

# COUNTESTHORPE U3A

## UPDATE AND CURFEW CHRONICLE No 9

*Dear Member*

This month's Chronicle *mainly* has a bit of a 'holidays' theme – which might help alleviate the sense of something missing in the shape of our usual summer activities! Thanks so very much to all of you who have sent in contributions – they are so warmly welcomed.

If YOUR submitted item is not included here – please don't worry as it is very safely squirrelled away in the depths of my computer for subsequent issues of our Chronicle. From the latest government pronouncements, it does rather look as if resumption of U3A activities has disappeared far into the future, so that means a few more issues of the Chronicle! I already have a number of entertaining items for you for the next issue, but when I was looking through the selection from which to compile this issue, the idea of a travel theme appealed to me, and I hope it will appeal to you, too.

Thanks also for all your words of appreciation. The Chronicle seems to be bringing members together in an unexpected way – sharing our experiences, memories, poems, etc with members that we probably do not even know! And, of course, continuing to Learn, Laugh and Live.

For information about the effect on our U3A activities of the latest announcements on Covid-19 rules, (including the "Rule of Six") please see overleaf.

Then, relax and enjoy this issue of the Chronicle. Keep safe, keep smiling and keep remembering the good times we had, and will have again, in our U3A! And - don't forget to send in your contributions.

*June Hawkins*  
*Information and Publicity Officer*

Thanks to all of you who responded to our survey of how confident you may be feeling about returning to U3A activities. This information has all been logged and analysed to give us a clearer picture of how you are feeling about resumption.

We had a committee meeting planned at which we would have made decisions about resumption of certain activities, together with recommendations for suitable precautions to be put in place to keep everyone safe.

Unfortunately we were overtaken by events, and the committee meeting had to be cancelled. Also the 'Rule of Six' plus the other latest restrictions means that no usual group activities can resume yet – except for those who have kept going using Zoom. Outside meetings in private homes are now probably less attractive with the cooler weather, too.

### **CHRISTMAS LUNCH**

Sadly, this, too has had to be cancelled. However, if you wish, and at the time of writing, private groups of up to six may still book a table:

Leicester College Restaurant  
Telephone: 0116 224 2060, or  
Email: [restaurant@leicestercollege.ac.uk](mailto:restaurant@leicestercollege.ac.uk)

We have booked the date for our lunch NEXT YEAR on  
**Friday, 3 December 2021**



Chronicle Contributions not later than 25 September,  
please, to me at:  
[jhawkins45@talktalk.net](mailto:jhawkins45@talktalk.net)  
or by post to  
28 Mulberry Court, Enderby Rd, Blaby. LE8 4BU

# Ephesus to Istanbul

## Jenny and Stewart Fergusson's trip to Turkey 2019

This was a journey in western Turkey of 450 miles and 3,500 years. From Ephesus to Istanbul via Pergamon, Troy and the Dardenelles; and Agamemnon to Ataturk, via Alexander the Great, St. Paul, Constantine, Justinian, the Christian vandals of Venice, Mehmet the Conqueror and Suleiman.

From the walls of Troy we could picture Homer telling his tales about Greek and Trojan heroes and mischievous manipulative gods. We could imagine the revenge of Achilles on Hector for Hector's fateful decision to kill Achilles' cousin Patroclus disguised in Achilles' armour.

*Walls of Troy.*

At Ephesus we walked the marble streets of this remarkably preserved Greco-Roman city with its imposing library and great theatre that could seat 25,000 people to be entertained by the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles, Terence and Plautus, the sung poetry of Sappho and the stories of Homer. Ephesus, we discovered, was the engine room of early Christianity. We followed in the footsteps of St Paul as he preached in the synagogue, composed his letter to the Corinthians and scurried around the homes of the gentiles of Ephesus converting them to his brand of Judaic Christianity. In the process he riled the local silversmiths who made a good living trading in images of Artemis the City's patron goddess, so much so that there was a great riot in the theatre causing St Paul to flee the City. It was also the place where, in the 5<sup>th</sup> century, a host of argumentative early bishops gathered and pointed fingers in contentious debates about the divinity of Jesus and the status of Mary mother of Jesus. Here was the place where the Christian church transformed Jesus from an itinerant Jewish preacher to the Son of God of equal divinity and the mourning Mary of Nazareth to the iconic Virgin Mary.

