



Ravenshead U3A Magazine



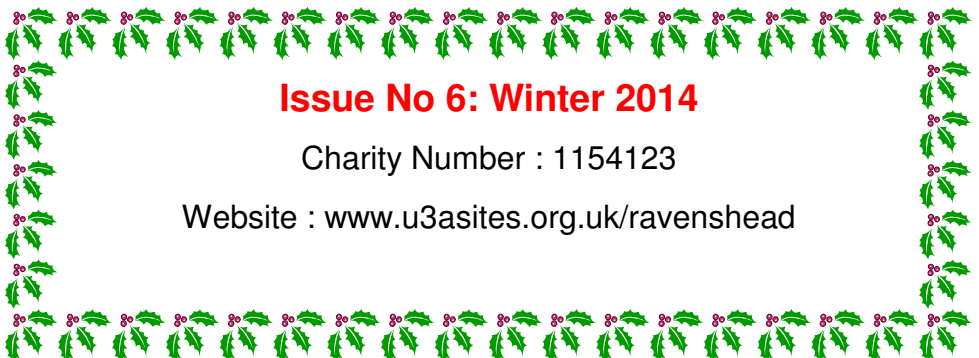
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE



Ravenshead



Photograph by Glynne Payze, joint leader of the Ravenshead U3A Photography Group



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Welcome from the editor.

Welcome to the winter edition of the Ravenshead U3A magazine.

Looking through the contributions this time there are more fascinating memories of our local area following on from the article about the Sherwood Ranger in our last edition. (By the way, I must apologise to Audrey Formon for inadvertently referring to her as Audrey Roberts in my editor's notes. I was obviously having a Coronation Street moment!) Elsewhere in the magazine you will find examples of extraordinary coincidences of the "It's a small world" variety which is also the theme of my own "Thoughts from the Chair".

I continue to be impressed by the range of interests and skills of our members and hope our magazine reflects this. If you think you can produce an article for publishing in the next edition please submit it (preferably in a word processed format) to the editor, Judith Moore, by email or contact by phone

Deadline date for the next edition : **FEBRUARY 21st, 2015**

Judith Moore (editor)

Philip Jones, David Morton (proof readers) Terry Moore (layout)

Ravenshead U3A Committee Contacts

| | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|--|
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| Bob Ford | Vice-Chair | |
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| Lesley Green | Committee Member | |
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Co-opted members: Val Ford, Groups Coordinator

Margaret Craddock, Minutes Secretary

By Invitation: Sue Owen, Welfare

Terry Moore, Publications

Thoughts from the Chair!

This year Terry and myself have enjoyed two visits to Tokyo where our son James, daughter-in-law Tamara and twins Finnley and Zaiden are living. It was lovely to see the boys who have just celebrated their first birthday and are real little characters.



As Christmas approaches it occurs to me how many other U3A members have sons and daughters who have left England to set up life in various parts of the world. Whether for work, relationships or in a spirit of adventure our children have journeyed abroad in a way that maybe former generations did not. The days of living within a few miles radius of family seem to be disappearing and “Lark Rise to Candleford” has become Ravenshead to Japan, or Australia or Dubai!

Luckily modern technology allows us to keep in touch through Skype, WhatsApp and Facetime to name just a few applications, and even though we miss our family get-togethers we can only admire the determination of today’s youngsters to embrace a truly global perspective and take the opportunity to see the world. It also gives us the chance to visit places we may never have expected to see.

It is indeed a small world, as the saying goes, and whether your families stay close or are scattered around the world, we wish a truly happy Christmas to all our members.

Judith Moore, Ravenshead U3A Chair

Unfurling the banner!

Ravenshead U3A has got through the troublesome twos and has now reached the ripe old age of three! It was agreed that we needed something to show that we are going from strength to strength and would last for a very long time.

After the very successful garden party this July, it was noticeable that a moveable but permanent notice advertising the Ravenshead U3A was needed, so the Craft Group decided that they would make a banner. This wasn't a new idea as many U3As throughout the country do have their own banners.



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE



Ravenshead



The brief was to make a banner for use both inside and out. It had to be large, colourful (but using the U3A colours) explicit, relevant and simple to make! After discussion within the Craft Group we decided on some fabric and the size which was on the lines of a 'normal' flag. The fabric was measured before it was washed and then measured again after it was ironed, to see if it had shrunk and by how much, so if the banner got rained on it wouldn't shrink into a minute piece of fabric.

