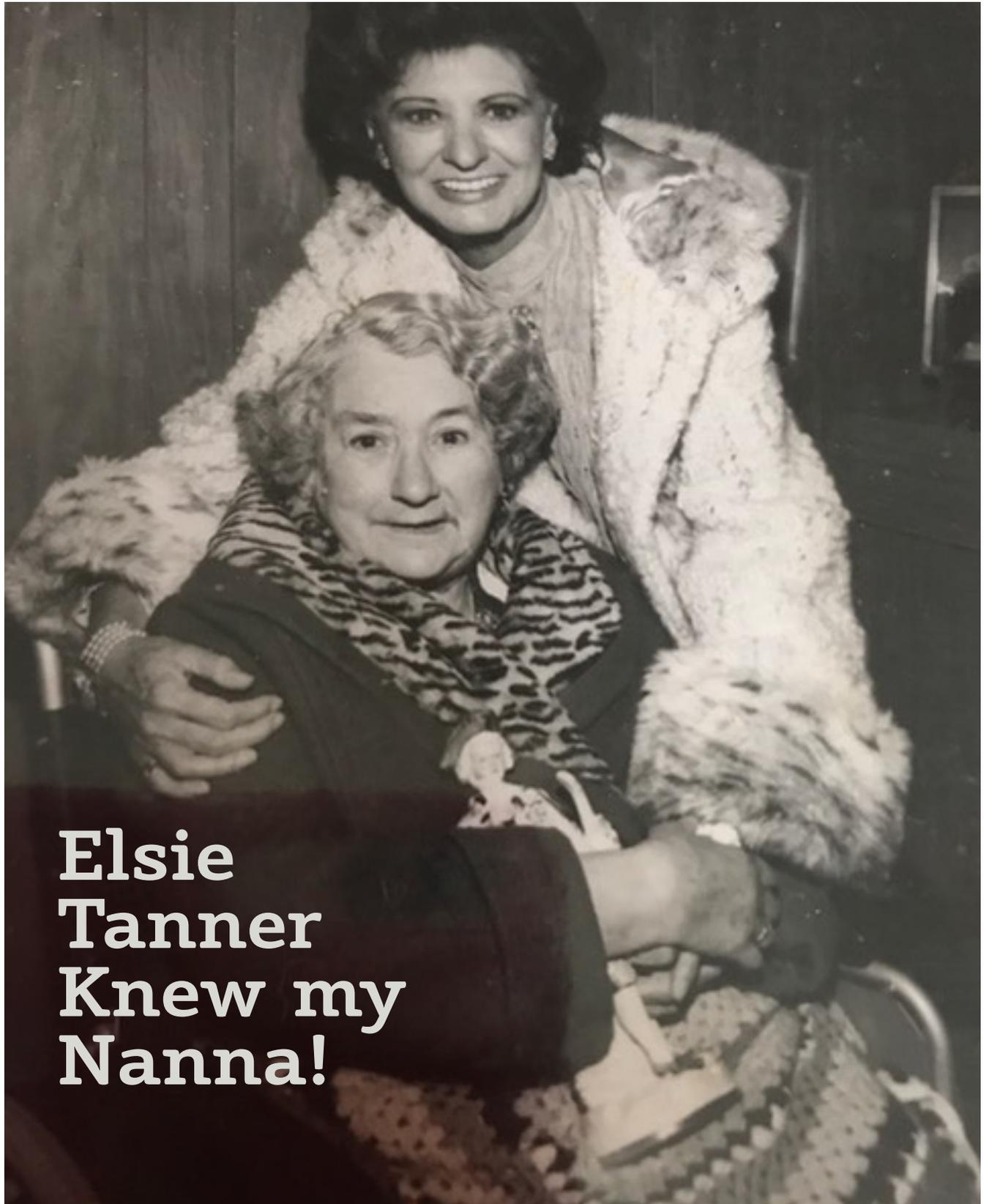


PROUD EAST MARSHIAN

MAY 2020 ISSUE #2 FREE

News & views from the East Marsh - EMU/Sun & Moon Festival - online at www.sunandmoonfestival.org



**Elsie
Tanner
Knew my
Nanna!**

Hello,

Here we are then, our second edition and we're even more excited about it than the first (and that's thrilling enough)!

As a team, we've been getting our heads together (via Zoom - of course) to plan what we can do during this time, and come to terms with what we can't - same as everyone else out there.

Putting this magazine together has been a real highlight for us and this edition is a vibrant mix of creative ideas, poems, stories and articles that relate to our beloved East Marsh.

