



Rotary Opens Opportunities

LOOKS EAST

The Newsletter of The Rotary Club of Ipswich East
Edition 17-2020 : 21st July 2020

CLUB OFFICERS—2020/21

President: David Chittick

Sen V. President: Jo Banthorpe

Jun V. President: Steve Runnacles

Secretary: Tony Baker

Asst Secretary: Martin Westlake

Treasurer: Neil Hewitt



July

Jo Banthorpe

August

Karen Finch

Colin Davies

Alan Forsdike

Neil Hewitt

Toby Pound

George Woodward

**Club Meeting with Guest Speaker
Lewis Tyler describes living with Motor
Neurone Disease Tuesday 21st July
6.30pm by zoom - details on next page**

Duty Rotarians, Chris Banham and Jo Banthorpe



Dear Jack,
On behalf of the members of Ipswich East Rotary Club we wish you
Happy 90th Birthday
Having learnt something of your life from club members, we would like to convey our appreciation of what you have achieved. As an architect you designed houses, church halls, football stands, starting with one at Portman Road, a large extension to the Clubhouse at Ipswich Golf Club, and you oversaw the maintenance of some 145 churches in Suffolk! You are a Founder Member and Past President of our Rotary Club and continue to play an active role. You still oversee the maintenance of Rushmore Church, play golf and cycle regularly. You even fly planes. (if only on a simulator!). I know that there is much more that you have done for Suffolk and Ipswich. For example, you are a keen supporter of The Suffolk Wildlife Trust. We look forward to you speaking to the club soon about your interests.
Our grateful thanks to you and all the best for the future.
Warmest wishes from
The Members of Ipswich East Rotary Club

This beautiful card was created by Rosie Watson and delivered to fellow member Jack Earwaker on the occasion of his 90th Birthday which was on 7th July

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JACK!

Future Meetings:

Tuesday 4th August Business meeting

Tuesday 18th August Guest Speaker: Juliette Adams will share her childhood memory about our friendship with a Chinese family who fled the People's Republic of China".

Tuesday 1st Sept Guest Speaker: Alan Green Principal Copleston school talking about "Copleston school during the Pandemic."

Tuesday 15th Sept Guest Speaker: Suffolk Wildlife Trust's Michael Strand, Community Fundraising Manager. He will tell us what we can do in our gardens and community to make them more wildlife friendly.

Speaker Finder Steve Jones would love to hear from you with ideas for future speakers.

The perils of non-social distancing

President Moritz of our twinned club RC Bad Salzuflen shared this diagram of a Rotary Club meeting in Salzburg in mid-June.

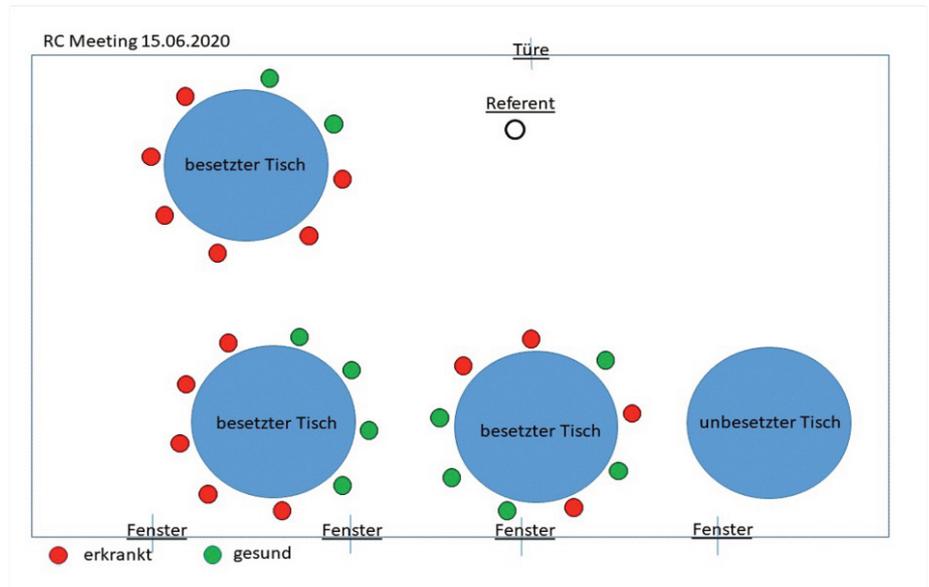
As you can see, there were three occupied tables with a total of 26 people present plus the speaker.