The next part of the plan was to decide which part of the heading would be used. As we only had a certain amount of space it was agreed that we would only use the coloured part of the logo along with the raven's head, and the words 'University of the Third Age'. The fabrics were then sourced and the size agreed and then the first cuts made into it to create the backgrounds and letters of U, 3, and A.

The font caused a few problems as the one used in some of the U3A documentation is not available on my computer so an alternative was agreed upon. We had decided that we would be true to the colours used by U3As. The Craft Group looked at the result and agreed that the colours and sizes were right as the words were easily read but small enough to be significant. Again the computer came in very handy as the font was easily accessed.

The letters for the main word Ravenshead were designated to be decorated by the Group, each having one letter, but after much discussion, dissension, then agreement it was decided that the letters would look much better if they were plain.

The making of the banner itself was complicated by the fact that it needed to be water resistant or washable, and also stiff enough to be displayed without it folding in or rolling. To this end some very thick calico was fixed to the back before the letters were applied, and then all the layers stitched together. Not impossible but a little tricky because of the size of the banner! The raven's head was also fixed on and then the backing was added making sure the tabs at the top were evenly spaced so that the banner hung correctly. It will need a piece of dowling and some adjustment now we've actually seen it hung!

The banner is to be used at monthly meetings and for any other occasion deemed appropriate.

All the Craft Group hope you like it.

Kate Asquith, Craft Group Leader Ravenshead U3A



The banner made its debut appearance at the monthly meeting in November, where the speaker was Martin Fish talking about "My Life in Gardening—so far.!"

An unusual day out

On a bright sunny morning on 8th August I set out over the flat lands of Lincolnshire with two old friends, Gill and Roy Hill (one of the few surviving veterans who flew Lancaster bombers in WW2). As we headed for the RAF station at Coningsby, they told me only that we were to be guests at a special event. Since Coningsby is the home of the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight and Roy had served there as a Guide for visitors to the veteran aircraft I guessed that the event would probably include the British Lancaster and perhaps also a performance by the Red Arrows. But what else? Once there we found tight security. After being carefully checked against the register of “honoured guests”, we were transported to join a large party of about two hundred congregated on the lawn outside the Memorial Flight hangar. There was an air of expectation. Lunch was brought out by young members of the Air Training Corps as we sat on folding chairs at wooden tables. With the sun shining it was all a cheerful picnic graced by the presence of the Lancaster parked on the concrete apron nearby. We hoped that the rumoured onset of hurricane Bertha would not interrupt whatever was to follow.

Time passed, we looked at our watches, then at the sky as dark clouds gathered. Rain began to fall and we were ushered quickly into the shelter of the hangar where space had been made by pushing all the Spitfires, Hurricanes and the Dakota to the back. It was announced that the Red Arrows display had been cancelled because the weather was now unsuitable for aerobatics. Another announcement followed: the “main event” was still flying and was expected imminently. We stared out of the open front of the hangar into the base of the clouds, as the rain petered out. Would it come at all? Had it put down somewhere else? Finally a dark shape appeared, dropping below the cloud base before landing smoothly on the distant runway and disappearing behind other buildings. The Canadian WW2 Lancaster, the only other such plane in the world still flying, had landed after a series of legs that had begun four days previously from Hamilton, Ontario. After a few checks the newcomer was pushed by an RAF tow truck toward us until its nose was almost inside the hangar with the Canadian flag and the Union Jack flying from the cockpit. Though this iconic, seventy year old plane does not match the size of a modern passenger airliner it still has an imposing presence close up, with its famous four Merlin engines, twin rudders, huge landing wheels and three gun turrets. Its arrival was met with cheers, vigorous clapping and a singing choir.

The greeting party, led by an Air Vice Marshall in all his finery, waited at the steps by the plane’s side door. Then more clapping broke out as the crew in their brown flying overalls descended. Smiles and handshakes all round. By that time many guests, some in wheel chairs, had poured out of the hangar, cameras at the ready, to join the welcome. It all felt like a wedding party dissolving into informality. But the

ceremonial had not finished yet. We were herded back to our seats, speeches began and presentations were made of a new Bomber Command clasp to twenty two veterans (including my friend Roy) who had flown during WW2. Each presentation was accompanied by a citation of service. The proceedings concluded with the reading of the citation of the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to a Lancaster pilot who had died during the war in trying to rescue his rear gunner trapped in his turret as the plane came down in flames. Finally the programme was all over. Without more ado we all milled around both planes once again. I talked to a veteran air gunner as he looked into the rear turret where he had spent many cold hours hoping to get back in one piece to his Lincolnshire base. The four guns poking out of the rear window looked small, scarcely larger than pea-shooters. These planes were not strongly defended and many never returned. The courage of the young men who flew them repeatedly over enemy territory seemed all the more remarkable. It had been a most unusual and memorable day.



