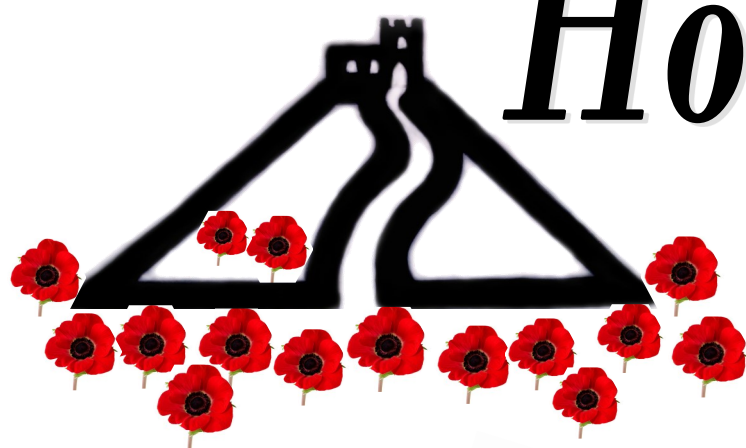


November, 2014



Holme News

Trick or Treat disco fun

What a great Halloween this year, the village school really got together to have so much fun on the evening of 17th October.

At 6:45pm the lights dimmed and everyone started to party. We played great games like hula hooping contests, best dancer awards and tongue twister competitions.

At 7:00pm the tuck shop opened with a range of sweets and tasty drinks, just to add to the energy levels. The disco beat really started with lots of light and sound effects near the front of the hall.

There were lots of different costumes, from zombies and witches cats to vampires with made-up faces, coloured hair and every type of spooky look. This all made for lots of happy children and a perfect Halloween celebration.

Thank you Friends of H.O.S.M. Primary School

By Kirsten Dinsdale (aged 10)



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Sat 20th Dec 14 Doncaster Markets

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WEDNESDAY 9.30 am - 5.00 pm

THURSDAY 9.30 am - 5.00 pm
FRIDAY 9.30 am - 6.00 pm
SATURDAY 9.00 am - 3.00 pm



Fond Farewell to a Local Businessman

Ron Waby passed away peacefully in his sleep at Windsor Court on Tuesday 28th October at the age of 91. Ron will be sadly missed by his family and friends.

Ron was born and brought up near Lincoln. During the war he joined the RAF and was posted to Brighton Holme on Spalding Moor, he mainly served with the 76 Squadron. Whilst at Holme he met and married Winnie and they settled in the village. After leaving the RAF they took over Scotts Cycle Shop and Taci Service, later adding buses and running various excursions for many clubs and organisa-

tions in the district. Many local people were transported too and from school, football, dart matches, W.I excursions and many other occasions in his taxi's and coaches.

Ron always had a keen interest in vintage cars and had several, using two of the bigger cars for transporting many local brides too and from the Church.

After retiring he still took a great interest in his vintage cars and attended many rallies with Winnie.





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- People with splenic dysfunction
- People with a weak immune system due to disease (Such as HIV/AIDS) or treatment (such as cancer treatment)
- People with chronic (long-term) respiratory disease
- People with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease
- People with chronic neurological conditions, such as Parkinson's disease or motor neurone disease
- People who are in receipt of a carer's allowance or those who are the main carer of an older or disabled person whose welfare may be at risk if the carer falls ill.
- Health and social care staff who are in direct patient contact
- People who are living in residential or nursing home long term



*This list is not exhaustive and vaccination is at the discretion of the practice

Holme upon Spalding Moor Local History Society

Monday, 17 November

Richard III in Sound and Word, talk by John Peel. John will tell the story of Richard III and then play music from the period on replica instruments from that time.

Monday 8th December

Christmas Past. Please bring something from Christmas Past (eg old photographs, toys, cards, etc) and also some food to share.

**Monday 19th January
2015**

**The Map and Sundial Maker, William Watson of Seaton Ross.
Andrew Sefton**

All meetings start at 7pm in the Social Club, all welcome, admission: £2.

Contact : Carole Kean

01430 860382

carole.kean@hotmail.co.uk

The Holme on Spalding Moor Local History Society are researching WW1 and would be interested in any information about anyone who served in the war and also anything about the home front in the village. Please contact Carole Kean on 01430 860382 or email on carole.kean@hotmail.co.uk

Pig Diary

About 4 weeks ago we noticed three kittens living in one of our straw stacks, there was no sign of the mother and we have no idea where they came from. So, we started feeding the little fellas, although they're not people friendly and spit at anyone who goes near them. Then last week we had a sow who had a litter of piglets in a hut near the straw stack where the kittens had taken up residency. One morn-

carrying all the straw by hand, like we have always done in the past, the lads are over the moon with this latest purchase.

This year we have had a lot of maize planted around the farm, especially where the farrowing paddocks are situated. As the maize grew taller and thicker, the piglets also grew and soon became big enough to jump out of their huts and enjoy darting in and out of the maize. They especially loved to do it on a hot day, which is lovely to see, until the time comes to gather up the pig-



ing I went to check on the sow and her litter and was amazed to see the kittens in the hut suckling the sow alongside the piglets, something which I've never seen in all my years in the pigs.

Summer has come and gone in the blink of an eye, luckily this year we had some nice weather to enable us to bale some nice straw.

In February of this year, we decided to increase the size of the herd to 1400 sows to allow us to sell about 1750 pigs every 3 weeks, to enable us to do this, we have taken on an extra 45 acres of land. As we stock our fields at 10 sows per acre, for us to get around the farrowing sections, in which we have 380 individual paddocks where the sows have their piglets, we have purchased a straw blower which allows us to bed the piglets up in a fraction of the time. This is opposed to

lets, to say they take the mickey would be an understatement. Every time we tried to shut the piglets into their huts, they would sprint in to the maize and to find them was a forlorn task! As a last resort we started to stay until it got dark and by then the piglets would return to their huts to go to bed, we would then sneak up and shut them in their huts. Thankfully this week the maize has been harvested, so that's ended their little games.

