I quickly became disinterested in everything to do with education although I did scrape through with a further five "O" levels but I had discovered the attraction of the opposite sex whilst working as a washer-up at The Keele Motorway services on the M6. I became involved with a young lady and in no time we were engaged. Difficult to reason why but, hey, that's the privilege of youth. We lasted about three years before an amicable split.

My experiences at Keele led me to think I wanted to be a chef so I approached the local catering college who told me I was far too qualified to be a chef and that they would like to enrol me on a three year management course which included cooking as an integral part. I had a chequered time at catering college and at one stage I was "asked" to leave for leading a group of students astray on a visit to London. My father smoothed the waters and I finished the course successfully.

On leaving college I came to the Garden House Hotel in Cambridge on an 18-month management training course and remained there until I retired in 1997. I met Rosemary in 1972 and we married in 1974 then moved to the wonderful village of Hinxton in 2005 and have enjoyed life here ever since.

"Hinxton...Heaven on Earth"

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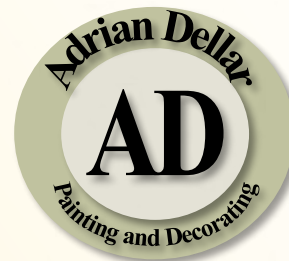
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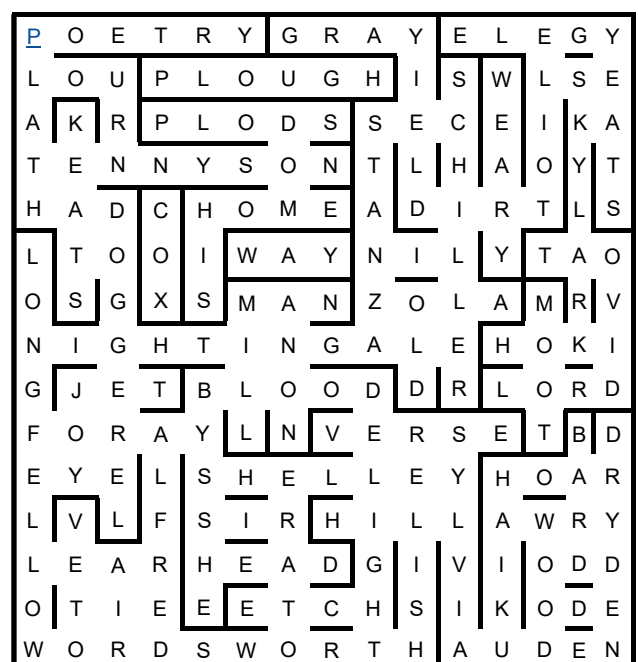
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Linda's Recipe Page



Jill Garnier's Carrot Cake

“Julie Baillie had her eightieth birthday party a few weeks ago.

There were some delicious cakes and sarnies provided by Hinxton folk, and (purely in the interests of research) I managed to sample a wide range of the excellent goodies on offer.

Jill Garnier's carrot cake was sublime. Light, moist, and super tasty, it was the best I'd ever eaten. Jill has made this cake many times, having found the recipe in an old Dairy Cookbook, and says it always comes out well. Here it is for you to bake and enjoy.”

Linda



Makes 1 (23-cm/ 9-inch) round cake

50 g/2 oz walnuts, coarsely chopped

2 ripe bananas, peeled and mashed

175g/6oz light Muscovado sugar

275g/10oz plain flour

1 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda

2 teaspoons baking powder

175ml/6 fl oz corn oil

175 g/6 oz grated carrot

walnut halves to decorate (optional)

ICING

75 g/3 oz butter, softened

75g/3oz cream cheese

175 g/6 oz icing sugar, sifted

1 teaspoon vanilla essence

- Set the oven at moderate (180c, 350f, gas 4).
- Place the walnuts in a bowl and mix with the banana.
- Add the sugar and eggs and mix well. Sift the flour with the salt, bicarbonate of soda and baking powder. Add to the nut mixture with the oil and beat well. Fold in the carrot.
- Spoon into a greased and lined 23-cm/9-inch round, deep cake tin.
- Bake in the heated oven for about 1 hour 5 minutes until cooked and golden brown or until a skewer inserted into the centre of the cake comes out clean.
- Turn out onto a wire rack to cool.
- Meanwhile, prepare the icing. Beat the butter with the cream cheese until soft and creamy. Beat in the icing sugar and vanilla essence until smooth.
Spread over the cake and mark with a fork to give a rough textured finish. Decorate with walnut halves, if liked



