



Cotgrave and District U3A

Keeping in Touch 59

Chilly Seal

It's always nice to begin with a good photograph and when it's concerned with Nature that makes it all the more pleasing. This photo of a seal pup in its natural environment was taken in Lake Baikal in Russia and won a prize in an International Competition.



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Farewell

This is probably the most difficult introduction of the many I have composed over the past year-and-a bit. On the one hand, it represents the last of our Weekly Letters, thereby hinting at a certain sadness – on the other hand, we should, perhaps, see it as the signal of happier times to come, the first indication of a gradual recovery towards normality. I have no desire to generate any unwanted nostalgia but I would very much like to say thank you to the many U3A members who have contributed to our ‘meanderings’. There are too many of them to name here but they know who they are – indeed, we all know who they are - we’ve all been reading their articles, quizzes, thoughts, verses, comments and admiring their artwork for many months. We are privileged to have such a talented set of friends, here in Cotgrave, and I use the word ‘friend’ deliberately because it seems to me that it is this friendship which has been central to the success of the Weekly Letter – indeed it has been the essential purpose of the Letters to keep alive the friendships which form, perhaps, the most important feature of our U3A. That they have succeeded in this objective is borne out by the number of ‘thank you e-mails’ we have received over the past year. Thank you all for those acknowledgements.

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Chairman's Thanks

Our Chairman, Peter Shreyhane has very kindly asked me to include his thanks for our efforts and I am, of course, happy to do so:

“As this is the final edition of the Weekly Letter, I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of us all, to thank the two Johns for their work in producing 58 editions! Yes, 58!

Our thanks go to John Orton for his sterling efforts in not only contributing many interesting items but also for editing ‘Keeping in Touch’ and to John Haskell for ensuring that it was distributed to members.

I know, from speaking to members, how much ‘Keeping in Touch’ has been ‘looked-forward-to’ and valued, particularly in the dark depths of winter when Covid was at its worst.

Thank you.”

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National Service

I think it is highly appropriate that our final edition should conclude with an article by Brian Franks who founded the Creative Writing Group and who made numerous contributions to their writings. His account of a particularly stressful encounter during his National Service is typical of his stimulating writing (as you will see very well when you get to the end of this edition) but it also reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred during my own (very limited) contribution to the Nation’s long-term safety.

It happened in Egypt, in the so-called ‘Canal Zone’ where I was privileged to function as a ‘Ground Radio Mechanic’ at RAF Abyad. It was lunch-time and the cohort of engineers to which I belonged had collected just inside the workshop door, waiting for the arrival of our Flight Sergeant, who was to march us back to our billets. As was frequently the case, there was a certain amount of banter, together with some pushing and shoving, the result of which was my losing my balance and sitting down quite unintentionally on a fire extinguisher located inside the workshop doorway. It happened to be one of those extinguishers which, when once set off, offered no possibility of recall – there was nothing for it but to lug the thing outside and leave it to empty itself in the sandscape. It was heavy but I just managed to lift it and swung round to deposit it outside. It was at this precise moment that the Flight Sergeant entered the building and the jet of fire extinguisher fluid hit him squarely in the chest, doing little for the smartness of his uniform. However, to his eternal credit and to my similarly eternal relief, he took in the significance of my intentions and took no further action (beyond avoiding action)! When I think of all the possible punishments I could have been afflicted with, I acquired an instant regard for the remarkable good nature of this (to us) highly important figure. I still remember the occasion with a clarity which applies to hardly any other of my life experiences and am eternally grateful for his understanding.

You will appreciate the significance of this little tale when you read Brian’s article – though there is an important distinction to be drawn between our respective experiences. Brian’s does himself great credit – mine does the NCO concerned great credit.

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Memories

Whilst recalling past memories, it seems appropriate to include the following poem from June Odell:

THIS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

I remember the corned beef of my childhood,
And the bread that we cut with a knife,
When the children helped with the housework,
And the men went to work, not the wife.

The cheese never needed a fridge,
And the bread was crusty and hot.
The children were seldom unhappy,
And the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the bottle,
With the yummy cream on the top.
Our dinner came hot from the oven,
And not from a freezer, or shop.