The Lancaster was the most successful bomber of the second world war.

David Morton,
Ravenshead U3A member

CHRISTMAS BOOK QUIZ

1. What sort of sweets might Harry Potter have found in his stocking?
2. Who wrote the Grinch that stole Christmas?
3. Which reindeer is not mentioned in "The night before Christmas"?
4. Which Austen heroine rejects a clergyman on Christmas Eve?
5. Which impecunious character said "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents"?
6. Narnia under the rule of the White Witch experiences the longest Advent ever. Who says "Always winter and never Christmas"?
7. Who wrote "The night before Christmas"?
8. Which famous writer wrote 'A Letter From Santa Claus', which he sent to his daughter, Susy Clemens?
9. Which Dickens character attended a wedding on Christmas Eve and presented a gold watch to the bride?
10. "A Christmas Carol" is Charles Dicken's most famous Christmas story but which other Christmas short stories did he write?

Answers on page 19.

Dad's memories of the "Wooden School" , Rainworth

Dad was Harold Senior 1909 – 1983. – The following was found in an old note book dated 26 January 1981. Dad's family lived for many years in the White City, Rainworth. Mum's family lived in the posh area, the 'Model Village' – the area behind the Miners Welfare.

I wonder if people passing by the 'Wooden Hut' on Southwell Road, Rainworth, realize what a wonderful building it is. I believe it would have been built early 1914, because I started my school days there in October 1914 when it was still new. It was called Rainworth Council School, they later named it 'Heathlands'. The building was on stilts –we often scrambled under it for hockey and cricket balls!

The school must have been maintained wonderfully well for it to have lasted so long. I remember one time when it was being painted, we went to school one morning to find the iron railings round the school painted alternate colours, one railing green and one red. The two culprits owned up. I remember one was the local police constable's son! I often wondered if the huge coke burning stoves were still there. Mr Ward, the caretaker, used to fill rows of buckets of coke and a bucket full of coal and some sticks for each stove. Many a time we could hardly see the blackboard for smoke until the fire burned through.

When the 'Model Village' children started coming to the school, they used to 'stop dinner' – it being too far for them to go home at dinner time. On top of the stoves would be an assortment of bottles of tea getting warm for dinner time. Sometimes if the owner of a bottle hadn't loosened the cork, there would be a loud 'pop' during a lesson, - how lovely the roasted potatoes smelt! I never heard any complaints about the school – we were as proud of it as any child going to a 'posh school'. Even now I never see it mentioned in any school building programme.

I came to Rainworth from Dewsbury, Yorkshire, in September 1914 at four years of age. I was taken to the wooden school by my mother and we met Miss Liddle. She looked over her gold rimmed half spectacles and told my mother I should have to wait one month before I could start school – when I was five. Miss Smith (now Mrs Stuart) was my first teacher.

On reaching the third class – I would be seven years old, all the children under Miss Liddle were paraded down to the Primitive Methodist Chapel where we found the chapel divided into three by white curtains held up by rails and posts. There were lovely little chairs for the infants but we older children had to sit on old desks. Can you imagine the conditions for the teachers, Miss Liddle, Miss N Butler and Miss Merryweather? We could hear all the teachers talking at the same time and sometimes a post was knocked down bringing part of the curtain wall with it.



Photo of my dad in his uniform of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Prior to that he was in the lamp cabin at Rufford Colliery. After leaving the forces he took a job as a bus conductor on Mansfield District Traction for about 24yrs then worked as an agent with the Prudential for about 19 years.

As time went by still more accommodation was needed, and we older boys were paraded to— all places – the Robin Hood Hotel and for two years I went to school in a ‘pub’. Up the iron steps we went to find a new teacher – Miss Greensmith. The girls of standard one and two went to a new building, to the Wesleyan Chapel.

When we had passed through standards one and two, both the children from the ‘Robin’ and Wesleyan went to the big school, The Wooden School, to enter standard three under Miss Parnham (now Mrs Hardy). Other teachers were; Miss Weddle, Miss Smult and Mr William Smith who was the headmaster. When I see lovely young teachers now, I think, wouldn’t it be nice to be in her class, but when I realize that Miss Weddle and Miss Parnham would only have been about eighteen then, they don’t seem a lot older now. For their hair was done up in ‘buns’

with brown velvet ‘Alice bands’, and they wore fawn , very practical, coat frocks. Miss Weddle’s frock had brown velvet collar and cuffs. Yes we took in every detail.

