

Newsletter Early 2022



We have plenty of nice places to walk in our local area. This is on St Roche's Hill, also known as The Trundle. Looking out towards the Isle of Wight on a somewhat claggy day

Letter from the Chairman

First of all, I'd like to wish you all a belated happy new year. I'm delighted that we have been able to restart u3a activities and that so many members have been keen to get going. Covid is still around but its impact on most people seems to be diminishing and although reported cases are still too high, fewer people were seriously affected than many experts thought would be the case. So, there is cause for optimism but we will continue to be reasonably careful at monthly meetings, and windows will be opened so as I have written before: warm clothing is advised.

Our Christmas lunch at Chichester College was an excellent event. We had dined at the Langstone for a few years and many thought it was time for a change. There were 71 of us and the college put on an excellent lunch. Thank you, Maureen, Daphne, Bridget and others who put so much work in to organising it for us. For my part, it was the first time I've ever received applause for not giving a speech. I announced at the start that I wouldn't be giving a chairman's speech afterwards which provoked cheering and clapping. It's good to know what members like.

I'd like to remind you that, as I wrote in the last newsletter, our AGM will be on April 22nd this year and after that it will revert to the traditional February date. The committee will look at the format of the AGM to see if we can make it more interesting for members.

The committee is essential for our u3a and it will need several more members at the AGM as usual. We meet most months and try to keep meetings short. My ambition has been to keep them to no more than an hour (sometimes achieved). They are fairly informal and it's a good way to meet more of your fellow members and to help steer the direction of our u3a. Please contact me or any committee member if you think you could help and would like to find out more.

Monthly meetings have been going well. It was looking as if we might have to revert to online meetings before Christmas but fortunately, we didn't. We've had some excellent speakers, thanks to Gill Davies who organises them, and there is a full program for this year. Do have a look at our website emsworthu3a.org.uk for more information. I would like to say a special thank you to David Gane who stood in at the last minute to speak at the September meeting because our scheduled speaker was unable to attend. It was a good talk as they always are.

You might like to know that our u3a possesses some IT equipment which is available for groups to use. We have a Windows laptop, a computer projector and a portable screen. None of it is the latest kit but it is serviceable. If your group would like to use it you could ask me in the first place as I sometimes know where it is and whether it's available. At the very least, I should be able to point you in the right direction.

That is all I have to say this time except thank you all for supporting our u3a.

With very best wishes.

Mike Polgreen

Chairman

Monthly Meeting Coffee Rota

March	French Discussion / Rhythm & Rock
April	Sea Shanties / Creative Writing 1
May	Birdwatching / Creative Writing 2
June	Scrabble 2 / Discussion 2
July	Craft, Coffee & Chat / Family History
August	No meeting
September	Poetry / Gardens 1
October	Classical Music App / Listening to Jazz

Emsworth U3A Committee

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Senior Kayaking

Anne Fox Robinson has some kayaks. In fact, Anne Fox Robinson has rather a lot of kayaks. This is convenient because she can loan a spare kayak to somebody that is dithering about what sort of kayak to get for himself (me). I mean, just what do I choose? Sit on top kayak, sit inside kayak, touring kayak, sea kayak (14 foot or 16 foot), crossover kayak, white water kayak? Actually, perhaps not that last one: you need to be young and insane for that!

So Anne has become the pivotal figure for a group of timeworn paddlers that launch kayaks from the end of Warblington Road for some wonderful paddling in our sheltered coastal waters. Mind you, not all that sheltered sometimes! Here are a few photos from kayaking outings.

Adrian Wakeford



A very High Tide in Emsworth, parking kayaks on double yellow lines!



Anne F-R: High tide in Emsworth

Evening, halfway between Emsworth and Northney, gazing in awe towards the setting sun



A little later and back on shore looking East to a glorious Half Moon (top left)

Auto Express in Tenerife

As some of you may know, we have a little place in Tenerife. We also have a 20-year-old car and live down by the sea. To get anywhere out of the place, we have to drive up the hill similar to the one shown in the photo, which is actually a parallel street to the one we take. At the top there is a roundabout and a pedestrian crossing, and so we spent a lot of time slipping the clutch or doing hill starts. This is normal in Tenerife because other than the coast road, all roads go uphill, - to get to the other side of the island we climb to about 4000 feet. This constant hill start and clutch slipping began to wear on me a bit so we decided to get an electric or automatic car , which also had to be small because of our small garage and limited turning space. We investigated electric cars, a waste of time, they are not sold here because there is no infrastructure to support them.