Dive in and enjoy.

We're thinking about you all and we'd love you to send us stories and pictures of your arts and crafts to feature in future editions - come on...you know you want to!

We can't be in our hub on the market just now, so this publication will be your hub for as long as we're separated.

Here you'll find stories, tips and tricks, activities, interviews and, as we grow, so much more.

Keep up to date and keep in touch

Make sure you're with us. Read your magazine. Explore the Sun and Moon website. Check the Sun and Moon Facebook page.

Keep up to date and keep in touch.

Keep safe everyone. Enjoy your magazine and, when this is over, sign up for workshops and join us!

Your Sun and Moon Festival team.



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BELTAIN SONG

JOIN US ROUND THE BELTAIN FIRE
COME SING AND DANCE AND PLAY
WINTER'S GONE AND SPRING IS HERE
IT'S THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

WE'LL CALL OUR NAMES
AND JUMP THE FLAMES
MAKE PLEDGES IN THE FIRE

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT
OUR HEARTS TAKE FLIGHT
AND CLAIM WHAT WE DESIRE

As we are still in the midst of the Coronavirus pandemic, once again we invite you to share in our online seasonal celebration of Beltain (sometimes spelt Beltane).

We are moving into Summer, and for nature it is business as usual despite what is happening in our world. Everywhere we look there is evidence of the continuity of life. Trees are coming into leaf, blossom brings colour to our gardens and streets. Bird song fills the air as our feathered friends get on with nest building and raising their young. Observing Earth's cycles reminds us "all things must pass" (George Harrison circa 1970).

May is such a beautiful time of the year and a very good reason to be joyful. As we live through these unprecedented times we can all find ways to celebrate what is good in our lives.

Reflecting on the main themes of Beltain, they seem even more relevant in our current situation:

Count our blessings – yes we are living with restrictions but we can focus on the many things we can still do.

Those of us staying at home are finding we have more time to spend with family and we can enjoy sharing things we normally struggle to fit into our busy lives.

We are grateful for the many people who are continuing to work on the frontline to ensure we have the basics we all need. You know who you are. Thank you, thank you, thank you to you all.

BELTAIN - FESTIVAL OF FERTILITY & UNION

Pledges – the old ritual of "Hand Fasting" where couples pledged themselves to each other extended to friendships and colleagues. Pledge your allegiance to the people who are special to you. Even if you can't actually be with them. We are lucky enough to have the technology to keep in regular contact with those we want to share our lives with.

Planting seeds for tomorrow – Most of us are currently experiencing a very different lifestyle brought on by the pandemic. It can be a unique opportunity to slow down and reflect on what is important to us both as individuals and as citizens of the Earth. This is a time for making plans.

As Glennie Kindred writes in her wonderful book Earth Wisdom:

Ask yourself what you wish to give energy to. Where will you put your focus? What can you change for the better? What actions can you take that will help the spread of goodwill and Love in the world? All too soon this highly fertile time will be spent, so make the most of its raw energy for initiating plans and visions. Everything you do now will bring you closer to your goals, as the expansive energy of the moment carries you along.

Beltain is one of the fire Celebrations. In normal circumstances it would be enjoyed and shared outdoors with friends and family. This year it is not to be, but I hope that next year will all get together to celebrate and sing the Beltain Song. Instead I share my words with you.

If you have always wanted to write but

never seem to find the time – now you have the opportunity. Here are a few suggestions.

Try a praise poem for someone you care about and are unable to see. Perhaps you can see a Silver Birch outside your window, or an oak tree in the park where you exercise. Take photographs or paint a picture and write a poem to go with it reflecting what is in your thoughts right now.

Write an Acrostic; a poem where the first (or last) letter of each line makes a word. I used the word RAINBOWS.

Rainbows

Are suddenly everywhere

In windows on screens on doors in trees

Nature's symbol of hope

Bringing colour to

Our lives

With messages of friendship

Sent with love

Go on – have a go!

The brilliant new online magazine Proud East Marshian from the REMAKEe /Sun & Moon team is full of creative ideas to help you make the most of this time. Follow your dreams and think big.

Keep Safe. Keep happy.

MARIA GARNER

To See the World

INES ASCHKOWSKI

I grew up in East Germany, the German Democratic Republic. We were only allowed to visit some of the socialist countries.

But I wanted to see the world! Why learn about other countries at school - for example Great Britain, Egypt, Greece and Japan - when you won't ever be able to visit them!