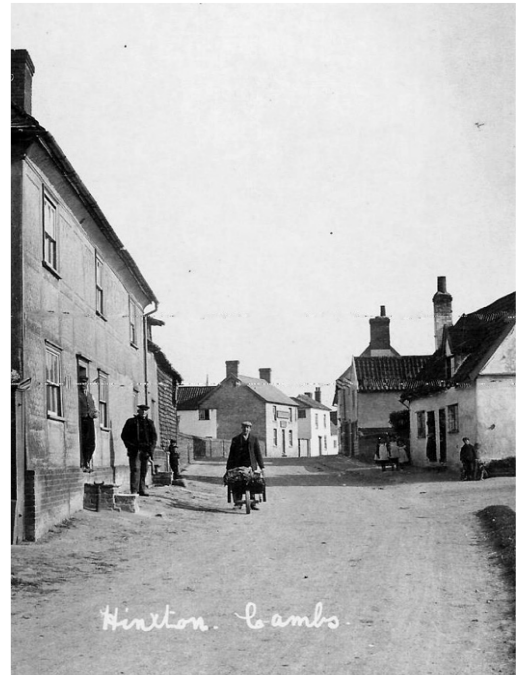
Bobbie standing on her doorstep in 1997
(photo taken from Country Life Magazine)

No. 82 High Street (previously No. 21)

No. 82 is home to Bobbie Wells and Tom Kennedy. Bobbie has lived there since 1992. This pretty cottage has a large inglenook fireplace, with a bread oven. An inscription in the bricks reads "T.R. 1785", presumably the builder?

In the 1920s No. 82 was a tiny cottage with a piggery attached. The pigs were bred and cared for by Samuel Ernest Pettett who lived there with his wife Ellen May and their two daughters, Gladys and Joan. I believe the girls were both born at the cottage, Gladys in 1924 and Joan in 1934.

Sam worked as a horse-keeper for Mr. Lawrence Howe at Hall Farm. There was a cattle yard at the back of the cottage with barns (now Pettetts Barn, renovated by Stephen Mattick).



1914- The man with the barrow is Edward Moore (Cyril's father) coming back from the allotments in Hunts Lane. The little boys standing on the steps of No 82 are believed to be Henry and Tom Ellis



Joan at school in 1946



Joan in 2016

Gladys married, but Joan stayed with her parents until they passed away, Sam in 1975 and Ellen in 1984, living there until she moved to the bungalow at No. 2 Duxford Road.

Around 1991/2, both properties were purchased and renovated by Anthony Redfern who increased the size of No. 82, demolishing the piggery and extending the cottage.

No. 84 High Street (previously No. 20)

Sarah Steele-Corfield, Christopher Corfield and Scaramanga the "springador" are the new owners of 84 High Street; they moved from Cheadle, just outside Stockport, in March 2021. Sarah is originally from Northern Ireland and Christopher is from Shrewsbury. Sarah currently works for Manchester Metropolitan University, as a PA but, due to the need to be on campus, is now looking for work more locally. Christopher is a permanent home worker for the Equality and Human Rights Commission. They are looking forward to engaging more in village life having been made to feel so welcomed by everyone.

Sarah and Christopher bought the house from Pete and Cecile Morris-Villemant who had lived there with their two young daughters.

On their retirement from the Red Lion in 2002, Jim and Linda Crawford moved to No. 84.





Leonard Lindsell (leading the horse on the right)
working in River field 1920-1930

Prior to Jim & Linda, the cottage was home to Rob & Claire Phoenix and their children Rupert & Holly.

Mr. Harry Lilley lived there in the 1960's. After his retirement, he was a water bailiff for Cambridge Trout Club.

I believe that Leonard & Blanche Linsdell (also spelt Lindsell) lived at No. 84 at the end of the 1920s/early 1930s. They had three daughters, Violet, Winnie and Audrey who all attended the village school. Leonard & Blanche were the same age and, sadly, both died in 1954 aged 62, Blanche in February and Leonard in June.



Violet



Winifred



Audrey-1927



Leonard Lindsell
1942

In the 1920s, No. 84 was home to Roy Ellis's grandparents, Henry William (Harry) and May Ellis (Roy remembers that May sadly died on Christmas Eve when he was 21/22). They had six children, Henry, Amy (Roy's mother), Lilian (mother of Peter & Will Angell), Tom, Edith and Violet.



Henry William Ellis c. 1900-1910

Harry was a prize-winning shepherd who worked for Col. Charles Adeane on the Babraham Estate.

(Col. Sir Robert Adeane (son of Charles) purchased Hinxton Hall in 1953 and sold it to Tube Investments later the same year).



1906 Mrs Andrews and family

No. 84 was the larger of the 2 cottages and in the early 1900's was occupied by Mr E. Andrews and his family. Like a lot of properties in the village, both cottages had a well, with the one at No. 84 being indoors in the cellar. Both dwellings formed part of the Hinxton Estate and were for those who worked on Hall Farm.



Hinxton Short Story Competition – 2021

JUNIOR SECTION

Story had to include the words
Pebble and Key

Joint winners:

Poppy Nichols (aged 7) and
Grace Ormerod (aged 11)

SENIOR SECTION

Story had to include the words
Stone and Evolution

Winner: Mike Boagey

Runner Up: Bobbie Wells

This was the second year of Hinxton's Short Story competition and the number and quality of the entries had increased from last year.