The kids were a lot more contented,
They didn't need money for kicks,
Just a game with their friends in the road,
And sometimes the Saturday flicks.

I remember the shop on the corner,
Where biscuits for pennies were sold.
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic?
Or is it ... I'm just getting Old?

Bathing was done in a wash tub,
With plenty of rich foamy suds.
But the ironing seemed never ending,
As Mum pressed everyone's 'duds'.

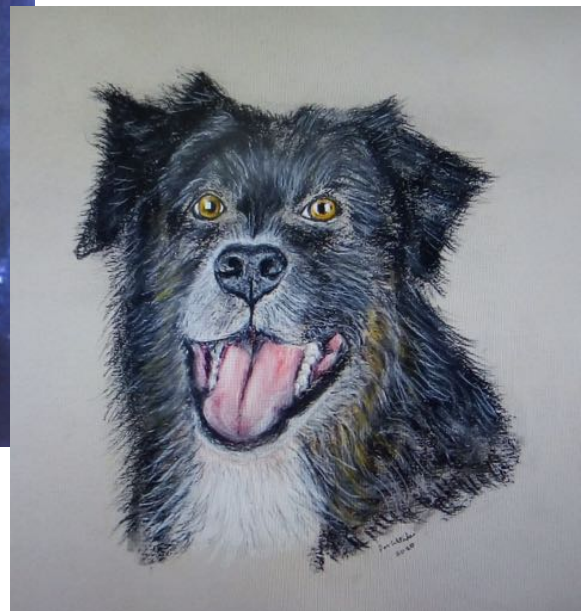
I remember the slap on my backside,
And the taste of soap if I swore.
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of,
And we hadn't much choice what we wore

Do you think that bruised our ego?
Or our initiative was destroyed?
We ate what was put on the table,
And I think life was better enjoyed.

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The Art Group

It's sad to think we shall not be showing any more paintings from the Art Group but here are four as a reminder of just how good their work can be. The first two are new contributions from Desna Haskell, the second two represent my own choice from a wealth of earlier paintings and drawings. I apologise for the fact that we don't have room for all the rest!



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The Pierreponts and Holme Pierrepont Hall

We have made mention of the Pierrepont family on several occasions over the last fifty-odd editions of our Weekly Letter – after all, they did come to own the whole of Cotgrave and Stragglethorpe, so we certainly had good reason so to do. However, we have not previously looked in any detail at their early history, nor, for that matter, at the recent history of the Hall. Before it is too late, therefore, we shall do our best to rectify these omissions.

[Photo of Pierrepont Coat of Arms]



The name ‘Pierrepont’ (French for ‘Stonebridge’) itself tells us that the family came originally from the other side of the English Channel – they came over with William in 1066 and doubtless acquired land in the northern part of Nottinghamshire as reward for their supporting him. There they flourished but had no connection to Holme Pierrepont until Henry de Pierrepont chose to marry Annora de Manvers, a daughter of Michael de Manvers, in 1287. This good lady was to inherit the Holme Pierrepont property, thus bringing it into the ownership of the Pierrepont family. She was, incidentally, the sixth generation of Manvers, which suggests that they too came over with William.

The Pierreponts were clearly an important family and several of them figured large in national history. During the fourteenth century Sir Robert Pierrepont distinguished himself on the battlefield, as did Sir Henry Pierrepont in the following century. The present Hall was built by Sir



William Pierrepont in 1500 (or then-about). It is almost certainly the first brick-built house in Nottinghamshire and may well have been constructed with bricks from Cotgrave – while clay was readily available from the Gripps hillside and brick-making was well established in Cotgrave by the beginning of the nineteenth century (as we know from the first Census Returns), the land around Holme Pierrepont is characterised by sand and gravel.



