

GUISBOROUGH U3A NEWSLETTER – JUNE 2020

University of the Third Age

Registered Charity No. 1125829

Hello everyone, this is your second Alternative Newsletter. We plan to email one a month, to stay in touch with you.

When the Interest Groups are able to meet again, your two-monthly Newsletter will return in the usual format with Alan Graham at the helm, as usual.

Chairman's Blog June 20

This newsletter would not normally be due until next month but in an effort to maintain some sort of contact during the Covid 19 restrictions we have decided to create an interim newsletter which inevitably will have little of the usual content. However we hope that you enjoy reading it and thanks go to Pam Rayment for her work in compiling it.

I hope you are all making what you can from the recent easing of lockdown restrictions but it still feels very strange. We have all been re-programmed without realising it. I find it difficult now to watch an old piece of television footage without worrying about the non-observance of social distancing being displayed.

Our AGM, the notice for which was given in the March/April newsletter, was due to take place on 6th May. It obviously never happened due to Lockdown.

At our April Committee meeting, which was held remotely by Zoom, the three committee members who were due to retire at the AGM were asked if they would continue until the AGM could take place. I am pleased to say that all three did and we should all be grateful to them for that.

Peta Margetts has however handed over responsibility for Activities to Sandra Davies who was primed for this already. Sandra has been ringing round Group Coordinators introducing herself and has compiled a list of what they have been able to maintain during the restrictions. This information is displayed in this newsletter and it is encouraging to see what has been possible.

Our constitution requires us to complete our AGM within 3 months of the due date. It also requires a quorum of 20% of our membership to be present. If an AGM has been attempted and a quorum not reached then there is leeway in the numbers required at a following attempt. We have been seeking advice from both the Third Age Trust and the Charity Commission about how to proceed and we hope to reach a decision at our June committee meeting.

John Wardill

The Committee plans to continue holding virtual monthly meetings on-line, by Zoom, the Minutes of which will be published on the Website a month later, after they've been agreed.

If you'd like to raise any points for consideration, please send them to John.

In these exceptional times this Alternative Newsletter is being distributed by email, due to the government's continuing guidance and shielding protection for those at higher risk from Coronavirus.

If you know a member who isn't able to access our Website, please could you share this Alternative Newsletter with them?

In May, Diana and Pam phoned a lot of members who hadn't given email addresses on their membership forms and managed to collect around 60 additional email addresses. It was surprising to find several phone numbers had been discontinued and there are still several emails "bouncing back" either because they weren't clearly written, or they may have been changed.

If you're able to help resolve these puzzles, please contact Diana, the Membership Secretary.

What are our GU3A Groups doing?

Most groups are in touch either by phone, email or some by Zoom. Here is a selection of what they are doing.

- **Ancient Greek/Latin for Fun/Res Classica Groups** are keeping in contact through Google Class Room and members are invited to join.
- The **Spanish Improvers Group** are receiving a weekly Spanish chat via email and members respond.
- **Book Club** members are given information on suggested reading and have been informed about Borrow Box from the Library.
- The **Science Group** are now using Zoom and speakers are still able to give their monthly talk. Details are emailed to members before the event. This has proved very successful.
- The **Guitar Group** are keeping in touch and information is sent out on a weekly basis.
- The **Middle Eastern Dance Group** have received information on dance videos they can try and are regularly contacted.
- The **Photography Group** are exchanging photos, such as from walks and gardens.
- The **Laughter Yoga Group** maintain contact via WhatsApp. Texts are sent to members unable to receive this App. Zoom classes, on a weekly basis, are being planned.

- The **Music Appreciation** members receive a list of suggested music on the day that the meeting would normally take place. The group usually have a topic.
- **Knit and Natter** projects are ongoing and quizzes have been circulating.
- Some **Walking Groups** are keeping in touch via email and telephone, sharing photos and chatting.