A girl from my school class, Steffi, had learned to be a waitress. She was an air hostess first. After that, she was working on ships. We met up one day as she was still a friend of mine. I was interested and thought you would have to be a trained waitress or cook if you wanted to apply to work on ships. Steffi said that people from all sorts of profession work as waitresses. Oh, there is a chance, I thought!

I was trained and working in a technical job. Me, in a technical job - that's not me at all! I wanted to get away from that!

I love the place where I grew up! One thing was for sure - I never wanted to move away for good. But - I wanted to see the world.

Some time passed by. I didn't get on with my parents too

well at times. Constant quarrels with my sister. Baltic Sea.

Then the final push - another quarrel! I'd had enough! So, I applied, and got a job at the East German merchant shipping company, the 'Deutsche Seereederei Rostock' at the

It was late November of 1981. Meeting point was at 'Hotel Haus Sonne' in Rostock. Together with a few other girls to become stewardesses and some lads to become deck

hands, we went on a three-week theory programme, interlaced with a few practical exercises, for example how to work a lifeboat.

We became more and more excited as the course was nearing its end. Then the time arrived. We were about to be told where we would be placed. There were 4 fleet divisions -

Mediterranean/Africa, Asia/America, Coast and Special. Special meant bulk loads, and often those ships went to Russia. I didn't want to be on one of those. What I was hoping for was Asia/America.

Then the big day arrived! The day on which we were allotted our travel routes. Soooo exciting!!! Heart beating fast. It was my turn - I was told that I was with Mediterranean/Africa. Not bad, fairly OK with that. Better than Coast or Special I thought. I was looking forward to being on my first ship!

The wind was knocked out of my sails quickly. Two of us girls, myself included, had to go working at a high-class hotel on the Island of Ruegen first, for 3 more weeks! And over Christmas and New Year, too! Disappointed!

The Cliff Hotel was the poshest one on the island. Set on top of a cliff at the seaside resort of Sellin, it was trying to imitate the famous 'Bauhaus' style a tiny bit. On one side you had views over the Baltic Sea, on the other side the Lake of Sellin. It had an indoor pool and a lift down to the private beach. This hotel was only meant for the highest people from the ministry of state, other socialist states and the socialist party.

So, I started work. Everything had to be spot on. During the first few days, I was shown how to clean and set up the rooms. Even a bowl with fruit had to be replaced each day, and the refrigerator also had to be topped up.



Hotels for the common folks NEVER got that kind of service. Unfortunately, I said something like 'They get everything and normal folks don't' while in earshot of a colleague. The next day, I was in big trouble. I was ordered to the socialist party leader of the hotel and taken through the mangle. My colleague had clearly reported me. I was shocked.

'Do you really want to work on ships' I was asked?! Saying I was sorry, and whilst admitting that it was a special hotel, I confirmed that I believe in our state and have a positive attitude towards it. Then he said that I'd stated in my application that we have relatives in West Germany and in the Netherlands but that we had no contact. They made me sign a document admitting that there was no contact, and that there never will be any intention of contact.

I signed it - with crossed fingers and toes that in my mind meant to me that this piece of paper would be invalid! Crossing fingers whilst making a promise meant you wouldn't keep it. The same as implying you are telling the truth when you are not.

In the next breath, he asked me if I wanted to join the socialist party. What?! A total surprise! Being told off first, and then this? It was some time ago that I had made up my mind about that. I wasn't going to join 'The Party'. So, I again stated my positive attitude and said that I can and will do my best for my country without joining.

Work at the hotel continued. The winter of 1981/82 was one of the coldest and

snowiest for a long time. I was one of the lucky girls to have a few days off over Christmas. Just the day before heading off home to my parents, it started snowing. It continued snowing, and snowing, and snowing.

In the morning the whole of the north was snowed in. It was sunny, and the

was a smaller station, with only a kiosk selling hot drinks and Bockwurst (a thicker sausage comparable to hot dogs) in a roll.

I had to wait for hours until a train was running down to the south. Fortunately, I had a novel to read with me whilst sitting at the station for hours.

Part of Christmas spent at home, I was

strange. Then the trial was over. A few days spent at home again, I was finally assigned to my first ship - the MS 'Eichwalde', destined to go to Lattakia in Syria and Beirut in The Lebanon.

I was allowed to work on ships, even after I had said something at the hotel I should never have said!



air was crisp. The train on the island to the mainland was running as usual. In Stralsund on the mainland, opposite the island, many trains were not running. It

travelling up north again to complete the last few days cleaning hotel rooms. This was the very first time I'd celebrate the New Year away from home, it was very

World, I am on my way!!! To see it all!