Finally GINGER update, she is expecting her litter this weekend and looking at the size of her belly I am very hopeful we are going to break into double figures, I will keep you posted.

The Month of Remembering

The clocks have gone back, the nights are drawing in, and we're heading for a few weeks of gloom, so it seems. November is the month of remembering; by the time you read this we'll have had our All Souls' Day service on November 2, with Remembrance Sunday the following week, more poignant than ever in the anniversary years for both World Wars.

But shortly after that, there is a light on the horizon. November finishes with the start of Advent, and those of you who remember such things will recollect the first light of the Advent wreath is lit then, then another, then a third, then a fourth, and then the light of Christmas itself breaks in.

As it's my first year, I'm still trying to get to grips with what people mean when they say 'Oh, it's like we've always done', but I'll do my best to pick my way through the carols and Christingles and Midnight Masses and all that sort of thing, and hope that we all get to enjoy some of it.

In the darkness of this time of year, the one who said he was the Light of the World was born. Jesus, born as one of us yet also the Son of God, the one who brings hope into the dark of remembrance.

One last thing – my apologies to anyone who has been trying to get hold of me on the number I gave last time (which was also the number of my predecessor). As I wrote that article, it was true – that was my number. But that was the only day it ever was, and BT and TalkTalk had a bit of a falling-out over it; so now it's 01430-626728. Yes, it does indeed start with a '6'. If you think God moves in mysterious ways, try the telephone companies instead!

God bless,

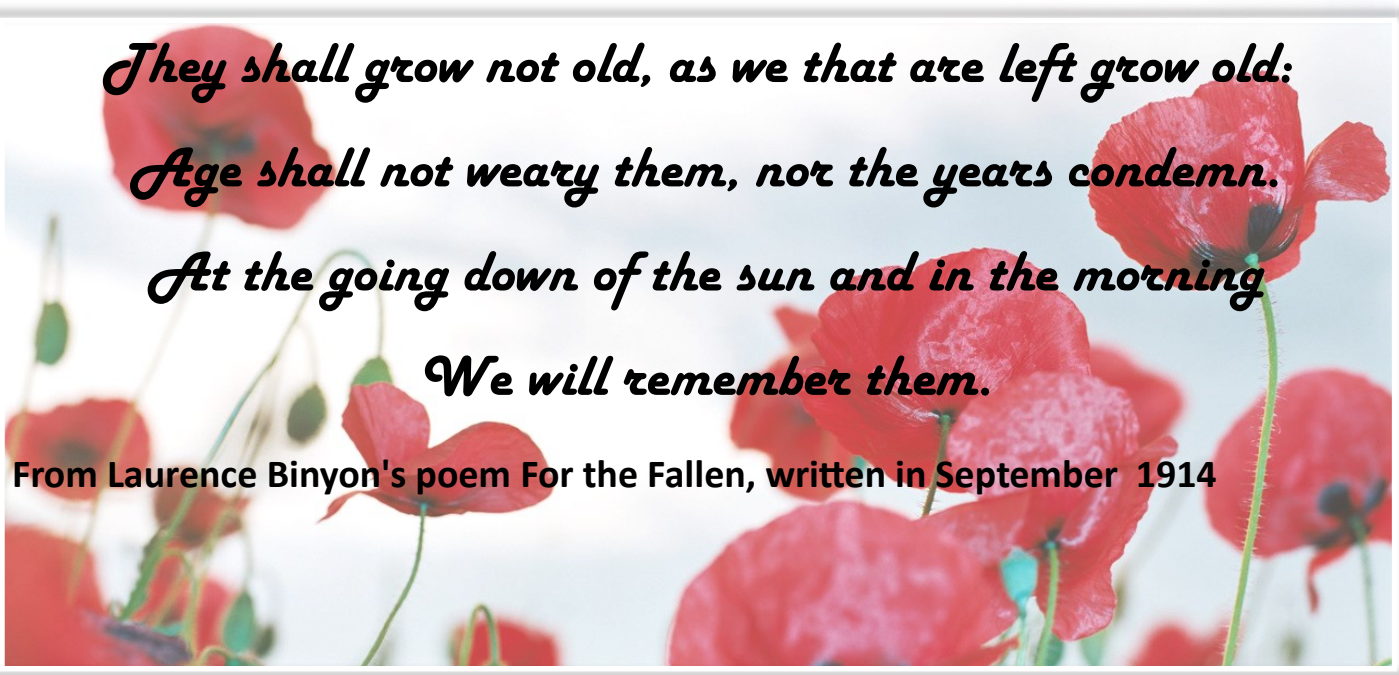
Stephen

(Revd. Canon) Stephen Cope

The Vicarage

Market Weighton Road

Holme-on-Spalding Moor YO43 4AG



They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them.

From Laurence Binyon's poem For the Fallen, written in September 1914

Heritage Open Day, All Saints Church

All Saints' Church opened on the afternoon of Sunday, 14 September as part of the Heritage Open Weekend. It was a fine day and some visitors walked up the hill. Everyone was able to have a look round the church. Many also climbed the steps in the tower, guided by Paul Dorrington, to look at the Saxon carving. This was originally part of a saxon cross on the hill before the present church. It was then used as a stone when

the tower was built. There may be other stone carvings in the walls of the church waiting to be discovered.

Visitors also looked at old photographs from village events and were able to identify friends and family. A cup of tea or coffee (and biscuit) rounded off an enjoyable afternoon.



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Musical Evening



A Musical Evening took place at the Village Hall on Friday, 24 October in aid of Church Funds. All Saints Singers, led by Helen Holt, opened the programme with Cabaret, Perhaps Love and Gershwin for Girls. Thanks to Frank Hardy and Shaun Matthew from The Moorings School of Music in Lock Lane and their pupils. Megan Bainbridge, Emma Brothers, Samantha Hoodless and Lydia Adrian all played piano solos; Olivia Williamson played a duet on the piano with Frank Hardy; Megan Bainbridge and Samantha Hoodless played trumpet solos; Emma Brothers sang a solo; and Rebecca Hoodless and Olivia Williamson sang a duet.