*Each one was read anonymously and ranked by
eight members of Hinxton Book Club.*

All entrants were praised for their creativity and imaginative style of writing.

My Story

by Poppy Nichols (aged 7)

It was a cold, snowy day on Homebrook Farm. The twins, Kate and Jack, were feeding the glossy black horse which had a white mane and tail. Their golden-brown cow lived in the same field as the horse and was milked twice a day. After they had fed the animals, they went to get the key. They unlocked the door and went inside the farmhouse to wash their hands. Cautiously Kate and Jack walked down the snowy, icy pebble path. After they had slipped over twice, at last they arrived at the village for the Christmas lights switch on. The magical, twinkling lights were everywhere they looked.

They turned a corner and saw Rudolph drinking from the fountain! Santa was nearby and asked Kate and Jack if they would like to see his workshop. They said yes and hopped onto his sleigh ...



The judges said:

The judges loved Poppy's Christmas story. They liked the description of all the wonderful animals and it was a lovely surprise to read that Kate and Jack were about to meet Santa at the end. Well done!

The Creature of Chernobyl

by Grace Ormerod (aged 11)

There was suddenly an explosion, and a fire too, that released large quantities of radioactive contamination into the atmosphere, leaving me at school trapped there because we could not leave until help finally came. Is my family still alive? I questioned myself while anxiety consumed me. Since I was a very anxious person no one ever wanted to talk to me. Finally after three whole days, the rescue bus finally came to evacuate us. You could not believe how relieved I was and that help finally came. When I was on the bus I saw my parents and I was so grateful to see them alive. It was as though they were the key to unlocking my heart. A trickle of tears skated down my face. We sat on the bus looking longingly outside at all the destruction and damage that could so quickly make an entire city homeless and poor. After a really long journey my mum finally got to the destination she wanted (New York).

As time passed in New York, my number of friends increased as did my interest in biology. After 16 years of living in New York, I had finally become a scientist, but I still missed Chernobyl and the silence. I decided that I would go back and run some experiments on radiation. Once I had finished packing I set off on the long journey back home. When I arrived I was completely astonished by what I saw, how wildlife and the trees had completely consumed my city. All the buildings sent a chill down my spine as they were looming over me. I finally found a safe space to settle and I fell asleep. When I woke up I began to remember that when I was little and waiting endlessly for the rescue bus, I saw this odd creature's shadow in the distance. I knew it was not my mind playing tricks because the shadow disappeared, but a pebble scattered across the floor. Therefore I knew it was a physical creature and I needed to know what it was! So, I decided to go to the same place, but

sadly I did not see it.

Later that night I went back to see if I could see the creature again. Luckily I did, but as I was about to approach it, suddenly there was fog that swallowed everything in its sight. The creature began to loom around me as the fog taunted me. I could sense the creature's cold stare on the back of my head. Then it began to call my name, "Lilly" it said in a taunting tone. It repeated itself until it began to say "It's me, Frank". Suddenly I remembered one person who had that name and it was my older brother, but I thought he'd died. After the explosion he'd gone back to work as a liquidator (someone who cleaned up all the radioactive mess) and then never came back home...



The judges said:

The judges were very impressed with Grace's ghostly story. It was an adventure story based around a worrying and dark event in history. They were impressed that the protagonist became a scientist because of her frightening experiences, so some good came out of it.

The Constant Shopper

By Mike Boagey

George Norris was determined to change his boring weekly shopping routine for ever.

Doris had passed away a year ago, and without realising it, he had continued to religiously observe their Waitrose habit. They would always park in the same place, then without discussion, he would go directly to the giant snake of trolleys that crawled alongside the shop and choose a large one whilst she sorted out the scanner thingy (a process that had always defeated him). Miraculously they would arrive at the threshold of the shop at precisely the same moment. This was a sequence he mentally compared to the Red Arrows formation team, and he derived considerable pleasure from making the smallest of adjustments to ensure success.

They would go clockwise passing through the vegetable section occasionally stopping to search for the ripest of avocados or glance at the fresh fish for bargains. His only responsibility, aside from pushing the trolley, was to acquire their complimentary copy of the Saturday Telegraph. The highlight of their morning was the stop at the cafeteria for a welcome cup of coffee and the first look at the Prize Crossword. These were rare moments of mutual interest.

Today, to establish his new life, he would make his start at the Café, picking up his newspaper on the way. Having parked his empty trolley in the designated area and collected his latte and a whole almond slice, he sat down to look at the cryptic crossword. A quick scan usually revealed a clue he could satisfy instantly. *"Notes harden when altered. (5)"*, That must be STONE, he thought and jotted it down in pencil. This gave him a E to start *"Shift out on live changes (9)"*. Another anagram needing a bit of time to work out.

He casually watched the other shoppers parking their trolleys then queue to order their drinks. Doris always made him do the queuing as he was not trusted to find a good position in the packed seating area.