And that's not all! As reported last month:

- **Creative Writing/Poetry** John Simmonds has extended his Group membership to all of us during the current difficult situation and would welcome contributions from anyone who feels they'd like to write something to pass the time, or get things off their mind. Contributions may be in handwriting or typed in the style you prefer, ie journal, verse, short story, play or poetry. He's given us two topics:
 - 1) Globally we are experiencing ways of life we've not experienced before, presenting an opportunity to put into words how these events have affected or inspired you.
 - 2) The pause imposed by Covid 19 has provided a moment to become aware of change, stability, nature's balance, things unseen, acts of service, heroism, love and care.
- The **Gardening** Group have been sharing photos
- The **Singing for Pleasure Group** is in touch with its 80! members by email
- The **Tai Chi** Group has three classes a week on Zoom, from Dorothy and John Poole. Members are also receiving regular national and local Newsletters from them, keeping us in touch, giving us ideas, exercise and other forms of Tai Chi to try.

Perhaps you could send an article/photo to Pam for the next Alternative Newsletter?

And is there anything the Committee can do to support you? For example, would you like help with setting up Zoom meetings for your group, where you can see and hear each other for 40 minutes, free?

Sandra Davies, Activity Support

In addition to details of the businesses helping with orders and home deliveries published in the May alternative newsletter:

- The Cats Whiskers Bistro has re-opened from 4-8pm for collection, or a non-contact delivery. To place an order call 01287 204196
- And with the relaxation of government guidance, it was good news to hear that there were four market stalls on Westgate on the morning of 2 June 2020. A small welcome move back to life as we used to know it!

The following options are also available for the pleasure of huge self-indulgence, multi, mega-calorific scrumptious comfort food, when you feel it's time for you to enjoy a treat. Go on, you know you deserve it!

- ✓ **The Priory Fish and Chip Shop** will deliver to pensioners, and those who are vulnerable and/or self isolating at home – Tel: 01287 634227 (during their usual meal time opening)
- ✓ **Westgate Fish Bar** – you'll need to collect, but it'll be well worth it. You can park on the cobbles outside and Customers observe social distancing.
- ✓ **Chinese Takeaways:**
New Jade City, 54 Westgate (next to the Fish Bar). Tel: 01287 631671
Poon Kee, 2 Highcliffe View, Westgate. Tel: 01287 638678
Tasty China, 39 Church Street. 01287 632272.
- ✓ **Indian Takeaway:**
Shurovi, 6-8 Market Place. Tel: 01287 633778

All charge £1 local delivery. Please bear in mind that deliveries on a Friday or Saturday evening may take a lot longer due to higher demand, so earlier in the week should be better, unless you're able to collect your order.

The following items are from the Darlington & Stockton Times:

The **Cleveland Ironstone Mining Museum**, Skinningrove has started a project "Your Moment in History" and is interested in how the coronavirus has changed our lives. If you'd like to join this project, please email alice@ironstonemuseum.co.uk

If you'd like to support the NHS team working long hours at **James Cook Hospital**, there's a drop off point for **donations** of toiletries, food, snacks and drinks at Guisborough Co-op.

The **Odds Socks Laundry**, Auckland Street, Guisborough has reopened with a collection and delivery service. Tel: 01287 204352 for details.

The **Post Office** is open Tuesday to Friday, from 9am to 5.30pm, closing for lunch from 1pm to 2pm.

Do you know of any more helpful contacts you can share with us?

Following the 75th Anniversary of VE Day on 8th May 2020, the following items were sent in for publication.

75th Anniversary of VE Day

Before 8th May, the 75th Anniversary of VE Day, I couldn't get motivated to do anything because of the impact Coronavirus and the lockdown were having on me. Usually I get involved, make crafty things, bunting, bake and really enjoy an event, but this time I couldn't even motivate myself to get my fabric and bits 'n pieces out, or think about doing anything.