A significant figure in the Pierrepont hierarchy was Robert Pierrepont (1584 – 1643). He was the second son of Sir Henry Pierrpont and Elizabeth Hardwick (the well-known Bess!). He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, became MP for Nottingham in 1601, JP for Nottingham in 1608 and High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire 1615. He was created Baron Pierrepont and Viscount Newark in 1627 and Earl of Kingston-upon-Hull in 1628. Somewhat unusually, he hesitated some time before declaring for King or Parliament in the Civil War, finally deciding to support the Royalist cause, when he was made Lieutenant – General of Royal Forces in Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge and Norfolk.

At the battle of Gainsborough, he was captured and accidentally killed by his own side! While being transported by boat to Hull, by his Parliamentary captors, he was shot by a Royalist cannon ball! Perhaps, his most important contribution to the family was his purchase in 1633 of Thoresby Park. His son, Henry, later built Thoresby Hall where the family took up residence, leaving the Home Pierrepont house as a Dower House for elderly and retired members, eventually selling it off.



Another notable member of the family was Evelyn Pierrepont (1665 – 1726), his mother being Elizabeth Evelyn, daughter of John Evelyn, the well-known writer. Evelyn was MP for East Retford until he became a Peer, the fifth Earl of Kingston, in 1690. In 1706 he was created Marquess of Dorchester and took a leading role in the affairs of the House of Lords. In 1715 he became Duke of Kingston, following which he served as Lord Privy Seal and Lord of the Council. He married twice, his second wife being Lady Isabella Bentinck, daughter of the 1st Earl of Portland.

So much for the Pierrepont family (there were, of course, many other members!) but what of the Hall? Apparently, the Hall was somewhat neglected and, when it was sold, along with a lot of other Pierrepont property (including much of Cotgrave) in 1940/41, it was in a rather poor state of repair. It was requisitioned during the Second World War and used as a billet for soldiers. Then, in 1969 it was bought by Robin and Elizabeth Brackenbury, Robin being a direct descendent of the Pierreponts, who have made every effort to restore it and, as most of us know, have opened it to the public at various times of the year. The Hall did survive a major threat in 1960, when the Electricity Board put forward a plan to build a 2000MW power station in the grounds. This included two 600ft chimneys and eight enormous cooling towers. The logic behind the proposal was easy supply of coal by train (remember that the Cotgrave mine was set to open in 1963) and plentiful cooling water from the river Trent. However, planning permission was refused on the grounds of its betrayal of Green Belt regulations, down-grading of property values, traffic congestion and access to sand and gravel supplies. The parliamentary discussion, as recorded in Hansard, refers to traffic congestion on account of coal being transported by rail, a somewhat dubious line of argument! There was, no doubt, a certain degree of local interest involved! Finally, in 1971 the Water Sports Centre was established as an acceptable compromise.

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David Hockney

It will not have escaped your notice that I am a lover of David Hockney's artwork, so it is a happy coincidence that this new work of his was reproduced in The Times recently. It represents Spring at his house in Normandy and forms part of a new exhibition to open at the Royal Academy later this month. I thought you might also like to be reminded of the man himself. He is well into his eighties but shows no sign of losing anything in enthusiasm.



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Cotgrave Place

We have 'done' the history of Cotgrave Place proud in this series and you will doubtless remember that Chris Soar had promised to bring it to a conclusion with his account of its conversion into a golf and country club. True to his word, Chris has sent us this final account, in which he, himself, plays a central role. Thanks Chris – we are only too happy to publish it.

COTGRAVE PLACE - into the 21st Century

One sunny October lunchtime, I was in the Plough at Wysall with a bunch of friends, when Nick, a Surveyor friend, came over and said to me "I have just been to see a property for a client which you would love – an old farmhouse with loads of outbuildings and pheasants, squirrels and rabbits about."

He explained where it was, and I told him I had travelled that road on many occasions, and never noticed it.

He said that I wouldn't have, because it was the end of a long track from the road with no signs or anything acknowledging it.

On the way back I diverted through Cotgrave and was able to locate the farm only because there was a For Sale sign at the entrance.

Nick was quite right. As I drove along the narrow entrance track (now over twice as wide), I was entranced.