Despite having year round sunshine and strong winds on the east, only about 20% of energy in Tenerife is derived from renewables. .On the contrary, until last year, if you had the effrontery to fix your own solar panels, the electricity company would charge you for the privilege of dumping the excess into the grid! This nonsense was stopped by the EU last year only .



So on a Monday we visited a garage who told us that the only small car with an auto box was the Polo or SEAT equivalent and that they had a blue Ibiza In Santa Cruz. They said “Come back with your passport, NIE, (which is the identification document for foreigners), and the Empadronamiento”, (the document which states that we are domiciled in Tenerife).

Wednesday we turned out with all these documents, to find out that my NIE was no good as it didn’t show my address so Josette had to be the owner, and that the Empad was no good either as it was too old.

We came back to the garage on the Friday having passed by the town hall

who wouldn't change the Empad. but gave us an appointment for a week later. We then went to the garage to find out how we should pay and they told us that they had sold the car!

By the following Monday, they had gone through what was available and found us a Polo in La Palma, hopefully not ash covered. We accepted that, and worked out payment details. Wednesday we went back with confirmation of payment to find out that delivery would be 10 days at least from when we had the correct date on the Empad, so back to the town hall and they put the appointment forward to the following Tuesday. The garage at no time seemed worried about whether we had insurance or paying the road tax and didn't ask.

But anyway we had both in hand and today it is now Tuesday so back to the town hall this afternoon and if we ever get the documents or the car, I will let you know in the next instalment.

Adrian Fox

PS We have just returned from the town hall, and we found that our documents are finally correct but we have to return tomorrow to collect them. This means that we might actually get a car within the next few days but it still takes time because all documents have to be compiled by a lawyer, a deed drawn up, and sent to Santa Cruz.

Why I Love Retirement

How many days in a week? 6 Saturdays, 1 Sunday

When is a retiree's bedtime? Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

How many retirees does it take to change a light bulb? Only one, but it might take all day.

What's the biggest gripe of retirees? Not enough time to get everything done.

Why don't retirees mind being called "senior citizens?" The term comes with a discount.

What is considered formal attire among retirees? Shoes with laces.

Why do retirees count pennies? They have the time.

What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire? Nuts!

A Birdwatching Expedition

My wife, Jenny, and I moved to Langstone from London last year. Like many, we relocated to the coast following repeated lockdowns in the overly crowded capital. We were lucky that we didn't need to commute anymore and were both able to work from home. I am an editorial consultant as well as a bookdealer, so I can easily continue to buy and sell rare old books from this corner of Hampshire.

We both love learning and enrolled for some free, online courses with FutureLearn. Jenny also discovered that our neck of the woods was particularly well served with a good number of U3A branches and soon joined the Hayling Island U3A netball players. It is advertised as 'walking netball' but she says that does not convey the speed and competitive nature of the island players!

We were both curious about the wildlife and birdlife around here. We have the Lavant Stream running through our garden and saw a huge white fluffy thing, big as a heron, flying past us, just above the water. In London, the most exotic birds we saw were jays, woodpeckers and parakeets, but this was altogether more interesting.

Chatting to people outside Langstone's Royal Oak pub overlooking Chichester Harbour, it turns out that we had most probably seen an egret. However, locals were not sure whether we had seen a Little, Cattle or a Great egret. This was all news to us, and we felt that it would be disrespectful towards our feathered neighbours if we didn't try to distinguish one from the other.



*A little egret near the Hayling Island oyster beds
(D Joyeux)*

Our first outing with Emsworth U3A's birdwatching group, led by Richard Bunce, was to the Hayling Island oyster beds. The tide was quite far out but we still saw lots of waders and learned that the owner of the haunting call we kept hearing, was the curlew. It was obvious we needed to upgrade our opera glasses and by the next excursion, we'd invested in lightweight binoculars from the camera shop in Chichester.

In the first week of December, Richard organised a trip departing from Itchenor and we boarded a solar-powered catamaran in order to spot the birdlife of Chichester Harbour. The nine members of the U3A group and other

birdwatchers were accompanied by two RSPB experts, on a freezing but beautifully sunny day.

