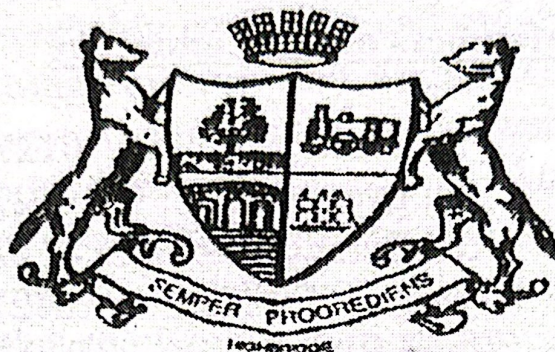


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WINTER

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NEWSLETTER

ISSUE NUMBER 20

WHO'S WHO

2003/2004

Members of the Committee

Chairperson	Fay Burston	01278 782529
Vice Chairman	Phil Lyes	01278 784629
Secretary	Ken Burston	01278 782529
Treasurer	Pauline Chapman	01278 785163
Membership Secretary	Beryl Bryant	01278 783780
Press Secretary	Ken Burston	01278 782529
Committee Members	Roy Bryant	01278 783780
	Jack Foster	01278 787611
	Ethel Titford	01278 788811
	Violet Chick	01278 784033
	Ray Reddish	01278 785411

Co-ordinators

Art	Jean Berry (Tutor)	01278 785840
Art for Beginners	Anne Young (Tutor)	01278 794492
Barn Dancing	Fay Burston	01278 782529
Calligraphy	Margaret Sims	01278 683280
Cycling	Barbara Palin	01278 784187
Keep Fit	Joyce Beard	01278 783913
Luncheon Club		
Play Reading	Tony Webb	01278 787483
Needlecraft	Beryl Hearn	01278 781947
Scrabble/Board Games	Betty Worthy	01278 795823
Skittles	Ray Reddish	01278 785411
Speakers Corner	Jack Foster	01278 787611
Strollers	Fay Burston	01278 782529
Swimming	Phyllis Walsh	01278 786486
Social Group	Roy Bryant	01278 783780
Writing for Pleasure	Doreen Reddish	01278 785411

Editorial

In the July issue you may remember there was a notice about Southwell House and the ongoing structural alterations. These dragged on somewhat and regrettably we had to call off the regular classes, (Art and Calligraphy,) during both July and August. Unfortunately, 'blanket' notices cancelling these were not made as we were hoping against hope that they might be held before the end of August. However, upon returning from the U3A's trip north of the border I went along to Southwell House with the intention of holding a Calligraphy class as planned, but found that the work was in no way complete, nor would it be for some weeks.

However, on Thursday 2nd September we were back, the Art Class was held and its members were pleased to be in action again

Our move to the Highbridge Social Club had therefore been justified; it saved the Club from a very embarrassing situation. Had we not, earlier in the year, made the decision to move we would have experienced a problem finding somewhere to hold the Coffee Mornings? The Wednesday morning meetings have been a great success at this new venue, membership has increased and everyone is now able to meet in spacious comfortable surroundings for an hour or so, put the world to rights and enjoy a cup of coffee.

Roy and Vi of the Social Club are always busy arranging trips to some place or other and the whole atmosphere is different, relaxed, friendly and social; thank you.

The absence of venue for the Art Classes did not, however, prevent the members from producing entries for the West Huntspill Show. It was held on the 21st August, our only success this year from 19 entries was a 3rd Prize for Sheila Innes. We have been very successful in previous shows so we must give someone else an opportunity to win an award, 'competition is good for the soul.' Our Art Classes have been very successful in bringing out the hidden talents of members. Sheila is the latest, Pauline Chapman, Pam Lyes, Jack Foster, Anne Smith; Phil Lyes (and possibly others) have received awards in the past.

The artistic talents shown by Club members is varied, Derek Hand specialises in producing decorated eggs, Ann Young's forte is painted silk scarves, Collin Moore is a very good photographer and at the West Huntspill Show he collected 1st, 2nd and 3rd awards.

Whilst I am in the mood to blow the Club members' trumpet this is probably a good time to comment on the recently published book on the history of Highbridge.