A few days after the meeting, 15 of the attendees had Coronavirus.

Those affected are indicated by the red dots.

For the benefit of those of us who are not German speakers, here are some translations:

Türe = door : Referent = speaker : besetzter Tisch = occupied table
Fenster = window : erkrankt = fell ill : gesund = healthy



A Thanksgiving for the Life of Sue wife of fellow Rotarian Colin Davies will be held on Thursday 21st July beginning at 12.45pm at Seven Hills Crematorium.

For obvious reasons, places in the chapel are restricted to around 20 so to allow room for family, the service will be live-streamed.

If you would like to support Colin and the family, you can log in to view the web-cast either at the time or afterwards.

Go to www.obitus.com insert username W1qa8997 and use the password 802735



Selig Suffolk & Ipswich Winter Night Shelter

Our speaker on 7th July was Julia Hancock, the business manager of Selig Suffolk Trust, the charity behind the Ipswich Night Shelter that helps to provide homes for homeless people. She has worked for various agencies within the voluntary sector and has worked for other various charities including the post of fund raiser for The Prison Fellowship where she helped to raise more than half a million pounds.

Julia has worked in her current position for over 4 years and has had 4 winter seasons working with the night shelter.

Selig aims to help two charities in Ipswich - Hope in Action and the Ipswich Night Shelter.



Before working for Selig, Julia's only previous involvement with the homeless was when she was involved with a very large church in London and she used to help making sandwiches to send out a food truck at weekends that was run by a convent and the volunteers used to take over at weekend to give the Nuns who ran it through the week a 2 night break at the weekend.

Her first job was for a drug and alcohol treatment charity where she travelled the country to create Health and Safety guidelines and that included drug treatment in prisons, needle exchanges and other community programmes. She then worked for a community centre in London and then fund raising for a nation charity, before working for the Prison Fellowship so was back working in prisons and fund raising for them and could see that all her previous experience would be very useful when she applied for the job at Selig.

Julia has learnt a lot about homelessness simply by being immersed in the field and has learnt the most from the people they work with and help.

She explained that the shelter is quite a sociable place and that it is quite a small unit and they never have more than 15 guests at any one time - usually a maximum of 12 and they sleep in camp beds with proper laundry that is washed after every use. They lay a big communal table every evening and the volunteers and guests eat a proper 2 course cooked meal together with hot drinks and snacks.

It is a sociable time where people sit and chat or play games together. Some guests are really tired and just eat their meals and go to bed but for some people it is the social part of the shelter that is a huge benefit to their mental health and wellbeing. Some of them are very happy to sit and talk about their daily experiences. They all have breakfast before they leave for the day.

In her first winter the majority of guests were mainly heroin users and she said it was a 'baptism of fire'.

Julia learnt a lot from the guests that first winter and helped many of them to find housing. Since that winter there haven't been as many drug users and if you went to the Night Shelter now you would find it hard to determine who is a guest and who is a volunteer. The guests range in age, the youngest being 18 years old and the oldest was in his 70's. There are both male and female guests, they have guests who have never had any problems but owing to a relationship breaking down they find themselves homeless....

As the stability of the shelter becomes a reality it makes a big difference to the guests and often their health improves, they put on weight. Their emotional health improves and they start to open up and explain their issues so they are able to get the help and support they need. The volunteers then help them with booking requests with other agencies that can help them and they help them to complete various paperwork to enable them to move forward with their lives.