Just after the First World War, it was rumoured that we were having a man teacher. The rumour turned out to be true and Mr H P Conway arrived. Before the first lesson, we were all ‘shaking in our shoes’, but Mr Conway soon won our respect and admiration, especially when he showed his prowess at hockey. One poor girl got her beauty spoiled by being hit on the nose with the ball. The hockey sticks provided were like cherry wood walking sticks, but we really enjoyed our games.

I believe the late Mr William Smith was the headmaster the whole time I was there, 1914 – 1922. He was a very clever man, but very strict and we thought even cruel at times but he got results.

The teachers cycled from Mansfield every day, there being no buses, and we children used to meet the teachers at the school gate and have a tussle to see who was going to take the teachers’ bikes to the shed. What a stir Mr. Smith, our headmaster, caused one morning when he came to school on a brand new AJS motor cycle combination complete in Mackintosh suit, goggles and a cap turned back to front. Later we had good practical lessons on the combustion engine.

Yes, it was a great little building and the school was second to none at that time. There must be many of my old school mates with happy memories of the ‘Wooden School’.

John Senior, Ravenshead U3A member

RAVENSHEAD U3A – INTEREST GROUPS

| Group Name | Leader | Phone | Meeting day and Time | Location | Full |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|-------|--|--|------|
| Angling | Lionel Castle | | Please ring for details | | No |
| Art (Watercolour) | Audrey Leech | | 2 nd Monday 1.30-4.00 | Brammer Room | No |
| Art Gallery/Museum | Antony Gordon | | Various visits arranged | Please contact for details | No |
| Bird watching | Peter York | | Usually once a month | Please contact for details | No |
| Bridge | Cicely James | | Not running at present | Please contact for details | |
| Canasta | Enid Thomas | | 2 nd & 4 th Tues 2.00-4.00 | Brammer Room | No |
| Chess and Backgammon | Jan Fraser | | 1 st & 3 rd Mon 10.00-12.00 | Home | No |
| Computing (Beginners) | Alan Paul | | Mon 2.00 and Thurs 9.30 | Alan Paul's house | No |
| Craft Workshops | Kate Asquith | | Thursday 10.00-12.00 | Kate's House (Please ring for details) | No |
| Current Affairs | Carol Wright | | 3 rd Wed 2.00-3.30 | Brammer Room | No |
| Family History | Barbara Jukes | | 4 th Tue 10.00-12.00 | Blidworth Methodist Church | No |
| Folk Dancing | Mike & Mary Adams | | 2 nd & 4 th Mon 2.00-4.00 | Ravenshead Village Hall | No |
| French Conversation | Brian Machin | | 1 st & 3 rd Mon 10.00-11.30 | Please ring for details | Full |
| French Conversation 2 | Anick Spence | | 1 st & 3 rd Mon 2.00-4.00 | Anick's house | No |
| Gardening | Peter & Sue York | | Please ring for details or see website | Brammer Room | No |
| Guitar | John Bewick | | 1 st & 3 rd Thur 10.00-12.00 | Church Lounge | No |
| Hikers (5 – 8 miles) | Steve Hargreaves | | 1 st walk Linby - 17 th Dec 10.00 prompt start | Please ring for details | No |
| Knitting & Crochet | Anne Lovegrove Liz Corner | | 1 st & 3 rd Fri – 2.00-4.00 | Brammer Room | No |

