



# Cotgrave and District U3A

## Keeping in Touch 52

### Anniversary

Today we can celebrate the publication of our fifty-second Weekly Letter, though yesterday was our official first birthday! Such is the consequence of the earth's random rotations, our day being determined by the rate at which the earth spins about its axis, the year by the rate at which it meanders round the sun and there is no logical reason to expect any specific relationship between the two! Indeed, there are 365.2422 days in one year and that implies the need for Leap Years – every fourth year February can rejoice in an extra day. This is referred to as the Julian calendar, introduced by Julius Caesar. Now, if there were 365.25 days in a year, this bit of sleight of hand would compensate exactly but 'reality' differs slightly (as it has a habit of doing!) and there is a need to introduce a small correction every now and again. The 'Revised Julian Calendar', which is used by certain Middle-Eastern nations is defined by having 218 leap years in every 900 years (one leap year in every 4.128 years) and comes pretty close to 'reality'. Caesar had redefined the Calendar on the advice of the Alexandrian astronomer Sosigenes but, unfortunately, Sosigenes made a slight error in his estimate of the length of the year (about eleven minutes). This led Pope Gregory XIII to redefine the Calendar in 1582 to correct for this and shift the dates accordingly. The Gregorian Calendar has been gradually adopted by most nations, including Great Britain in 1752 and is based on the same system of leap years as is the Julian, but with the additional compensation of adding extra leap days in years which are divisible by 400 (eg 1600 and 2000). The net effect is to bring it closely in line with the 'Revised Julian Calendar' (and even with 'reality'!) so all is more-or-less well! It means that we can get on with our celebrations with complete peace of mind, even though most of us may be totally confused! Oh. I should not leave this discussion without warning you that the earth is spinning on its axis at an ever-reducing rate – in another millennium or so, somebody may have to introduce even further changes!



Pope Gregory XIII

Now, where were we?

There's only one thing for it:

No matter what e'er you may say,  
Our year was complete yesterday,  
While counting by week,  
The number we seek,  
Fifty-two, was reached only today.

Confusion can often arise,  
No matter how hard that one tries.  
One simply can't win  
'Cos the earth's in a spin  
As it orbits the sun planet-wise.

## The Church Clock

Those of you who were observant enough would surely have noticed that in my daffodil photo in last week's edition, Cotgrave's church clock was reading twelve-o'clock but one is obliged to walk past it from time to time to realise that it has fallen foul of Covid and is stuck there permanently (well, temporarily permanently, I guess). However, it reminded me of a couple of lines of poetry which I vaguely remembered from my undergraduate days:



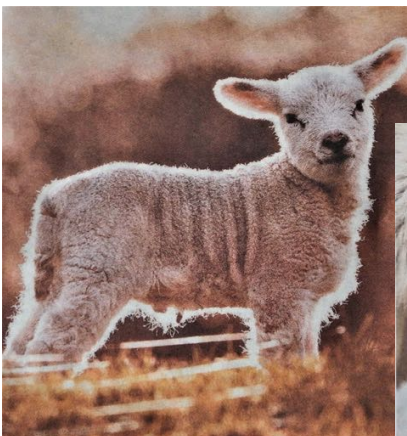
Stands the church clock at ten to three?  
And is there honey still for tea?

My problem was that I could no more remember the identity of the poet, nor the name of the poem, nor even its first line! How, then was I to identify it? By using the Internet, of course and it didn't let me down. Those lines were written by Rupert Brooke and they are the last two lines in his poem about Granchester. While at Cambridge University, he must have lodged in Granchester and he developed a love for the place, the poem being a light-hearted account just why Granchester was superior to the many other villages surrounding Cambridge.

.....

