

HOPETIMES

Edition 13

Springing Forward

*“Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all”*
–Emily Dickinson



March 2022



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Website: www.hopestreettrust.com



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HOPE TIMES

Edition 13

Hello again and welcome to the first Hope Times of 2022. We hope you're all keeping well. In this edition you will be able to find out what's going on at the Hope Specialist Falls and Respiratory Service, plus the latest information and guidance, although there's not so much of it now and it may have changed in the time it's taken to type this sentence!

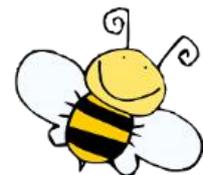
First of all, we would like to say a big thank you to our friend and volunteer Mick Jickells for the absolutely incredible cake featured on the front cover. It was a shame to cut it up, but we can confirm that it tasted as good as it looked!

Following a successful trial run last year, we are now back in the gym delivering face to face Falls and Pulmonary Rehab groups throughout the week, as well as our first ever Long Covid gym sessions. With Omicron rates now falling, but still quite high locally, we continue to have measures, such as Lateral Flow Tests, PPE, air purifiers, regular cleaning and zoning in place to keep our patients, volunteers and staff safe, but it's still great to be back.

Although we're back in the gym again, we're still committed to providing a remote service for those patients that want it and we're currently planning how we can deliver the best of both worlds with the resources we have.

As we start to return to a different kind of normal, in this issue we remember volunteers who sadly won't be able to join us in building the new normal, but we remember them by celebrating all the wonderful work they did for Hope and the ways in which they helped to shape the service. We will have a proper tribute in our next issue to one of our original Falls Prevention volunteers, Maralyn Fox, who died recently, but you can see her in many of the photos in our Back In The Day feature, starting on page 18. We have been lucky to have so many amazing volunteers over the years. Hope is the unique family that it is because of them and we will continue to endure and thrive in spite of all the challenges that life throws at us.

As usual, we have hidden the LET THERE BE HOPE BEE somewhere in the newsletter, so see if you can find it.

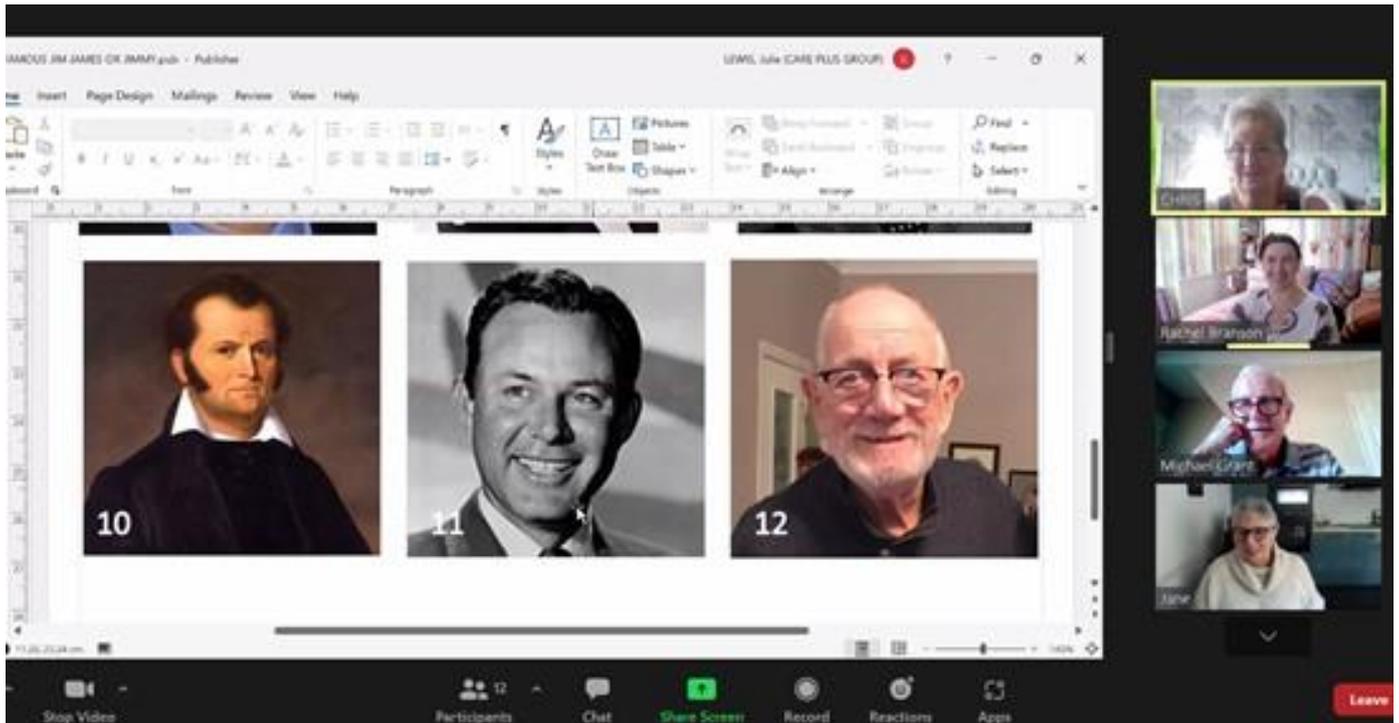


We very much hope to see you all soon in three dimensions!

The Hope Team

FAREWELL MR FINNEY

There were smiles as well as sadness in the Hope Social, as we shared happy memories of the wonderful Jim Finney.



After first coming to Hope as a patient in 2008, Jim went on to become a Pulmonary Rehab Buddy, Hope Street Trust trustee, a Care Plus Group governor and of course the driving force behind all of our Hope Social activities, which he recognised were just as important as the exercise. He was always coming up with new ideas to keep everyone entertained and involved and spent countless hours preparing for the sessions.

He touched the lives of so many people over the years with his kindness, care, encouragement, empathy, humour and unfailing ability to tell us when something wasn't quite right and could be done better. In short, he was everything you could wish for in a Hope volunteer and friend.

As anyone who has ever attended the Hope Social or read the Hope Times will know, Jim was also our quiz master, so today in his honour we had a quiz about Famous Jim, James or Jimmies and it goes without saying that we all think number 12 is the most famous of them all.

Last year, Jim sent us two brilliant stories about his childhood. Turn to page 10 to read the first, the intriguingly-titled "The Pycost".

Hope News Round-up



BACK IN FULL SWING

Straight after the New Year we returned to running back to back rehab groups in our gym at the Val Waterhouse Centre and it's good to be back!



We have been running four twice weekly Falls Rehab groups, two Pulmonary Rehab groups and our new combined Long Covid/Early Rehab group. In addition we also have a Remote Pulmonary Rehab group taking place on Zoom.

Our gym still looks very different to pre-COVID times, split into 8 individual zones, with each patient doing most of their exercise in their own zone, with a box of equipment allocated to them. However, as you can see from the photos, we've been able to get back outside, walking with patients. It's so important that they are physically able and feel confident enough to go out into the real world and tackle the everyday obstacles that can seem very daunting to someone who has previously had falls or has a fear of falling.