So, the 20-year old 'Solar Heritage' glided silently along the shoreline of the Witterings. As we passed by Kate Winslet's garden there were duck-like widgeons, some red-breasted mergansers with long serrated bills diving for fish and lots of little grey knots wading in the shallow water.



Jenny about to board the Solar Heritage catamaran (D Joyeux)

After more than two hours on board, the U3A group stepped off and headed straight to a pub to refuel and warm ourselves up. Three of the birdwatchers ordered macaroni cheese but each left a large amount of the pasta. They pointed out to the waitress that the 'cheese' sauce didn't appear to have much cheese in it and she asked 'You haven't all lost your sense of taste through Covid have you?' Cheeky.

We have since learnt that the little egret has played a huge part in the UK's passion for bird watching and caring for birds. At the end of the 19th century, the little egret was virtually extinct thanks to the use of its feathers in ladies' hats. A group of concerned women formed the Society for the Protection of Birds that gained its royal charter soon after. Now, egrets of all kinds have made a big comeback on the southern coast and Jenny and I have been especially privileged to witness some flying through our back garden.

Dominic Joyeux

Knots feeding on Chichester Harbour (R Bunce)



The Emsworth Off Quays (Sea Shanties Group)

by Adrian Wakeford

The Emsworth Off Quays now has over twenty crew members and we are usually able to muster about a dozen for each meeting. The quality of what we do is most certainly improving but the main point is to leave with a smile on our faces.

Amongst our shanty crew we have a couple of budding lyricists, and I would like to share some of their work with you:

Emsworth's Our Home

(Tune - Sweet Molly Malone)

(Lyrics by Marilyn Kemp)

In Emsworth's dear town,
Where the folk all come down,
T' the millpond, the shoreline,
To watch boats on the sea.

CHORUS

*'Cos Emsworth's our home
'Cos Emsworth's our home
We love it, it's pretty
'Cos Emsworth's our home*

CHORUS

The swans and ducks nesting,
While residents are resting,
For enjoyment and pleasure,
And all is for free.

CHORUS

There's restaurants a plenty,
For poor folks and gentry,
And picnics and takeaways,
To eat in the square.

CHORUS

The charity shops bustle,
You're welcome to hustle.
Save the planet, get a bargain,
It's all for the good.

CHORUS

We drive in our cars,
T' Tiers, Treagust and Starrs,
Fresh meat, fruit and veggies
To make us all strong.

CHORUS

There's churches and halls,
For one and for all,
There's pubs and there's clubs,
For the young and the old.

CHORUS

Hair dressers are busy,
Your hair not so frizzy.
With a quick trim, or a blow dry,
What ever your style.

CHORUS

The banks have all gone,
We're all on our own,
It's plastic and internet,
No cash to be seen.

CHORUS

CHORUS

“The Bournes”
(Lyrics by Kim Shelley)

Well I was born in Southbourne,
I've never been to Nutbourne,
I want to go to Westbourne,
One fine day.

CHORUS

*I'm a happy traveller,
Sometimes I'm a reveller,
Even though I get around,
The place I love is my home town.*

I wasn't born in Portsea,
Never been to Eastney,
I want to go to Southsea,
Some fine day.

CHORUS

Some are born in Pagham,
Some are raised in Cosham,
Those who go to Bosham,
Sing all day.

CHORUS

You can go to Goodwood,
I'm quite sure that you would,
Meet me in the Driftwood,
For some tea.

CHORUS

I wasn't born in Yarmouth,
I shop a lot in Portsmouth,
I holiday in Bournemouth,
In the Sun.

CHORUS

You can go to Winchester,
I can go to Portchester,
Let's all go to Chichester,
Laugh all day.

CHORUS

Don't want to go to Chelsea,
When I can go to Selsey,
There's no bats in the Belfry,
In the church.

CHORUS

Hermitage is well worth,
Passing through to Emsworth,
Don't give us a wide berth,
Stay all day.

CHORUS

“The Shanty Man”
(Lyrics by Kim Shelley)

I am the shantyman,
I sail the seven seas.

CHORUS
He is The Shanty Man,
He sails the seven seas.

Hi heave the ropes I set the sails,
My friend the wind it never fails,
My compass tells me where to go,
I'm never lost in rain or snow,
I am the Shanty Man,
I sail the seven seas.

My cargo could be precious gold,
It may be wine or beer,
But what I carry in my hold,
Will fill your heart with cheer,
I am the Shanty Man,
I sail the seven seas.