He reflected on the recent massive changes in his life. Doris and he tied the knot quite late in life. They first met whilst both working in Debenhams. He managed *"Beds & Mattresses"* whilst she ran the adjacent *"Sheets & Linens"*. Neither had found a partner although he had suffered a near miss with an attractive girl in *"Ladies Underwear"* twenty years earlier. This ended badly in an emotional broken engagement. Later she was moved to *"Accounts Payable"* and he never saw her again.

Doris always complained that they should never have got married. She even wanted him to change his name as she hated being called Doris Norris. Her cruel death came when she used the spare room one night as he was adjudged to be snoring too loudly. He had procured, with his staff discount, a rather smart guest bed that ingeniously folded up into a wardrobe. Somehow, the bed retracted of its own accord whilst Doris was fast asleep and he found her the next morning, head

down and asphyxiated by the floral polyester duvet they had bought in the January sale. He took an early retirement with the insurance money.

As if by magic, the anagram solution suddenly came into his head. EVOLUTION. Rather apt he thought.

It was quite interesting looking at the other shoppers, wondering if they bought the same provisions as he did. He left his seat and slowly walked up to his empty cart dreading the walk around the shop. Unexpectedly he had a wicked thought. He could just choose one of the other trolleys and go straight to the checkout. It hadn't been paid for yet and if they had left anything personal, he would hand it in saying he had found it. One of the full carts had some delicious looking meat near the top so without any hesitation he grabbed the handle and went to the nearest till, leaving his empty trolley behind.

The assistant passed everything through whilst he packed the bags and joyously inspected his new choices. As he was leaving, he could hear raised voices in the café area. Someone was not happy.

That night he feasted on steak with mushrooms and oven chips washed down with a cheeky little prosecco. A rare treat! Evolution indeed! This was the perfect start of his new life.

George was already looking forward to next week.



The judges said:

This was a very good story that was well observed and made us smile.

There was a clever twist and great insights into the character of a bored elderly man. We particularly liked the easy, flowing style.

The Solitary Oak

by Bobbie Wells

You may know me if you walk these fields; I have been here for many years. People often stop to chat or think aloud or simply sit with me. I am very discreet and I never tell the secrets I hear. The fields around me have many well-trodden paths and I like to think I am a graceful, if not stately, presence on this flat East Anglian skyline. Some of my relatives have more substantial claims to fame; one hid a king among its branches and many have made their contribution to the building of British warships. My branches are modest but their shelter is comforting for those who seek rest.

If you stand beneath my shade you will catch glimpses of the village church in the distance with its gentle spire and beyond it the roof of the parsonage. The village and its people are dear to me. They come to me in good times and bad. A jovial parson and his friend, the squire, often leaned against my trunk together and rested their fat legs on the grassy tufts at its base, talking of their flocks both human and four-legged. The squire's sheep might be as unruly as the parson's flock but the village has endured and there are few changes to its pleasant landscape. Changes? Or evolution? The iron rails of the puffing train may perhaps be an evolving change but the village has accommodated this innovation and I like to see the people hurtling by in its carriages. Do they notice me, I wonder?

Call me Quercus if you like but never call me the Lonely Oak for though I am alone and solitary I am never lonely. I wait patiently for the good folk to come tramping past me, as they do. The bad times? Well, I remember a time when the skies were full of the noisy roar of wings and engines bursting forth from the fields beyond the next village. Warplanes, the villagers said as they came along the paths and sat with me for comfort and shook their heads and sighed and longed for peaceful times again. The squire lent his fields for food and his grand home for the care of sick and wounded warriors. The parson prayed earnestly. The villagers waited for better times.

Among the villagers there was a young woman who often came from her home to my corner of the fields and I remember her proudly wearing her land girl uniform, drinking tea in a tin cup with her friends under my branches. They used to wave to the passing aircraft overhead, of which there were many, and then turn back to their daily toil on the land. They were hard times, I think, but there was cheerfulness and a determination to overcome dark days. The young woman's vivaciousness had a special charm for me and I would bend my branches to hear her laughter and chatter. In time she came walking hand in hand with a young man in the uniform of those who had come from distant lands to save the world from the stalking shadow of tyranny. The two of them talked little of it as they lay in my dappled shade and after a time the

young man came no more, lost, I think, in those very skies in which he fought to defend freedom. She grew sad but came often to the fields and meadows for the consolation of happier recall. And then came the baby, a fat little chap with lively dark eyes and black curls, who gurgled and chuckled and pointed his little fingers at my waving branches and gnarling trunk. I bent my limbs once again to hear his baby voice and rejoiced in the courage of his mother. Better times crept back slowly.

And then came the Great Trouble and the villagers feared the air they breathed and the breath of their neighbours next to them. The village grew silent and sad, still as a stone, the people shut away in their homes, fearful and watchful as the Great Trouble and its terrors began to seep into their lives.