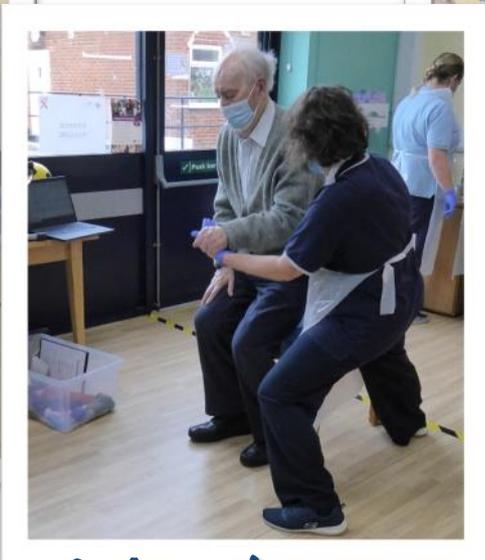
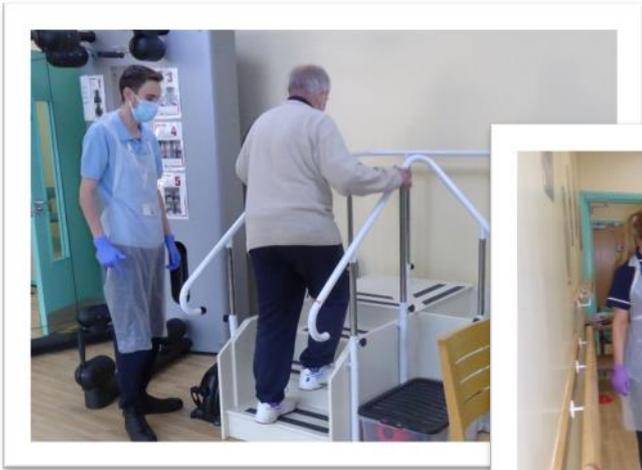
To make sure everyone was extra safe during a period when COVID cases peaked locally before thankfully beginning to decrease, we installed air purifier units, purchased by the Hope Street Trust, which effectively neutralise airborne viruses and produce better air quality.



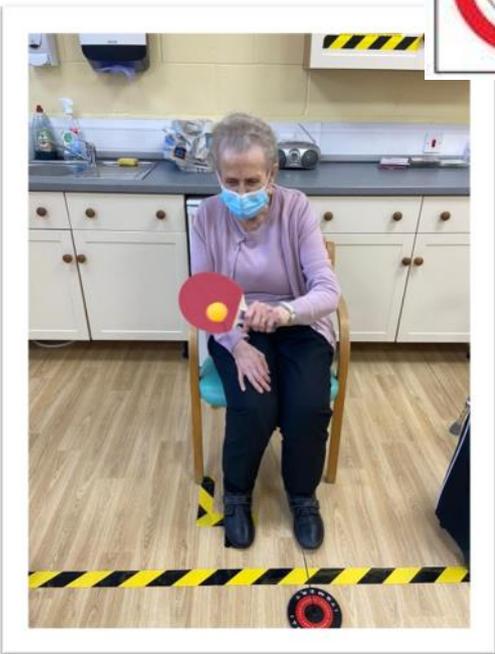
All staff, buddies and patients wore masks and were required to take a lateral flow test before attending each session and we introduced a one way system, with everyone entering and exiting the building through different doors. The combination of all these things means that our patients, staff and volunteers are as safe as they can possibly be.



It's great that the gym is starting to get back to being the vibrant place it was two years ago and by the time we start new groups in March, the zoning should be gone and our gym spaces will look more familiar to people who visited them pre-pandemic. One thing that will never change is that our patients' programmes are tailored to the individual and as you will see from the photos on the next page, ball games are definitely allowed!



~~Yes to~~ **NO ball games**



New Social Club Launches in Cleethorpes

More than 40 people attended the first meeting of the Holy Trinity Social Club at Corpus Christi Church Hall in Cleethorpes on 2nd February.

Our Sylv has helped with the setting up of the club and the church are kindly providing the facilities for free until things are up and running properly.

Sylv thoroughly enjoyed chatting to the attendees at this new venture, which is set to run weekly on Wednesday mornings.



What A Picture!



Our Technical Instructor Christine was thrilled to receive this beautiful painting from an 8 year old patient, who she has been supporting through Hydrotherapy at the Hospice.

The painting is a sunrise called "Purple Love" and brings real meaning to the term "art therapy" because the paint was blown through a straw to help this talented young man work on his breathing.

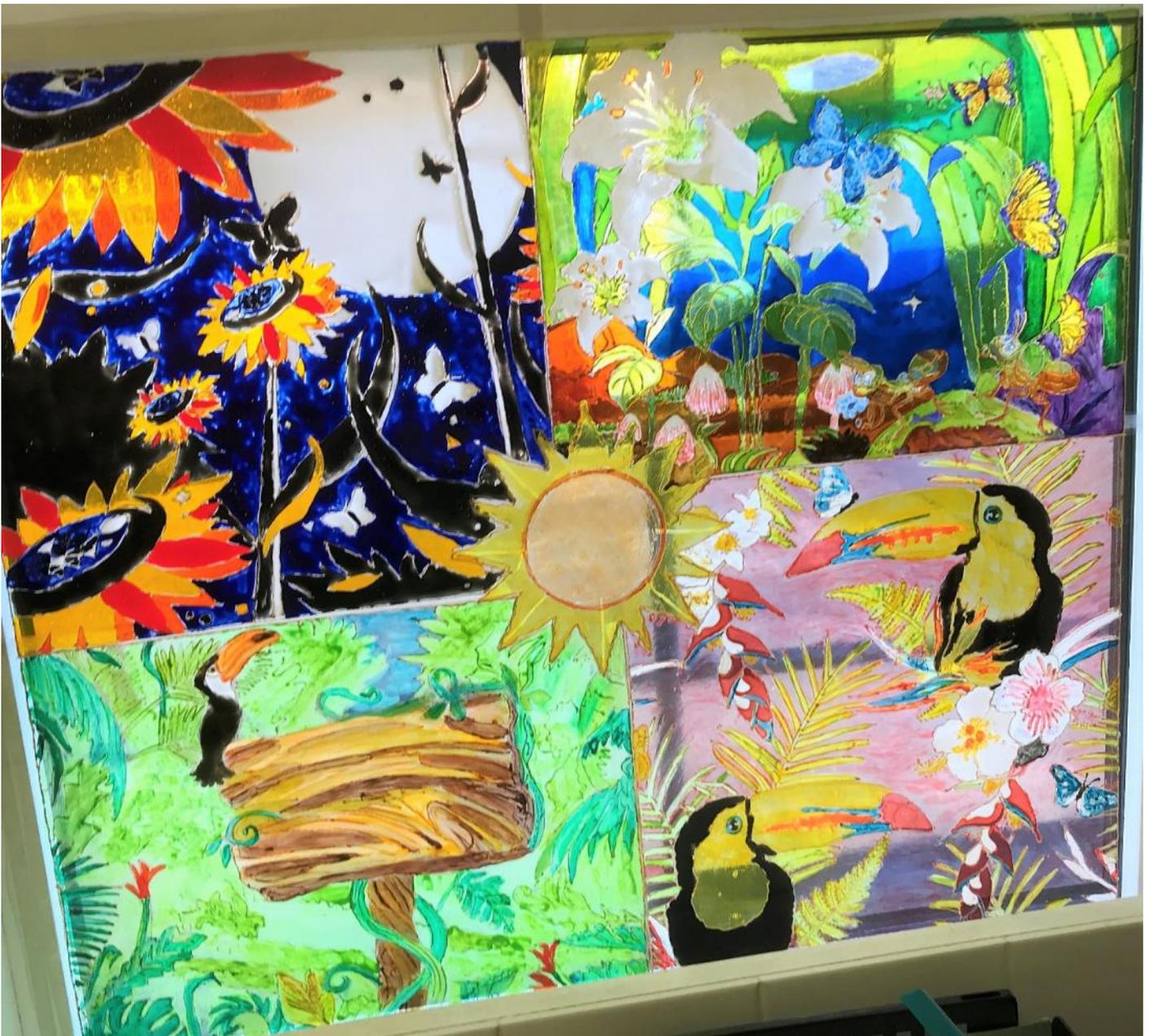
ANNEXE WITH A VIEW

Back in our October newsletter, we showed you the first of the window panels, created by our Hope Arts & Crafts Group, that had been installed in our Hope annexe. Well, we're pleased to report that all four panels have now been completed, pieced together and put in place, resulting in a much cheerier view from both inside and out.