INES ASCHKOWSKI

Well, as my mam would say... 'this is a funny how do you do'!

Like most of my family she was from the East Marsh. I was born in Grimsby and lived on Wade Avenue for a few years (not that I remember) before it was demolished and we moved to the Nunny. There were a good clutch of Hodsons that lived on Nelson Street too. It's ironic that we moved back to the Marsh to live on Eleanor Street before I disappeared to university in the 80's.

My favourite buildings on the East Marsh are those small workshops that pop up in odd locations...a reminder of the original intent of building on the Marsh to provide housing and places of work in support of the dock and railways. Proper 'working from home', maybe those buildings that remain will have their day again in the post-Covid world.

We are looking to move our studio from Cleethorpes to 'down dock' in the next few months and are taking a lease on the TC's building. We intend to combine our studio space (on the first floor with great views of the Dock Tower) with a small but special gallery/workshop/venue on the ground floor. It's a sensible decision as grants are available

and to be honest we're a bit bored with Cleethorpes, fundamentally though it's a 'heart ruling the head' situation. It just feels right. It will be closer to the new home of the Mighty Mariners (...hopefully) as they look to move back to their true home close to Freeman Street.

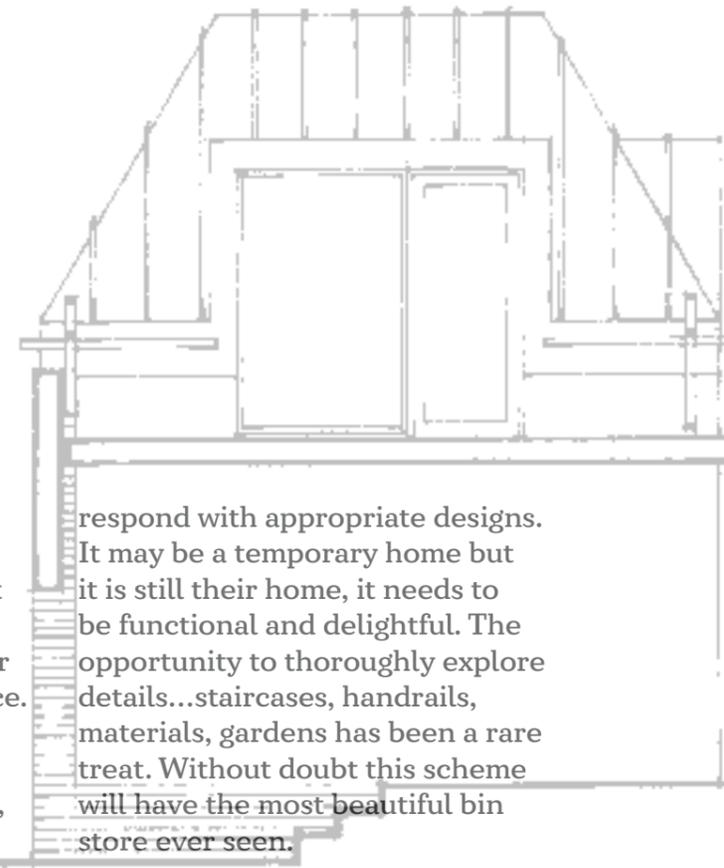
Like most businesses we are now working from home (...there are 10 of us in the practice) and keeping in touch with each other, clients, other consultants and local authority officers via some previously unheard of video conferencing gizmo; we now live in the age of 'Zoom' and 'Microsoft Teams'.

As the Practice Principal and self-proclaimed technophobe part of my role was to meet clients and represent the practice in all sorts of ways...I am the 'face' of the company. That has ceased of course and I have to admit to feeling a little bit shackled, out of touch...apprehensive. Architects operate best in a studio environment, working closely and collaboratively...it's as much a 'social' discipline as it is technical and artistic. I'm also a 'routine addict' and the current situation has put me into an irregular orbit.

Anyway, enough of the moping around...time for some positive vibes. What has happened is that I've reintroduced myself to the way I used to work...alone. Either as a student or a one man practice. I also now have time and less pressure...time to explore and resolve design issues thoroughly, do some bloody DRAWING for god's sake.

The ability to draw is obviously pretty fundamental to being an architect. Whilst much of this work is now done digitally, it tends to be the technical and formal drawing...no computer has ever designed a building. There is only one way to design a building and that is drawing by hand...it is the most effective and immediate way of connecting the brain with the execution and the necessary exploration of ideas.