CHORUS

I keep on track I don't look back,
When my sails have caught the breeze,
This ship of mine it sails so fine,
It parts the waves with ease,
I am the Shanty Man,
I sail the seven seas.

CHORUS

I may be gone a year or more,,
I never know my fate,
A cruel mistress is the sea,
So please pine or wait,
I am the Shanty Man,
I sail the seven seas.

CHORUS

CHORUS

Groups Update

Adrian Wakeford – Groups Coordinator

Firstly I wish to pay tribute to the late Alan Smith who led Discussion Group 2 but sadly died in December. He was a strong leader of the group, produced innovative subjects for discussion and had incisive views on a surprising range of topics. He was also a true gentleman in every sense of the word, and we will miss him. As I am in this group, I have taken over as Group Leader for now but would readily stand aside if another member wished to come forward.

Our groups continue to function well, some face to face and some currently

reverted to on screen meetings because of continuing and understandable concerns of vulnerability. Also we have had several notable successes recently:

Gil Polgreen has started up a new group – Board Games. It will tend to function in the darker months and hibernate in the summer. The group will play a variety of board games but will avoid Scrabble and Mah Jong as there are specific group for these. Fantastic to see a group start up in our u3a!

Diana Williams, a new member of our u3a, has stepped in to lead the Art Discovery Group in place of Ann Bartlett.

Carole O'Kane has taken over leadership of the Poetry Group from Moya Wippell.

Kim Shelley has taken over leadership of the Amble & Pub Lunch Group from Gail Wynne-Jones. Also, because of the popularity of this group (must be the pub bit), the group now offers two walks per month for members to choose between.

My thanks to those group leaders who are stepping down, and also to the incoming group leaders.

Unfortunately, the Cycling Group remains dormant having lost its two joint leaders. I would welcome any volunteers to start leadership of this group which I will otherwise have to formally close. With the great cycling available in our area and with spring and summer approaching this would be a shame.

If any member wants to start a new group, please do not be shy whether it is a brand new group or a second group where one is already full. Contact me as your idea could well be a winner. Please contact me on 07860 189099 or adrian.wakeford@gmail.com and I will give you the help you need.

I keep meaning to get out and visit your groups, but have only visited a few so far as life keeps on getting in the way! However, I will endeavour to see more of what goes on in your groups over the coming months.

Note to Group Leaders Concerning the Beacon Application. The Beacon application is a simple system to use and can provide useful time saving especially for larger groups. It also automatically ensures privacy protection for members. Should any Group Leaders feel they would like to adopt Beacon or improve their existing skills and feel they need help to do so, please contact me on 07860 189099 or adrian.wakeford@gmail.com.

Glass Class

Have you had a look inside the new shop and creative space which has opened up in the old sorting office on North St, Emsworth yet? It is called Felix and Tabitha and is an emporium of art and craft work from different artists. Well worth a look if you are looking for that slightly different present or home decoration. It has a nice selection of artistic birthday cards too. Kathryn who owns it runs workshops in the old sorting room at the back of the shop, which is a space easily big enough to accommodate 16 participants well spaced out. Mike and I booked in for a Saturday morning fused glass workshop. Kathryn taught us cutting and design techniques and then let us loose with the tools, always being on hand to give advice. There were only 8 of us so we got as much help as we needed. Mike and I both decided to do different fish designs, which you can see here. We thoroughly enjoyed the morning, which was completely engaging and were pleased with our pieces when we collected them a week or so later, after they had been through Kathryn's kiln. Mine is going to be mounted on a stick in a flowerpot or vase and put in the window and Mike will make a light box to display his. You can search for and find Felix and Tabitha on Facebook or Google or just drop in some time and talk to the lovely people there about future workshops. There are all sorts of crafty sessions on offer.

Gill Polgreen





This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it but Nobody did it.

Somebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought that Anybody could do it. But Nobody realised that Everybody would not do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody, when Nobody did what Everybody could have done.



Book Group 2

Book Group 2 had a hard task last month in order to find the murderer of a member of a village Drama society! After what was thought to be a miscarriage of justice all that two young lawyers had were the emails passed between various members of the society during the previous year or so. Yes, about 80% of the novel entailed reading those emails and whilst we admired the skill of the author in the ingeniously plotted novel - *The Appeal* - and see why it was an International Best Seller, it was not to everyone's taste.