The Holme Orchestra, led by Andrew Sapcote, played several pieces including Rule Britannia. Individual solos from the orchestra were Aminah Choudhury on the trumpet and Ben Clark on the violin. Andrew Sapcote also played Softly Awakes My Heart composed by Saint-Saens on the trumpet accompanied by Frank Hardy on the piano.

Sheila Smith told several humorous stories including one about "Auld Money". The All Saints Bell Ringers, led by Helen Holt, played several pieces including Oranges and Lemons.

Shaun Matthew played Concerto for Tuba and Or-

chestra (Piano Reduction) Movement One composed by Edward Gregson and accompanied by Frank Hardy on the piano. Frank then played a piano solo, Prelude in C Sharp Minor composed by Rachmaninov.

The concert concluded with everyone singing "When the Saints Go Marching In" accompanied by Frank Hardy on piano, Shaun Matthew on Tuba and Andrew Sapcote on trumpet.

An excellent supper rounded off the evening. Many thanks to Frank Hardy, Shaun Matthew and the pupils from the Moorings School of Music, Andrew Sapcote and the Holme Orchestra, Sheila Smith, All Saints Singers and All Saints Hand Bell Ringers. Also thanks to everyone who supported the event, helped with the raffle, tombola and supper, to make it a memorable evening.

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A Sticky End to the Missing Apples

The Mystery of the missing apples is solved.

Two weeks before bonfire night the head teacher announced in assembly that due to the shortage of apples this season they would not be selling toffee apples at the school's annual bonfire night, instead bags of toffee would be sold

Head teacher Mrs Sparkler explained that "No sooner had I announced this , than children started to report that apples had gone missing from their packed lunch boxes .

"On Bonfire night two schoolboys Steve Sweet and Frank Fruit were walking around the school eating scrumptious toffee when they spotted Simon Scrumpling selling Toffee apples .

A Sticky Business

When questioned by the police Simon Scrumpling told them "My Grandad owns an apple orchard and he gave them all to me". After a quick investigation by the police Simon Scrumpling was persuaded to donate his takings to the school funds as he was caught sticky handed.

By Ben aged 10

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Red Lion Inn

1848 : Monday, 9th April.

The 5th Anniversary meeting of the Holme Funeral Brief Society assembled at the Red Lion Inn for a sumptuous dinner at mid-day followed by the meeting. The following evening they held a ball at the Red Lion Inn. 70 sat down to a tea followed by dancing till a late hour.

1851 : Friday, 7th February. The 10th Annual

1901 Census shows :

Elizabeth Moore, Head of the household, Single, Innkeeper, born in Holme
Charles Calam, Nephew, single, Manager, born in Holme

Emma Calam, Sister, married, worker, born in Holme

Rebecca Moore, Niece, single, barmaid, born Market Weighton

1913 : Andrew Francis Burke, Red Lion Inn. His son, Aubrey, was involved with the R100 airship and was later



Ploughing Competition took place at Tollingham Farm occupied by John Wilde. At the end of the day the company assembled at Miss Smith's, the Red Lion Inn, where a good dinner was provided by that most respectable and worthy hostess.

1886 : Frederick Moore, manager of the Red Lion

Chair of the De Havilland Group, and Vice Chairman of Hawker Siddeley Group. He was knighted in 1959 and became Sir Aubrey Burke.

1930s : Frederick Reeder was licensee

1933 : Tuesday, 29 August – Sale by auction of land and property at Red Lion

Hungry Hippo's Food Review

The Percy Arms, Airmyn.

After hearing some very good reports regarding this restaurant, the Hippo's decided to pay The Percy Arms a visit. Situated in the pretty little village of Airmyn near Goole, The Percy Arms is indeed a tardis. Quite modest looking from the outside, but once ventured into, it opens out into a very roomy establishment indeed. The interior of the Percy Arms is very smart, well decorated, with flagstone floors, the conservatory is particularly pleasant.

We started off with a few drinks, Tia Maria & Coke (£4.30) a Kopparburg mixed fruit (£4.25) a glass of Pinot Grigio (£3.80) Diet Pepsi (£1.40) and then were seated at our pre-booked table by our friendly waitress. Perusing the menu we were spoilt for choice, the vegetarians amongst us had their very own menu which was a nice touch. From the Main Menu we opted for An Airmyn Smokie (£11.95) Chicken breast topped with bacon cheese and barbeque sauce, served on a sizzling dish with hand cut chips (9/10). King prawn mussel and smoked salmon linguine (£12.95) in a creamy garlic sauce served with garlic bread (7/10) – there was some bits of salmon bone in dish. Sweet chili salmon (£12.95) a very generous salmon fillet, marinated in a sweet chilli sauce served on a bed of stir fried vegetables and sautéed potatoes (8/10).

From the separate Vegetarian menu we ordered the Vegetable sizzler, (£10.95) crispy vegetables in a sweet & sour sauce served with chips or rice (9/10). We also ordered onion rings (£2.50) and sweet potato fries (£2.50) as well as an extra portion of hand cut chips (£2.50) for good measure.

The restaurant was quite busy, plates and plates of steaming food were coming out of the kitchen, making our mouths water as we wished, "is this ours?" in time, our order came and we could tuck in. All of the food was piping hot as it should be, of good quality and presentation. Another round of drinks followed and we chatted, digesting the lovely food ready for the next course. A little flurry of activity distracted us, some poor chap was enduring an 'ice bucket challenge' on the patio, which was jolly good viewing!

And so to dessert, we chose Crème Brulee (8/10), Lemon Tart (9/10), Chocolate Cheesecake (8/10), and Banoffee Meringue (9/10) all £5.95, very generous portions and of great quality. We finished our meal with coffees & teas, Cappuccino (£2.25) Americano (£2.00) we were not charged for the teas as they were undrinkable!

The service was mainly very good with one or two patchy moments when we thought we had been forgotten, and a little shoutiness from one particular waitress, who obviously thought that as we are so ancient we must be hard of hearing!