We travelled north to the Sanctuary of Asclepius at Pergamon, where the great Greek man of medicine, Galen, learnt his trade. We were introduced to the mysteries of Greek psychiatry, and encouraged to imagine affluent depressed Greeks being prodded to walk around a room for 2 days whilst leeches sucked the bad humours out of their blood. Nearby we ascended by cable car the mountain on top of which was the astonishing Acropolis with its remnant temples. How did they build it on this mountaintop? As one of our companions wryly

commented, you wouldn't want to be the slave who returned from shopping in the town below to discover you had forgotten the bread!



*Acropolis at Pergamon*

After a stopover in Canakkale we took the ferry across the Hellespont to Gallipoli, Leander's and Byron's heroic swim across the same channel in mind. The Gallipoli battlefield was a serene and silent place with a gentle wind and the sound of the sea. The battle was described

as a 'gentleman's war' in which brutality was leavened by occasional acts of chivalry. But in reality this is an oxymoron as the rows of headstones and lists of mostly poor privates from the backcountry of Australia and New Zealand testified. Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) took part in the campaign and his words of reconciliation are featured on simple memorials. These words resonated much more profoundly than some glib phrase about gentlemanly war.

Then after a fine fish lunch on the shores of the Sea of Marmara, we headed for Istanbul. The three cities of Byzantium, Constantinople and Istanbul have been a world crossroads for armies, trade and religion for over 2000 years. A 16<sup>th</sup> century visitor commented, 'Though all other cities have their periods of government and are subject to the decays of time, Constantinople alone seems to claim a kind of immortality and will continue to be a city as long as humanity shall live either to inhabit or rebuild it.' (Pierre Gilles, *The Antiquities of Constantinople*.)

A classical city reshaped by a Christian theocracy and then reshaped again by the Islamic theocracy of the Ottomans. Then, after the First World War, there was the brave attempt by Mustafa Kemal Ataturk to call time on the clash of religion and build a secular place where religion takes second place to 'The Republic'. Ataturk with his words of reconciliation at Gallipoli and his vision for a modern secular Turkey comes across as a true statesman. Hagia Sophia encapsulated Istanbul's combination of vandalism and creative repurposing that marks the history of this place. Its astonishing Byzantine mosaics of saints and emperors compete with the symmetrical art of Islam and the surreptitious graffiti from visiting Vikings known locally as the Rus, The one gap in this

story is that of Istanbul's Jewish community. Constantinople was the chosen destination of thousands of Jews expelled by Spain and Portugal in the late 15<sup>th</sup> century. It became the biggest community in Europe; a welcoming place when other cities were hostile.

We spent a morning wandering around the sprawling Topkapi Palace from which the Ottoman sultans ruled their great empire - a city within a city. Our stay ended with visits to the bazaars and a boat trip on the busy Bosphorous providing the telling message that trade trumps religion every time.

The cuisine whether in the hotels, the restaurants or the street vendors was varied and unusual with fresh fish from the sea of Marmara, trays or sini's of vegetable delicacies, stews, kebabs, baklava and honey straight from the honeycomb.

During our long coach rides we had a heartfelt and enlightening explanation of modern Turkey from our guide, Mehmet. What stood out was his pride in Ataturk and Ataturk's vision for Turkey and Mehmet's optimism that his generation will see the end of the age of Erdogan. It was instructive that images of Ataturk outnumbered those of Erdogan in this part of Turkey.

Last but not least, the calm and careful Gurbuz, our driver, piloted us in our time machine. The coach had the qualities of the Tardis, it seemed to be bigger on the inside than on the outside as Gurbuz squeezed and bent it round narrow city streets and eccentrically parked cars.

*Stewart Fergusson*

**Stewart has also provided a reading recommendation . . .**

Adam Nicolson, *The Making of Poetry*. It is an unusual account of the year 1797-8 when the Wordsworths and the Coleridges set up homes in the Quantocks and on long walks crafted some of their great poetry - *Kubla Khan*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Lyrical Ballads*. Nicolson experienced the physical circumstances of the year they spent in the area and has written a biography, a natural history and an analysis of the poems.