There are a few rules for the guests and they are not allowed in if they have been convicted of arson or any recent violence. The guests are not allowed to use drugs or alcohol on the premises and may be refused access if they turn up incapacitated or are aggressive to the staff

who work on the entrance or to the volunteers. There are a small percentage of guests who cannot agree to the rules and these people are directed to other agencies who may be able to help them. Even if they are not allowed in the volunteers will offer them something to keep them warm, something to drink and eat before they leave. The volunteers will go out and try to find these people the next day and remind them of the rules and as long as they agree to abide by the rules - they will be allowed to enter the shelter another time.

Everyone sleeps in the same room and there are always 2 volunteers who stay awake during the night to ensure a safe environment for everyone. Initially guests stay for a week and are not asked to do anything and depending on how it goes they are advised if they can stay and will be helped with finding housing and starting a new life.

As it is a small unit sometimes there is a waiting list for people wanting a bed and guests can be asked to move on if they are not working to improve themselves. The least amount of time anyone had stayed was 10 minutes and the person was asked to leave as he had stolen someone's mobile phone and the longest stay was for a whole winter season. Last winter there was a total of 37 guests and the Shelter helped 28 of those to find housing and start a new life.

Julia finished her talk by explaining that beggars are usually class one drug users and are often not homeless. She said that she would not personally give them money as they would not use it for food, she said that she would always direct them to the homeless drop-in centres that are open every day, the soup kitchens that are open at night and the outreach centres.

Alison Baldry



As can be seen from the screenshot above, 32 members attended the meeting. Let's see if we can get that nearer the 50 who were attending our meetings at Greshams before Lockdown.

If you are having difficulty with zoom, please ask! Alan and Catherine are adept at talking people through it - it really is not difficult, it IS secure because we use a licensed version and a good way to keep in touch with everyone.

The Club Council will be very happy to hear your observations and comments on using zoom for meetings.

Details of Club Meeting via Zoom Tuesday 21st July at 6.30pm.

Catherine Forsdike will be the Zoom host and will open the 'room' at 6.15pm so the early-birds can freely chat (and admire members' virtual backgrounds).

Please don't wait until 6.30pm to try to get into the room.

At 6.30pm a bell will ring so that President David can call us to order and give the customary announcements.

It's important that we can still talk in small groups as we would round a table for a meal so we will be divided into 'breakout rooms' for around 10minutes.

A bell will ring again and we'll hear from our guest speaker Lewis Tyler who is going to be telling us about his experience of living with Motor Neurone Disease - you will recall that his wife Mitzi had this disease.

Lewis will speak for around 15minutes and there will be time to ask questions. PLEASE use the 'chat' facility to put your question.

The meeting will end with the final toast 'Rotary and Peace the World Over' at 7.30pm

We have arranged for the 'room' to remain open for more informal talking until 7.45pm just as we would after a physical meeting.

The link to access the meeting was sent in an email from Tony Baker on Sunday evening and the covering email to this newsletter.

If you can't find it, it's the same as the one for the previous meeting.



Photographic Memories of a Club River Trip

Club Photographer Richard Porter has been dipping into the archives again and shares these lovely photographs of the 2006 Ipswich East excursion on the Orwell in the River Lady.

Will such carefree days ever return? Probably but not for a while yet.





Stuart Cooper has been tidying up...

The lockdown has provided the opportunity to clearing cupboard and drawers of all sorts of records, newspaper cuttings and photos.

I thought I would share some details from 1974 which will jog some memories of former Junior Chamber of Commerce members and may be of interest to others.

I had the privilege in 1974 of being President of Ipswich Junior Chamber of Commerce and in those days we held an Annual President's Ball, this particular year at Melton Grange Hotel. My top table guests were the Mayor of Ipswich - Mrs Ruby Skerritt, the Conservative Ipswich MP Ernle Money and his wife Susan, the Managing Director of E.A.D.T. - Alfred Briault and his wife, and Labour MP for Sheffield Brightside, Eddie Griffiths.

We had a very enjoyable evening of feasting and dancing but during the following week a furore developed.

On the Friday prior to the Ball, Ernle Money rang me to say his Westminster pair (MP Eddie Griffiths) would be his house guest for the weekend and as Ipswich Town were entertaining Sheffield United, the two keen football fans would attend. He then asked if he could bring his friend to our dinner to which I readily agreed. Photographs of me welcoming Mr Griffiths appeared in the local press and started a huge inquisition.