The panels feature some of our favourite things, such as bees and their hives, as well as beautiful flowers, so we can imagine we're back in the old Upsy Daisy garden at Hope Street (with my rose-coloured glasses on, of course it always looked this good!)

We've also got the rainbows that became so iconic during the pandemic and of course the lovely toucans, which were featured in our Hydration leaflets and ended up becoming a bit of an obsession amongst the staff in the annexe.

We remain very grateful to North East Lincolnshire Council, for the funding to support clinically vulnerable people, which enabled us to purchase the art materials for this project.





The bottom right panel of the window above was painted by the lovely Dee (Doreen Hill), who sadly died in October last year, not long after our arts and crafts session, and her great friend Linda. Dee was a very talented lady and contributed to many of our arts and crafts projects that can be seen at Val Waterhouse Centre.

We've added "By Dee and Linda 2021" to one of the sun rays to mark this last lovely piece of work that Dee did.



Our lovely Jim was born in Low Fell, Gateshead in 1939, the son of James, a colliery wagon man, and Lydia and he grew up within a couple of miles of what is now the location of the Angel of the North. Apparently the Angel stands on the site of the colliery baths of Team Colliery, where Jim's Dad worked. In this first story, Jim relates some wonderful childhood memories and it's not hard to see where he got his sense of humour from!

We'll be bringing you another of Jim's stories in our next issue.

The Pycost

By Jim Finney

October brought the shorter days and the colder nights.

"Winter draws on", laughed my Nanna and all the kids joined in with her laughter, most not knowing why. It was Sunday and the whole family were at Nanna's for dinner. The plate sized Yorkshire with onion gravy, the potatoes mashed up with the turnip so you could not refuse the one without the other and roast beef that oozed fat that ran like a greasy stream down your chin as you bit into it; the fat peas fresh

from the garden and then the rice pudding peppered with hot succulent raisins. All kept hot on the brass fender that kept us a safe distance from the roaring coal fire but that didn't stop your face and legs from going bright red if you sat too close.

The meal was finished and all the women were in the kitchen washing up the mountain of plates, dishes and tureens while the men had gone with Granddad to the Colliers Arms across the road for a quick pint. Funny thing was that the quick pint took all of an hour to drink. Dad had let me have a sip of his Newcastle Brown once, he called it Maniacs Broth or Journey into Space because he said too much of it and you became crippled and fell over. I tasted awful and I pulled a wry face, much to the amusement of my Mam and younger sister.

"See that face Mam?" laughed Dad "and you think I enjoy this stuff".

It was these times after Sunday dinner that my Nanna would settle herself in her big chair by the fire and gather her vast array of grandchildren around her feet to read from 'Tarzan of the apes' by Edgar Rice Burroughs. It was her favourite book and soon became one of mine.

As we settled quietly to listen, she would begin to rummage through the huge pocket in the front of her pinny, we all waited bright eyed and eager for we knew what was coming. There would be sweets for all and what a vast assortment of goodies that one pocket held, boiled sweets like



butterscotch or minty black bullets, liquorice all sorts, mint imperials, midget gems, Maynards wine gums and even squares of Harrogate toffee that defied even the strongest of teeth, all liberally coated with assorted fluff and dust from the lining of the pocket they were nestled in. It was no good complaining about this fluff or dust,

“Get it down you lad, a bit of muck never hurt anybody; what doesn’t get stuck in your throat won’t get stuck in your backside” and she must know because her sister was a district nurse.

Mind you I wasn’t too sure about that sticky

Harrogate toffee because Dad said if you did not chew each piece at least twenty times or more it would stick to your ribs and all the food you ate would get stuck to it and then it would bung up your bum. Never bothered me mind, I loved Harrogate toffee.



While we were sucking on our sweets Nanna would produce a paper bag of her own favourites,

Buttered Brazils, which she sucked noisily while reading the story; until the moment we all were waiting for. As soon as all the toffee had been sucked from her sweet, she would slide the wet Brazil from between her toothless gums into her hand, holding aloft this delicious morsel she would declare

“Now then who wants the nut?” to be answered by a choir chanting, “me Nanna, me”

It was about this time when Dad told me about the Pycost. He had been on the 10 till 6 shifts but by the time he had clocked off then showered at the pit head baths it was well after seven before he cycled the short distance down the lane from the pit yard to the houses where we lived. The lane was bare earth, bordered by trees and bushes and without any kind of lighting unless there was a moon. The trees made the lane dark even when it was

light everywhere else. I stood in the backyard looking up the street to watch for my Dads old bike emerging from the dark tree lined tunnel into the light of the one gas lamp we had in the middle of the terrace. This night he fairly shot out of the lane into the light, and I opened the gate so he could ride straight into the yard. I waved and noticed he kept looking over his shoulder as he pedalled, that was unusual as he normally freewheeled down the street. He turned into the gate so fast I had to jump out of his way as he stopped with a squeal of the brakes.

“What are you in such a hurry for Dad? It is Wednesday it’s only corned beef hash”

“Quick son helps me to cover the bike and get inside” he panted all out of breath. We had the tarpaulin over the bike in record time and Dad bundled us through the back door, hopping along while he took off his bike clips. He almost tore off his cap and his jacket, which he hung up on their nails on the back of the door and as he stood on the sheet of newspaper especially put there just before he got home and I helped him to unlace his work boots before he sank into his



leather armchair by the fire. We nearly ran back to his chair to find out what the rush was all about. Our kid wanted to fetch Mam from the scullery but Dad said not to as he didn't want to worry her. We were really worried by now, had there been an accident down the pit? We asked, thankful that at least he was not hurt.

"No" said Dad "something worse".

Something worse, what could possibly worse than the biggest fear in the village?

"We were coming down the lane, you know how dark and bumpy it is and nobody bothers with bike lamps 'cos we all know every bump, except Geordie Stephens who always has his carbide lamp on the front of his bike; when all of a sudden a huge pycost ran out of the bushes and across the lane. It was the biggest pycost I've ever seen. We all saw it in the light from Geordie's lamp, all brown and knobby looking, sort of crusty you might say. Anyway, it was the biggest pycost any of had ever seen and I got out of there sharp."

"Are they dangerous Dad?" said our kid her eyes wide and lips trembling.