"Highbridge - A Somerset Market Town and its People" was the work of 14 people, 9 of whom are members of this Club (alphabetically). Fay and Ken Burston, Mary Draper, Fred Faulks, Jack Foster, Maureen McLaren, Eileen Picton, Doreen and Ray Reddish, the remainder were: -Gerald Buncombe, (U3A Burnham member and a local family) Alan Cook, (from 'Snippers'), Rex and the late Jack Major, (of Major's Transport) and Pearl Rawles.

This book, researched, collated, edited and published by the team from scratch was, to say the least, quite an achievement and to confirm this the initial print run of 850 books was sold out in just over 3 weeks. If you did not buy one then you had better get your order in quickly to catch the reprint.

Changing the subject, you may recall the article by Anne Smith called 'A New Woman' in the last issue; Anne had had two cataract operations and wished to allay the worries of any member who was also to experience this treatment. We are pleased to say that it did help a member, she rang Anne and they had a long chat, it resulted in the lady going private to get her treatment over quickly; others have also expressed their appreciation of the reassurance the article gave them. Thank you Anne for your very kind thoughts and the help you gave to members.

With the year-end fast approaching, sorry but it is; we must start to think about the New Year Party. Last Years was a great success and we will soon need to discuss the arrangements for 2005.

Chairpersons Report

Moving to the Highbridge Social Club was a good move, it is very comfortable and it gives everyone the opportunity to move around a little to have a chat. We hear so many comments from other clubs that they are getting too 'clicky', the members not mixing. Please don't let this be said about us. Membership is steadily growing, having now reached 126 and most activities are being well supported..

The new Groups, Writing for Pleasure and Barn Dancing have taken off and are well supported. The Writing Group has provided copy for this current issue of the magazine and I think you will find their work amusing.

The Barn Dancing last month was a laugh, the dances were not difficult but a bit confusing to those that have two left feet, or was it right feet? We assembled thirteen 'dancers' for that first session, which was a very good turnout. In September we had to cancel the meeting, only four turned up and you need a minimum of eight, the schools had just started back and members needed to adjust their schedules.

Unfortunately the Luncheon Club has yet to find a new leader, we will keep trying. The Computer Workshop has left our itinerary due to the On-Line Centre laying on some FREE courses that were too good to miss.

The Scottish Holiday with Lochs and Glens was thoroughly enjoyed by all and the holiday to Spain for next April, with the same company, is already fully booked. Thank you Social Group for arranging the holiday.

.....

The Final?Luncheon Club

The American Picnic in July was to have been at Rowberrow. Prior to our visit a recce had taken place and the area opposite the pub had appeared to be ideal. However, contrary to information received, the land did belong to the pub and they did not encourage people bringing their own food, we received dispensation but at that point it started to rain.

Luckily, Fay was able to put her contingency plan into operation and we all came back to Morland Hall where it was dry and warm. The 'picnic' was soon laid out and everyone tucked in to the wide variety of food provided. There was a selection of pies, salads, sweets and savouries plus tea, coffee or fruit drinks; a very cosy picnic.

News from the Groups

Art Groups

These re-started last month, the Tuesday class is growing, nine attended the first and at the Thursday ten returned, with two away on holiday it's going to be a large class. All the members were raring to get started again as they have a lot of time to catch up.

Computer Workshop

This activity has been removed from our programme for the time being. The Education Dept. stipulated that a minimum of ten 'students' was needed to make the course viable; unfortunately we could manage only eight, with one of these doubtful. However, I was advised that the On-Line Centre was providing FREE courses to Highbridge Residents so pointed our members in that direction.

Two took up the Internet Course (5 weeks) the others went for the Beginners Course. If, later there is need for a more advanced course for members we will have to reassess the situation.

Calligraphy

When it was proposed we start this class interest was a bit patchy, however now that it is a little more established, it has grown and we may now have up to nine members attending. Margaret Sims, the tutor instils enthusiasm into the class and everyone is keen to learn how to improve their writing. Using the calligraphy pen to form the 'Foundation' letters and then the 'Roman' script can make wrists ache after a time, so our class is limited to 1 hour, this appears to suit everyone and is producing results.

Social Group

Their efforts, to date, have provided members with a good programme of mixed attractions; the Winter Season is about to start so keep an eye on the Notice Board.