Visiting the facilities revealed them to be spotlessly clean, even though it was a busy night.

The Percy Arms is a busy Pub and Restaurant, it re-opened in 2010 following extensive refurbishment which was money well spent. It has an extensive Beer Garden with outside seating in abundance.

The Percy Arms serves food

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The Percy Arms

Public House & Restaurant

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Airmyn Goole

North Humberside

DN14 8LD

01405 780792

www.percyarmsairmyn.co.uk

Date visited: 28th August 2014

London or Bust continued..

Sun 22nd.June

We are now clear of the industrial areas and well into open countryside. I'm struck by the amount of grassland and livestock we see, which is in much contrast to the arable landscape of East Yorkshire.

Captain Towse's introduction to the "shopping experience" continues apace. We have now progressed from the standard Tesco shop, to the self-scanning check-out. This is a procedure the Capt. is still not totally comfortable with, but at least he now knows what to do when he hears "Unexpected item in the bagging area".

Our next stop was Foxton Locks in Northamptonshire. The locks are a flight of ten locks where one opens directly into the next, and are often known as staircase locks. We happened to arrive on a weekend when they were having a Narrow boat Festival.

Up to this point, most of the boaters we encountered were the type who were prepared to spend up to a hundred grand on a boat, but this festival crowd were something else. We call them the traditionalists – easily recognisable by their strange clothes, bushy beards or pony tails, and pint of real ale in hand. They are only prepared to look at a boat if it is at least a hundred years old or such a wreck that it defies gravity by just staying afloat.

We did manage to get into conversation with two normal boaters; a farmer in his late seventies, and an owner/driver of a JCB who also came from a farming background. We joined them for a drink at the pub and spent a pleasant couple of

hours reminiscing about "the good old days". We stooked corn, pulled Sugar Beet by hand, and carried sixteen stone bags of Wheat up granary steps, and a dozen other things agricultural. The amount of graft we got through that evening had to be heard to be believed.

Mon.23rd.June

The next morning we tackled the Foxton Flight. We reached the top in about forty-five minutes without mishap. A little further on we encountered our first tunnel; another box ticked on the C.V.

In the afternoon we were cruising along minding our own business when we came across a narrow boat which clearly belonged to the Royal Household. It was flying the Royal Standard which indicated Her Majesty was actually in residence.

As we passed we bowed our heads respectfully just in case she happened to be looking out, but then noticed that Liz's boat was looking a bit scruffy to say the least. The paintwork was peeling and there was a pile of old pallets and other bits of assorted firewood on the roof. To be honest, we thought the vessel fell well short of the standard one would have expected for the Monarch of



"Her Majesty's Boat"

this great country of ours, and a bit of a come-down after Britannia.

Tues.24th. June

The further we travelled, the more numerous the locks seemed to get. Although we had already covered two thirds of the trip we still had nearly eighty locks to go and one twenty-nine mile stretch had fifty-two locks. Once we had passed Berkhamstead the locks came thick and fast and kept us as busy as a skipping Centipede.

Wed.25th.June

At one of the locks, the gates proved particularly difficult to open. As the Captain and I joined forces to push at the lock gate we noticed we had an audience. A tall, slim woman of about fifty was standing close by. She was wearing high-heeled stiletto shoes and elegantly attired in a very tight summer dress which showed off her flawless figure to perfection. She looked, for all the world, as though she was heading for Ladies Day at Ascot or a Palace Garden Party.

Then.....

“Do you fancy giving us a shove?” Captain Towse enquired of the woman, “We could use a bit of weight behind this”.

“I think not”, she replied rather snootily, and she looked quite offended, (not without some justification in my opinion).

In a league table of chat-up lines, the kindest thing one could say was, perhaps it would be nearer the bottom, than the top. Not one of the Captain’s finest.

We certainly met some strange people on our trip. One evening we moored-up alongside a City’s Municipal Park which was locked to the public every night at eight p.m. but, as boaters, we had a key to get in or out of the Park gates. Walking through the Park back to our mooring about eight thirty that evening we were accosted by an elderly woman demanding to know what we were doing in the

Park at that time of night after it had been locked. She seemed satisfied when we produced our key and pointed to our boat. But this did cause me to think, Never mind about us, what’s an Old Biddy like you doing in the Park at this time of night after it has been locked?

She was batty – literally. It transpired that she was the leader of a small group of like-minded lunatics who were Bat hunting. They all had small radio receivers tuned into Bat frequencies and were wandering around the Park, in the dark, like Zombies, pointing their devices into the gloom, listening to Bats.

Bonkers – the lot of them!

Thursday 26th.

A rest day at Hemel Hempstead, as I had to return to Yorkshire to attend to some business.

Friday 27th June

It’s been one of those days. At one of the locks I tried to throw my lock windlass handle back onto the boat in a rather nonchalant manner (probably showing-off) only to see it hit the boat and rebound into the canal with an embarrassing plop.

I watched it vanish into the depths feeling very stupid, however, Capt. Towse saved the day when he disappeared into the bilges and re-appeared with a large magnet.

We must have looked a sight – two old codgers lying flat out on the canal bank dangling a bit of string in the water. But it wasn’t long before we had a “bite”. As we retrieved the line, we expected to land a bike wheel or an old tin can, but no! As the unmistakable shape of the missing handle broke the surface I grabbed it and held it aloft in triumph. A result! No fisherman has ever been more elated with his catch; it also saved me having to shell out sixteen quid for another handle.

Saturday 28th.

Since leaving Thorne, the sun had been beating down relentlessly. So much so, that we had to

keep the cockpit cover on just for the shade. That ended today when we had our first rain in twelve days.

As we passed through outskirts of London a young woman in her late twenties hailed us from the tow-path. She was looking for a boat called Ellesmere and wanted to know if we had seen it. She told us she was a Marine Electrician and wanted to do some work on Ellesmere. We also learned she could strip

We would load our four Jerry cans into one of their supermarket trolleys and then wheel it into the filling station. We certainly got some strange looks from the other motorists as we queued to fill-up. But not half as strange as the looks we got from the filling station staff - we are not sure how their CCTV cameras would have coped with a couple of pensioners doing a runner with a trolley full of petrol.



and rebuild a diesel engine, and knew all about out-board motors – WOW, WHAT A WOMAN!