"Dangerous!! I'll say they are, a really big one could kill a man" Dad replied.

I just sat there and thought of all the strange creatures that I loved to read about in my encyclopaedia that I got last Christmas, I knew about anacondas that could eat a whole pig and whales that could swallow millions of plankton in one go but I had never heard of a pycost. I was tempted to go and get my encyclopaedia to see if I had missed it but instead, I waited for Dad to tell us more. Just then Mam came in from the scullery and began dishing up platefuls of steaming hot corned beef hash.



"Great, my favourite, come on up to the table now before it gets cold" said Dad getting up from his chair.

"Did I ever tell you what NCB means son? No Corned Beef" he laughed as he began to tuck into the hash.

"But Dad, tell us about the pycost" said our kid.

"Enough about that, we are safe in here, the door is shut and no pycost will get to us"

Mam listened to us and looked just as puzzled as we were.

"What was it you said you saw pet?" she asked Dad.

"A great big pycost pet, but don't go on about it you'll frighten the bairns"

I could not wait any longer, "Dad!! what's a pycost?"

Dad looked at me, swallowed his mouthful and said quietly, "about two bob at the corner shop".

My sister, mother and I just looked at him bewildered, then he winked and then I got it and we both laughed but Mam and my sister still had puzzled faces.

The Apprentice



Back in the very early days, when we applied for Neighbourhood Renewal Funding so that we could create a gym, purchase equipment and recruit clinical staff to run Pulmonary Rehab at Hope Street Medical Centre, it was ridiculously easy to recruit qualified physiotherapists. For about a year, we had two of them, Jonathan and Tania, working as Technical Instructors because they couldn't get jobs as Physios. Indeed, Jonathan had been about to give up and pursue another career when we offered him a lifeline.

Then things began to change. Jonathan and Tania left at the end of 2007, having successfully applied for Physiotherapist posts elsewhere and after that we had a couple of very short-lived TIs, Georgina and Hollie, also newly qualified Physios, who virtually handed in their notice as soon as they'd started with us because they'd had a better, more qualified offer.

Since then, it's been practically unheard of for a qualified Physio to apply for a Technical Instructor post. Cuts to degree funding at a national level meant that Physiotherapists and Occupational Therapists became increasingly thin on the ground and they could pick and choose where they went after qualifying. Inexplicably North East Lincolnshire was not generally their first choice, unless they already lived in the area.

This was the main reason, after several years of struggling to recruit, we began growing our own, which resulted in the amazing Senior Specialist Physiotherapists we now have in Gemma Capes and Jo Richardson and our wonderful Senior Occupational Therapist Julie Todd.

Well, now we're at it again, with our long-serving Technical Instructor Phil McVeigh becoming the latest member of the Hope team to begin studying for a Physiotherapy degree, through an apprenticeship with Sheffield Hallam University.

Phil, who joined Hope as a Technical Instructor, in January 2008 will be mentored by our very own Pam (who better?!) and will of course have the full support of all the Hope team.

In Care Plus Group's press release marking National Apprenticeship Week, Phil commented, "A career as a qualified Physiotherapist is something I have been working towards for a number of years. When the opportunity to apply for the apprenticeship came up, I jumped at the chance. It offers a way to work towards your qualification, whilst still in full time employment. This in itself will be challenging – trying to get the work, University and life balance right - but I know that the support structure within Care Plus Group and also Sheffield Hallam is there to support me. Upon successful completion of my Apprenticeship, Care Plus Group will have a home grown, fully qualified Physiotherapist who wants to support their local community."

Hopefully Phil will be the first of many home grown therapists to come through the Apprenticeship route, but he's not the only Apprentice in the Hope team. Our Rehab Assistants Kayla, Holly and Jess are all currently studying for Level 3 care worker qualifications, whilst other members of the team have successfully gone down the apprenticeship route in the past and then gained permanent employment with Hope. It's a great way to recruit and retain top quality staff, who believe in our ethos, want to progress and, as Phil says, want to support the community that they live in.



HOPE STREET TRUST

**THE NEXT VOLUNTEER WORKSHOP
WILL BE ON
WEDNESDAY 9TH MARCH**

11am - 1pm

We will be discussing how to make Hope more Hope-like, i.e. ideas for interior design and making the Val Waterhouse Centre feel more like home, as well as ideas for future projects.

We hope to see you there!



Latest Updates in North East Lincolnshire and Other Useful Information

North East Lincolnshire Council

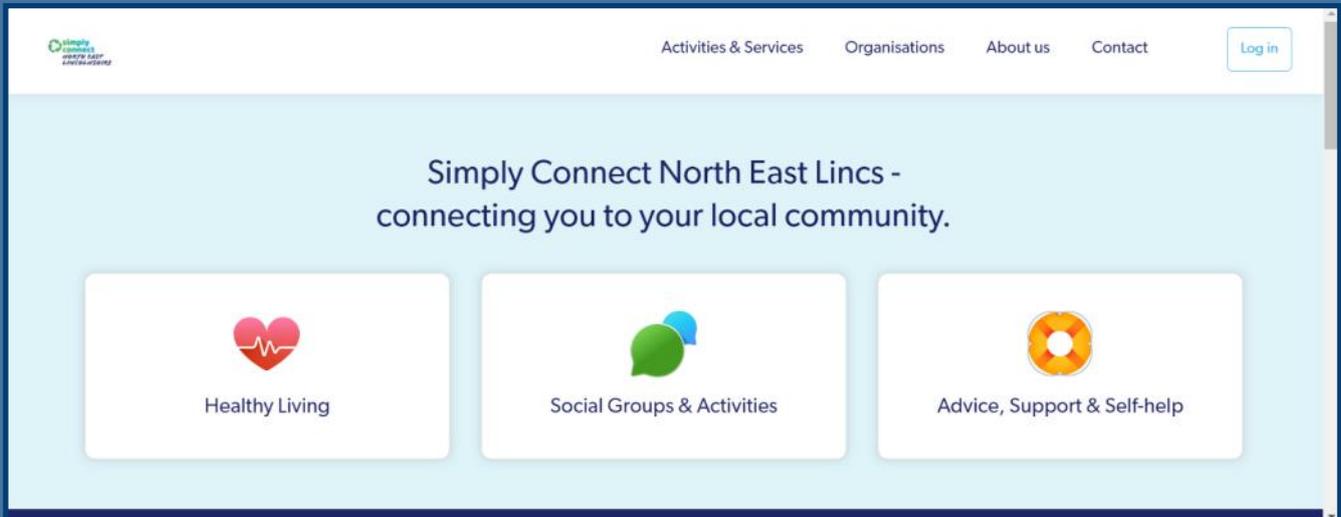
COVID-19 Update



COVID-19: Guidance and support in N.E. Lincolnshire

<https://www.nelincs.gov.uk/coronavirus/>

<https://nelincs.simplyconnect.uk/>



Simply Connect North East Lincolnshire is a partnership project for the community, delivered by connectNEL and North East Lincolnshire Council and Clinical Commissioning Group.

We're on a mission to help you find local community services, activities and support that can help you whether you are struggling with an issue or looking for new opportunities and experiences.

Maybe you're looking to meet new people – or get advice or support for a friend or family member? Or you might be wanting to find out about exercise or social clubs, or how to get involved in a local charity?

Community services can provide specialist support too on a range of topics, such as domestic abuse, helping to manage your finances, housing issues or bereavement support.