## Spring

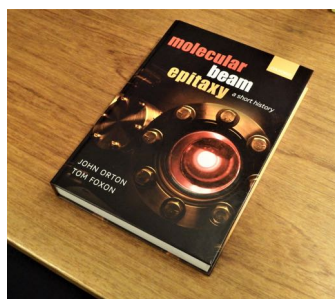
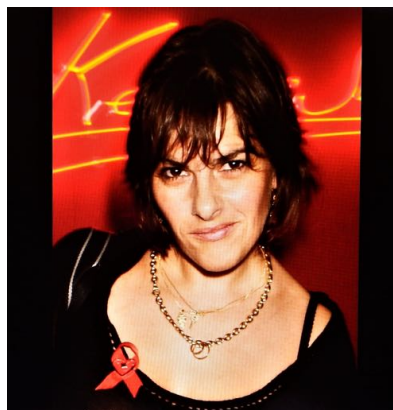
“Not again?” I hear you say – but Spring comes only once a year so we surely must enjoy it to the full. What I have for us all this week are three examples of nature with a Spring-like look about them. Firstly, we have Billy, one of my favourite dogs (he lives on the back of our kitchen cupboard door!) carefully holding a single daffodil, then we have the first lamb photograph of the year, taken at a farm in Wales and, finally, a lovely shot of a new-born emu (would you believe?), abandoned by its parents but being hand-reared in a countryside centre in Wiltshire, alongside the kids.



## Art and Science

Whilst idly pondering some suitable subject for this week's Letter, I came across the following article which I wrote in 2014 for the local Church Magazine. Seven years is surely long enough to make sure that no-one reading it today can possibly remember it in its original embodiment – so here it is in all its original naivety - and I wouldn't change a single word! Except that I think our excellent book actually sold even less well than I anticipated! Scientists are certainly not to be conned into unwise purchases, no matter how persuasive the would-be vendor!

I recently read an interesting magazine article about Tracey Emin and her rise to contemporary fame. I must admit that I had no idea just how successful she had been – successful, that is, in the commercial sense of the word. Not only does she have a multi-million pound studio in Spitalfields and a domain in St Tropez but also homes in Miami and New York. Apparently, the London place cost her something like £4 million to buy and probably another £4 million to renovate – there can clearly be no doubting her ability to make money. And all this from 'Art'. I found it difficult to avoid contrasting this with my own recent 'success', having just finished the writing of a specialist book on an abstruse scientific subject which rejoices in the name of "Molecular Beam Epitaxy". For four years a colleague and I have sweated over our



computers to produce 400 pages of erudite manuscript which, if we are very fortunate, may earn us the princely sum of £2000 (to be shared, that is, between us). On the other hand, I understand that Tracey's famous bed was recently sold for £2.2 million! I wonder how long it took her to un-make that? Half-an-hour, perhaps?

In case this sounds to be an unduly carping attitude, let me put my artistic cards on the table and say straight away that I am in no way anti-Emin – in fact, I love lots of what she does, particularly her drawings. She can catch the essence of a cat in a few deft pencil strokes, for example and some of her sculptures are ravishing. No, what this is about is the manner in which the art world seems to work. It's all about persuasion. There can be no question, it seems to me, that an untidy, unmade bed has very little artistic virtue per-se but someone of importance ('eminent', perhaps?) has contrived to persuade the rest of us that this particular example, instead of being a thing of decadence best hidden behind a firmly closed bedroom door, is actually a 'work of art'. And, of course, a work of art is worth exactly how much somebody with a lot of money is prepared to pay for it. (Just as our book is worth about £50 because that is what science libraries and a few misguided experimental scientists with very little money are prepared to lash out on it!) The trick is to establish a reverential attitude towards something which bears very little relation to its intrinsic value – rather like religious belief, perhaps? It bears a close likeness to the well-known case of the 'Emperor's New Clothes'. Because the poor chap's entourage were all so scared stiff of him and feared to risk his wrath, they all went along with the pretence that the mythical drapes were real clothes. It took the naivety of the little boy (who had not yet been taken in by the need to revere this mighty lord) to point out that he was actually stark naked!