Strollers

There is a Drove next to Bridgwater Car Auction and on 9th July members (10) set forth to walk out to the River Parrett. However, upon reaching the gate we had to negotiate a car that was parked nearby, it was not empty, this prompted a few comments from the ladies in our group. The young cows assembled by the gate were also curious at any activity? in the car, the ladies in the group were more concerned with the occupants in the car, did they know them?, than by the presence of cows. Upon reaching the river we turned left and headed for the Dunball Wharf. All were keen to see the docks from a different angle, (being noseey really).

The views across to the River Parrett were great, the air was clear and the Quantocks stood out clearly in every detail, a lovely scene. We live in a beautiful county. Our walk was further than anticipated but we pressed on, chatting the whole time. However, upon reaching the Dunball Wharf area we encountered our first real problem, is there a way through?

There was a stile, but the overgrown path that headed in the direction we were going was obscure. It was left to the only male present to be a 'pathfinder'; he checked the path and trod down the brambles, etc. We did eventually get through to the wharf, in places it was precarious with a drop into the river, but a narrow footway did help direct the way. We eventually made it through the wharf, no one saw us, and if they did no comment was made.

We adjourned to the Hill Top Café where some had a Bacon Sandwich, or a mug of coffee, or both; it rounded off a very enjoyable morning.

Writing For Pleasure

See page 11

Barn Dancing

The first event of this new venture was on 18th August, Dave Napper, the caller is very patient with us, he explains the steps, and we then go through them at a slow pace. It is when he puts on the music that the problems start. But we are getting there and we all enjoy the experience, our actions and interpretations are hilarious.

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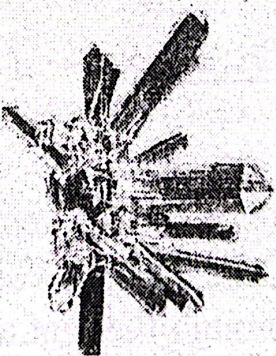
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Odd Sayings!!

“Don’t throw the baby out with the bath water”.

How did saying come about? Well back in 1500’s people usually got married in June, they had taken their annual bath in May and still had a clean smell about themselves in June. However, as time went by they started to smell a little so on the big day the bride carried a bouquet to hide the B.O. Hence today’s practice.

The bath they had had in May consisted of a large tub filled with hot water. Dad, the man of the house went in first and had the privilege to use, not only the hot water, but clean water. The other men folk followed, then the women and finally the children. The baby was last and by then the water was so dirty that you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying “ Don’t throw the baby out with the bath water”.

Houses then had thatched roofs, often straw piled high with no wood underneath, this was the only place for animals to get warm. So, all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs, etc) lived in the roof and when it rained the straw became slippery and they would slide off. -----

So! “It’s raining cats and dogs”

Obviously there was nothing to stop them from falling into the house and onto those below; this problem was solved by having beds with big posts at the corners from which a sheet was hung over the top to give some protection. Enter the four-poster, canopy, beds.

Floors were dirt, but the well off had floors other than dirt, often covered. So the ‘common’ people were “Dirt poor”. The wealthy had slate floors that got slippery when wet, so they put down straw to avoid slipping. As time wore on they put down more straw until, in the winter, it started to slip outside when the door was opened. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance to prevent this and was the “Thresh hold”.

The Holiday in Scotland

On Monday 6th August the coach picked 8 members at the Highbridge Cemetery and a further 4 at Pier St. and by 07.15 we were on our way. Our journey north was very good, no hold ups and we made good time, there were a number of comfort stops en route and we arrived at the Loch Long Hotel at about 18.00 hrs. A quick shower, and a good supper, before turning in. The weather on the journey north was fine and dry, but mist appeared over the loch in the evening and this persisted all week.

On Tuesday we went in land to Loch Katrine to board the 100 year old steam driven vessel, the Sir Walter Scott. A visit to Killin and Callender for a spot for shopping and then lunch. Wednesday called for an early start as we had a train to catch, the coach took us thro' Glen Coe and on to Fort William, then down the Road to the Isles to Mallaig, with photo stops on the way. After lunch in Mallaig we boarded the train for the 41-mile journey back to Fort William; personally this to me, was the best part of the week.

Thursday was taken up by the trip to Oban and to the bridge over the Atlantic at Seil Island.

Many members will know the S.S. Waverley and will have been on her down the Somerset coast, on this day we boarded her at Dunoon for a 1hr. trip to Rothesay on the Isle of Bute. The weather improved during the day and our sea voyage was rather warm on the return trip.