We can support you to improve your health and wellbeing by:

- Focusing on what matters most to you
- Connecting you to local community services and activities, and
- Helping you to reach your goals and ambitions

Whatever it is you're looking for, there's something for you.

If you are involved in a local voluntary or community sector organisation or social enterprise (or know of one that should be featured on Simply Connect), email simplyconnect@connectNEL.com

FALLS & PULMONARY REHAB YEARLY CALENDAR

We have planned our Falls and Pulmonary groups for 2022 (subject to change) for our buddies and volunteers.

The next groups will start on Monday 14th March and run until Thursday 12th May 2022.

White boxes indicate when groups are running and the yellow boxes show when we are pre/post testing.

2022 HOPE CALENDAR

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M					
JAN							1	2	3	4																									
FEB			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28					
MAR			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		
APRIL						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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JUNE				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		
JULY					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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POST TESTING/NO GROUP
 WEEKEND/NWD
 BANK HOLIDAY

BACK IN THE DAY

In the Fellowship of the Ring, J.R.R. Tolkien wrote, “Even the smallest person can change the course of the future” and that’s just what our volunteers have been doing during the last 17 years, as individuals, but especially as part of the fellowship that is Hope. They have changed so many lives for the better, probably without realising what a huge impact they have made by so generously giving us their time, skills and experience.

Let’s go back in time and see them doing what they do best.



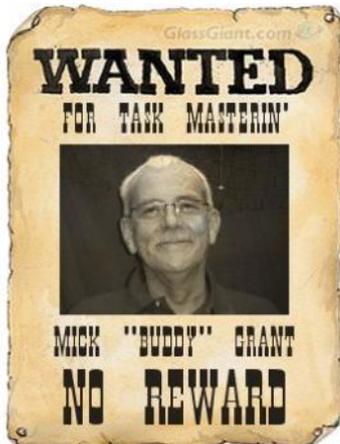
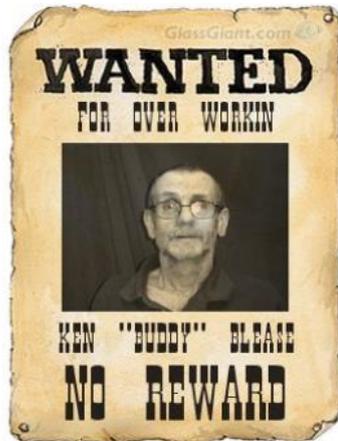
January 2006 (above) - the blue shirts of the Healthy Communities Collaborative, with familiar faces, including Maralyn, Pat, Nikki, Kylie, Gladys and Gill. A project manager’s report from 2005 says of the shirts that “After much agonising it has been decided that they will be sky blue with the site logo of a clown on the back and Healthy Communities Collaborative North East Lincs printed on the front”



September 2006 - Gladys, Maralyn, Pat, Pam, Ken, Doreen, Mick and Andy out in force at an awareness day. Who would dare to say no to this lot?!



The Pulmonary Rehab Buddies - George, Charlotte, Dave, Julie, Mick and Bill - setting a good example - looks like Mick's building up his arm muscles for archery!



The Hope Gang of Four - they were very much wanted, but in a good way!

Never was there a finer finger pointer than Gladys! Yet another dodgy pavement reported to the Council.



Ecobuild 2010 - Maralyn, Dave, Mick and Pam slumming it at Earl's Court in London.

At the time, we had high hopes that we were going to be able to snaffle some of the Marshalls exhibit for our Upsy Daisy Garden, but Mick couldn't fit it in his back pocket. Then we were turned down for funding, had to downscale our plans and do without the oasis that would have been designed by now Gardeners' World presenter Adam Frost.

In the end though, the Hope Street Trust paid for the garden to be built in three phases and it wasn't too shoddy!

Below: Our lovely Jim wearing that ever so slightly dodgy BLF t-shirt, and trailing behind the equally lovely Maralyn, who spent more time at Hope Street than most of the staff, friend of Hope Ann and of course Sylvia, up to no good as usual.





Maralyn, Gladys, Mo, Shirley, Barrie, Sylv, Janet, Pam, Tan and Carol doing chair-based exercise on Cleethorpes seafront . Looks like there were a few timing issues!



Week of Hope 2009 - Sylv, Pam, Karen, Sue, Mick, Dave, Brian, Maralyn, Jim, Steve and Claire's granny toured Grimsby and Cleethorpes in one of Stagecoach's finest.



ABOVE - 2008 - Grimsby MP Austin Mitchell visited Hope Street several times and on this occasion it was to launch the Polite Parking notice, aimed at making drivers more considerate of the needs of elderly and disabled people. Austin was a great sport as we wheeled him round the streets of the East Marsh.



LEFT - 2010 - The Hope to Quit gang - Buddy Brian boxed Cig Man's ears (well he would have if he had any) and then Karen stubbed him out just to make sure.

BELOW - 2010 Volunteer training day - lots of familiar and fondly remembered faces. Our volunteers come from all walks of life and their skills are many and varied, but they all share one thing - a passion for Hope.

Fingers crossed we've got all the names right, we have:

Glen, Dave, Jane, George, Julie, Bill, Richard, Joe, Ally, Jim, Shirley, Brian, Jean, Tommy, Sue, Jo, Maralyn and David.



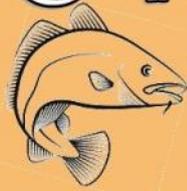


2013 - ABOVE - as part of the Week of Hope, patients, volunteers, staff, small children and canines gathered to walk round the Boating Lake at Cleethorpes and raise money for Hope. I'm pleased to report that no-one fell in or was attached by the geese.

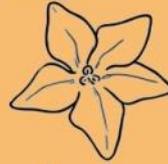


Also from 2013, with phase two of the garden complete we planted our Strawberry Fields, but sadly they weren't forever. George and Sue are doing the weeding, whilst Angie's probably on the hunt for her greyhound (she's escaped to the picture above Angie!)

HOPE HISTORY CLUB



est. 2021



Our aim is to gather and share stories about North East Lincolnshire's local and natural history - and to have fun doing it!

As a certain communications company always said, it's good to talk. When we first started up the Hope History Club last year, I spent many hours gathering information on our chosen subject, preparing presentations and worrying that we might run out of things to talk about.

Well, we're now six sessions into the History Club and what we've learned is that whilst the presentations were good, a picture really is worth a thousand words. So preparation for sessions now involves gathering together a load of old photographs and using them to prompt memories and encourage the conversation to flow...and it does! Before we know it, the two hours are up and we've barely got started! We even had music in our February session when a question about Grimsby's Midnight Millionaires prompted Jane to entertain us with a song about the wife of a trawlerman, whose husband spent all his earnings on drink and was eventually told to sling his hook - brilliant stuff!

So far this year, we've talked about childhood and work. We're keeping the subjects nice and broad, so that everyone can get involved and contribute memories and the plan is to gather them all together and create a publication, exhibition...and maybe even a presentation!

For now, our sessions will remain on Zoom, which has worked really well. The dates for the rest of the year are as follows:

Wednesday 23rd March	Wednesday 31st August
Wednesday 27th April	Wednesday 28th September
Wednesday 25th May	Wednesday 26th October
Wednesday 29th June	Wednesday 30th November
Wednesday 20th July	



Sessions run from 2 to 4pm. We'll be carrying on talking about all things work-related at our March session, so if you haven't joined us before, but would like to, please contact Rach or Sylvia.