I don't altogether blame Tracey Emin for going along with the prevailing attitude in the present-day Art World – after all, she is probably a great deal more entitled to the money than many an unscrupulous banker! What intrigues me is the manner in which such apparently ridiculous attitudes can emerge in the minds of what appear, on the face of it, to be reasonably sensible individuals. How, indeed, did it come to pass? Here then, is my 'invaluable' explanation. There was, of course, a time when the object of art was to draw, paint or sculpt something which *represented* something real – a human face, a body, a bowl of fruit, a natural scene, etc and the degree of success could be measured in terms of how accurately the artwork succeeded in catching the likeness. That is not to say just how photographically correct it might be but how well it brought out the emotional impact on the observer of sensing this or that artefact. How well, for example, did a painting reveal the hidden character of the sitter, how well did it catch the feeling of relaxation we enjoy in an idyllic rural environment, how great a longing did it stir within us to taste the unattainable fruit. In other words, there was, in addition to mere technical proficiency, a certain something which turned 'representation' into 'art'. But it was still perfectly clear to anyone looking at the painting that it did, indeed, represent something tangible. Then came painters like Turner and the Impressionists who emphasised the 'certain something' above that of the 'representation', followed by the Cubists who almost did away with the 'representation' bit (except that you could still recognise bits and pieces – they were just not in the 'correct' order!) Then, inevitably, this led to the totally abstract – there was no more pretence of representing anything and it was all down to the viewer to put his or her own interpretation on just how the 'certain something' was to be felt. Though, how one is supposed to interpret a uniform rectangular panel of black paint leaves me somewhat confused, I have to admit. The point here seems to be that the 'skill' of the artist, which was clearly recognisable in earlier work has now vanished without trace. I, myself, a mere scientist, could produce a rectangular panel of black (or any other colour, for that matter!) paint just as well as anyone else. Which brings us back to Tracey Emin's bed. Once again, the skill factor seems to be non-existent – it's all down to the viewer to 'see' something artistic which is far from clear to us naïve little boys who can only see an untidy bed. As I said above, it seems to depend entirely on the power of persuasion. While Science labours to remove this airy-fairy, feely-feely approach to life in favour of clarifying the 'facts', the Art World appears to be forging ahead in the opposite direction. But there's no denying the 'fact' that our book will only sell for £50, no matter how much I might argue the contrary!



*Of course, seven years is also long enough for Tracey, herself, to have moved on. Her life story is really quite a fascinating one, starting out, as she did, as an 'enfant terrible' of the art world, yet ending up as a Royal Academician and having built for herself a reputation for numerous good works. Sadly, though, she has also suffered from serious health issues and is probably fighting for her very life. Knowing her success in establishing her early artistic prominence, I don't doubt that she will fight hard and I feel sure she will not welcome our sympathies, however much she may deserve them. More detail on her career is available, of course, on the Internet.*

.....

## Art Group

Coming back to Cotgrave's contribution to the Art World, I thought we might take the opportunity of our Anniversary Edition to look back at some of the superb art-work that we have used during the past year – selected totally at random! Once again, we can only marvel at the standard of their work. A big thank you is due to the Group for their wonderful contribution. As nearly as I can work it out, we have used almost exactly a hundred of their paintings during the course of the year.



Art Group (continued)



## Quiz Corner

Firstly, we have the answers to Paul's 'film colour' quiz of last week:

1. The colour PURPLE
2. She wore a YELLOW ribbon
3. The GREEN mile
4. The SCARLET Pimpernel
5. The RED shoes
6. The man in the WHITE suit
7. A Clockwork ORANGE
8. GOLD Finger
9. The BLUE Lagoon
10. Mrs BROWN
11. BLACK Narcissus
12. The woman in BLACK

.....

Then we have the second half of Mike Seymour's 'Nottinghamshire Place Names' Quiz:

Remember that the place names are in alphabetical order from K to W. The numbers in brackets represent the number of letters in the word(s).

16. Great value to unlock with (8)
17. African diamond (9)
18. A noisy pig (7)
19. A poet's area. Good lord (8)
20. Sir Isaac's RAF base (6)
21. Wisdom's 100 (9)
22. Ancient river crossing (3,7)
23. Heavy Cow (5)
24. Wet weather valued (9)
25. Bird at the front (10)
26. Races (9)
27. Wait at Mable's east coast (10)
28. Beneath the trees (9)
29. Skywards weight (5)
30. Sun goes down on Welsh veg (4,5)

Answers next week.