| Group Name | Leader | Phone | Meeting day and Time | Location | Full |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-------|---|--|--------------|
| Local History | Philip Jones | | 2 nd Tues – 2.00-4.00 | Kighill Farm | No |
| Luncheon Club | Chris Dean | | | Please ring for details | No |
| Mah Jong | Judy Bragg | | 1 st & 3 rd Tues 1.30-3.30 | Brammer Room | No |
| Music Appreciation 1 | John Harvey | | 2 nd Tues 2.00-4.00 | Members' Homes | Full |
| Music Appreciation 3 | Fay Garrison | | 3 rd Tues 1.30 – 3.00 | Members' Homes | No |
| Occasional Visits | Alan and Judy Walker | | | Please see website, or info at monthly meeting | |
| Pastels | Wanda Parker | | Gp 1 Wed 10.00-12.00 Gp 2 Frid 10.00-12.00 | Please ring for details | Full No |
| Photography | Dennis Harvey Glynne Payze | | Last Wed in month 2.00 | Brammer Room | No |
| Play Reading Group | Chris Dean | | 2 nd Wed 2.00 | Please ring for details | No |
| Reading Group 1 | Carol Payze | | 3 rd Tues 2.00 | Carol's house | No |
| Reading Group 2 | Pat Brown | | 3 rd Tues 2.30 | Members' homes | Full |
| Scrabble, Rumikubs and Cribbage only | Susanne Smith Leslie & Rhoda Newey | | 3 rd Tues 10am 1 st Tues 7.30-9.30pm | Brammer Room Brammer Room | No No |
| Singing for Fun | Graham Jukes | | 4 th Thurs 10.00-11.30 | Blidworth Methodist Church | No |
| Strollers | John West | | 4 th Thurs 10am | Contact email, phone between 10am and 8pm only | No |
| Thursday Walks | Paul & Margaret Craddock | | 2 nd & 4 th Thurs – 1.30 prompt start | Details on website or contact Paul & Margaret | No |
| Weekenders | Sue Owen | | Various visits and events | Please ring for info | No |
| Wine Group 1 | Lionel Castle | | 3 rd Friday | Members' homes | Full |
| Wine Group 2 | Brenda Beale | | 3 rd Tues | Members' homes | Full |
| Wine Group 3 | Michael Neville | | 2 nd Monday | Members' homes | Full |
| Wine Group 4 | Judy Vaughan | | 3 rd Tuesday | Members' homes | Full |
| Wine Group 5 | Sue Tidbury | | 1 st Wednesday | Members' homes | Full |
| Yoga 1 (Beginners) | Jean Cooke | | Wkly 1.30-3.00 Wed | Village Hall | No |
| Yoga 2 | Bob Ford | | Wkly 2.00-3.30 Tues | Village Hall | No |
| Yoga 3 | Bob Ford | | Wkly 10.00-11.30 Friday | Village Hall | No |

Pigs, Shacks and Condensed Milk

Judith asked me to write something for the magazine about the early days of living at “Kighill Farm”. However, my connection with Ravenshead (Linby not Fishpool) started before “Kighill Farm” was purchased in 1956 so here is a slice of personal local history.

My parents were Howard Burton, a miner at Hucknall No. 1 colliery, and Clarice Burton, housewife, ex-factory girl and ex-landgirl at Quarry Banks Farm in Newstead Abbey. We lived on Papplewick Lane, Linby (approximately one mile from Hucknall town centre) with half an acre of land and a pig sty at the bottom of the garden to house two sows and their offspring. I think that this was quite normal after the war. My parents purchased a property at 198 Longdale Lane called Pine View. My Dad and his two brothers built a shack on the land and I remember my grandmother (Mamma) and Grandfather (Dadda) living there. Mamma used to make tea and instead of milk she used condensed milk from a tin, this left the tea really hot (I liked half milk and half tea) so mamma told me to drink the tea out of the saucer as it would cool more quickly. I preferred condensed milk to eat by the spoonful and certainly not on bread – yuk! Pine View is now Badgers Holt.



The only shops locally were the newsagent on Longdale Lane (between the Garage and Longdale Nursery), owned by Jack Hallam and the corner shop which was also a bakery and general store, owned by Brookers, on the corner of Longdale and Kighill (according to “Google” this is number 3 Kighill Lane). There was a co-op at Larch Farm (now Circle Insurance) where my aunt worked. The co-op had a delivery service so Auntie Joan knew most people living in the vicinity. She never learned to drive but one of the delivery men allowed her to drive the van in the Abbey Grounds – no licence required. In fact Mum and Dad never took a driving test!!!

Pig sties were built at Pine View and in those days pigs lived outside most of the time and had babies in the barn. Lots of the babies were killed by the mother who squashed them. If they squealed the mother would move but more often than not she lay on the piglet's face so they could not be heard. This is in the days before pig crates. Dad bought some extra land behind next door, 200 Longdale Lane, which had a sand quarry and you can imagine this was any child's dream, sledging, hide and seek, we even found an old air raid shelter but it had been filled in. Vera and Norman Brew moved into the house next door, 200 Longdale Lane, with their son Christopher. I would climb a tree on the boundary and jump over to play with Christopher while my Mum and Dad were feeding the animals.