**. . . and a quiz question for you (with the answer later on)**

Apart from Queen Elizabeth II, who is England's longest lived head of State?

## ARDNAMURCHAN

Heather bound by misty loch, we search for wild things,  
No sun today, just blanket grey but still the landscape sings.  
A lonely figure deep in thought, walks the path, alone,  
Contemplating everything, amid these Scottish stones.

Looking west to Mull and Skye, the ferries plie their way,  
Waters white above the rocks where otters sometimes play.  
One shaft of light on distant tops of mountains call us on,  
To where sea eagles swoop for fish, to soar above, then gone.

Lapping water whispers to us, 'will ye no return?'  
A morning stag in stillness stands, majestic by a burn.  
Lonesome places, Gaelic names, where battle cries once rung,  
In silence now the soft rain falls, to dance through evening sun

*Written by Adrian Dobey, inspired by a visit north of the border*



### **A few comments about face masks which were "overheard in the supermarket."**

**He** - "Didn't bother to shave this morning, no-one can see anyway."

**She** - "I'm saving a fortune in lipstick."

**Teen** - "I stuck my tongue out at the cashier. She thought I was smiling and said "Have a nice day."

**Senior** - "I hate these masks, they get tangled up with my glasses and my hearing aids. I could take my specs off but then I can't see. I could take my hearing aids out but then I can't hear. I could take my mask off but then I'd get fined. Decisions! Decisions! Decisions!"

*Sent in by Shirley Wilding*



## BEING PREPARED FOR THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Mother was never one to pass up an opportunity and was a lifelong member of the Girl Guides. In 1932 she responded to a request in the USA Girl Scout magazine asking for an English penfriend.

Thirty-three years later in 1965, she flew by herself to Worcester, Massachusetts to meet her penfriend. In the intervening years both had married and had families and the current generation are still in touch. In the Summer of 1969 I joined Mother on her return trip to the USA (via a NALGO flight) and met the family for the first time. Mum was thrilled when family friends offered us the chance to stay in the Trapp Lodge.

When the Trapp family, of “The Sound of Music” fame, first arrived in USA they toured the country as the Trapp Family Singers before settling in Stowe, Vermont. The Trapp Lodge, built in the style of an Austrian chalet, is located high on a hill, surrounded by 800 acres of rolling wood and meadow land, with the Worcester range of mountains in the distance. Maria’s love of flowers was evident with rock gardens bursting into riotous colour. Sometimes there would be containers of fresh cut gladioli, marigolds, zinnias with a little sign ‘please help yourself to a bouquet’. A path led down to a spring-fed heated swimming pool, overlooked by horses in the nearby paddock. After cocktails in the garden we went into dinner. The interior of the lodge was also reminiscent of an Austrian home with dark panelled walls, round tables and crisp white cloths. Towards the end of the meal there was a ‘stir’ in the room and we gasped as an elderly, very upright lady made her stately way into the room. She was dressed entirely in black with her white hair pulled back into a bun. I can best describe that she had a real presence as she made her way slowly and with great dignity round all the tables, speaking to every guest. This was the real Maria von Trapp! Most of us had tears in our eyes to meet this legend, who was nothing like the character depicted in the film.

For the remainder of the evening we enjoyed a concert with instruments played by other members of this talented family. Maria von Trapp died on 28 March 1978 and is buried with her husband Baron Georg von Trapp. The Trapp lodge, which suffered a devastating fire in 1980, has been rebuilt, and is still run as a year-long holiday destination.

Mother would never have guessed when she responded to that first pen pal request, of the opportunity that would arise from ‘Being Prepared’!

*Written by Madeleine Hurst*

## 90 PER CENT

Northumberland is a long way away  
To find a good place for my holiday,  
But find it I did, a nice B and B,  
Quiet close to Wooler, just perfect for me.

The Chillingham Cattle, a positive must  
To go and discover. Their green field is just  
Behind a broad gate. A good Cornish man  
Is the herd's keeper and he has a plan.

Across the sward we diagonally go  
So the wild creatures instinctively know  
No threat is presented. They do not need  
To gird up their loins into a stampede.

You never can tell with these bulls and cows,  
We have to take care my stout guide avows.  
I look for tall trees, the climbable sort;  
Scanning the field brought a total of nought.