.....

## Jackie the Baboon

Mike Seymour has also sent us this fascinating article about a baboon who actually served in the First World War:

### JACKIE THE BABOON BY LAWRENCE HAYWARD

Recently I had the chance to visit the battlefields of the First World War, and while visiting the South African Memorial Museum, at Delville Wood, I came across this touching story concerning a baboon that served in the trenches! The story actually began a few years before the First World War, when Albert Marr from Cheshire Farm, Villiera near Pretoria, South Africa, found a baby Chacma (or Cape) baboon on his farm. For some reason the animal had been abandoned by its family troop, so Albert decided to take it home and named it 'Jackie'. It soon became the beloved pet of the Marr family and especially Albert himself. Jackie proved to be highly intelligent pet and formed a very strong bond with Albert, and as things turned out this pet helped save Albert's life.



With the outbreak of war, Albert Marr, now in his mid-twenties, decided to join up and took Jackie with him when he was attested at Potchefstroom on the 25th August 1915 as No 4927 Private Albert Marr in the 3rd South African Infantry Regiment (3rd SAI). As Albert did not wish to be separated from his pet, he asked permission to bring Jackie in to the Army with him and luckily his wish

was granted, no doubt due to the fact that Jackie was so well-behaved and had an impressive bearing. At first the baboon's presence was ignored but Jackie was subsequently adopted as the Regimental Mascot of the 3rd SAI and taken on strength as 'Private No 4927 Jackie' complete with his own ID tag. The 3rd SAI also known as 'The Transvaal Regiment' was commanded by Lt Col E.F. Thackeray and formed part of the South African Overseas Expeditionary Force. In August 1915 the SAOEF started its embarkation at Cape Town bound for England and all units arrived between October and November 1915. On arrival the South Africans were billeted at Borden Camp, Hampshire. As the Regimental Mascot of the 3rd SAI, Jackie was soon provided with a specially tailored uniform and cap, complete with buttons and regimental badges, of far better quality than the very basic outfit that he wore in South Africa. It is said that on the parade ground Jackie was always smartly turned out and whenever he saw a passing Officer he would stand to attention and give a very correct salute! He would also stand at ease when requested, placing his feet apart and 'hands' behind his back in regimental style all of which instantly endeared him to the Officers and men alike. (*Jackie is seen above right in the photo, front row saluting!*)





Initially it was the intension that the 3rd SAI would be sent across the Channel to the Western Front. However, in January 1916 instead of going to France, the 1st South African Brigade, of which the 3rd SAI was a part, was soon on its way to Egypt, to put down a Turkish instigated revolt by Senussi tribesmen, led by Ja'far Pasha al-Askari. As the Regimental Mascot Jackie understandably went with the 3rd SAI and accompanied Albert wherever he went. Unusually for a mascot, Jackie was present during the fighting but did not like the sound of gunfire, and on one occasion he is said to have hidden under a blanket. Then during the final stages of the revolt, at the Battle of Agagia, Albert Marr was shot in the shoulder and Jackie was 'beside himself' and

attempted to comfort Albert, even licking his wounds until the stretcher bearers could come and take him away. As if being wounded wasn't enough, Albert also suffered from dysentery while in Egypt and he said that it was Jackie who had helped nurse him back to health!

With the rebel's defeat at the Battle of Agagia on 26th February 1916 the revolt ended and consequently the 1st South African Brigade re-embarked this time for France. Landing at Marseilles the Brigade was sent by train to join the 9th (Scottish) Division on the Western Front and arrived a few months prior to the Battle of the Somme. Although the 3rd SAI was not needed for the initial attack on 1st July 1916, in the weeks that followed the 3rd SAI became heavily involved in the fighting around Delville Wood. On 19th July 1916, the 3rd SAI bore the brunt of a German counter-attack and although Lt Col E.F. Thackeray and his men fought tenaciously even when surrounded, the 3rd SAI was down to just the CO, two Officers and one hundred and twenty other ranks when it was relieved by the Suffolk and Berkshire Regiments. The 3rd SAI was then withdrawn from the frontline to rebuild its strength.