The pigs were fed on swill (not allowed now because of swine flu). The swill was collected from houses in Hucknall and kids given sweets in exchange (sweets were still on ration). We also collected bakery waste from Hucknall Co-op, meat waste from slaughterhouses in Hucknall, grain from Mansfield Brewery and skimmed milk from Mansfield Dairy – yes, they used to throw the skimmed milk away. If Dad could not get there in time it all went down the drain. The food waste was put into a very large copper which cooked the food like a pressure cooker. A fire was lit under the copper and when we came back in the afternoon it was tipped into an old bath and bucketed to the pigs. Mum and Dad travelled to Pine View twice a day whatever the weather and they sometimes had to walk if the snow was too bad. The animals had to be fed, they could not feed themselves. Water was also taken to the pigs by bucket – no automatic drinkers - they were far too expensive if available.

Mum always had her eye on Kighill Farm and said if it ever came up for sale could they try to buy it. Her dream came true – it came up for sale by auction but was then withdrawn as insufficient bids. Dad went to see Mrs. Todd, the solicitor who owned the property, and made her an offer she didn't refuse. He could not immediately pay all the asking price but she agreed to wait until some of the pigs were sold for slaughter to make up the shortfall. In 1956 Mum and Dad bought Kighill Farm.....

End of Part 1 to be continued.....

Sue Owen, Ravenshead U3A member

HODSOCK PRIORY SNOWDROPS

Every year Hodsock Priory gardens are a place of pilgrimage for thousands of hardy visitors. This is due to the continuing efforts of the present owners to inject winter vigour into grounds that had previously enjoyed local renown only for their summer displays. Sir Andrew Buchanan, Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, inherited Hodsock Priory in 1966. The following year, he and his wife, Lady (Belinda) Buchanan, moved there to farm the estate and restore the garden.

The history of the built landscape and of the families which have inhabited Hodsock Priory estate is well documented. In George III's reign, in 1765, Hodsock was sold for the only time in its long history, to the Mellish family, from whom Sir Andrew Buchanan is descended. From Domesday Book onwards there is a complete record of owners of the estate. Much of the archive is deposited in Nottingham University Library.

But written records relating to the landscaping and the garden are less well recorded, although there are interesting watercolours, a survey map and photographs which reveal the garden in its 19th and early 20th century splendour. At that time six gardeners under the supervision of Mr Ford, head gardener to the Mellish family, kept the five-acre garden densely planted and in a separate walled garden provided vegetables and fruit for the household.

Snowdrops were a passion of Sir Andrew's grandmother, after whom *Galanthus*



Lady Beatrix Stanley was named after his mother, Lady (Barbara) Buchanan, who is commemorated in *Galanthus Barbara's Double*. Many of the more unusual varieties were brought up by the van load from Sibbertoft Manor in Northamptonshire, Sir Andrew's grandmother's former home.

Although not describing herself as a serious galanthophile, Lady Buchanan did

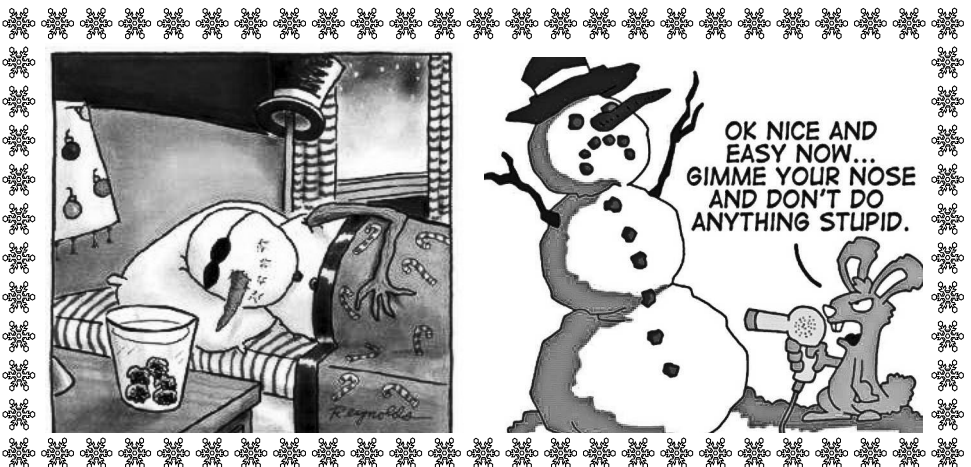
notice that there were large clumps of snowdrops growing in the rough and neglected woodland areas of the garden and each year large quantities of snowdrops were dug up to plant into the garden borders. With the arrival of horticultural consultant Kate Garton in 1989 a restoration programme began which aimed to formalise the border shapes and create more paving and gravel paths.