Refuelling the boat had been a potential problem. The Captain's answer was to strap four Jerry cans full of petrol to the back of the boat. One Gentleman, on seeing the Jerry cans, asked us which war we were heading for. Unfortunately for us, petrol is not available on the canal bank, unlike diesel which can be bought anywhere. However Mr Tesco and Mr Sainsbury have thoughtfully chosen to site some of their fine emporiums right alongside the canal and as they all had filling stations attached —problem solved.

All went well until late on in our trip when we arrived at one Supermarket Petrol Station. We hardly had time to remove the caps from our four Jerry cans before kiosk lady came tripping across the forecourt.

"You can't fill-up four cans", she said sternly, "It's against regulations; only two cans per visit".

This was puzzling as we had filled-up several times previously without a problem.

After a bit of sweet-talking, kiosk lady agreed that we could fill-up two cans, pay, wait around the corner for a minute, then return with other two cans and fill them. This seemed to comply with the

spirit of the law, if not the letter, and everyone was happy.

But kiosk lady wasn't finished with us yet. She wanted to know what we would be doing with all that petrol. We explained we were taking back to our boat.

"That's not allowed", said kiosk lady, "Not only is it dangerous to store that much petrol in one place, but you also need a licence".

I found this a little alarming. When I agreed to come on this trip I understood it would be on a boat; there was no mention of it being a floating bomb.

After a bit more sweet-talking we parted company with kiosk lady on surprisingly good terms under the circumstances; in fact, she even apologised to us and thanked us for being so understanding. No, I didn't understand that one either?

This whole episode caused me to reflect on an incident earlier in the trip when we decided to light the oven for the first time. I had turned on the top gas ring by mistake and then spent about a minute trying unsuccessfully to get the oven to light. When the gas did finally ignite, the resulting explosion, although causing no damage to the boat, did leave me slightly singed and a little shaken-up, and the Captain, who was at the wheel at the time, convinced we had hit a mine.

I'm beginning to think that if we get back home from this trip without blowing ourselves to kingdom come, it will be a miracle.

Sunday 29th.

WE HAVE ARRIVED!

After two hundred miles, one hundred and fifty-four locks, and four tunnels, we pulled into London's Paddington Basin around noon. It was rather crowded but we managed to find a space.

What a perfect place to moor a boat; only a ten minute walk to Hyde Park, Edgware Road Tube Station just yards away; and YES! we have used our East

Yorkshire Bus Passes on a London Bus.

Later in the afternoon my son, daughter and grandson called to see us.

Monday 30th.

Walked through Hyde Park to Kensington and spent an enjoyable few hours in one of my favourite places, The Science Museum.

The Captain's son and two of his nieces joined us in the evening.

Although we have only been here in Paddington Basin for a day, we are starting to feel quite at home here. The Basin is surrounded by huge office blocks which provided us with an unexpected bonus. At certain times of the day we can just sit on the boat and "admire the architecture" as it walks past.

Tuesday 1st.

Today we thought we would go back to Kensington, but this time to the Natural History Museum. By way of a change, we decided to try a different route.

After a while we found ourselves in beautiful gardens surrounded by a very pleasant square of elegant residences. Standing outside one of the homes were two Police Officers kitted-out in all the gear – bullet-proof vests, holstered pistols on their hips and automatic rifles clutched to their chests.

"Is there something special about this house?" We enquired.

"Nothing special", replied the Senior Plod, as he caressed the trigger of his automatic weapon, "It's just an ordinary house".

"Well, I live in an ordinary house", suggested Capt. Towse, "Will you come and guard mine?"

That seemed to break the ice; the Policemen relaxed and became quite chatty. They must have decided we were not a major threat to the security of the United Kingdom, and confided that it was actu-

ally Tony Blair's house.

On our return we discovered our boat's batteries had gone flat.

In addition to boaters who, like ourselves, are just passing through, there are others who live and work here permanently and they all will do anything they can to help – as we were about to find out.

Our first port of call was to go and seek advice from

Rosie. Rosie is one of life's characters who bubbles over with enthusiasm and will do anything she can to help her fellow man. Rosie's appearance could best be described as a bit bohemian; she wore a cowboy hat and a skirt that looks like it was fashioned from a bit of old curtain. She wouldn't look out of place crouched over a crystal ball at Hull Fair.



The good ship "Emma Jade"

She runs a floating Canal Museum on the smallest narrowboat you have ever seen. Well, she calls it a Museum but anyone else would call it a cupboard. She sits on her boat waiting to tempt unsuspecting punters into her "exhibition". Heaven help her if a coach party ever turns up because the Museum is so small it will only accommodate one person at a time – the Captain and I had to take turns to look round. The exhibits comprise of pieces of A4 paper stuck to the walls on which Rosie has handwritten a brief history of the canal system and is illustrated by drawings in her own fair hand. On the way out, her victims are confronted with a piece of card propped-up alongside a strategically placed sugar bowl inviting them to leave a donation. Well, at least she doesn't have the cheek to charge for admission.

Rosie couldn't help with the battery problem, nor could Stefan who was moored next to her. Stefan was charming young man from Eastern Europe (Poland we think) who even offered to lend us his car should we

needed to go for parts.

Then the man from the Floating Book Shop appeared and put in his two-pennyworth. He meant well, but he wasn't much help either.

In spite of Rosie's best efforts, we were no further forward. But Rosie doesn't give up that easily, so she abandoned her Museum business and marched us off down the Basin to see some oth-

er chaps she knew. Finally, with several possible solutions to our problem proposed, we were invited back to Rosie's place for a cup of tea.

Back at the "Museum" she served up a concoction she claimed was Vanilla Tea – well, the cup certainly had a tea bag in it, but to me it tasted just like a cup of hot water.