I have always loved old buildings – my first own home, bought at the age of 22, was a 1795 cottage in Attenborough. The old farmhouse, serene and dignified in the mellow October

sunshine, was lovely, but the old barns, stack yards, cow sheds and other outbuildings, most of them derelict or semi-derelict were a delight. I wanted it!



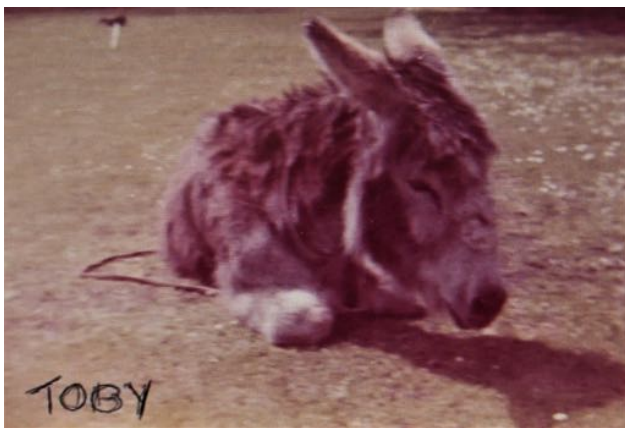
I was not able to do this on my own, so I called my friend John, who lived (and still lives) in an old house in Burton Joyce (I lived in a Victorian house in Radcliffe), and he came over immediately and we viewed it together, he being as taken with Cotgrave Place as I was.

By Christmas we had drawn up a plan and seen our Bank, being with the same bank, although different branches, and submitted our bid. The solicitor for the James estate called me and asked if I was personally involved and I confirmed that I was. I'm not exactly sure why he did this or whether it

affected their choice, but, in any case, we won the bid and completed the purchase in January 1989.

Continued on the next page

We paid visits almost daily to formulate plans. Everywhere was overgrown and fallen trees and brambles blocked much of the site. One day, shortly after our purchase, I pointed out to John the roof of a building surrounded by trees, some fallen, bushes and other vegetation, which we had not noticed before. To get to it we had to take a route which led through a wheat field and through a gap in a hedge. As the building came into view, John said “Hansel and Gretel”, as I said “Gingerbread Cottage” - hence, eventually, the name!



Our original plan was to create a community (as now), with stabling for horses, etc - but not a golf course, John’s daughter was very much into horses, and in fact I had given her my two donkeys a few years earlier. We submitted an outline plan but were confounded at each step by the Planning Department, who had listed all buildings, including tumbledown walls and two free standing air raid shelters (one of which remains in my garden); and put a TPO (Tree Preservation Order) on every tree on the site, including a spinney of spindly saplings!

After 18 months of negotiation, we had an acceptable planning consent, but by then, the bottom had dropped out of the residential market, and converted barns were no longer trendy.

What to do? What to do? We went for leisure – a country house hotel with riding stables, etc. Then we were advised that one must have a golf course with any non-urban hotel, so we added that.

First of all was a temporary course, mown out of rough pasture, while the main course was built. The former was opened in October 1990, and the latter in May 1992.

What is now Gingerbread Cottage (then a pair of tiny semi-detached farmworkers’ cottages), became the temporary clubhouse, until the new one was built.

One has to remember that interest rates in those days varied between 13% and 15%; John and I being non-golfers were reliant on “expert” advice, and, all in all it was not an easy few years.

However, the course was a good design; we had 27 holes and a new clubhouse; and so we were able to sell Cotgrave Place Golf and Country Club to American Golf, through their subsidiary, European Golf, in 1996.

Continued on the next page

American Golf didn't want the liability of the range of old buildings which comprised what we called "The Central Area" ("We are golf operators, not developers"), so we looked for a buyer for that. Meanwhile, I decided I had to sell my Radcliffe house, and was considering all options, when my daughter reminded me that we still owned the whole development site, so could hold back something which I could develop and live in.



So that was that. I paid John half of the value of the Old Clubhouse, and moved in there in April 1997, and re-named it Gingerbread Cottage. After all, it had only been a clubhouse for 18 months or so – before that it was Cottage 1 & 2, Main Road, Cotgrave

The Central Area was sold in Summer 1997, and by the end of the year the Developer had sold one unit and refurbished the farmhouse (now The Manor house) and moved in with his family.