Beyond the broad lawns she felt sure that there was once an ornamental walk through the woods. She discovered that beneath the brambles there was a layer of hard material, the base of a former path. Once this was understood, it was clear that the snowdrops had originally been planted on either side of the path, spreading away from it in massive drifts.

Encouraged by this discovery, coupled with Kate's unbounded enthusiasm, energy and enjoyment of winter-flowering plants, the Buchanans were persuaded in 1991 to hold just one special day for visitors to enjoy the snowdrops. Seven hundred people turned up; in the following year, word had spread and 2000 visitors arrived.

Further restoration and reinvigoration followed aimed at restoring many of the features shown in the illustrated records, as well as overcoming some 40 years of gradual decline. There was also a need for the garden to start earning some income to fund the plans for the re-creation of certain features. Economic necessity was the incentive but it was the discovery of bulk snowdrops in the former ornamental woodland that led to Hodsock's pre-eminence as one of the country's leading winter gardens.

Patrick Ellis, Ravenshead U3A member



REFLECTIONS ON A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL ARBORETUM

On Monday 15th September a group of 42 members and friends visited the National Memorial Arboretum at Alrewas. For many it was their first visit and a typical comment was "It's not what I expected at all. There's so much to see and it will definitely be worth a second visit!" Several people attended the morning memorial service, held at 11 o'clock every day of the year in the Millennium Chapel. This was followed by a very informative short guide to the site, after which some availed themselves of the land train and buggy tours or the guided walk while others made their own way around or looked out for memorials which had personal significance.



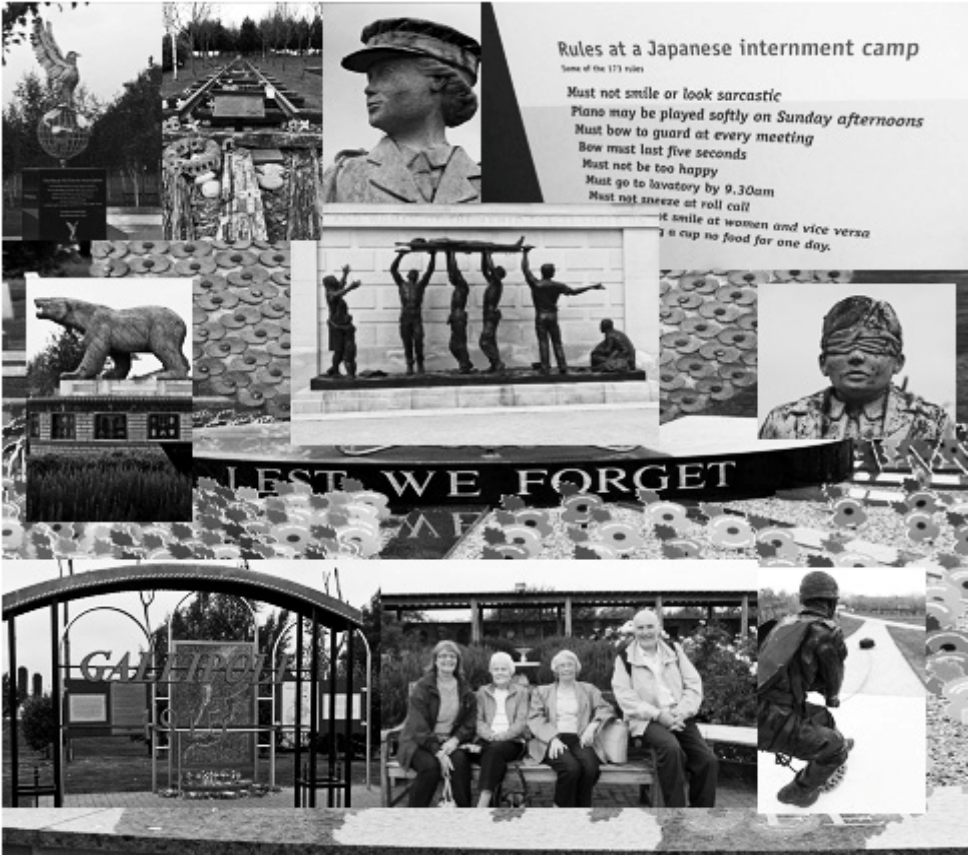
John and I did not have a plan or specific reason for visiting the Arboretum but having spoken to people who had then we were pleased to grasp the opportunity. Like most families we had parents and relatives who were caught up in the Second World War.