This month's choice certainly was - Muriel Sparke's "*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*" set in 1930s Edinburgh. Of course we had all seen the 60s film of it with Maggie Smith but few of us had read the book previously, and it was a real delight to enjoy the beautifully written novel and its humour but sad too when we think what it was like for such women in the thirties.. Earlier we had decided to celebrate our present freedom to meet without restrictions by going on to the local pub after our meeting. We were joined there by some members of Book Group 2 for a pleasant chat and lunch.

Una Rayment

The following article was submitted for publication in my old school association newsletter. Before submission my Creative Writing Group did a review; thank you Catherine et al. They also suggested it could go in the u3a Newsletter; it might remind others of their school days. I had my doubts but here it is anyway. If you like it then it is clearly due to my skilful writing. If you don't like it then it is obviously their fault!

1961

By Adrian Wakeford

Chris Warren, FESA Newsletter Editor:

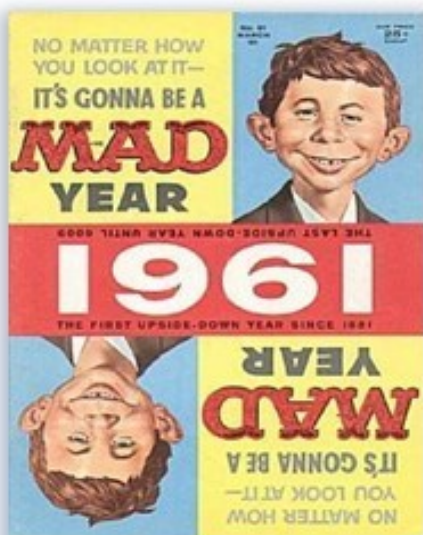
"I have been in the habit of including information taken from the school magazines from 60 years ago. This time I would like to ask you, directly, what you were doing in 1961."

oOo

Since you asked...

There really was something interesting about 1961 - it was a strobogrammatic year: it read the same upside down as the right way up!

Another interesting thing for me about 1961 is that it was the year that I passed the Eleven Plus and moved up from Milk Street School to Frome Grammar School (FGS). Of course this sets off a cavalcade of recollections of which you, dear reader, are about to be the unwitting recipient. In an earlier newsletter I mused upon my imperfect relationship with FGS, citing my high points as being in the ATC Flight and going on the 1968 Iceland Expedition. Now for some low points!



The March 1961 cover from my favourite perodical back then, Mad Magazine. There will not be another strobogrammatic year until 6009. Classmates claimed I had a resemblance to Alfred E Neuman, the goofy kid from Mad. Perhaps it was the ears?

I remember the preparations to go to FGS. The blazer, cap and tie all had to be a specific dingy brown from a specific shop located where Catherine's Hill turned into Stony Street. Name tapes had to be sewn into all clothing, and they had to be specifically Cash's name tapes - nothing else would do. My mum was more than a little irritated at all the extra fiddly sewing. Also I am astonished to discover that Cash's is still in business in Coventry today!

Then there were very specific reference books that we had to have before we got to school. A specific version of the Bible (I do not remember which one), and a Collins Little Gem Dictionary with the red plastic cover. Plus the Philips Comparative Atlas of the World. I no longer have the Bible or dictionary, but I still have the atlas. I know I should not, but I still remember the smug feeling I got when opening the atlas to the political map of the world and seeing so many countries coloured imperial pink. Yes, I know this is today a reprehensible sentiment for which I no doubt deserve cancellation, decolonising, deplatforming and maybe even old fashioned sending to Coventry (where they still make Cash's name tapes – I think I said that already). But they were different times. My flimsy excuse with hindsight is I am now more inclined to think of it as a glorious gigantic global bluff. These tiny islands with so few inhabitants somehow bossing around so many countries and so many millions of people? How did we get away with it for so long?

I cannot claim to have been a good pupil. Indeed, I must confess the reverse in that I was studiously lazy. This is a character flaw which has mostly served me well in life. Yet I did start off quite keen in 1961. When I first walked into my classroom, I chose a desk right at the front of the class. It was the last time in seven years that I did that, more clarification to come later! Our classroom was One South (1S). So called because it was the southern-most class of the first year block. The children that had done well at the Eleven Plus were in 1A, which was the middle classroom. The kids that "they" did not yet know what to do with, were split between 1S and One North (1N). By the end of the first year "they" did seem to know what to do with this slacker; I was consigned to the "C" stream!