The fighting at Delville Wood in July 1916 was very fierce and despite assumptions in some modern accounts, I have not found any evidence that Albert and Jackie were involved; if a Jackie had survived such savage fighting his story would have been truly legendary! Therefore, it is likely that Albert was still recovering from his wounds and sickness he suffered in Egypt, four and a half months previously, and returned at some point after the Battle of Delville Wood. Nevertheless, once he and Jackie returned, they played an important part in keeping up moral among the South African troops who had suffered so much.

Despite the privations of life at the Front, Jackie was allowed in the trenches, were he continued to salute Officers and light up cigarettes or pipes for Albert's comrades. Amazingly Jackie could also use a knife and fork in the correct manner and drink from a cup much to the amusement of the men in the Regiment. Because of his acute hearing and eyesight Jackie was also very useful whilst on sentry duty, especially at night, as he was able to detect enemy incursions in to no man's land well before humans could do so. When he picked up anything, he would either give a series of short barks or tug urgently at his master's tunic.

In view of his important role as 'mascot keeper' it has been suggested that Albert was given special duties that kept him and Jackie away from danger and yet other accounts state that they saw much active service together and that Jackie used to accompany Albert even when he went over the top. Whatever the truth Albert and Jackie lived a charmed life as they both survived some of the worst fighting such as the Battle of Arras and in the Third Battle of Ypres (Passchendaele). However, in April 1918, a few weeks after the start German spring offensive, during fighting near La Clytte (about 4 miles SW of Ypres, Belgium) Jackie was wounded by a shell splinter while building a stone wall for protection! Despite his wounds Jackie continued to build the wall but unfortunately, he was wounded again in the arm and leg; this time more seriously. Even then Jackie refused to be evacuated by the stretcher-bearers and tried vainly to continue with his wall, hobbling around in excruciating pain, on what had once been his right leg.

Some accounts say that Albert was also slightly injured by the same shell and that he ignored his own condition in order to get Jackie some first aid. Whatever injuries Albert may or may not have had, he did manage to go with Jackie to a Field Dressing Station where the baboon was treated by Lt Col Woodsend Royal Army Medical Corps (*Photo right*).



Such were the injuries to Jackie's lower right leg that Lt Col Woodsend decided to amputate, while Albert stood by and wept in sympathy. In the words of Lt-Col R N Woodsend of the Royal Army Medical Corp;

"It was a pathetic sight; the little fellow, carried by his keeper, lay moaning in pain, the man crying his eyes out in sympathy, "You must do something for him, he saved my life in Egypt. He nursed me through dysentery". The baboon was badly wounded, the left leg (sic) hanging with shreds of muscle, another jagged wound in the right arm. We decided to give the patient chloroform and dress his wounds. If he died under the anesthetic perhaps it would be the best thing; as I had never given an anesthetic to such a patient before, I thought it would be the most likely result. However, he lapped up the chloroform as if it had been whiskey, and was well under in a remarkably short time. It was a simple matter to amputate the leg with scissors and I cleaned the wounds and dressed them as well as I could. He came around as quickly as he went under. The problem then was what to do with him. This was soon settled by his keeper: "He is on army strength". So, duly labeled, number, name, ATS injection, nature of injuries, etc. he was taken to the road and sent by a passing ambulance to the Casualty Clearing Station."

After the operation, Jackie was sent on to a Casualty Clearing Station and a few days later Lt-Col Woodsend found time to visit the CCS. The Commanding Officer of the CCS explained that although Jackie had seemed in pretty bad condition on the night he arrived, the next morning he had sat up in bed and saluted! Later Jackie was sent on to a Base Hospital, at a seaside resort where he was soon cavorting around on the beach with soldiers recovering from their own injuries.



After this incident both Albert and Jackie were sent back to the South African Reserve Battalion at Inkerman Barracks, near Woking, Surrey and whilst recovering from their wounds both Jackie and Albert received much publicity. Together they raised thousands of pounds for the Red Cross. At an event in Leicester, Jackie was available for a person wishing to buy a kiss from him (on the hand rather than the lips), for 5 Shillings or have a handshake for 2/6d. Jackie also took part in several parades including the Lord Mayor's Show in London on 9th November 1918, where Jackie rode through the City of London on a German 77mm field gun captured by his comrades of the South African Brigade.