Saturday our holiday was over, aaah. It dawned dry and warm, the journey south, although without problems, was hot and we were glad to see home again.

The report on this first holiday arranged entirely by the Club is more than favourable, everything went well, hotel was great, food excellent- the menus were not repeated all week, rooms and staff first class and the drivers of the coaches were very knowledgeable on the local history and kept us fully informed all the time.

I feel all who went to Scotland will endorse my recommendations; the holiday to Spain with this Company next April is going to be great.

Writing for Pleasure

This group has had another meeting during which they discussed their first exercise, this you may remember, was to write a 'Letter of Complaint'. One of the letters of complaint is now printed for your attention.

The Manager
Cottonworths
Pier Street
Wigan
Dear Sir

Last week my seven-year-old son purchased from your shop, a skipping rope costing £1.99. He paid for this with his own pocket money. Rocky, wants to be a boxer when he grows up, so needs to do lots of skipping. (His real name is Roger. The vicar wouldn't let us christen him Rocky).

Two days after he bought the rope, Rocky was skipping in the garden-when suddenly one of the handles came off. The end flew out of his hand and hit our Pekinese dog Tyson on the nose, almost taking his eye out. Needless to say, Tyson was somewhat annoyed at this, grabbed the offending rope, and yanked out of my Rocky's hand, sending him sprawling onto his little bottom. This resulted in painful cuts and bruises when he came into contact with one of my garden gnomes, which of course shattered to pieces. My garden gnomes are not those ghastly, cheap plastic ones. Mine are made of clay and painted individually to exacting standards-as it says on the label, which comes with each gnome.

The skipping rope meantime, was receiving a right good seeing to by our precious little Tyson when the other handle came off and the rope went flying. It finished up wrapped around the bottom rung of a ladder, which my husband was using when cleaning out the guttering of our semi-detached residence in a quiet cul-de-sac in Wigan. Tyson Chased after the rope, caught the end and tried to run off with it.

Unfortunately, This resulted in unsteading the ladder, which then collapsed to the ground bringing my husband down with it. This would have been all right if he had been 2 feet further along the guttering since he would have landed on the grass. As luck would have it he was working above the greenhouse.

Having crashed through the roof he landed on the dahlias he had been growing for the local Flower Show next month. These dahlias were his pride and joy. He has been cultivating and cross breeding them for seventeen years and this was to be HIS year and not that Harry Higginbotham's, who wins every year. (Fred said he is sure he cheats and buys them on the Internet.)

I would therefore like to claim compensation for the shoddy goods that you sold to an unsuspecting, innocent little boy. I am enclosing photographs of:

My poor little Rocky's badly bruised bum. The greenhouse remains.
 Darling Tyson's red and black eye. The trays of ruined dahlias
 My husband's plastered and bandaged body parts.
 The remains of the skipping rope.

Also enclosed, a bill to put these matters right:

	£
New hand painted garden gnome from Marie's Elegant Garden Accoutrement Catalogue (receipt enclosed)	19.99
Ointment for Rocky's bruises	2.99
To compensate Rocky for the bruises, a trip to McDonalds (bill enclosed)	9.99
A trip to the pictures (to take his mind off pain) stubs enclosed.	10.00
Vet's bill for Tyson's treatment	127.50
New greenhouse (timber frame)	659.00
Loss of irreplaceable dahlias	500.00
Private treatment for my husband's injuries (we don't have BUPA)	750.00
One new skipping rope	<u>1.99</u>
Grand total.....	£2081.46

This does not include any trauma treatment, which may be necessary for Rocky, Tyson or Fred. I am sure we can negotiate a fair settlement for this if it becomes necessary.

I look forward to your early reply before I contact my Solicitor. I'm sure you would prefer to settle this privately, rather than drag it through the courts, thereby causing untold damage to your Company's good name.

Yours sincerely
Hilda Clitheroe

P.S. I think you will agree when studying little Rocky's bottom, that he is getting very muscular and shaping up nicely for his future career in the ring, bless him.