I waited as spring began turning quietly towards early summer and I watched the skylarks feasting and wheeling their way through the silent fields and the occasional little wren, mouselike and unassuming as it skittered through the bushes. Overflying the river I saw the white flash of the egret emboldened by the dearth of people. The meadows and river banks flourished and grew abundant in untrodden flowers and surging green undergrowth, red campion, yellow ranunculus, cow parsley, lady's smock and ragged robin. But where were the people?

Slowly the ancient pathways became well-trodden again as the villagers began to return, creeping out of their houses to take the bountiful sweet air above the fields around me. They came with their children and their dogs, with their rucksacks and their picnics, their maps and their field glasses. The fields were alive again, full of good folk who glimpsed hope and renewal and the abiding brave persistence of the old ways. So I listened to them when they came and sat beneath my branches, as the squire and the parson and the young woman with her baby had done in years past.

The good times come again as the seasons turn to new life. The river continues to flow quietly, the skylarks and the pugnacious little wren come and go, the meadows flaunt their greenery. The village prospers and I listen. Come and visit, sit among my roots and tell me your dreams. I won't disclose them; I never do.

I am the Solitary Oak.

The judges said:

This had some lovely descriptive writing and made us think of the fabulous oaks in the grounds of Hinxton Hall. A delightful eulogy for village life and characterful trees. Well written.

Only a Stone

by Kate Riley

It was almost round with a hole in it, worn and cool.

I wasn't even looking really, but I saw it at once. I slipped the stone in my pocket and walked on, holding it still between my fingers.

Don't stop now; I'll look later.

As the clouds built up it looked as though a storm would soon follow, so I changed direction to reach home sooner. I was late already.

These ancient cliffs that overhang our beach always reveal surprises. Once as I passed by, a little girl held up the shell she had found and showed me with that delight in her eyes I remember so well. The thrill of discovery. My cousins used to come every summer and went home with boxes of treasured finds; coloured pebbles, odd shapes, seaweed and feathers. They'd have enough to "show and tell" all term.

But this is 'our beach', and I have learnt to discern the secrets better now. We have been to The Natural History Museum with our collections and questions ; I met and talked to a Palaeontologist.. He even asked to keep some of my samples and invited me to send more. He told me about Evolution and explained that some cliffs will expose hidden remains when they move and slip away down to the sea. You can even find tiny fossilised leaves, as well as those huge big dinosaur bones. He said Specimens are usually considered to be fossils if

they are over 10,000 years old.

Just before going to bed, I remembered the stone, still in my pocket, and turned to find it again, spilling sand on the floor as I pulled it out of my pocket to look closer. It wasn't a hole after all, but a dent in the middle. The round weight remained cool, solid and dark in my hand. The fit was perfect, curled into my palm. Then I saw the dark marks, like ridges, small in the middle and getting thicker near the outside edge as it curved round and round like a snake lying on its sides.

An Ammonite. Could it really be? A whole Ammonite!

I've seen a Nautilus that my Uncle found, curling round like this, but that's a shell not like my stone.

I've seen pictures in my fossil identification chart. But I've never found a whole one by myself. This might be millions & millions of years old and here it is in my hand. Sleep did not come easily as the questions came rushing into my head and I began to plan our next trip to the museum

The judges said:

A good sense of beach and place. Giving insight into real-life evolution and the miracle that is associated with it. I always put stones in my pocket to hold, so this story rang very true'.

A VERY SHORT STORY INVOLVING STONE EVOLUTION

by Dick Jones

"I've stolen on out, to even out lions and to outline ovens," he said, cryptically. " I will also have to even out lotions and unveil notes, too."

Can't figure this out? Need to try the Italian approach, called the "Solution Veneto". The toss the violent ones out. Also the evil Teuton, and soon.

No lout I've arranged gas notes like this.

In summary, I stole the union vote in this (very) short, Anna grammatically profuse story. (How many can you count? Bo Derek, of course, has the answer.)

The judges said:

Ten very clever and funny little phrases derived from Stone Evolution. Very clever indeed!

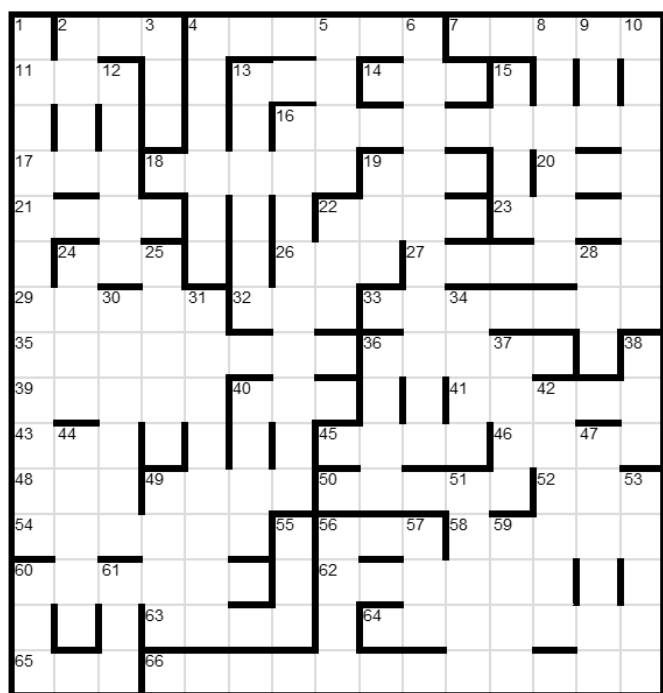


Poppy and Grace won £25 each
and Mike won £50.