While we were sat with Rosie drinking the "tea", we were joined by another boater who foolishly happened to mention that he owned a farm in Wales. Rosie swooped like a bird-of-prey – "Are you married?", "Where's the farm?", "I've always wanted to live on a farm". Rosie's questions were coming like machine-gun bullets and her quarry was visibly wilting under the interrogation. We left them to it; I just hope the poor sod managed to escape.

I was sorry to say goodbye to Rosie as I quite liked her in a funny sort of way. She was as mad

as a matter of course.

The solution to our battery problem turned out to be a device the Capt. purchased from Argos which, when charged-up by the mains, would then hold its charge like a battery until required to start an engine or charge a phone or lap-top. We left the device on charge overnight at the canal office and went for a stroll down the canal bank. By chance, on the deck of one of the boats, we happened to notice the exact same device as ours and stopped to enquire if it worked and was it worth the money. The young couple sat in the cockpit couldn't help us as they said it wasn't their boat and they were only visiting.

"You'll have to ask the owners", the girl said as she peered into the cabin, "but they seem to be a little.....erm, occupied at the moment". It was clear from the tone of her voice that whatever it was that was occupying the owners, an interruption, at that particular moment, just to talk to us about battery chargers was definitely not an option. I know it's none of our business, but we did think it a little early in the evening for that sort of thing, especially when they had visitors.

Wednesday 2nd.

We have discovered the one thing common to narrowboat people is – they all want to know where you have come from, and where you are going. They were

surprised to hear we had come all the way from Yorkshire, amazed to learn it was our first proper trip, and flabbergasted that it had taken us only twelve days.

Our reputation must have gone before us, because about lunchtime we were sat on the boat "admiring the architecture", when a couple of complete strangers came up and said, "Are you the two lads

who have come down here all the way from Yorkshire?" Fame at last! Now can we call ourselves celebrities?

The sheer number of Narrowboats we have seen (particularly in the Southern half of England) is staggering. There are a few people who, like us, embark on "Le Grand Voyage", but it is clear that the vast majority of the boats rarely leave their moorings. We have been told that, by the time we get home, we shall have covered more miles and transited more locks on our very first trip, than many boaters achieve in a lifetime.

Thursday 3rd. July

We estimate that by the time we get back to Thorne we will have been away for nearly Five weeks, so, with the boat's battery problems sorted, it's time to be on our way.



Emma Jade in Paddington Basin, London

Now there's only one thing left for us to worry about.....

GETTING THIS BLOODY BOAT BACK TO YORKSHIRE.

Change and Decay

There in the Sunday sunshine it waits – wondering. Are they coming this morning? Does a building have feelings? How can it for it is an inanimate object without the worshippers coming and going – God loving folk raising its roof with song. Yet somehow I sense its sadness. Maybe it is the spirits of the people who built the church and worshipped there long ago – who knows?

I gaze yet again across the road. Warm sunlight illuminates the dappled bricks with colours ranging from charcoal, russet brown and chestnut, through burnt orange and sandy brown. Contrasting hues glow in the early morning light. Were those bricks always the same colour I wonder or have they merely melted to their various tints, redolent of Impressionist paintings? To my eyes the weather worn bricks are beautiful. Rather like humans they all look different and they add character to the building. But the folk who added life to the place have dwindled in number and now the old church is under threat. After a century or so this building is facing a big challenge - but how and why? Can anything be done to save this old place nestled in the very heart of a community? Will there be any worshippers there in the future? Who knows? We could say, 'It is in the hands of God', but actually it is up to us.

Yes my church in the Midlands is under threat of closure – just like a good number of other churches across the land. The reasons are varied but basically life has changed and many churches simply haven't kept up with the pace. There is now Sunday trading.

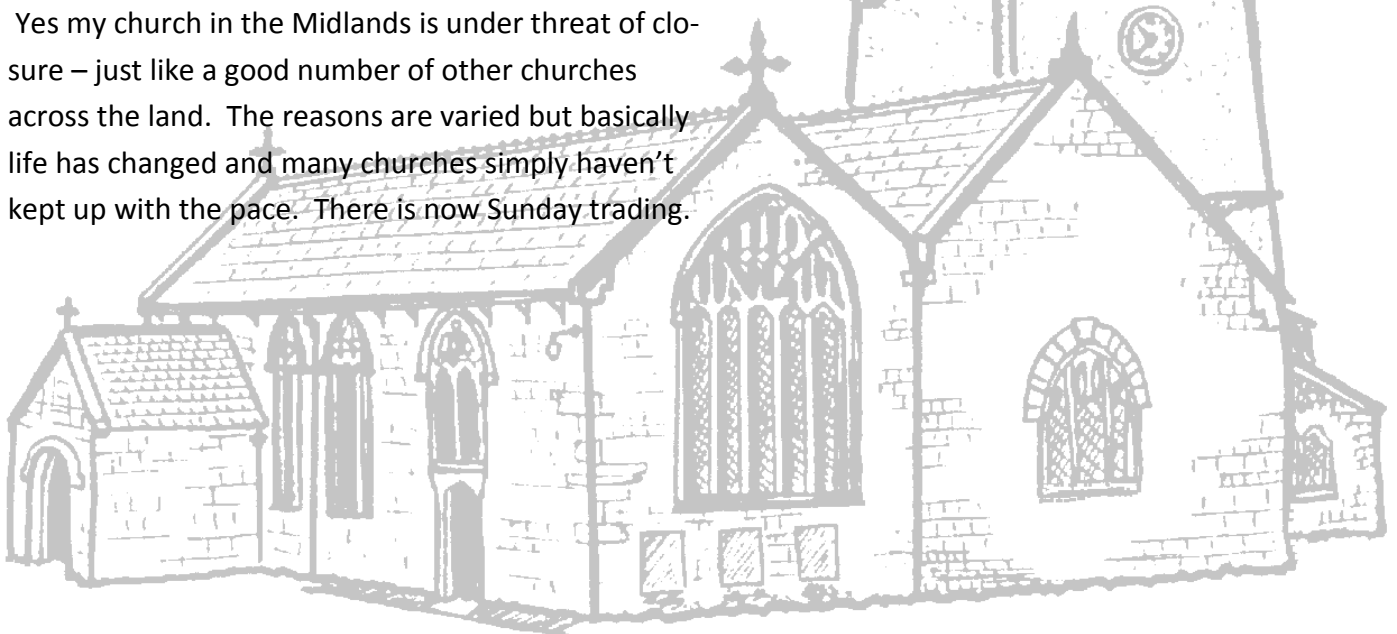
The shops are full – there are plenty of people milling around in the stores on Sundays. Sporting events take place on Sundays. My own family is very much involved in cycling and rugby. So they don't come to church.