Keep Fit & Board Games

Members from the Keep Fit and Board Games Groups met at Doreen Reddish's home on August 31st for a change as there was not a normal meeting booked for August. Luckily it was a beautiful day, hot and sunny with everyone enjoying the afternoon, walking around Doreen's garden and watching the goings on by the lake. The 'icing' on the cake was the presence, on the lake, of a rare bird, this had drawn a crowd of twitchers who were positioned the other side of the lake; these had come from all over the country to see the rare visitor.

(Apparently it was a Black Winged White Tern, or was it a White Winged Black Tern? that had flown in from Russia).

The ladies enjoyed a chat, a cup of tea with biscuits and a briefing by Joyce Beard on what to expect when they restarted their Keep Fit Class ie Belly Dancing, this was causing quite some concern, not only with the female members of the Club.

Such was the enjoyment that day the last guest did not leave until 4.45, a long afternoon.

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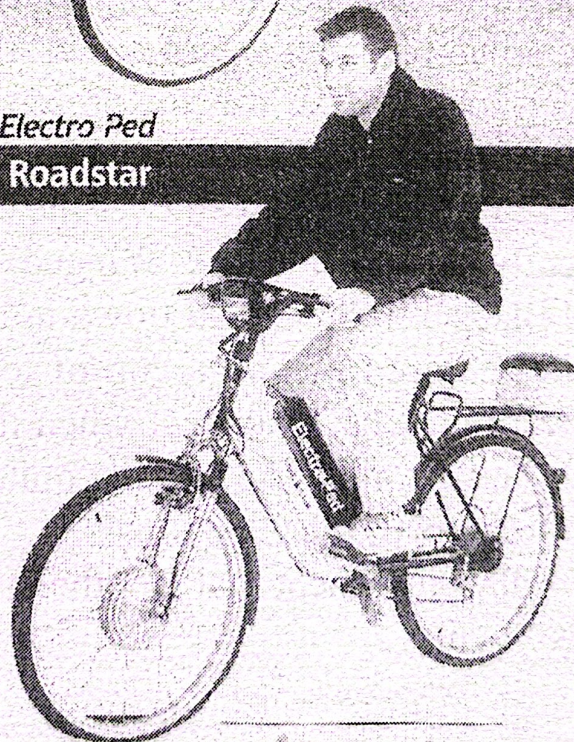
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Thoughts of a Reclining Nude

The only sound heard
now for forty-five minutes
has been the mechanical
click of the clock.
The students are lost
in the canvas they're painting
except for McGuire
who has got painter's block.

For Jimmy McGuire has
no paint on his brush yet
he studies me closely
with one eye half shut
his thumb held at arms length
he's sighting along it
expressed concentration
but mind full of smut.

He's telling the tutor
that he cannot capture
the decadent curve of
my arm on the rest.
Or the shadow that's cast
by the tilt of my swan's neck
or the fold in the robe that's
half cloaking my breast.

It's the end of the session
and I'm off to lunch now
and notice in passing
McGuire's tortured nude.
Picasso—like squiggles of
squares, lines and circles
in red, black and blue
And distastefully crude.

But it's cheaper than Soho
so' stuffed full of hot dogs
the pervert will turn up again
-dirty snake-

BUT,
At the end of the day
I'll be thirty quid richer
And poxy McGuire
Can go jump in the lake!

c Copyright Grace Galton May 2004

Thank you Grace,

Simple Summer Pleasures

I had just returned from enjoyable morning swimming in Burnham Pool, the water had been the just right temperature.

I inspected our small front garden, checked the water in a shallow dish that I fill for the birds and found a happy toad underneath it wallowing in the mud. I replaced the dish to keep him moist.

I noticed many bees busily buzzing around a rather ugly plant "Figwort", which has green leaves and small dark purple flowers; the bees were happily visiting the tiny blossoms, collecting the nectar.

Then I saw a group of sparrows bathing in the water dish and afterwards gathering up lengths of grass and flying up to their nests, that obviously needed some running repairs.

Suddenly I realised the time, abandoned my observations and set about getting some lunch.

Phyllis Walsh

(I know that the plants in Phyllis's garden usually have a medicinal value, so checked up. Leaving out the 'Description' and 'Habitat'; " Figwort" is a plant used as a remedy for goitre, it contains saponin, flavones and a small amount of a digitalis glycoside)

oooooooooooooooooooo

Out of the mouths of children

The class had been photographed; the teacher was trying to persuade the pupils to each buy a copy of the group photograph.