A few years later American Golf sold the club to Crown Golf, who then used parts of the course as an infill site for 3 or 4 years, making, literally, "millions" out of it, before selling to the present owner. He had the ingenious idea of renaming it The Nottinghamshire (much to the chagrin of Hollinwell, Club which had hitherto been also known as the Notts Golf Club.) and, of course, he has added a hotel to the development.

Hey ho! Pioneers are never the ones to make the money (in the non-internet era, that is!).

When we sold the golf club, it was a condition that we change the name of our company from Cotgrave Place Ltd, so there would be no confusion in the future. I changed it to Stragglethorpe Grange Ltd.

The new owner of the Central Area named the farmhouse Stragglethorpe Manor and the Development likewise, and that name has stuck with the residents of the 21 houses within The Central Area., most of whom use that as their addresses, though some use "The Nottinghamshire" as well!

It is a very weird situation - Cotgrave Place never had a sign advertising it; it was the only property north of the canal (before the Hollygate development) with a Cotgrave postcode, whereas Shepherds, which it surrounds, has a Radcliffe postcode; and both have a Radcliffe telephone prefix of 933!

Even I, for brevity, leave out the Cotgrave Place from my address, so it seems the name Cotgrave Place is doomed to vanish from all but the history books!

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Notices

Chris has also asked us to include the following notices:

Croquet Group Re-start

It will come as no surprise that the Croquet Group didn't meet using Zoom during the lockdown! Indeed, it hasn't met since 2019.

However, it will resume at 2pm on Thursday, 24th June, when, hopefully, UK life will be back to normal.

I will email all previous Group members, but if anyone would like to be taken off the list, or, conversely would like to join us and have a go, please email me at cpsoar@gmail.com.

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R.A.G. Meeting Report - a first?

Is The R.A.G. (Real Ale Group) the first of our Groups to meet up in person, one asks (with no anticipation of an answer!).

8 of its 11 members met last Friday, 7th May, at The Gamston Lock, braving a chilly wind, after the sunshine closed down for a while.

With a bus stop virtually outside the pub entrance and, just a 5 minute ride from Cotgrave, it was the natural choice, though, regrettably, there were only 2 cask ales available, and they weren't, er, let's say, noteworthy! Split into 2 tables of 4, one table rated the beers acceptable giving mid range points out of 10, but the other table were hard pressed to score more than a token amount. Some people are just picky! I mean, I ask you, 4 x 6 points from one table, and 4 x 2 points from the other, for the first ale!

The pub grub was ok though, and it was really great to get back among friends over a pint or two.

Our next meeting, 4th June will, hopefully, be at The Embankment, just over Trent Bridge, when life and things will, again hopefully, be back to normal.

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The Creative Writing Group

As ever, the Group has come up with a fascinating article but, in this case, particularly appropriate to our last edition. Brian Franks, who founded the Group, has contributed several previous articles but, about a year ago, was obliged to relinquish his leadership role when he and Anna moved away from Cotgrave. However, Chris Tomblin has submitted this on his behalf and we are delighted to include it. Thanks, Chris and thanks, too, to Brian. I'm sure his old friends will want to wish him well, while enjoying another of his excellent writings.

Cotgrave U3A Creative Writing Group was started in 2013/2014 by Brian Franks and I joined in April 2018 having not done any creative writing since my schooldays. In January 2020 I found myself agreeing to lead the group as Brian and Anna were leaving Cotgrave (in the event this was delayed by circumstances). Luckily at the beginning of 2020 we had recruited two new members because once Brian and Anna eventually moved there was just five of us.

We were extremely active during the first lockdown writing more than usual and having lots of joint discussions by email. As soon as we could we met in the garden every couple of weeks and talked and talked and talked. Then during the second and third lockdowns we moved to Zoom and even had a group 'Christmas do' complete with Christmas jumpers.