Once the war ended Jackie was officially discharged from the Army at Maitland Dispersal Camp Cape Town on the 26th April 1919 and on discharge wore one gold wound stripe and three blue service chevrons for 1916, 1917 and 1918 active service on his right arm. One account suggest that Jackie was promoted to Lance Corporal before being discharged but I think this is due to someone mistaking the inverted wound stripe on Jackie's left arm as a Lance Corporal's stripe! At Maitland Jackie also received the usual parchment discharge paper, military pension, plus a Civil Employment Form for discharged soldiers. After their arrival home in South Africa, Jackie was once again feted and became the centre of attention on occasions such as the parade to officially welcome back the 1st SAI Brigade and also at the Peace Parade in Church Square, Pretoria on 31st July 1920, where he received the Pretoria Citizen's Service Medal.



After military service Jackie lived with Albert but sadly Jackie is said to have died from his injuries a day after a fire destroyed the farmhouse at Cheshire Farm on 22nd May 1921. Albert Marr died at the age of 84 in Pretoria in August 1973.



With thanks to the Curator, Mémorial Sud-Africain de Delville Wood, Route de Ginchy, 80360 Longueval, France.

.....



## Zoom Meeting



Readers may remember that the Branch arranged a Zoom meeting recently at which Brenda Ainsley presented a talk on the subject of Global Warming. The idea was to simulate our normal General Meetings so the date was chosen to coincide with what would have been our February get-together.

The Committee then decided to extend this format and arrange a similar meeting in April, the date being **Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> April at 10 am**. An outside speaker, Alison Mees will talk on her life in Africa, under the title ‘Living the African Dream’, covering both animal and human communities.

As previously, it will be necessary for would-be attendees to register their intent and prior to the meeting will receive detail of how to join the meeting. It is expected to last about one hour, with opportunity for questions.

If you would like to ‘join’ the Zoom meeting please let John Haskell know either by replying to [Cotgraveu3a@hotmail.com](mailto:Cotgraveu3a@hotmail.com) or [john.haskell2@gmail.com](mailto:john.haskell2@gmail.com).

If you are new to Zoom or even a bit nervous about using Zoom John has offered to run some trial sessions to help, if this is of interest to you please contact John on the above email addresses.

.....

### The Creative Writing Group

This week’s contribution from the Creative Writers, on the next two pages, is by Chris Tomblin, the Group Leader and reminds us of the much earlier contributions of Mollie, the six-year-old who entertained us with her growing-up reminiscences, courtesy of Sue Hillyard. Once again, a big ‘thank you’ to the Group for entertaining us so well over the last twelve months.

# The Diary of Daisy May Simpson

Christine Tomblin

Monday 29<sup>th</sup> April 1901

My name is Daisy May Simpson. I am 8 years old and I live at Vine cottage in Cotgrave with my Mother and Father and brother and sister. At school today Miss Mensing asked us to write a diary for a week and this is mine. Today I went to school. It's not far but I have to take our Ethel as she is only 6. I have a little brother Arthur who is only 4. He stays at home with Mother as he's too little to go to school. On the way I saw my friend Edith so we walked with her. Both our Fathers work at Vine Farm. Mine is a cowman. Hers just helps with everything. When we got to school our Ethel went to sit in her part of the classroom and me in mine. I like school. After school I had to help Mother for a bit as I'm the biggest. She's having another baby. I hope it's a girl. I do love my little brother but he can be a pest. After tea I went out to play for a bit.

Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup> April 1901

I got up early this morning and went with Father to the farm when he went to do the milking so I could bring some milk back for Mother. It's not far, just down the lane. Mr Randall the farmer came out and ruffled my hair. He said I was getting to be a big girl and looked just like my Mother. Then Mrs. Randall gave me some eggs for her and she was pleased. We had dripping and bread for breakfast when Father came back from the milking. Mother said she would make a cake for tea now she has some eggs. My Grandma Simpson came to the school at dinner time with our Arthur and said me and Ethel were going to her house for our dinner. She is Father's mother and lives in a cottage on Candleby Lane with my aunts and uncle. We had stew and dumplings followed by apple pie and custard. It was lovely. Then we went back to school, but guess what when I got home I had a new little sister and my other Grandma was there and she had made a cake.