"Just think, how nice it will be, when you have grown up, to say There's Jennifer, she's now a lawyer " or "There's Michael, he became a famous doctor".

A small voice from the back of the class rang out " That was our teacher, She's dead".

oooooooooooooooooooo

The monthly Draw has proved to be very popular, it was therefore agreed that when one sheet had been completed we would attempt to fill a second. The results are as follows:

Monthly Draw Results

June	Brenda Hooper	No 16
July	Derek Hand	No 40
July	Marian Wright	No 40
August	Roy Bryant	No 20
August	Paddy Shinn	No 20

All are the recipients of a crisp £20.00 note.

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Many of our 'older' members will remember Sylvia Shepherd, who was, for some time our Hon.Sec., (also Malcolm her husband); they had a lot to do with the formation of the Club and we are indebted to them for the time they spent getting groups running. They now live in France and we get a letter from them occasionally, their last letter was on the Notice Board but not everyone comes in on Coffee Morning.

Letter from France (Two)

Dear all at U3A of Highbridge. (Plus Fay and Ken).

We hope everything is well, as we are. It would be lovely to have some news of you all and maybe Ken would kindly send a newsletter occasionally (*he has*) so that we can see what you have all been up to.

We have settled into our house now and completed most of the work we needed to bring it up to our comfort, furniture etc and English TV (only BBC). The house is 16 years old, there was not too much to do. No crumbling ruin for me, as seen on TV, we've been down that road before, with Malcolm's bad back who could say how long it would all take. Happy to say the back is proving not to be a problem, as long as he does not overdo it.

We have almost an acre of land set amongst vines at the rear and views across farmland at the front and sides; cows and sweet corn. Its not so much a garden as a field, or as it's described here, a park; which means open land with trees and shrubs. It is a wondrous place and as we look around we notice more and more trees and shrubs beginning to grow that had previously been cut down and mowed over.

We have a veritable coppice on the one side of shoots from the cherry trees. We have only just found out from our neighbour, Marco, that they are prune (plum), which is even better as the birds won't eat them the way they eat the cherries. Also I will have some fruit to make jam. We have left the top of the garden, behind the conifers, as a flower meadow. That's our excuse for not cutting it, it is full of wild flowers and grasses; it opens out onto the vines and already I see they have small fruit, which is amazing as two months ago it was all brown sticks.

It is like living in bird land, there is constant activity with birds of all sorts pairing and nesting and we would never have believed we could become bird watchers. We have greenfinches nesting in the front porch, sparrows and starlings in the garage porch; I have a pair of great tits! Round at the back nesting in small holes in some breeze blocks, right in front of the patio windows, we have a grand view of all the comings and goings. They have raised one clutch and are now building a second nest. We get visits from all sorts, thrushes, larks, nightingales and even a rare bird called a hoopoe; it's like a kingfisher but with bold zebra stripes, a crest and a long beak. They have young following them.

We have erected fencing around one side by the greenhouse which gives us a kitchen garden where I have runner beans, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes and of course tomatoes. Malcolm has erected a stockade to house his building equipment etc. Leaving the back patio clear ready to commence work on our proposed veranda.

I have done a plan and a drawing and made application to the local marie for permission to work, which should take about a month, but in France nothing is simple and it could take time. My brother and his wife have visited us from Australia and during that time we went off for a little holiday-touring the south of France and over the border into Italy staying just outside Venice for a few days. It was so hot, really too hot for touring, but we had this whim to go on holiday without having to book ferries etc. We just up and went it was easy.

The first part of this letter I wrote some time ago, and now that summer is here and the weather is so dry, gardening is an entirely new experience for us. Although we have only one flowerbed, a couple of borders and a small veggie patch, keeping up with the weeding and watering is quite an effort. It's no good watering until the sun goes down so it means dashing with the hose after dinner about 9 pm by which time I've gone off gardening as the dinnertime wine has it's mellowing effect.

Wine here, as you know, is very cheap. We can get a 5-litre vat (about 6 bottles) for 5 euro (about £3.50-or 58p a bottle). Needless to say Malc can become very mellow in an evening if I don't keep an eye on him! And then he doesn't want to wash up.