There were two other rooms in the block: a music room and also a room that became the "language laboratory." (My memory serves me badly; it may have originally been the 1N classroom rather than an extra room.) A

language laboratory seemed so advanced at the time with booths, big sweaty headphones, and whirring tapes. The teacher could eavesdrop on any pupil, and I remember many a pleasant drowse rudely interrupted by the teacher booming from the control desk into my earphones. I suppose that was better than the board rubber flying in my direction.

But I am getting ahead of myself as the language laboratory did not start up till perhaps 1962 or 1963. However, I must admit to an antipathy to French, and I will work my way round to why.

I read with interest in previous newsletters the glowing descriptions of teachers. My memories from back then are less benign, and even a little contrary. However, with the benefit of experience, I see the teachers in a more forgiving light. Back then I saw their idiosyncrasies, but I did not perceive the context of the generation of which they were part: what had been demanded of them and the costs they had borne. Some of them could have been involved directly in the Second World War. Some or most could have lost friends, family, neighbours, perhaps sweethearts at that awful time. Many would have had painful experiences and difficult memories. So I am sure that I should now perceive them with more charity than I did back then.

My class,¹⁵ had a great bunch of boys. There were rogues and fellow slackers, but we were not all bad. As for the girls, well I didn't really understand them back then. I did find it odd that the teachers called the boys by their surnames and the girls by their Christian names. The girls also had gold edging to brighten the otherwise dingy brown blazers. Maybe this was meant to be a further form of discrimination against boys, but I thought the gold edging was a bit, well, girly. Though the girls were mostly agreeable, the class could be rather horrid. Some teachers were reduced to tears by our behaviour on occasions. Some other teachers gave us a scolding every time they came upon us. Of course, somebody was invariably misbehaving so that was fair enough.

Individual lessons are now mostly fogged by time. But I promised earlier to work my way round to both French and to my desk in the front of the class. Extraordinarily, I remember the same first French lesson and first French homework as described by Richard Green in the 2020 Newsletter. Yet his lesson and mine were eleven years apart! In 1961, I walked Mr Moran (I still think he looked rather like Chalky, the teacher in the Giles

cartoons). He announced: "French is a difficult subject!" He then proceeded to prove it by writing the conjugation for the verb "to be – être" on the blackboard. Although I have since dabbled in Norwegian, been dumped in German and become drunk in Dutch, to me French is a lost language. I suspect that it would be better if an eleven year old walked away from his first lesson knowing how to speak enough French to buy an ice cream and a bottle of lemonade, rather than harbouring a burgeoning resentment for the conjugation of verbs.

I also remember the human biology lessons from the first year which is how I really came to regret sitting at the front of the class! As the teacher (Miss Beal) taught, my eyes widened in disbelief, my cheeks reddened in embarrassment, and I tried to slither down in my chair in the hope she would not spot me in the front row and ask me a question. Back then I thought the intricacies of human biology were explained with brain exploding frankness. I understand these days the frankness is even franker. I barely coped then; I would not cope now.

Before I finish this dip into my murky past, I cannot stop myself from making a brief comment regarding school leadership. I have benign memories of my first headmaster, Joe Fairs. He left me alone though that is probably because I was not worth noticing. Whatever the reason, being left alone by the headmaster is a good outcome. I have less benign memories of his successor, Mr Fisher, though he came to the school much later. Mr Fisher did not like me because I was a lazy tyke. I did not like Mr Fisher because I was a lazy tyke. Surprising that a mutual dislike could be based on a mutual understanding.

I cannot judge if FGS was a good school of its type or not and I guess it does not now matter as it no longer exists. I am saddened that it has ceased to exist and am unconvinced to this day by the reasoning that led to the loss of schools such as FGS. I am glad that I knew that place, that time, my fellow pupils and those teachers, even if my relationship with teaching and teachers back then was complicated. Although I bumped along at a lower level of achievement than maybe I could have attained, I guess I soaked up enough knowledge to start bluffing my way through life. So... thank you Frome Grammar School and thank you 1961.

Instead of a sign
that says 'do not disturb'
I need one that says
'already disturbed
proceed with caution'



Editor's bit

My thanks to all those who sent in items — please keep them coming. My email address is tonibr@btinternet.com, and there is a link to me on the U3A Emsworth website. My snail mail address is 12 Orchard Lane, Emsworth, PO10 8BH, so send letters here. I can accept offerings in just about any format. *Toni*