Since the start of the pandemic we have remained connected throughout and even though things have been difficult at times I think it helped us all keeping the group active. The writing became incidental to the friendship. Sometimes we couldn't find any inspiration at all but it didn't matter as long as we had enough material to keep up a supply for the weekly newsletter. I don't think any of us dreamt it would be necessary for so long. None of us in the Creative Writing Group can complain that we haven't been published. In fact one of our new members said she's not sure she would have joined the group if she'd known at the time that the whole of the U3A would be reading her pieces.

For me though the newsletter has been a marvellous way to keep up that connection with others that we all need, knowing that others have been there and all in the same boat has really helped. I'm going to miss it even though at times it's been a struggle to find a piece to send in.

I am full of admiration for John Orton finding interesting subjects and his brilliant writing every week. It can't have been easy. Also John Haskell for his brilliant publishing, being confident that he would pop in a photograph or two that would make our pieces look professional. A huge thanks you to you both.

Now what to send for the last ever edition. How could I choose one piece over another.

So I thought that since Brian Franks our founder sent in the first piece for the newsletter it would be apt and fitting for it to be his piece in the last one. So the following piece is his (with his permission but my choice) and is his best day experienced during his National Service. I really like it and anybody that has been in the Cotgrave Writing group will hear his voice reading it.

Just brilliant.

Chris Tomblin.

My best day

By

Brian Franks

Difficult to choose; I'm a glass half full man, so there are a few to choose from.

Discounting the night out with the nurses from the local hospital together with the one regular I did pal up with.... Or after that Christmas Eve guard duty I had, when I went straight out to the main road and picked up a lift that took me right to the Edgware Road some fifty yards from home.....the inter-Pay Office athletics meeting at Woolwich where it all depended on that last race, the 4x100 relay with me running the last leg, or the occasion when on guard duty I *legally* stopped 'the old man', our C.O., from coming into the barrack yard. I think it must be another guard duty incident; I was by now a full Corporal, so was second -in-command on night duty. The duty sergeant had been called to 'an incident' in the barracks; I was told to bring my rifle (only the private at the main gate actually had to carry his) AND fit the bayonet. As we were *walking* (not marching) up the hill I was told that the trouble was a drunken soldier who was waving a broken bottle about at anyone within four feet of him. It was when we got to the barracks that the Sergeant became all official (read officious) but still told *me* to arrest him. *Him* turned out to be Dai Evans; because of our friendship I knew that he had earlier received a 'Dear John' letter..... and I quite understood why he had downed a few, or rather, drowned more than a few. The sergeant was still barking orders, but I laid my rifle at Dai's feet and told him quietly not to touch it. Then, my heart in my mouth, I turned my back on him and said to the Sarge, again as quietly as I could, 'I think you'd better wait outside, SIR.' He glared at me, opened his mouth, closed it sharply, glared again, and trod backwards to the doorway. And stood there. I turned slowly to Dai, and squatted down with the rifle between us. I nattered to him; no idea what I said but just kept talking. Eventually he did lay the bottle down; I heard the sergeant take a step and waved my hand behind my back at him to go away. And carried on talking. When Dai relaxed enough to lean back against the wall, I then suggested that he'd probably like a kip and that he'd get more rest down in the guardhouse than here with the other Erks. I picked my rifle up, Dai visibly stiffened, and relaxed as I removed the bayonet. I put my hand out to him, he moved as if to pick up the bottle, I smiled (though I didn't feel like it) and shook my head. Even now I remember that I could *not* have spoken, my mouth was so dry with, fear? But I kept on smiling. He took my hand and hauled himself upright.... nearly pulling me down in the process. We walked across the room, the Sarge just moving away far enough, and I continued holding Dai's arm as we negotiated the stairs. It was a good job I *was* holding his arm, he stumbled once or twice on that descent of two flights. It was when we were downstairs that the Sarge became official again. This time I can remember my exact words; 'Do shut up!, Dai and I are going to the guardroom, aren't we boyo?, take my rifle.' And almost as an afterthought, 'Please' The rest is history, written up in the unit records; Dai was confined to barracks for a month, which meant reporting to the guard room every hour from whenever it started being manned for the evening until eleven o'clock, and being demoted to Private. (As an aside, the bloke they made up was no ****ing good whatsoever, and Dai got his stripes back at the end of that month!)