With many thanks to Alex at The
Red Lion for supporting the competition.
We are looking forward to even more
entries next year!

Sara Gregson

Hinxton Book Club



Hinxton Summer Crossword 2021

*On a theme of 4ac by Steve Trudgill
with Jenny Goodwin & Steve Theobald*

ACROSS

- 1,2ac,4ac,42d,7ac** Bottom is seen in play involving mad nude mirth - a grim mess to sort out (1, 9,5'1,5)
2 See 1ac
4 Season starters of sautéed umami moules presented beside French sea (6)
7 See 1ac
11 Take away the strength of tree's fluid (3)
13 Perceive bishop's diocese (3)
14 South American dance cut short – result of time in the 56ac? (3)
16 Raw elm now chopped up by this cutter (9)
17 Korean boy band held in awe, I see (3)
18 In pastrami, langoustine holds evidence of Italian city (5)
19 Slice using copper and early tin (3)
20 Managed to fuse radium with nitrogen (3)
21 Wood shaper emerges from confused daze (4)
22 Begin to read one French early form of letter (4)
23 Surreal Salvador laid around (4)
24 Ruby, for example, is sent back for Margaret shortly (3)
26 Tear epitaph (3)
27 Putsch on voucher (6)
29 At start of barbecue, bake cooked meal on a skewer... (5)
32 ...tease what can be barbecued if spare (3)
33 Note alcoholic drink in jug – while assessing best in show at 64ac? (7)
35 Aped leggy bird – an extinct one, note (8)
36 Pellets for shotguns – and the targets of gardeners with pellets (5)
39 Put off – note tree chopped up (5)
40 Take to the air – as a Dipteran? (3)
41 Body wear apparent in tutu – nice (5)
43 Stumped, bowled or caught in openings of Oxford University tournaments (3)
45 Heads of pansy, oleander, salvia and yarrow in a lovely little bunch (4)
46 Lithium and iron are necessary for vitality (4)
48 American English in employment (3)
49 Pitney, Roddenberry or Wilder found in a cell (4)
50 Rise of southern source (5)
52 Former local government administrative body for capital (1,1,1)

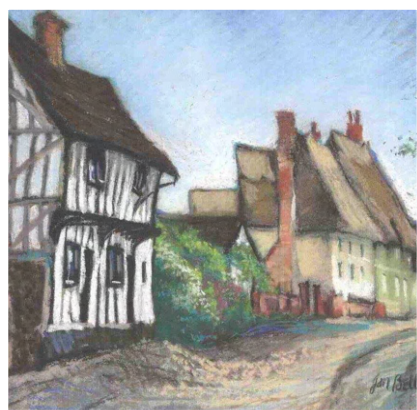
- 54** Testament held initially by staple food to yield a biblical number of denials (6)
56 47d A 4ac bloomer which mimics the rays? (9)
58 Detest the insides of Arab horse (5)
60 To exhibit reverse flow, illumination unit needs arbiter first (6)
62 With heads of albatross, vulture, osprey and chaffinch and tails of eagle and linnet, RSPB emblem is quite a bird! (6)
63 ...and with tail and head of egret and head of raven and nightingale, this bird might be a sandwich (4)
64,47d,36d Fresh wholesale cow chopped up where exhibitors hope for gold (7, 6,4)
65 See 28d
66 Thor sent drum rolling it seems (12)