Similarly libraries are also struggling to keep pace with change. Computers and technological advances mean that people entertain themselves online and don't read books as much as they used to.

Is this 'change and decay in all around I see' to quote a famous hymn writer? Change certainly. But people still need peace, joy and relaxation in our fast moving world. Evolution demands that we adapt to change or we die. That much hasn't altered. As well as singing in church now I sing online in Youtube. Those of you who remember me singing with my guitar at All Saints, Holme on Spalding Moor should be able to find me if you type in, 'Carol sings Faith', to the Google search box. I've written a lot of Faith songs as well as secular ones – but I'll tell you more about that another day.

Smiles and blessings to all in Holme on Spalding Moor.

Carol Andrews [also known as Carol Chick]



Me and My Teeth

Nature provided us with many things to sustain ourselves including teeth, which at times can be a pain, but we couldn't manage without them! My first recollection of the pain is as a small boy being asked, "What happened at the dentist", and I replied "it hurt when he stuck that thing in my mouth and gave me legorn".

With teeth that grew in all directions as I got older I was told that if you could fit an half crown in the gap between your front teeth you are supposed to be lucky, but it didn't feel like it when a brace was fitted to straighten them!.

As the brace was tightened the teeth began to ach and sitting in the classroom during a boring lesson you tended to ease the pressure with your finger, 'oops', with a horrified look

from the teacher, the plate flew out bouncing across the floor onto her foot, she screeched, "pick it up". Then as I popped it in my mouth, "no go and wash it first".

It always made you nervous when the dentist caravan appeared in the school playground, then came the dreaded letter, 'you need a tooth pulling out'.

When it was my turn, he tried to keep my mouth open with a spring loaded brace between my front teeth, then the silly fool stuck his finger in my mouth while he pried the tooth out, but the brace bent and flew out with the dentist screaming as I bit his finger.

As I grew my teeth didn't seem to last, until in the end they had to be replaced by a false set! This

brings on a new experience, it's a bit like learning to drive; you've got to get control or end-up having a painful accident on an unexpected occasion. It's like hitting your leg with a sledge hammer instead of the post when erecting a fence, as you can imagine the teeth flew out into the ditch!

'Oh dear' or something like that goes through your mind, as you see them gradually sinking through the ice on the frozen ditch and disappearing into the murky water!.

There is also the embarrassment, when you are out in company and a jam or tomato seed manages to jam under the teeth, or having to explain to a waitress in a café that there's nothing wrong with the food on your plate, but the top set of your teeth has split in two and you can only suck not chew.



Of course as time goes by they do wear out and the trauma of breaking through the soreness of a new set can drive you to any lengths trying to make them fit comfortably. The emery on a matchbox can help, or if you are desperate, trying to grind them on a grinding-wheel can be disastrous.

It grabbed my teeth, whizzing one part round the emery wheel which I found near my foot, and the other after a frantic search several feet away, near the workshop door! When the dentist asked 'what happened', I had to tell a fib, 'I bit a goody a bit over hard and they broke'.