Wednesday 1st May 1901

Grandma Wallhead had to shake me awake this morning. She lives in Grantham and she is my mother's mother and she is staying here while Mothers in bed. The new baby was crying all night. Her name is to be Violet. I said can we have a boy next time they don't cry as much. Mother said there won't be a next time if I have my way and she glared at Father. Grandma took Ethel to school but I stayed at home to help with the new baby. She's lovely she has blue eyes and tiny little hands and I was allowed to hold her for a bit. Dad brought some cream home from the farm specially for mam and my grandma Simpson brought some of her apple pie to have with it.

Thursday 2nd May 1901

It's a lovely sunny day today. My grandma says it's a lovely Spring day and the best time of the year. When she was a girl in Grantham it was always sunny in May and she and her sisters used to pick May blossom. They also used to dance round the maypole. That's what we are going to do on Saturday and we practised today. My partner is James. He's alright for a boy I suppose but I have to keep telling him what to do. I don't think he knows his left from his right and he's 8 like me.. I hope Mother will be able to watch. She's made me and Ethel new dresses on her sewing machine specially. Mines lovely. It has smocking on the bodice. I walked home from school with Edith and after tea we played out for a bit. Then when Father had finished his milking I went home with him.

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> May 1901

Me and Ethel went to school again. I like our teacher Miss Mensing. She lives in a cottage near the school with her mother and father as she's not married yet, but she will be soon I think. Then she said she can't be our teacher anymore because she will be married. If a woman gets married then she can't have a job. She has to look after her husband cook clean and sew and have babies and look after them. Shame because I really like her and she makes everything fun.

Did some reading writing and sums then practised for the Maypole. Not sure what is going to happen, my partner is hopeless.

Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> May

I was very excited when I woke up this morning. This afternoon it's the Maypole and I can wear my new dress. Grandma Wallhead is still here and she has given me and Ethel lovely ribbons to match our new dresses. She is going back to Grantham after the fair.

When Dad came back after milking he had bacon for his breakfast and we had bread and dip and a fried egg. It was lovely. Dad will try and watch the maypole if he isn't too busy on the farm. He said he had seen them getting it all ready when he came back for his breakfast so me Ethel and Arthur went to have a look.

After dinner we got ready. I was too excited to eat much and it was my favourite! Both grandmas said we looked very nice. We had a lovely afternoon, everybody had come out and there were lots of stalls selling things. Father had given us children a penny each to spend but we weren't allowed candyfloss until after the maypole in case we got all sticky. Anyway, it started out alright, we were doing it perfectly until James went left instead of right and then all the boys mucked it up until we were all tangled up. I said to Father next year the girls should dance with girls and the boys should dance with boys. Dad laughed and said you can't have boys dancing together Daisy. I suppose not.

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> May

In the morning Arthur Ethel and me went to chapel with Grandma, we always meet her at the end of Candleby Lane and then afterwards went home for our Sunday dinner. We always start with Yorkshire puddings. Mother says one good thing about married to a cowman is there's always plenty of milk and eggs.

In the afternoon we went to Sunday school. We are not allowed to play out on a Sunday as it's the day of rest and we are Methodists. Sometimes we're allowed to go for a walk but Sundays are boring. Luckily we have a lovely tea on a Sunday with cake and tarts and jelly and cream.

Then we have a bath in front of the fire and after that it's bedtime.

That is the end of my diary.

.....

## Cartoon Corner

Before we go, we must not forget to enjoy the Telegraph cartoon:



And, finally, my personal selection for 'Cartoon of the Year'



For the fifty-second time, that is all for this week. But let us celebrate the fact that we have been able to keep in touch throughout this difficult time and look forward to the time when we can meet again in person. Thank you all for your good will.

Best wishes,

John