Meanwhile back at the guard room; after I had got Dai into the cell and got him to remove his belt (standard procedure his tie was already off) and settled on the bed, and tiptoed (as much as army boots would allow) out, Sarge beckoned me outside. The other four of the duty watch were all goggle-eyed, and eager eared, so we moved well enough away so that they couldn't possibly hear us. This is it I thought, the absolute bollocking of my life and a promise of court martial to come. 'Right! You bloody well know you can't talk to an NCO like that, what were you thinking of? I ought to have you in the cell as well. And the cheek of *telling me* to take your rifle' And then his tone changed. 'Well done, Franks, *where* did you learn that?! And I can't work out if you were brave or foolhardy. Well done; I'd already warned the sick bay to expect some desperate sewing up, you've saved us all a lot of trouble. As for that rifle.....(a long pause, and I was more scared then than I had been when facing Dai)...you'd be on a charge if you hadn't said please' and there was a smile.

My best day? It wasn't at the time; but it soon got around that I saved a fellow conscript from the Glasshouse, saved any blood being spilt, *and* cheeked a senior regular, and *got away with it*. How that last gathered momentum, I don't know.....but then, on both that barrack event and the walk back, I was only aware of Dai with Sarge only remotely there also.

True, that night with the nurses was also memorable. But that's a different story.

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Puzzle Corner

We have only received one suggestion for Sue's challenge on English words which contain redundant letters.

The letters were V and Y

Suggested words, by Peter Binder, are

V – Vurst (Vurst is anglicised German)

Y - Ahoy

Sad News

It is with sadness that I have to inform you that one of our members, David Crofts has died after a long battle with cancer.

David was in hospital receiving treatment when the end came suddenly.

I know you will join me in extending our sympathy to Maureen at this difficult and stressful time.

I'm afraid that really is all we have, not only for this week but also for 2021. But, as I said in the introduction, think of it merely as a first step in the direction of re-connection with the life we were once used to. Our best wishes to all our readers and we look forward to being able to meet in the not-too-distant future.

John



PS. It would be a shame to conclude our series without at least one of our customary limericks, so here are two:

A pair of Cotgravian Johns
Have regaled us with Cotgrave by-gones
And cartoons and quizzes
And writing that fizzes
And paintings by artistic ones.

But the point of this labour of love
Was to give us all, gently, a shove
In the gen'ral direction
Of friendship perfection,
Till lockdown was closed from 'above'.

PPS. As an afterthought, I have decided to carry out my earlier threat to publish a collection of all the limericks which have appeared in past Weekly Letters, so there will be just one more edition to celebrate our reaching Sixty! Something to look forward to? I can't help wondering! If your name happened to be Edward Lear, "Yes", otherwise maybe not?

PPPS. Don't forget there is another Zoom Monthly meeting in June, on the 8th at 10am.

The topic is Richard III, given by Steve Dimmer.

As with the previous Zoom meetings please register your interest with John Haskell at Cotgraveu3a@hotmail.com and he will send you a link to the meeting nearer the time.

And there's more PSs on the next page

PPPPS



LINE DANCING



Thank you to those members who have expressed an interest in the new LINE DANCING group.

It has now been arranged that the group meetings will take place as follows:

Venue: Scout and Guide Hut

Days: 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month, starting 1st July.

Time: 11.00 to 12.30 (yes, this does include a break!)

Cost: £1.50 which includes refreshments.

No special clothing or footwear will be necessary - just anything which will allow free movement. Also, please be aware that the dancing will predominantly be done at a slow/medium walking pace....but with lots of rhythm!

PPPPPS

After the announcement last week that Sue Hillyard was giving up the running of the Singing Group we have some

GREAT NEWS!

The Singing Group will continue! Sue Childs has kindly stepped in to work alongside Sue Hillyard so the group will re-start in due course, but in a different format.

THERE MAY EVEN BE ROOM FOR MORE MEMBERS!!

PPPPPS.

That's it, no more PSs

The End