On the morning of 8th May I looked out of the windows and saw my neighbours' bunting and decorations in their gardens around the cul-de-sac and felt awful that I hadn't done anything. So my husband and I talked about it and we got his Dad's old kitbag out of the garage and hung it by the sign on the garage that says "Keep calm and carry on". My husband found his old mouth organ and during the day he played "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" and other tunes, leaving him a bit puffed, as he was out of practice!

We joined in the celebrations, at the respective gates on our driveways, enjoying our own party food and chatting to each other. It was so nice to be outside talking to everyone again. One of our neighbours sat in the middle of the cul-de-sac leading and conducting our collective singing and another neighbour, who is Welsh, sang Ave Maria unaccompanied, very beautifully. What a lovely celebration we had.

I remember one day during the war when we were sheltering under the stairs during a bombing raid when there was a huge bang. When we looked out, the explosion had cracked the Coop window on Westgate.

Joan Latheron.

VE Day Celebrations and war time life in Brotton

I've always lived in Brotton and lots of my relatives lived there. Brotton was just like one big family and everyone helped each other out. Things are different now.

I didn't do anything to celebrate the 75th anniversary of VE Day because of the lockdown. But, unexpectedly I received a delivery of a packed afternoon tea so I could celebrate, from the kind people in Brotton.

I remember the original VE Day celebrations as a child. Everyone was excited and very emotional. As children, we knew our parents were different that day. Some were crying, some happy with joy on their faces, it was such a big thing to take on board.

There was a street party with flags and bunting everywhere. Everyone pooled their food and sugar ration. A few of the men had allotments and kept rabbits, pigs and so on, so there was always a treat, like a ham or something, for special occasions. We wore fancy dress. Best of all we had jelly!! So lovely as we didn't get many treats.

Everyone gathered near the Green Tree pub after the street party. The piano was pulled out of the pub and everyone was singing and dancing. Dad said "Come on, have a dance" and I've never forgotten dancing with my Dad that day.

My Great Aunt and Uncle had an air raid shelter in the cellar and as many family and neighbours who could fit in sheltered there during air raids. It was exciting for us children at first. I remember a bomb dropping on the farm between Brotton and Carlin How. Another bomb dropped opposite Saltburn station, destroying the swimming baths which were where the restaurant Coco & Rum is now. Middlesbrough was always under attack. Middlesbrough seemed a long way away in those days, like the other end of the world. During the air raids, we didn't have to go into school early the following morning, which was great.

For the war effort, my friends and I went potato picking at Hunley, for which we got 2s 6d, and a bucket of potatoes to take home. We collected glass jam jars and filled them with rosehips for the children to get more vitamins. Everyone always made do and mended things and I've kept that going with my crafts.

The sad thing was Uncle George, father's youngest brother who was married with a baby daughter, had joined up just before Christmas. Me and my cousin Cath thought Uncle George was wonderful. We saw him off on Kelly Watson's bus which had the Loftus to Saltburn route, as he had to catch his train from Saltburn to go off to his unit. We waved him off and gave him little things and treats.

Towards the end of the war, we knew something was happening as men started coming home. Two of my friends' brothers had been in prisoner of war camps and we knew they and others would be coming home and were looking forward to it. We waited for Uncle George to come home. One day I heard Mum talking, saying George wouldn't be coming home. I was devastated when one day my Dad sat me down and explained what had happened. In those days, adults didn't tell children things like that, because they thought it would upset them too much.

Myra Hicks.

York 1943

I was only 6 years old at the time. The air raid siren was going. We four children were asked to get up and go down to the hallway, where there was a bed and a few chairs. The time must have been around 9pm.

We listened to the Germans bombing York station – again! As it is on the mainline of distribution for ammunition, it was an important target (when they weren't bombing London, that is), with York Minster to guide them in the moonlight.

My Mother's theory was that if the worst happened, we would all "go together"!