Much of our work is focused on 'Community Architecture', it's what we enjoy most too. I have been working on a social housing scheme for a Womens Refuge group in Hull. It's serious work, there are so many facets to try to understand and react to. You need to get into the mind of the end user, empathise with them and

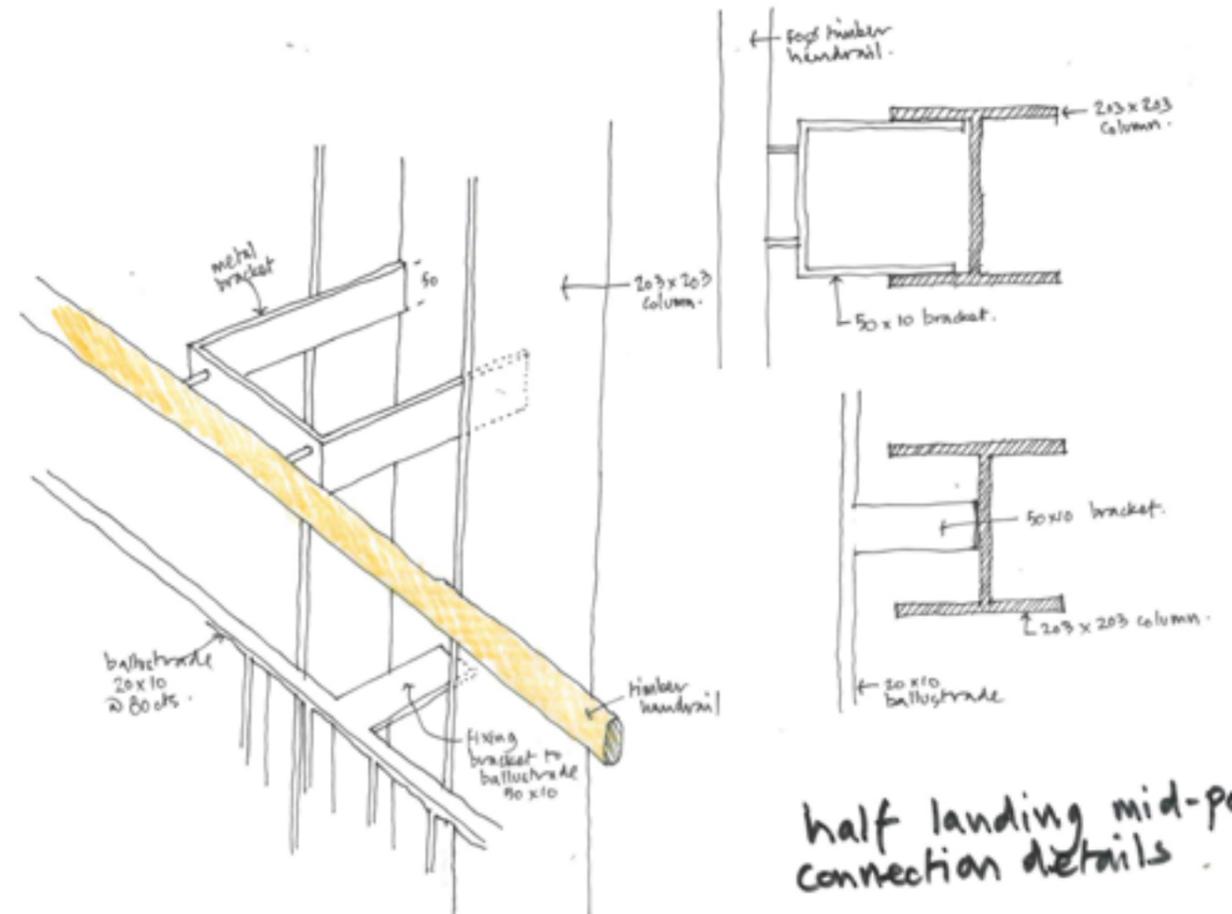


respond with appropriate designs. It may be a temporary home but it is still their home, it needs to be functional and delightful. The opportunity to thoroughly explore details...staircases, handrails, materials, gardens has been a rare treat. Without doubt this scheme will have the most beautiful bin store ever seen.

Schemes for the most vulnerable and deserving in our society should always be the best quality design.