DOWN

- 1,28d,2ac,4ac,10d** Meme: roaming on wide sunlit road, musk strangely affected the record of 16d heading for a Spanish destination (2,1,6,3,3,3,6,7)
2 Corn has iodine removed to reveal pathway puzzle (4)
3 First double up one to get this pair (3)
4 Angry disagreement from the beginnings of stormy Tudor reign: wife loses head (6)
5 Penny pinching and average (4)
6 Copper orbited by wobbly lunar sun for yellow flower genus of 30d,19d (10)
8 English prawn cooked – enclose in paper? (6)
9 Beer from local establishment (3)
10 See 1d
12 To lever up, by the sound of it – at 64ac,47d,36d it could be as a 15d, 13d 49d or 13d medal (5)
13 Ag symbolically is servile in some form but not initially employable (6)
15 Au symbolically is found in mining old source (4)
16 Author comes to rue ale lie – in such a muddle (6,3)
19 Could be 12d for winning team – or receptacle for first three of team (3)
22 Starting revising International Baccalaureate in part of cage (3)
24 Internet story copied and spread shows dual egotism? (4)
25 Early physician finds strong wind to the north (5)
28, 40d, 65ac An English 4ac if followed by a 66 ac? Or, as **30d,61d** sings in hope, “anyone I fed” is confused (3,4,3)
30,19d Flower as receptacle for dairy product? (9)
31 Bear cube crumbled and used in cooking outdoors (8)
34 Charge on goods at customs – in line with TV drama? (4)
36 See 64ac
37 To deceive a person or a sea bird (4)
38,53d Mice cooked with care, served as cooling treat (8)
40 see 28d
42 See 1ac
44 Woman in old Sumerian city takes you to your seat (5)
47 See 64ac/56ac
49 With 13d what sounds like culpability is a 12d (4)
51 Adds to drinks or shoes ties (5)
53 See 38d
55 Endless strong breeze to gain 12d (3)
56 Seaside grains make half a snack (4)
57 Japanese play is nothing without bell sound (3)
59 How to keep starry hunter's trousers up? (4)
60 Fishing aid in sweeter odour...(3)
61 ...and trout bait in stiffly winged insect (3)

THE SOLUTION TO LAST
CROSSWORD
IS ON PAGE 10

A Walk around HINXTON



An illustrated guide to
walking around Hinxton
and the surrounding
countryside.



NEW!



The Hinxton Walk booklet is an illustrated guided walk from the High Street, through the Wetlands to Ickleton then over the fields and back into the village down Duxford Road.

Each stage of the way is brilliantly illustrated with images captured by David Ellis-Brown in all weathers and seasons over the past twelve months. History and nature notes accompany the directions. The Wetlands section has been specially written by Dr. David Kearney who took all the wildlife photographs.

HINXTON VILLAGE HALL

For bookings contact

Kate Riley

Hinxtonvillagehall.booking@gmail.com

CHURCH NEWS

For all the latest news

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community/hinxton-parish-council-7847](https://www.hinxton-pc.org.uk/community/hinxton-parish-council-7847)

Letter from Oz

Dear Hinxton

You may wish to give this letter a miss!

When Mike first asked me to write about life here, I imagined regaling you with tales of fascinating landscapes and interesting travels. Instead it has become a record of covid and the 5km confines of my life.

August, here in Melbourne, was a grim month of cold, late winter weather and almost unbearable daily news. Floods, fires, earthquakes, devastating lives around the globe. And watching the situation unfold in Afghanistan. That felt personal. An old friend was trapped in Kabul when the Taliban arrived, finally escaping on a UN flight to Kazakhstan, hours before the airport explosion.

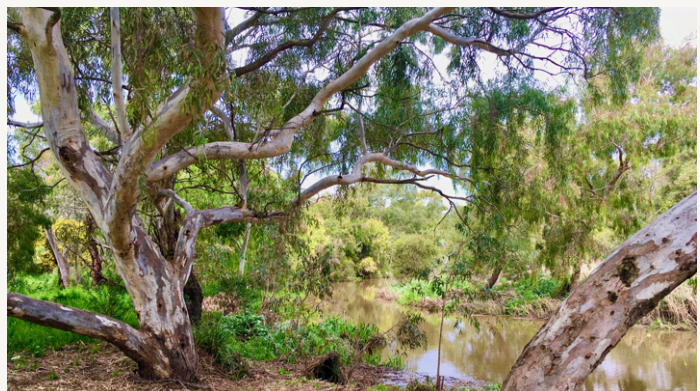
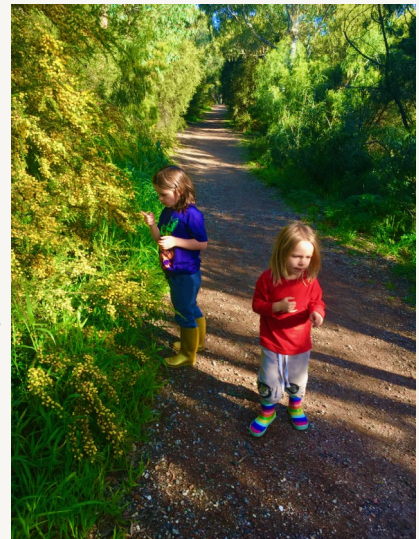
So with all of that happening how could I possibly complain about life here?

We are now in lockdown 6 and enduring our 226th day of restrictions since the epidemic began. The arrival of the delta variant has been a game changer. The high levels of transmissibility, together with fatigue around following the rules, means the virus is now out of control in Melbourne and Sydney and all aspirations of eradication, like last year, have been abandoned. Finally there is some sense of urgency about getting the population vaccinated. But the important 80% vaccination milestone is not predicted to happen until sometime in November. That feels a long way off.