Foodstuffs here are generally cheaper and the quality much fresher. Petrol and Diesel, and now even tools and materials, we are finding to be cheaper, but the utilities like phone and electric etc carry TVA or VAT plus an additional local tax. The health service, in conjunction with NHS allow us 70% Reimbursement on medical bills. so it's not too bad. We have had to go to the Doc only once since coming here (fingers crossed). Other Brits have praised the French hospital system to the skies, saying! "This is the place to come to be ill". Unlike the dreaded stories we have watched on TV about the NHS. What a shambles

Our time difference of 1-hour means that we get BBC tele programmes an hour late and it's 10pm by the time we get to watch anything worthwhile (if ever). More difficult, however, is the timing of the lunch break and it takes a good while to get used to the fact that the shops, office and businesses close at noon, not to re-open until 2,30/3.0pm in some cases. This can really destroy plans for the day if not accounted for. What the French do for 2 hours I can't imagine in the winter, but in the summer, all becomes clear; it's too darned hot to anything but just sit and relax. Something we are still trying to get the hang of.

French bureaucracy is the bane of every one's life here. They are so bogged down by forms and procedure, and we, like many others, have fallen foul of their system. I won't bore you with details, but say it takes a lot of determination to find a way through the maze. The French bureaucrats themselves are as fed up with the system as we are, and we have found them to be very helpful, friendly and sympathetic in return.

Julia and her family will be coming to visit us late August/Sept. and we are really looking forward to it.....We have seen none of our family or friends from the UK yet, but lots of promises to visit. It's a long time and we have lots to catch up in.

We have made various friends since we arrived, at first, mostly young couples with children, but now we have met and become friendly with other people more our own age group, who like us, have come to retire, but who, like us, are working just as hard. Quite a number of people are interested in forming some sort of social group, not just 3rd age, but younger ones too. It gives me food for thought and I am looking for an idea to invite a group together for some sort of activity, (besides drinking too much wine).

When people find out that Malcolm can do building work, they inevitably find they have a job that needs doing. Finding a reliable builder is a rarity here and as a result; all sorts of jobs have been offered him. He is at present refurbishing a bathroom for one young couple, who have two holiday cottages. He has some welding to do for two other people and last week met a London couple that have bought a holiday home that requires an enormous amount of work. He is in danger of becoming too heavily involved for his own good, as this is not what we came here to do. If he is sensible he will pick a few light jobs and leave the heavy stuff to the building companies

Well, this has to be about all there is room for. We hope everyone is well. We think of you all on Friday mornings. 1st & 3rd at the Artillery. We were looking at some of the photos of the good times we had. These will always be treasured memories.

Love and good wishes to all.

Sylvia and Malcolm

Well, there it is; Sylvia and Malcolm have obviously thought about us and I am sure those who knew them both have missed them from our activities. Now that we have their address perhaps members who knew them both would like to write and give them local gossip. Their address is:
6 Les Grandes Plantes.
33390 St. Paul-de-Blaye.
France.

Phyllis Walsh, although not a member of our Writing for Pleasure group, obviously takes pleasure in writing about what she might observe during the course of the day. Thank you Phyllis for letting us share your views on every day life.

Here are a couple:

A Nature Note (July 04)

I have a very large Buddleia tree near my kitchen window and it affords me much delight. I do not prune it until early summer because in the winter the birds come and feed on the seed heads.

However, this year I have noticed that the birds, sparrows, chaffinches etc. are feeding already on the seeds, thus depriving themselves of their winter source of food. I can only conclude that their normal supply of food has been exhausted and they are starting early on their winter source. I am waiting for the influx of butterflies that usually feed on the nectar of the flowers, but so far have not seen any of them.

A 'Helpful Escort' (Aug 04)

After shopping in Burnham I usually wait for a bus to Highbridge at the Pier Street Bus Stop. It never ceases to amaze me at the number of pedestrians who come, either from the car park or Somerfields store and stroll across Pier Street, which, as we all know must be the widest and busiest road in Burnham; instead of walking to the controlled crossing.

Today I saw a man escorting two disabled ladies across the road with no thought for the motorists that had been waiting for the lights to change in their favour. Fortunately there was not an accident because the motorists had more 'road sense' than the helpful? escort and slowed to let the trio cross.