Suddenly there was a loud whistling sound followed by a very loud thud – then an eerie silence. We waited in fear, but nothing happened.

A German "left over" bomb had landed in the grounds of the maternity home, fewer than 100 yards from where we were, but had not exploded! Our house is about 4-5 miles from York station, so maybe they just missed the target.

The next day, as soon as it became light, we all went across the road to the maternity home to look at the bomb. We would not be allowed to do such a thing today!! The bomb was protruding from a large hole in the ground at an angle where it was very easy to see it.

The bomb squad soon arrived to remove it.

What a lucky escape!

A Anon

The Scent of Roses

In 1935, in north west London, I was a young girl of just over 13 years old. Whilst being confined in hospital with scarlet fever and for my further convalescence, my parents had moved to south east London to take an upstairs flat in a house, facing a park. The house was owned by an elderly spinster and her bachelor brother, who was well into his 70s. He lived only for his garden, especially his beautiful roses. But it was to be several months before I was to become familiar with "ole man Morton" (as he was known locally) and his glorious roses, which he guarded jealously.

One day, I asked permission of Miss Morton to walk in the garden. She agreed very reluctantly and warned me not to trespass into the Rose Garden. Never having been able to walk in a house garden before, because we had never had one and I'd only visited parks, I was enchanted by the fragrance and the flowers.

I was quite a loner as a child and often rescued injured birds and talked to nature. Now I got lost in the nearness of the riot of colour and started talking. I know not how long I had chattered, when I suddenly became aware that I was no longer alone. I turned round to find a little grizzled old man. I immediately started feeling nervous as it seemed I'd wandered into his sanctuary without realising it. I apologised but to my surprise he just grunted and didn't seem at all put out. I was about to leave when he gruffly asked me if I often spoke flowers. Looking into his brown weathered face, I realised two very bright twinkly blue eyes, under shaggy eyebrows, were keenly alive and interested.

We started talking and this led to what must have seemed the oddest friendship between a school girl and a gnarled old man.

The years went by as I helped him in the garden and delighted in working his compost heap, much to my Mother's disgust. One day he took me to his beloved roses where even his sister wasn't allowed. Oh!, the beauty and perfume. I was swept into an ecstatic colourful wonderland, set apart from other mortal contact. How to explain? It was like being close, so very close to a serene heaven. I had been admitted to his private fragrant world. From then on, my every spare moment was spent in our magical rose garden.

But the day came when we moved again. Dad bought a house in the next road but, by good fortune, the end of the garden with its fence backed onto the rose garden, so I was still in contact with Mr Morton and his beautiful rose garden. My Father, who had a practical turn of mind, planted vegetables in our garden. Wherever there was a space, I planted flowers. This

was 1938. Then, as we all know 1939 wrought havoc. I feel to this day that 'ole man Morton decided that his time had come and he died. I wept for my dear friend.

My Father went to war and the family scattered, but I was old enough to stay. The glorious roses and my little efforts were all dug up to be replaced by air raid shelters, but I had managed to salvage a rose cutting which my friend nurtured and gave me later.

I now worked in munitions and was swept up in the war, working 12 hour shifts, with a fortnight of days and a fortnight of nights. One particular night, after having done my day shift plus four hours of fire watching, I staggered exhausted into our house which, by some miracle was still standing, and laid on the floor filthy dirty and tired out. Another wave of bombers came over and the noise started again. The windows were blown in by the blast of a bomb, but the doors stood firm. Wearily, I sorted myself out from the broken glass and groaned at the thought of all the clearing up and boarding up I had to do before 5am, when I would have to leave for my shift at Woolwich Arsenal. The indescribable stench of decay and dust was choking me. Suddenly there was an uncanny quiet and stillness. The lounge door opened and there stood 'ole man Morton. He calmly said, in his kindly gruff voice ' Don't worry, all will be well with you and yours'. The stench faded away and the scent of roses began to fill the air. He never opened the door to leave, but walked straight through it, leaving behind the glorious perfume of his roses and I knew that sanity would prevail in the end.