JIM FINNEY'S HOPE SOCIAL QUIZZES

In memory of Hope Social's quiz master, we have included some of the many quizzes compiled for our social get togethers.

Name old favourite sweets and chocolates

Number 19 question Name the brand

1 	2 	3 	4 
5 	6 	7 	8 
9 	10 	11 	12 
13 	14 	15 	16 
17 	18 	19 	20 

Famous musicals Quiz



A daft music Quiz

Songs with animals in their title

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 | Nellie the _____ | Toy Dolls |
| 2 | _____ feet | Mud |
| 3 | Run _____ run, run, run | Flanagan & Allen |
| 4 | Little white _____ | Tommy Steele |
| 5 | _____ out of hell | Meatloaf |
| 6 | Tie me _____ down sport | Rolf Harris |
| 7 | What's new _____ | Tom Jones |
| 8 | _____ Rag | Louis Armstrong |
| 9 | How much is that ___ in the window | Lita Roza |
| 10 | _____ soldier | Bob Marley |
| 11 | Crazy _____ | Osmond Brothers |
| 12 | Paddy McGintys _____ | Val Doonican |
| 13 | See you later _____ | Bill Hayley |
| 14 | The _____ Song | Flanders and Swann |
| 15 | Rudolph the red nosed _____ | Gene Autrey |
| 16 | _____ love | Paul Anka |
| 17 | Little red _____ | Rolling Stones |
| 18 | The _____ came back | Tony Pastor |
| 19 | Puff the magic _____ | Peter,Paul and Mary |
| 20 | Pretty _____ | Manfred Mann |

Brain Teasers



1. Which of the following is not white?
Igloo, a white dove, polar bears, milk or snow?
2. You can only do this every four years over snow or ice, people do their very best to claim their prize. What am I?
3. I live and thrive in the winter as I grow down and sharpen but you'll never see me in the summer because I'll die in warmth. What am I?
4. What can be a cap, a bed and a bank all at the same time?
5. It is worn outside in the cold weather, sometimes it is made of plastic, fur, wool or even leather.

In the Eye of the Beholder: Ravilious in Grimsby

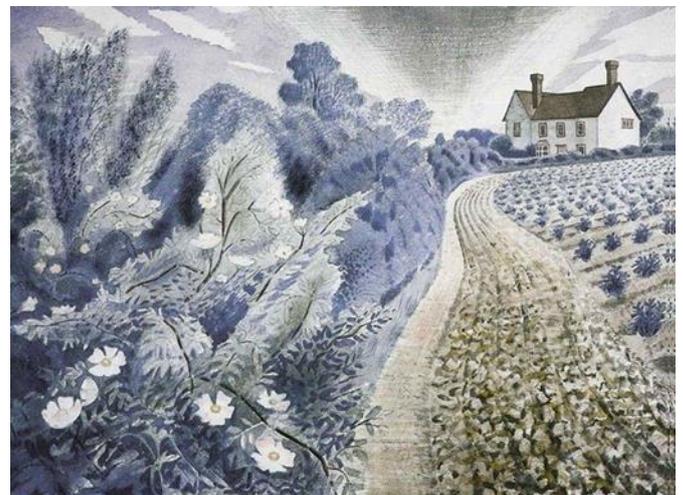


I first came across the artist Eric Ravilious on Twitter, a few months into the first lockdown. My gardener's eye was caught by "Geraniums and Carnations", (left) a watercolour, which he painted at Wittersham in Sussex in 1938.

Aside from the fact that I'm a big fan of both geraniums and carnations, I can't tell you why this painting out of the multitude of images being shared on Twitter grabbed my attention. I have actively avoided trying to analyse why I like or love things ever since I did a degree over thirty years ago and it

almost put me off reading forever, such was the level of dissection and theorising about the authors' motives and writing styles. Thankfully I got over it and now read for pleasure and to learn new things.

About four weeks after seeing my first Ravilious, I had one of those wow moments that you get when you see something that takes your breath away. This is "Farmhouse and Field", painted at Ravilious's last home, Ironbridge Farm at Shalford, in 1941 and I absolutely love it. According to Wiki Art it's in the magic realism style, which basically means that fantastic elements have been placed in a realistic setting. It makes me think of the sci-fi shows I loved in my youth, where you immediately knew that Doctor Who had landed the Tardis on an alien world rather than Gardener's World because the special effects people had spray painted the foliage.



As someone who spent several years with her camera filter stuck on impressive art, I'm not surprised this painting appeals to me. The colours are stunning and I want to walk down that path and see what's at the

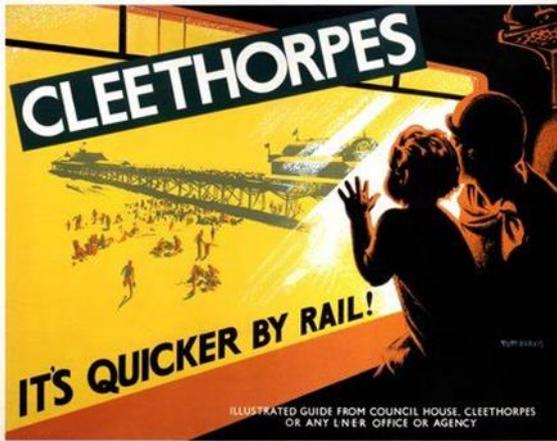


end, even though there may be something sinister in the unworlly undergrowth. Chances are there will just be an angry farmer, shouting "Get off my land!" before setting his dog on me because he thinks I've vandalised his hedgerow, but that won't stop me because I want to see more.

I have had a print of this painting on my wall for the last year and a half and I will never tire of looking at it. I've also learned more about Eric Ravilious (pictured left) during that time and discovered what an incredibly talented chap he was, because he didn't just do watercolours. Oh no, he also created hugely complicated and intricate wood carvings, which were used to illustrate all manner of publications. He painted amazing murals on walls all over the country and produced designs for Wedgwood pottery, which are absolutely

beautiful. Then, as if that wasn't enough, he also turned his hand to auto-lithography.

I must admit that until I started to investigate the life and works of Eric Ravilious, I didn't really know what lithography was. As I read books about him, the term lithograph kept cropping up, but as someone who usually sticks to acrylics or glass paints, I didn't appreciate the complicated process involved in creating a lithograph and didn't realise that I own prints and postcards of quite a few.



If you've ever seen one of those "It's Quicker By Rail" posters that were produced by LNER in the 1930s, then you've seen a lithograph. I have several copies of the ones enticing holidaymakers to come to Cleethorpes framed in my hallway, including this one (left) from 1932 by Tom Purvis. Sadly none of them are by Ravilious, but I still love them and their vibrant colours.

Perhaps I should have given some thought to how they were created nearly a century ago, but the ability to produce colourful posters is something we take for granted these days.

All you need is Publisher, glossy paper and a decent printer and you can whistle up something eye-catching in minutes. I know, because we do it a lot at work, but it doesn't make me an artist, just someone who knows her way around a computer and has a reasonable idea of what looks good and will hopefully grab people's attention.