Apparently, Mr Griffiths should have informed the local Labour party of his presence in Ipswich and by not doing so it was deemed to be discourteous. The local Labour party leader, one Ken Weetch who later became MP, wrote to Sheffield Brightside with this complaint. The national press picked up on this and the photo of me welcoming Mr Griffiths appeared in many of the daily newspapers as well as a batch of photos in the local press.

Whether his local party were looking for an excuse to oust him or not, he was deselected for the next election. Although he stood as an Independent Socialist and polled over 10,000 votes, he lost his seat in the House.



The photos show (top to bottom)
Welcoming Eddie Griffiths
Susan Money beside Eddie Griffiths
Top table guests

Tony Baker continues his fascinating series of fire fighter memories...

Retire to the Rear

On 1st March 1965 I was posted to Dartford Fire Station as a fire cadet for a period of four weeks. In my 18 months in the Kent Fire Brigade I had undertaken an initial training course and then worked in every office and every department of the Brigade from the Mail Registry to the Fire Boat and from Fire Control to the Breathing Apparatus Repair Depot. I had completed an Outward Bound Course and had learnt to drive. Now I was to be unleashed at a fire station with specific instructions to only be an observer.

I arrived early that morning and was told to put on my full fire-fighting uniform in readiness for the morning parade. At 9 the station bells rang and the off-going and on-coming watches paraded in the engine house. The off-going watch was dismissed and we were stood at ease. The roll was called and tasks were allocated, appliance commanders, drivers, pump operators and breathing apparatus wearers. The Sub Officer looked disparagingly at me. Fire cadets were new in the Brigade and were not looked upon favourably by rank and file. I was to be his Message Writer and to observe. I was to follow him like a shadow and take messages to crew members and send messages to Fire Control on the appliance radio. I was not to get my hands or feet dirty and I was return to the station "more maculate than when you left it". I had been told. There were smirks. He dismissed the parade.

Each crew started the process of checking their appliance and kit. Everything was checked to see that it was there and that it would work first time every time. The drivers checked bells and lights, the petrol tank was fully topped up and that the water tank held the full complement of two tons. We opened every locker and every box to check and test everything. The bells went down.

The fire bells belted out throughout the station and every single light, domestic and emergency, came on. Some jumped, including me, and some just shrugged. Everything went back onto the appliance and the driver checked that all was secure. He jumped up into the cab and started the engine. He revved it hard to get some life into the cold engine before we started out on our journey. My first task was to pull on my fire-fighting uniform in the back of the cab whilst two firemen pushed and shoved undertaking the same task. My uniform was the same as that of the firemen apart from my bright red shiny helmet which stood out like a sore thumb against the black of their helmets. The Sub Officer came running from the Watch Room having taken details of the call from Fire Control. "Shell Mex and BP, Northfleet!" The driver revved hard and signalled for the engine house doors to be opened. The doors sprang open, the engine roared and we drove out onto the forecourt of the station. "Bloody Hell" came in unison from both the Sub Officer and the driver.

In the back of the cab, we had no idea of what had caused the outburst. We sat facing backwards with our backs against a dividing bulkhead. 1965 was long before safety belts were provided in fire engines. Our only protection in a crash was that backwards facing position. We all swung round to look over the top of the bulkhead. On the skyline was a great pall of dark smoke some hundreds of feet in height in the direction of Northfleet. This was no small fire, it was a major incident.

The fire engine raced through Dartford town at top speed with bells and horns sounding. The Sub Officer was playing catch-up as he pulled on his fire uniform. He then reached forward and pulled out the Major Risk Register. He read quickly then began to shout out information. "Tank farm and distribution depot. Supplies petrol to road tankers. Petrol pumped from the quayside to storage tanks then on to overhead gantries". He read some more. "Seven tanks in each of two separate areas, each protected by a bund wall". "Trackway between the two areas. Do not



stand on the pipework alongside the bund wall. Slippery, broken legs. Do not climb onto the bund wall! Do not go over the bund wall!" "Fixed pipework to the top of each tank terminates in a foam head. Foam generators to be fixed to pipe work outside of the bund wall." He then shouted our information regarding foam equipment, foam supplies and the location of the booster pump for the fire main. Even to me, it all sounded quite straight forward.

