



Cotgrave and District U3A



Keeping in Touch 3

First, the important bits:

Sue Childs, our Membership Secretary has asked me to include the following:

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Thank you for everyone who has renewed their Cotgrave and District U3A membership for 2020/2021.

This will be a very different and difficult year for us all but it is important that we try to keep in touch as much as possible. Group Leaders have been busy setting up on-line Group meetings, live chats and e-mail groups and we hope that you look forward to receiving our Weekly Letter. Don't forget about Tony's Quiz that keeps the grey cells moving and the Facebook pages for Cotgrave and District U3A plus the National version that are waiting for you to join.

As you will understand, I am not able to welcome new members or distribute the renewal membership cards but be re-assured that all the paperwork has been completed and the cards will be distributed as soon as possible.

Your cheques/cash will be presented to the bank as soon as this can be safely achieved.

Don't hesitate to give me a ring, 989 2145, or e-mail sue2childs@gmail.com if you have any queries about your membership.

Here's hoping that the lockdown is soon over and we can all meet up face-to-face once again.

Stay well and safe.

Sue



OTHER NEWS ITEMS

The 'National U3A Day' has been re-scheduled for October 1st. This was originally intended to be held in June and you might well enquire as to just what it might be! Put simply (and probably slightly flippantly!) it is an opportunity for all U3A Branches to show off their activities both to themselves and to outside visitors. Each Branch is free to interpret this in its own idiosyncratic manner and your local Executive Committee has yet to decide on the format to be adopted here in Cotgrave. We shall no-doubt be letting you know in due course.

Now the exciting bits:

The Real Ale Group met (on-line) last Friday by virtue of 'Zoom' and Peter Foster's initiative in setting it up. Well, to be accurate, about half of us managed it and my own personal contribution was merely audio on account of a failure of the web-cam on my computer. Such things are sent to try us – the more sophisticated the technology becomes, the more opportunities there are for cock-ups! But it certainly didn't spoil the flavour of the beer. Which reminds me, I should introduce you to the RAG limerick:

The RAG Group invented by Chris
's numbers have Soared, which is bliss,
But one thing is clear,
It's the fate of the beer
To end up in the format of urine.

Whatever you may think of that (not very much?), I suspect you might be amused by an image I downloaded from the internet the other day – can you envisage it as representing Chris Soar conducting a 'canned' RAG meeting? Or, perhaps a better analogy would be that of Sue Hillyard conducting her choir? I make no apology for any unkind insinuations implied



And now, in more serious vein, on this page and next I am pleased to welcome a major contribution from Sue Tunnicliffe's Art Group. Various members have sent photographs of their work and I am more than happy to reproduce them here. Thanks go to Sue, Judy Bullock, Bernie Besnard, Desna Haskell and Carol Harris (in no particular order). I think their efforts are superb and we should all be proud of their accomplishments.







And we can also enjoy our weekly contribution from the Creative Writing Group. This piece is a poem written by Anna Franks in 2018. Each month the writing group decide on a topic and it's an example of how a member of the group can interpret a title any way they want. Anna had been listening to some Geordie songs on a CD when she wrote it.

Aches and Pains

Jim Payne and Bobby Akenside both belonged to rival gangs.
There were fights every so often, in places where each gang hangs.
Black eyes and broken noses, and a caution now and then,
Till both thought they'd grown up a bit and turned from boys to men.

Bobby married Lina, and Jimmy married May,
They had a couple of bairns apiece, Jim moved a bit away,
Their lives stayed quiet and peaceful until, on one fateful day,
Both families chose a seaside trip to famous Whitley Bay.

Lina spotted Jimmy first and was going to say nowt,
But Bobby saw them next, and in anger shouted out,
"It's them damn Paynes! -who'd credit it, what the hell they doing here?
Go nowhere near those kids, my lads, or I'll box you on the ear".

So Tommy Akenside ran over and he pulled a horrid grin
And the little Paynes stuck out their tongues and made their eyes go in,
And Billy threw some sand at them, and, not to be outdone,
Young Mikey ran to Tommy and spat out his currant bun.

Then all at once a fight broke out between those likely lads,
They scrapped and punched and wrestled, and they called out to their dads,
Then Jim clocked Jacky Akenside, and Bobby cuffed John's head,
And Jim and Bob got fighting till you'd think they'd end up dead.

Bob socked Jimmy in the throat - he pulled a powerful punch -
And Jimmy got Bob near the groin; he almost lost his lunch,
And Bob tripped Jimmy over and kicked him as he fell,
And Jimmy kneed Bob upwards as he shouted, Go to hell!

So people called the officers, and then an ambulance came,
A policeman took the kids away, and hoped they were ashamed,
And Mrs Payne and Mrs Ake, both husbands dripping blood,
Were bundled off to hospital, to do the wounded good.

A long, long wait in Casualty, there wasn't much to say,
And Mrs P and Mrs A both felt the need to pray,
Each lady sought the chapel out, and when they got inside
Lina was Catholic, May was not, so they went to different sides.

Now Mrs A felt saddened as she lit her candle there,
And felt, if you could not make peace, what was the use of prayer?
So she walked up to the other lass, didn't know what to do then,
So she said one word, and just one word, and that one word was, "Men!"

And Mrs Payne was sad as well and, heaving a deep sigh,
She didn't look at Lina, but she simply answered, "Aye".
And that was all. Both ladies left, and didn't speak again.
They simply stayed in Casualty, waiting for their men.

Bob Akenside had a painful ache where he'd fallen on his head,
Jim Payne was left with an aching pain, especially sore in bed.
The families never met again, nothing more was tried,
Both dads were well aware they could have ended up inside.

But sometimes, May and Lina bump together in the town.
They don't know whether to speak or not, so keep their heads well down,
But occasionally they raise them, and their eyes meet, and then,
They smile, a little weakly, as they remember, "Men!"

Anna Franks, February 2018

Well done, Anna. We're going to miss both you and Brian when you finally manage to tear yourselves away from us.



Finally, I just have to include a picture of our daffodils – they really are spectacular this year. An absolute delight – until you have to steer the lawn mower round them, taking care not to damage a single stem!



Oh, I almost forgot to include this week's isolationist limerick:

The deadly Wuhanian virus
Has lately contrived to inspire us
To keep metres away
From all those who may
Unwittingly tend to expire us.

Keep well and remember to stay two fifths of a pole apart. See you next week.

John