Whether you were the artist or the printer, lithography wasn't something you could just dabble in; you had to be highly skilled to master it. The artist's design had to be studied, then separated into the required number of colours. Separate zinc or stone plates were then created for each colour, with a greasy ink applied to the required areas, so that the colour would stick to them, but not the rest of the plate. The transparent colours were then layered, creating new colours, such as blue and yellow combining to make green. Technically you could call yourself a printer because you can print off a copy of an LNER poster on a shiny inkjet machine, but there's very little skill required. The master printers had vision and were artists themselves with their understanding of composition and colour. The fact that Ravilious did his own printing just reinforces what a clever devil he was.

Eric Ravilious created so many paintings of the beautiful countryside of England, but it was country far removed from my Lincolnshire home. His most famous pre-war paintings are generally of more southerly counties, e.g. Dorset, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Berkshire and Wiltshire. The Westbury Horse (right) was painted in September 1939, part of a series of watercolours of chalk figures, which he began in a flurry of activity whilst a member of the Observer Corps. Then on his return from his tour of the chalk figures, he began a new chapter in his life when he was invited to become a war artist.



Wanting to learn more about someone who had become one of my favourite artists, the book "Ravilious in Pictures: The War Paintings" was on my 2021 Christmas list and so it was that I opened it up on Christmas night and proceeded to get very excited indeed when I got to page four.



I knew that Eric Ravilious had been appointed to the Admiralty as an Official War Artist in December 1939, with the honorary rank of Captain in the Royal Marines, and that he had travelled both around Great Britain and further afield to document the war. However, what I didn't know and what was revealed to me on page four was that in 1940, Eric Ravilious came to Grimsby and this watercolour "Grimsby Trawlers" was one of the results of his stay in my home town.

Frustratingly, there wasn't much else about Grimsby in the book, so I started Googling Eric Ravilious and Grimsby and came across mentions in a number of other publications. As a result, my late Christmas/new year present to myself was even more books about Ravilious and war artists in general.

Now it's a good job I love Eric Ravilious's work so much because what I discovered was that he really wasn't a fan of Grimsby. He arrived here on 9th April 1940, after previously spending time in Chatham, Sheerness and Whitstable and his initial impression was very unfavourable. In letters to friends and family, he described Grimsby as 'rather a dull featureless town' and a 'treeless and smelly town of a meaty red colour.'

"The Sketchbook War" by Richard Knott reveals that Ravilious stayed at the Royal Hotel during his time in Grimsby and he wasn't wild about Patricia Hodge's future home either! Knott says that he found the hotel "unpleasant; pretentious and clumsily refurbished" whilst Ravilious himself wrote that,

"There are trains all night outside my bedroom window and an insistent whistling which I am now used to and sleep through the noise, but find I have odd dreams."



He did at least seem to like the mulligatawny soup, which he chose whenever he could "to keep the cold at bay."

A yearning for his family and beautiful southern landscapes no doubt coloured Ravilious's view of the hotel, but his dismissal of The Royal was rather unfair. It had been a flourishing hotel until war broke out, at which time it was requisitioned for use by the Navy. It was primarily an operations centre and also used by the Wrens as a clothing store. The lounge bar became the officers' mess, but the Navy did not look after the place and by the end of the war The Royal was in a state of neglect. It was eventually taken over by Hewitt Brothers in 1949 and returned to its former glory, but sadly it was demolished in the 1960s to make way for the Flyover. If Ravilious thought The Royal was depressing, the Flyover would have had him in tears.

April in Grimsby before the advent of global warming was not the ideal location for an artist, but despite coming across as a bit of a southern softie, Ravilious did manage to find plenty of subject matter in Grimsby. In a letter written to a friend on 24th April, he commented that,

“The docks are nice and I work there all day but won’t be sorry either to go to sea from here or get away somewhere and finish the drawings – of divers, destroyers, Oropesa floats, lightships and guns. Drawing is difficult because of the wind in this flat exposed place, high winds and the smell of fish: however, today, was the first really calm one and perhaps that fine spell has begun.”

Although in danger of having gobbets of fish and cod’s heads hosed at his feet, Ravilious felt that he had captured some “wonderful material for lithographs” and that he had drawn a wreck, “just funnels and masts sticking up” and the hard wind that had blown for nearly two weeks had encouraged him to work on bridges and in engine rooms.

In a letter home to his wife Tirzah, he sounds enthusiastic when he tells her that,

“Today, I have been at work on the Bridge of a Destroyer which is a mass of speaking tubes like some sort of sprouting African lily. Next week I hope to have a shot at the Engine room which is intestinal and infernal. I messed up a beautiful beginning on the Bridge of my escort vessel but I shall try again as a lithograph....”



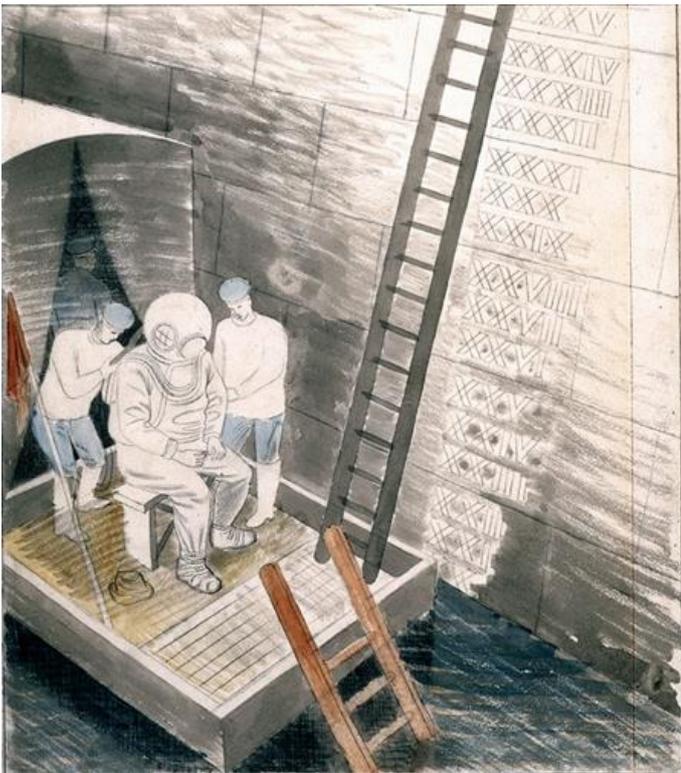
The book “Ravillious & Co: The Pattern of Friendship” by Andy Friend reveals another painting that resulted from the artist’s time in Grimsby. A few weeks after leaving Grimsby, he wrote to close friend Helen Binyon about “Light Vessel and Duty Boat” - “one of a lightship today the best quite easily and really quite bright colour for me – there is a stabbing red light in the foreground.’

Sadly, we can only imagine the bright colour because the original painting was lost in August 1942 when the merchant ship transporting it and other works of art to South America was sunk by a U-Boat, but at least this dramatic monochrome print of another Grimsby-inspired work still exists.

A clue to a third work exists in comments made by Ravilious that he had found a willing sitter in the harbour’s diver equipped in full gear and that a diver had given him a set of photographs whilst at Grimsby. Add to that the mention of having lunch with “the first Socialist I have met in the Navy” – Rex Fletcher, Labour MP for Nuneaton, who was Grimsby’s dockyard commander – and this led me Hercule Poirot-like to a series of lithographs Ravilious created, which appear in the book “Ravilious: Submarine” by James Russell.