But when I shut out the macro world and focus down to the minutiae (which I suspect we all have to do for our sanity) life is good. It is now officially spring and we have had a few perfect sunny days. Spring arrives in a rush here. Almost overnight the streets were lined with cherries weighed down by pink blossom. Everything from roses to jasmine, to carpets of osteospermums and spring bulbs were all, almost overnight, miraculously in flower. I am used to spring arriving by stealth, over weeks and watching leaves and buds unfurl with a sense of anticipation. Only the delicate wildflowers take their time here. A couple of weeks ago, I was with my grandsons, photographing the latest flowers to appear, when there was an hysterical shriek from up ahead. When I caught up with them, there was a highly venomous tiger snake languidly emerging from a crack in the ground inches from the edge of the path. It seemed unaware that it was at least a month too early, but a good reminder for the boys that we must now stay out of the long grass. So we continue to search out interesting and mostly wild places for the permitted couple of hours each day. The 5km radius area we inhabit is full of lovely wild places. So for the foreseeable future caring for children will continue to provide fun and laughter and no doubt other unpredictable events. At other times I can walk, cycle and orienteer with one friend at a time. And keep downing the sav blanc. I'm not complaining.

Very Best wishes to all

Theresa



Rosemary's Ramblings

October:

This is the month of rosy apples and scarlet hips and is the perfect time to plant trees, shrubs, spring flowering hardy annuals and bulbs, all of which will get off to a good start from the warm soil. If you have any favourite tender perennials pot them up, trim back and put in a frost-free area. To warm yourself up and get some exercise rake up fallen leaves and put in a black bag, store up a corner and in a while you will have magic compost. Above all, enjoy the colours everywhere in the village.

November

I know that November can be a bit gloomy but get planting some tulip and hyacinth bulbs and I'm sure you will get cheered. Remember to protect plants against the winter cold and wrap vulnerable ones with fleece or under cloches. Give tools and garden furniture a good clean and keep under cover if possible and also mend any boundary fences and trellis before the winter winds do any damage. A brilliant bad weather activity is to look through plant and bulb catalogues and choose some exciting new things for next year.

December

Choose one of those lovely bright December days to get outside and tidy and sort. Perhaps you have some areas that are past their best and it's time to be decisive and plan a new start. Plant up some winter containers with some of the extensive choice of winter interest plants such as hellebores, cyclamen, pansies and snowdrops, underplant some miniature bulbs and you will have something to which you can look forward. Outdoor taps need attention before any chance of freezing, this can be done simply with some bubble wrap topped with a bit of old carpet. If you are thinking of new hedging now is the perfect time to plant bare root transplants which are available by mail order and represent great value. Finally put your feet up, enjoy the cosiness of winter and plan for an exciting New Year.

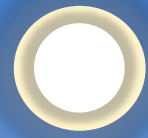
Happy Christmas Hinton



**Roy's Giant
Sunflower**

Desert Island Jukebox

with Jenny Goodwin



I knew when I said 'yes' to Mike's surprise invitation this that it would be an impossible task and so it has proved. Since I first started playing the piano at a young age, my studies, social life and work have revolved around music in one shape or form so my personal jukebox is stuffed with all sorts of pieces that evoke particular memories.

I have finally settled on...

1) Kate Bush - *Moments of Pleasure*

Not the best known of her songs but I love the music, the lyrics and the message it contains about the importance of memories.



2) Ottorino Respighi - *The Pines of the Appian Way* from *Pines of Rome*

I love the whole work but this movement builds and builds and builds until its culmination in a heart-bursting moment for the brass and percussion players, and the audience.



3) Mike Oldfield - *Tubular Bells II*

I was lucky enough to attend the live performance of Oldfield's reworking of his original album on the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle in 1992, and when I hear this I am taken straight back to a totally thrilling (and absolutely freezing) night.



4) Sir Michael Tippett - *The Child in Time*

Hugely exciting to listen to, and even more so to sing.

5) Steve Reich - *Drumming*

This definitely won't be to everyone's taste but I was blown away when I first heard it in my late teens and the interest it sparked in contemporary classical music led me to what I am doing now.



6) The Divine Comedy - *Tonight we fly*

I have been a bit obsessed with Neil Hannon since first hearing *The Frog Princess*. This 1994 song remains my favourite track, not least for its reminder that "this life is the best we've ever had".

7) Keith Jarrett - *The Köln Concert*

For someone who has tried and failed to improvise at the piano, this series of improvisations recorded live at a late-night concert in 1975 is astonishing and totally absorbing.

8) Henry Purcell - *When I am laid in earth (Dido's Lament)* from *Dido and Aeneas*

And, specifically, Jeff Buckley's incredible performance of this at Elvis Costello's Meltdown Festival in 1995 during a totally unforgettable concert – a performance made all the more poignant by his accidental drowning two years later.





**Always happy to support and serve this wonderful village.
It will take more than a virus to stop us !**



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