Always, since then, although I've never seen 'ole man Morton again, in times of stress there has always been the scent of roses to calm me which, I'm sure, my beloved old friend sends me for peace and tranquility when I need comfort most.

Joan Rayment, (Pam's Mum).

Dorothy and John Poole have shared the following with their Tai Chi Group and kindly agreed I may include it this Alternative Newsletter:

Music can have a powerful impact on our sense of wellbeing and help us to relax or alleviate stress. In 2011 Radox (of bath salts) commissioned Marconi Union in collaboration with The British Academy of Sound to create "the most relaxing music ever", for the Radox Spa Campaign. The result was an 8 minute track called "Weightless". The Mindlab Institution studied the effects of the music on the listener and found that it reduced anxiety and lowered resting pulse rates. It is so relaxing it sends people to sleep. The efficacy of the music has received international acclaim over the years. If you are interested "Weightless" is available on You Tube at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UfcAVejslrU>. A word of caution : you are advised not to play the music while driving. You might be surprised when you first listen to the music as it could not be described as beautiful, but close your eyes in your favourite chair or while lying down and see what the experience is like for you. Why not give it a go?

In the FIFTIES and SIXTIES:

[Pasta was not eaten in Australia or N.Z.](#)

Curry was a surname.

A takeaway was a mathematical problem.
A pizza was something to do with a leaning tower.
All potato crisps were plain; the only choice we had
was whether to put the salt on or not.
Rice was only eaten as a milk pudding.
Calamari was called squid and we used it as fish bait.
A Big Mac was what we wore when it was raining.
Brown bread was something only poor people ate.
Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never
green.
Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was
regarded as being white gold. Cubed sugar was
regarded as posh.
Fish didn't have fingers in those days.
Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.
None of us had ever heard of yoghurt.
Healthy food consisted of anything edible.
People who didn't peel potatoes were regarded as
lazy.
Indian restaurants were only found in India.
Cooking outside was called camping.
Seaweed was not a recognised food.
"Kebab" was not even a word, never mind a food.
Prunes were medicinal.
Surprisingly, muesli was readily available, it was
called cattle feed.
Water came out of the tap. If someone had
suggested bottling it and charging more than petrol
for it, they would have become a laughing stock!!

**But the one thing that we never ever had on our table in the sixties "Elbows
or Phones" .**

MIMAZINA

As reported last month, MIMAZINA is a community journal commissioned by the Middlesbrough Institute of Modern Art. The journal is designed and created by the artist group Foundation Press, a not for profit organisation which develops design and editorial projects with artists, students and communities.

Each issue aims to share ideas, stories and voices from across the Tees Valley during this time of change.

This was the original link:

<https://visitmima.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Issue-2-Final.pdf>

To see previous editions of the journal, please visit the Foundation Press website at:

<https://foundationpress.org/workshop/mimazina/>

Enjoy and smile as much as your Temp. Sub. Ed. did!

John and Dorothy Poole have kindly sent the following links for events they thought GU3A members might be interested in:

The Hay Festival.

<https://www.hayfestival.com/home>

And

The Durham university Saturday past Lectures are available online.

<https://www.dur.ac.uk/physics/satmornscience/>

Do you have an event, music or performance you'd like to share?

If so please send it to Pam so we can all enjoy it.

Margaret Walkley received a really super Quiz by Simon Bassindale, one of the Senior Rangers of the National Park. You can find the Quiz and answers on the GU3A website. Anyone who loves the area will really enjoy it, so please do have a look. (No cheating mind, looking at the answers before you've finished the Quiz!!)

Back to Guisborough and environs. Please don't be lonely or stranded at home unable to get supplies or something you need. Or if you feel you'd like to talk to a real person and would like a chat, please get in touch.

GU3A Alternative Newsletter Sub Editor (temporary!)