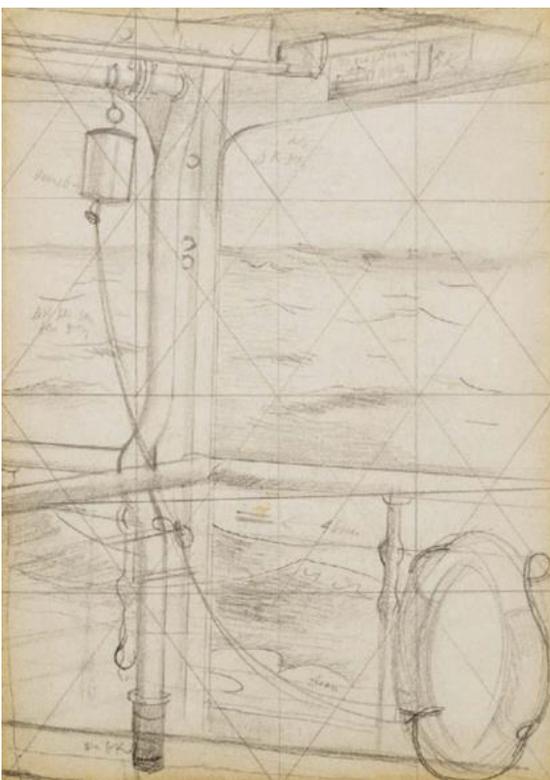
Indeed, had I read this book first rather than last, I could have spared myself the detective work because

the picture below on the left is described in the book as “Eric Ravilious, The Diver (Grimsby Docks), 1940; preparatory drawing and watercolour, National Maritime Museum, London”, whilst the lithograph on the right, one of a series of ten printed in 1941, is simply known as “The Diver”.



Most of the lithographs resulted from Ravilious’s time spent in the Portsmouth area in and around submarines, so it is good to know that a northern interloper made it into the Submarine series.

As for the Socialist clue? Well, Russell speculates that the red hat and flag were included for the amusement of Rex Fletcher.



These are the only three completed works I have found with a Grimsby connection, but in June 2019, a rediscovered Ravilious drawing was auctioned at London saleroom Roseberys. The 9 x 7 inch pencil on paper drawing of a view from a boat (pictured left) is believed to date from his time in Grimsby and has transfer squares and colour names on it, but it was never developed into a watercolour or lithograph. It went for £3000 at auction, so the seller will at least have been glad that Mr Ravilious took a trip to Grimsby!

After Grimsby, Eric Ravilious spent the rest of 1940 and 1941 attached to the Admiralty, creating a remarkable pictorial record of the war effort in Norway, Portsmouth, Newhaven, Dover and Scotland, whilst in between leaving the war temporarily behind to create absolute beauties like my favourite “Farmhouse and Field”.

Ravilious gradually found himself drawn more towards planes and pilots and in January 1942, he began a new contract as a war artist, this time with the RAF. Stationed at RAF Clifton in York, Saffron Walden and RAF

Sawbridgeworth, during this time he painted Spitfires, Lysanders, Tiger Moths, Hurricanes and Tomahawks, as well as a loft full of carrier pigeons. This watercolour (right), resulted from a visit to Sawbridgeworth by the Spitfire squadron from North Weald on 1 August 1942, so that Mustang pilots could practise their fighting tactics.



Ravilious enjoyed RAF life and took great pleasure in flight. He wrote to his wife that “It was more lovely than words can say flying over the moors

and the coast today in an open plane, just floating on great curly clouds and perfectly still and cool...”

On 28 August 1942, Ravilious flew to Reykjavik, having been posted to the Norwegian Squadron in Iceland. From there he travelled to RAF Kaldadarnes, from where 269 Squadron’s Hudsons provided air cover for convoys in an area prone to sudden and violent storms. He arrived there on 1st September, the same day as a Hudson failed to return from a mission. The next day at dawn, three planes took off to search for survivors and Ravilious went along with them. Not only did the search prove fruitless, but the plane on which Ravilious and four crew members were travelling never returned either.

Eric Ravilious was 39 years old when he was lost to war and we will never know what else he might have achieved had he survived. He was not a tortured soul like some artists, although he sometimes expressed concerns that his talent would burn out in middle age like that of other creatives. As it is, we can only judge him on the work he left behind rather than what might have been and for me, he was an artist whose glass was always half full and who consistently managed to find and capture the beauty, not just in the sweeping glory of the southern counties, but also in the midst of a brutal and ugly war and even in a place that he considered a dull and featureless town.

Although fiercely proud of my home town, I can forgive Ravilious his antipathy for Grimsby, not least because too many Grimbarians disparage it on a regular basis and say it has nothing to offer. Consequently, you can hardly blame a homesick Southerner on a fleeting gale-plagued wartime visit for being unimpressed, but he was wrong and so are they. I think that Ravilious’s time as a war artist attuned him to seek out and record a different and less obvious kind of beauty, that which is in the eye of the beholder and I’m very proud that he discovered it in our Grimsby trawlers, lightships and divers.

Rachel Branson (February 2022)

If you would like to see more of Eric Ravilious’s work, the [Ravilious Twitter account](#) is a good place to start.

Sources:

Ravilious In Pictures: The War Paintings, James Russell, Mainstone Press (2010)

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Colours of War, Alan Ross, Jonathan Cape Ltd (1983)

The Sketchbook War, Richard Knott, The History Press (2014)

[@Ravilious1942](#) Twitter account

[Last orders at the Royal - Grimsby Live \(grimsbytelegraph.co.uk\)](#)

[Antiques Trade Gazette](#)

JIM FINNEY'S HOPE SOCIAL ANSWERS

Name old favourite sweets and chocolates

1 Aniseed balls 2 Spangles 3 Boost 4 Jazzies 5 Chocolate orange 6 Coconut mushrooms 7 Cola bottles 8 Crunchie 9 Flake 10 Flying saucers 11 Fruit Jellies 12 Peppermint cream 13 Walnut Whip 14 Fudge 15 Jelly Beans 16 Love hearts 17 Milky Bar 18 Liquorice Torpedoes 19 Maynards 20 White mice

Famous musicals Quiz

1 Annie get your gun 2 The King and I 3. Evita 4 Joseph and the amazing technicolour dreamcoat 5 My Fair Lady 6 Billy Elliot 7 Hello Dolly 8 Chicago 9 Calamity Jane 10 Carmen Jones 11 Guys and Dolls 12 Mamma Mia 13 Fiddler on the Roof 14 The Lion King 15 Phantom of the opera 16 Rocky Horror Picture Show 17 The Jersey Boys 18 Oliver 19 Seven Brides for seven brothers 20 White Christmas

A daft music Quiz

Songs with animals in their title

1. Elephant 2. Tiger 3. Rabbit 4. Bull 5. Bat 6. Kangaroo 7. Pussycat 8. Tiger 9. Doggy 10. Buffalo 11. Horses 12. Goat 13. Alligator 14. Gnu 15. Reindeer 16. Puppy 17. Rooster 18. Cat 19. Dragon 20. Flamingo

BRAINTEASER ANSWERS

1. Polar bears, because their fur is colourless. Each fur strand is actually transparent
2. Winter Olympic Games
3. An Icicle
4. Snow
5. Winter Coat



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