Mark Hodson





TAKE A WALK DOWN FREEMO

Pete spent a day on Freeman Street Market chatting to people about their memories of the area and he turned these memories into this fantastic poem

Lee used to deliver fruit to Freeman Street
Went to market several days a week
You had to be early with supplies
Shoppers would be there from sunrise

I said, "Hey Lee, where does everybody go?"
He said, "Hey friend, take a walk down Freemo"
Rowland recalls the market in 1960
They looked after you like you were family
Place was busy when the trawlers came home
A spirit here where you were never alone
I said, "Hey Rowland, where does everybody go?"
He said, "Hey friend, take a walk down Freemo"

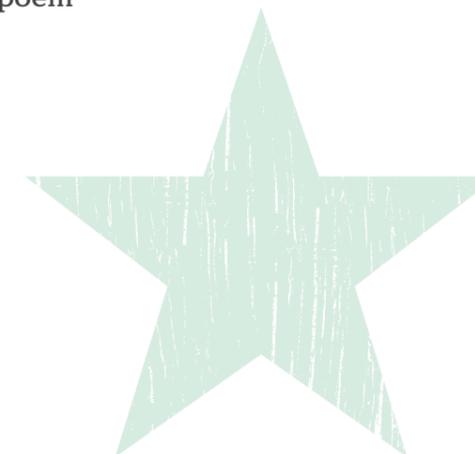
Joy's Mum lived on Garibaldi during the war
At the air raid shelter she's stopped at the door
Shelter one's full, go and try over there
Shelter one's blown up, war's just not fair
I said, "Hey Joy, where does everybody go?"
She said, "Hey friend, take a walk down Freemo"

Joy's Mum's a bus conductress in another air raid
A strange thing happened that can't be explained
The air raid stopped and this is the truth
She arrived home to find her mattress on the roof
I said, "Hey Joy, where does everybody go?"
She said, "Hey friend, take a walk down Freemo"

Christine went to the market when school was done
To help Mum with the shopping on the way home
A helpful hand here, a friendly face there
It seemed everyone had time to spare
I said, "Hey Christine, where does everybody go?"
She said, "Hey friend, take a walk down Freemo"

Lynn from Nelson House has played her part
Everybody called her The Queen o f Hearts
She was once named volunteer of the year
For helping all the folks around here
I said, "Hey Lynn, where does everybody go?"
She said, "Hey friend, take a walk down Freemo"

So when you re wonder ing where to go
Just meet your friends and take a walk down Freemo



PETE CULLUM

ELSIE TANNER KNEW MY NANNA!

Rose was my Great Nanna.

I loved visiting my Nanna, she was unlike any other Nanna or Grandma I knew. My friends' elderly female relatives were gentle and warm.

My nanna Rose gambled on horses, swore and she was forthright. 'Put the kettle on', 'Get a biscuit'. 'Take this to the bookies'. Her mottled shins indicated the weather outside and demonstrated how close she'd been to the electric fire.

I was put to work buying cigarettes, putting the bets on and getting anything else that was needed. Victor Street was not without its challenges. White dog poo punctuated the pavement and broken glass bottles punctuated the hopscotch grids. Elderly women in pinnies stood outside drinking tea and smoking, passing the time of day, always eager to give a small child a nudge in the right direction with well chosen advice 'the corner shop shuts at 5', 'stop doing that on your bike, you'll kill yourself', 'mind that shit'.

'Where you going?', 'Does your mam know you're out?', 'I know who your Dad is' – other well used phrases could be heard up and down the street in an effort to keep the kids in line.

Nanna braided nets in her garden and made lots of friends with the girls who moved with the herring. Everyone had a nickname – makes you wince now when you read them – Polish Maria, Scotch Dolly, Trousers Nell, Creamylegs. They were the Dominoes girls and drinking partners.

The Humber Pub, dominoes, drinking and gambling gave Nanna Goddard some relief until Coronation Street started.

Elsie Tanner aka Pat Phoenix was her favourite – her 'Queen'. She was held up with black and white reverence in the days before Ready Rentaset offered the colour television and Nanna would fixate on Pat.

Nanna started writing letters to her 'Queen'. She called herself 'Biddy'.

The letters went back and forth with Nanna talking about her family – Auntie Rosie's garden and local news. On occasion Pat couldn't write but a Granada TV Assistant was despatched to report this and a letter would still be sent with a Granada TV postmark so Biddy would still receive a response. Pat sent nanna photos and reports of holidays in Cornwall and Tony's health, none of us knew then how significant Tony would be to a future Prime Minister.

Nanna would give Pat advice on story lines and Pat would respond to Nanna's suggestions. Did Nanna believe that this was true life being filmed? Fiction or fact, the letters continued. Feedback on the graffiti by Dennis Tanner on the stone lintel at the bottom of the window of Elsie Tanner's Home was negative. Nanna did not want to see the hooligan side of Dennis Tanner (Elsie's son) immortalised in stone forever. Encouragement was given to Elsie with her on-screen flirtation with Len Fairclough and sympathy was offered when he eventually married Rita Littlewood.