We raced on. The brigade radio sparked up with the unmistakable tones of Paddy Ward, the Sub Officer at Gravesend. He described a major fire in a large static petrol tank located in the middle of the tank farm. Then he wanted the cavalry to attend, fire engines, foam tenders, foam bowsers, hose layers, emergency tenders, turntable ladders, the fire boat and a control unit.

We reached the gates of the depot and faced a problem. We could not get in through the gates. The depot manager had given the order to evacuate the premises. The twenty petrol road tankers, that had been waiting to refill, were all trying to leave at the same time. There was ringing of bells, honking of horns, waving of arms and numerous expletives as we barged our way through the gates and onto the trackway between the tanks. We came to a halt and my Sub Officer was out and running towards where Paddy stood gazing up. I was right behind him clutching my pad and pencil.

Paddy Ward was gently swearing over and over again. It was the archetypal case of the best laid plans of mice and men. There had been an explosion. The roof of tank had been ripped open and then crumpled down to join the 350,000 gallons of petrol inside the tank. The foam head at the top of the fixed pipework had disappeared into the wide blue yonder. The carefully crafted plan of action was no more and there was no plan B. They talked, I listened. The remaining fixed foam pipework was useless. We needed to attack the fire from the ground or from the top of an adjacent tank. We needed 10 to 20 times the amount of foam and water than had been planned for. We needed more equipment. They guessed that it would take up to an hour to prepare a foam attack. The immediate problem was that the wind was strong and was blowing the flames towards the next tank. We needed to cool the side of the burning tank to maintain the integrity of the steelwork and to cool the adjacent tanks. The high level walkways on either side of the burning tank had been dislodged in the explosion, therefore, steel plates could have been damaged. We needed to set up water spray walls to prevent any escaping petrol vapour from being ignited. There were 12 firemen and a cadet.

It was agreed that the Dartford crew would go inside the bund wall and set up the equipment at the base of the tanks and that the two Gravesend crews would supply all the necessary equipment, hose and water supplies. My Sub Officer turned to me, took away my pad and pencil and threw them under the pipes, then told me to summon the rest of the Dartford crew. We were short of working hands and it was all hands to the pump, so we all went over the bund wall.

We took three ground monitors and connected up hose lines. Two heavy jets were trained on the burning tank to maintain the integrity of the steel sides and the third was directed at the nearest tank downwind to cool it. It became noisy with the fire roaring above us, the small cracking explosions of air compressed by the fire pump expanding rapidly as it left the nozzles, together with the fire pumps screaming at full pitch on the other side of the bund wall. We had used all of the specialist kit and we still had much to do. We had to improvise.

Hand held nozzles came over the bund wall which we lashed to any available steel work including the high level walkways which had crashed to ground in the initial explosion. It began to feel like working in a rain forest with heavy spray falling and sodden conditions under foot. Other fire engines had evidently arrived as additional ground monitors came over the bund wall and three more heavy jets were set up. Then we set up curtain walls of spray between the tanks with the equipment carried on foam tenders and hose layers. The smell of the water changed. The fire boat was pumping from the Thames. I was soaked to the skin.

I looked up. The Sub Officer was looking around. He was satisfied. "Out!" The five of us scrambled back over the bund wall to where we had started. I felt like a drowned rat and my fire boots were caked in thick mud. I was not maculate. In forty minutes we have achieved our goals, or so it seemed. Another cooling jet was required and so I found myself with two firemen aiming a hand held heavy jet towards a tank just inside the bund wall. We leaned forward against the jet reaction of the heavy jet which could lift a single man and propel him up into the air. The Sub Officer was doing his rounds. He came close and shouted "If it blows, get down low". "What?" I did not understand. "What does that mean?" I asked the nearest fireman. "Just do as you're told!". *(To be continued..)*