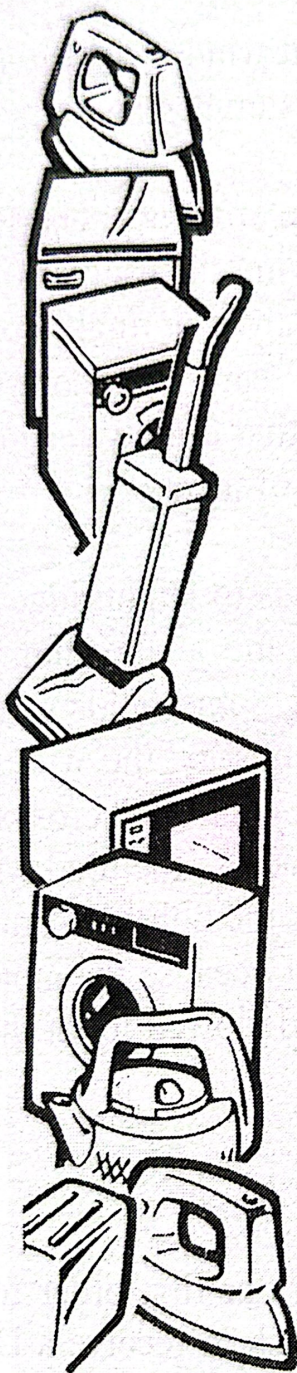
ooooooooo

U3A Diaries

These have been available for some, our first order for 12 was quickly snapped up. If you missed out and wish to receive a Diary, please let me know by the end of October. It is a very good value and is priced at; £1.80.

Dople's

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When producing this issue of the magazine as early as September I have to 'plan ahead' and I have remembered that Christmas will be upon us before the next issue so decided this little piece may interest you.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love said to me,
 I'm glad we've bought a turkey and a proper Christmas tree.
 On the second day of Christmas much laughter could be heard,
 As we tucked into the turkey-a most delicious bird.
 On the third day of Christmas we had friends in from next door,
 The turkey tasted just as good as it did the day before.
 On the fourth day of Christmas Gran came, she's rather old,
 We finished off the Christmas pud,
 And ate the turkey cold.
 On the fifth day of Christmas outside the snowflakes flurried,
 But we were nice and warm inside-we ate the turkey curried.
 On the sixth day of Christmas the turkey spirit died,
 The children fought and bickered, we had the turkey fried.
 On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave a wince,
 When he sat down to dinner and was given turkey mince.
 On the eighth day of Christmas the dog, he, ran for shelter,
 I'd served up turkey pancakes with a glass of Alka Seltzer.
 On the ninth day of Christmas poor Dad began to cry,
 He could not face the strain of eating turkey pie.
 On the tenth day of Christmas the air was rather blue,
 Everybody grumbled when they saw the turkey stew.
 On the eleventh day of Christmas the Christmas tree was moulting,
 Mince pies were as hard as rock and the turkey quite revolting.
 On the twelfth day of Christmas at last Dad smacked his lips,
 The guests had gone, the turkey to, we dined on fish and chips!

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Editor	Ken Burston
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	Pam Hedgecock, Jean Hewitt, Sallie Park, Betty Pocock,
	Phyllis Walsh, Heather Swift, Betty Worthy, Marion Wright.

Merry Christmas to all Members

GROUP ACTIVITIES TIME TABLE

DAY	MORNING	WEEK	AFTERNOON	WEEK	VENUE
Mon	Calligraphy		Speakers Corner 1 st & 3rd Writing for Pleasure Monthly Needlework	3 rd 2 nd	Southwell House Southwell House Details in Diary Details in Diary
Tues			Keep Fit Scrabble Art II	Weekly Weekly Weekly	Gospel Hall Gospel Hall Southwell House
Wed	Coffee Morning	Weekly			Highbridge Social Club
			Barn Dancing	3 rd	Community Hall
Thur			Art I	Weekly	Southwell House
Fri	Cycling Skittles	4 th 1 st / 3 rd			Local Area Royal Artillery Inn
	Strollers Play Reading	2 nd 4 th			Local Area 4 Brue Crescent

Committee Meetings are held on 3rd Monday of the month.

If you are a member of a Group and perhaps, on some occasions, unable to attend a meeting, please notify the Group Co-ordinator. This is important and avoids problems when finalising arrangements.

Should you wish to join one of the above activities, please contact the Co-ordinator to obtain details of the venue, times and other relevant information. A small fee is often necessary to cover the rent of the venue and your tea/coffee during a break in activities.