In time Nanna moved from Victor Street to a flat at Belper Court.

In 1976 a Gypsy came to the door of Belper Court. Nanna always fearful of a curse, heeded the message given regarding Pat Phoenix. She was to stop writing to her as it was upsetting Pat.

Nanna duly stopped writing. Pat was confused and didn't know why. Granada TV staff were drafted to try and find out why the letters had stopped and who Biddy actually was. Affection had grown through the correspondence.

Her team contacted the Grimsby Evening Telegraph to try and track down Biddy's identity.

October 13th, 1978 Pat Phoenix was to come to Freeman Street to open Sun Valley Amusements.

Coronation Street's popularity was huge and a visit from one of its main stars meant that hundreds of people would be lining the streets and hoping to get a glimpse of such a glamorous star.

Auntie Rosie wanted Nanna to have the opportunity to meet her Queen. After reading about the visit and official opening in the paper, she made contact with the shop and asked if the Manager would be able to encourage Pat to wave at her Mum in her wheelchair, nothing more.

What followed was much more than could ever have been imagined by a loving daughter arranging a surprise for her elderly



'Biddy' with Pat.
Photograph ©
Grimsby Evening
Telegraph, 1978.

Mum in her wheelchair and best coat.

The day dawned. Auntie Rosie sprung the surprise trip on her Mum.

'Get your best coat on'. 'Where are you taking me?' 'That's for me to know'.

From Belper Court to Freeman Street, short steps and the push of a wheelchair to the place where Elsie Tanner would meet my Nanna.

Hundreds of people lined the street (Freeman not Coronation) to get a glimpse of Elsie Tanner. A glamorous TV star coming to Grimsby caused a great stir.

Hundreds of people lined the street (Freeman not Coronation) to get a glimpse of Elsie Tanner. A glamorous TV star coming to Grimsby caused a great stir.

Through the crowded shop, Auntie Rosie pushed Nanna towards her Queen. The wave of excitement was palpable. The people opened up a pathway to Pat for Nanna to say hello. Pat moved forward and held her hand. Auntie Rosie introduced 'Biddy' to Pat. It was their first ever meeting.

At last they were reconnected. The Gypsy curse was broken. True identities were revealed and letters could start again.

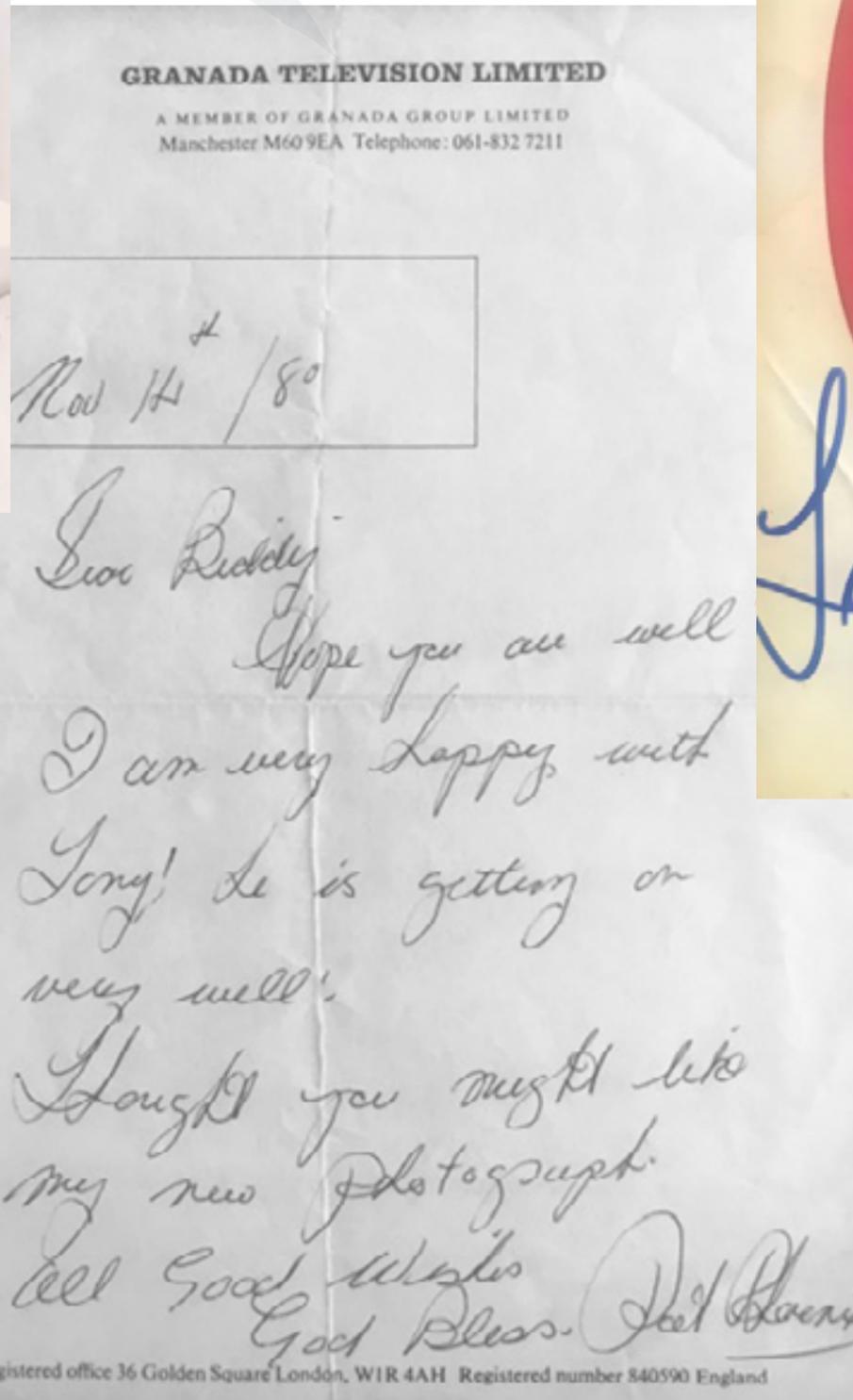
The conversation face to face, was something Nanna had yearned for and here it was. To celebrate, Pat wanted to give 'Biddy' a gift. She was eager to celebrate the occasion; it was as important to her as it was to Biddy.