However we didn't expect our visit to be quite so emotive.

Because we knew our Auntie Norah's husband John Thomas Brough had died whilst on active service in the Far East we visited the Far East Prisoners of War Memorial Building out of interest but unexpectedly we 'found him' in a register of men who had died in Borneo. He died aged 32 years on 25th April, 1945. He has a memorial in a war grave on Labuan Island off the north west coast of Borneo. Whether he perished on The Long March we do not know. All we can say is that through the photographs, artefacts and videos it showed the chilling and unbelievable inhumanity of the war in the Far East.

However, our spirits were raised a little later in the day when we were surprised to meet friends, members of Gainsborough U3A, with whom we were going on holiday to Italy in a few days time. Small world!!!

Polly and John Hill, Ravenshead U3A members



Australia Calling

I had not realised how widely spread the U3A organisation was until I recently received a letter from an Australian friend who is a member of her local U3A.

She told me that one of their members is a Dutch lady and, as you do when you know another Dutch person (i.e. me) she asked whether this lady knew me. To her great surprise her fellow member said “Of course I know her – we lived next door to each other during the war in a Japanese concentration camp!”

She and I have been in touch since and are still utterly amazed how, seventy years later and thousands of miles apart , we have linked up!

Praise be to the U3A!

Tineke Arthur nee Straub, Ravenshead U3A member

In Flanders' Fields

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

Major John McCrae, 1915



On Tuesday 11th November a good turnout of around 180 members filled St. Peter's church for our monthly meeting. Of course on this special date we remembered the sacrifice of those who fought and took part in various conflicts around the world as we watched a slide show of images from our recent visit to the National Memorial Arboretum set to a soundtrack of a recording of "In Flanders Fields" sung by Carlton Male Voice Choir. We were joined by workers from the St. Peter's Church Hall redevelopment for a one minute silence at the eleventh hour.

Notice Board



Do you have an interest that you would like to share with other members? You can use this notice board to post messages.

- Is anyone interested in joining a cycling group, using sustrans “safe routes” of 8 to 10 miles? If you are, phone Alex Fraser on 01623473078

NOTE: Hikers and Garden Group have had their first meetings.

See website or contact Val Ford

Knitting and Crochet Group

Our members have been busy again! Members Joyce Morley and Liz Corner had been making poppies for the East Midlands TV appeal. They had sent about fifty. Knitted poppies from around the county were displayed at the Nottingham Contemporary and were sold at £2 each to raise funds for forces charities.



ANSWERS TO THE CHRISTMAS BOOK QUIZ

1 Bertie Botts Everyflavour Beans. **2** Dr Seuss. **3** Rudolph.
4 Emma – Mr Elton. **5** Jo March from “Little Women”.
6 Mr Tumnus. **7** Clement Clarke Moore,
8 Mark Twain **9** Mr. Pickwick
10 4 short stories : “The Chimes” “The Cricket on the Hearth”
“The Battle of Life” “The Haunted Man”

Dates for Your Diary

(check website for latest information)

| Monthly Meetings | (10.00 a.m. St. Peter's Church, Ravenshead) |
|-------------------------|--|
| Tue Jan 13th 2015 | The story of Framework Knitting and the Ruddington Museum. Speaker: Kathy Powis. |
| Tue Feb 10th 2015 | Tales of a Church Warden. Speaker: Gordon Asher. |
| Tue Mar 10th 2015 | A Question of Detail. Speaker: Arek Hersh MBE. |
| Tue Apr 14th 2015 | From Pup to Crufts: Speaker Dave Perry |

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| Social Events |
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Coffee and Conversation, *The Church Lounge*, commencing 10am.

Dates: Mondays: Dec 15th; Jan 19th ; Feb 16th; March 16th;

| Occasional Visits | <i>Details on website Occasional Visits page.</i> |
|--------------------------|--|
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|-------------------|---|
| Wed Feb 4th 2015 | Matinee Performance of Barnum, Theatre Royal Nottingham. All tickets sold. |
| Wed Jul 1st 2015 | Hampton Court Flower Show |
| Wed Jul 22nd 2015 | Highclere Castle. Full details of price and deposits to be taken in the New Year. |



A seasonal "Cheers" from just one of our wine groups!