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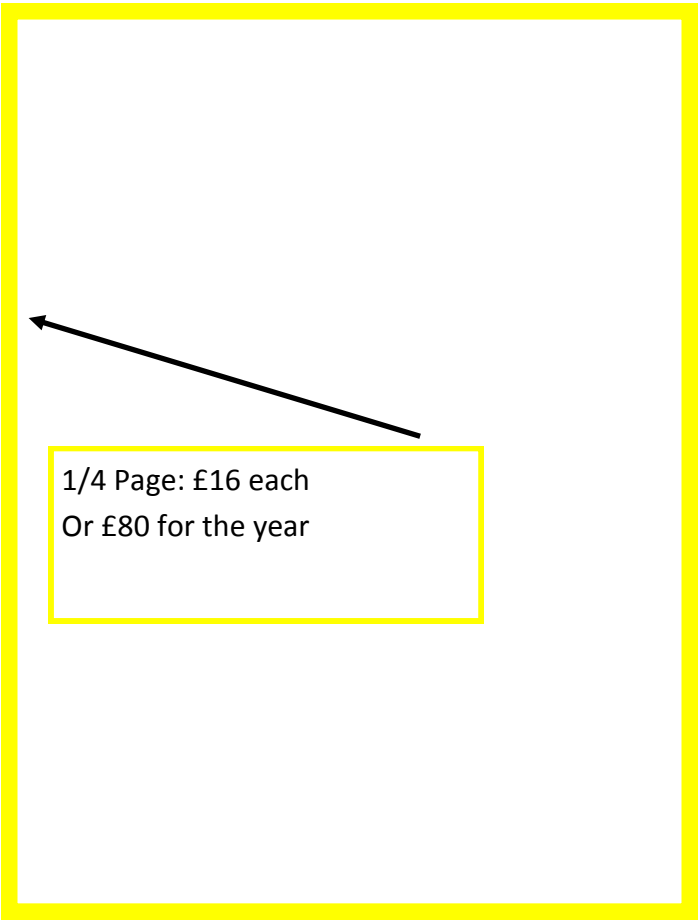
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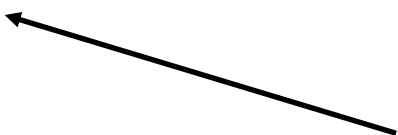
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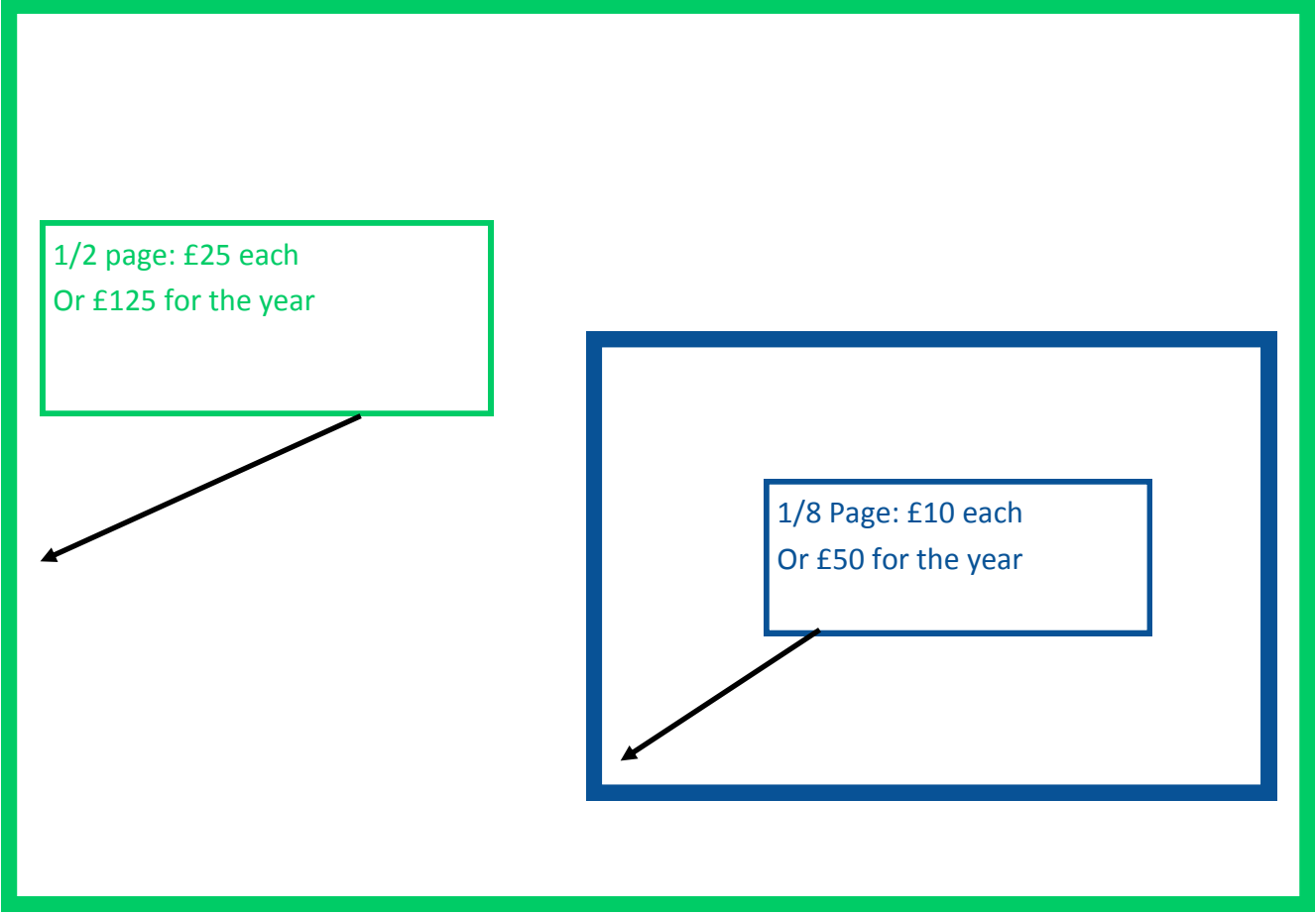
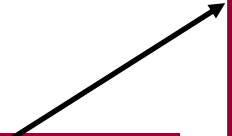
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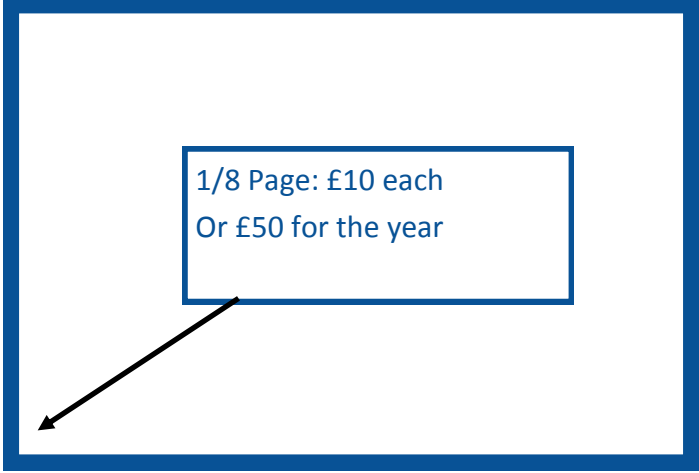
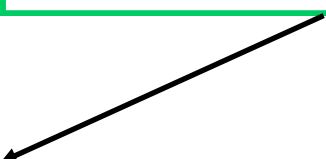
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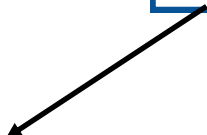
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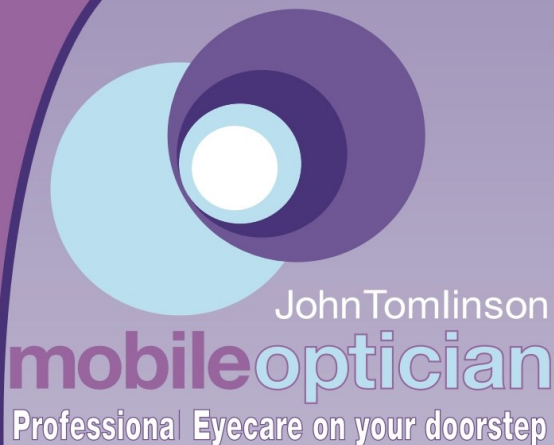


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