Pat found a 'china' figurine – the biggest and best bingo prize available and presented it to Nanna. She's seen in the Telegraph's report of the event, sat in her wheelchair clutching the precious figurine, in her best coat.

Those were the days when stars replied to every letter they received. No email, insta posts or Facebook, just effort, paper and pen to communicate at a distance.

Was Nanna, aka Biddy, a special correspondent or just one of many? We'll never know. But what I do know is that Elsie Tanner knew my Nanna.

CAROLINE BEESON-SPENCE



Left - Caroline sat on her (Great) Nanna Rose's knee on her Christening day, 1965.
Middle - Letter to 'Biddy'.
Above - Autograph.





Using the month of May for inspiration

V's VANTAGE POINT

In Celtic times, May saw the festival of Beltain with festivals to welcome the longer, warmer days and for the people of the land to celebrate as they emerged from the dark winter months. Spring was well underway, and the celebrations would be full of colour.

There would be Maidens with garlands of spring flowers in their hair, Morris Dancers, jingling with bells and children dancing around the colourful beribboned Maypole.

Even in these times of social isolation, we can still find ways to celebrate the joy of spring and the beauty of the month of May.

Our sketchbook project, *Stop Look Listen Love* can be a place to sketch your ideas of what this month means to you, is it the spring flowers in your garden, or is it the birds and insects that are coming to visit?

They can be doodles of everyday life, your imaginings, make-believe characters and scenes. You could simply sketch the view from your window as a visual diary of what it is like in your area during this strange May of 2020, or it can be more about what you have been up to during lockdown.



I took a moment to really enjoy the smell of fresh coffee in the morning.

But it is YOUR PHOTOS we want to see in the 'Proud East Marshian'. This is your magazine to celebrate you and what you are doing. We also want to see your other art and craft projects, it could follow on from our last issue, Heart from Packaging, or be any form of art and craft that you have been making.

If you would like the chance to see your sketches, crafts and artwork published here in the 'Proud East Marshian,' send photos and a brief explanation of where and why

you have created the work to Vivienne at: viviennemay@hotmail.co.uk putting PEM in subject.

You can also share samples from your sketchbooks online, as we now have a facebook group, Sketchbooks United. This is a private group for all ages and abilities simply for the fun of sharing with other sketchers. I also had a doodle with EMU and the Sun and Moon Festival in mind, just to have some fun with colour.

Let us see how you are having fun being creative whilst you are keeping safe.

VIVIENNE MAY



music & performance

arts & crafts

creative writing

media & web

Stay safe and well.

Annabel, Carolyn, Josie, Rachel and Vivienne.

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