The animals turned to give us a stare,  
This was a sign for us to beware.  
I asked "Will they charge?" "No." he said, then  
In a strong Cornish accent "Nine times out of ten". (*"Noin  
toimes ou a tair tai en"*)

© Ruth Westley, Nov. 2017



## MISSING LINK QUIZ

The three words have a fourth in common (Gold, Finger, Pond = Fish)

- |                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Black, Half, Farthing.    | 7. News, Clip, Wall.          |
| 2. Match, Hockey, Insect.    | 8. Finger, Brush, Hob.        |
| 3. Lemon, Snake, Hopper.     | 9. Match, Shadow, Gloves.     |
| 4. Suffolk, Bag, Line.       | 10. Washing, Slot, Gun.       |
| 5. Gun, Door, Cracker.       | 11. Ground, Wart, Wash.       |
| 6. Cushion, Safety, Drawing. | 12. Traffic, Strawberry, Jar. |



# MEMORIES OF WARTIME IN A VILLAGE (1939-45)

## Part 1: A Spooky Air-raid Shelter

Excitement, fun, enjoyment. Not the words usually associated with a war, but this was what the war meant for me as, at the age of seven, I was too young to realise the implications. But later, as a teenager, I became more interested and involved, probably due to the commitment of my family and their desire to do their best for the war effort.

I was born at Gotham, a small and pretty village between Loughborough and Nottingham, and surrounded by hills – some of them hiding gypsum mines which did not distract from the scenic views we enjoyed and became very useful in these wartime years. My grandfather was a veteran of WWI and, along with other villagers, decided to join the ARP – their main priority being to look after us in the event of an air raid. Every household was notified as to what ought to be done should this occur, but there was still a feeling of panic when the first siren was sounded. My mother was adamant that we take to the street wearing our gasmasks and make for the nearest mine which was quite a distance away, only to be met by my grandfather who told us that we could not be gassed by incendiary and explosive bombs so “take these silly things off”. We were all so pleased as the gas masks were ugly, smelt very strongly of rubber and made snorting noises – so back in the box they went. Wherever we went that box went with us and became quite a fashion item as mums chose different fabrics to make them more personal.

Entering the mine, or more locally known as “the pit”, was quite exciting as we had always known it was there but had never been down it. A narrow railroad track went to the end of it, usually accommodating a small train taking the miners into the mine to place explosives to bring down large boulders of gypsum which would then be taken to local factories to be ground into powder for building purposes. Walking into this damp and gloomy place was quite frightening but eventually the narrow entrance seemed to turn into caves, places where we could sit, not very comfortably, and wait for the all clear. These visits became such an occurrence that we took blankets, candles, food and drink – anything to make us more comfortable and to keep us warm. Children seemed to adapt very quickly and instead of going to sleep wanted to explore, play hide and seek and tell ghost stories. The imagination ran

riot but occasionally there was the sound of the gypsum falling, water dripping, etc. It was quite spooky, but as children, we loved it. The other alternative was to stay at home under the kitchen table or in grandma's "glory hole" – a cramped place under the stairs. Both were quite boring after going down the mine! Many years ago I took my grandchildren there but the entrance is now overgrown, almost extinct, and it is no longer a working mine.

My father, being a miner himself and exempt from National Service, decided to join the AFS (Auxiliary Fire Service). A small cottage in the village became their headquarters, which I often visited. An open fire made it very cosy in winter; copious cans of tea were consumed, and games of darts, cards and dominoes were enjoyed - but I never saw them in action. They were not even called out when a German bomber came down in a field just outside the village and eventually we were allowed to cycle there, returning with reminders of the event in the form of shrapnel and other souvenirs.

## **Part 2: Incomers to the Village**

The village school played a very important part in life during these years as it became a Rest Centre, taking in evacuees from Nottingham, Birmingham, Sheffield and London. The headmaster's wife belonged to the WRVS and took on many administrative duties so, having the grand title of "School Captain", I seemed to become her personal assistant - answering the telephone, learning how to type and fill in numerous forms. On the odd occasion whilst waiting for expected phone calls in the school house, I would be asked if I could do some ironing – taking this on as a privilege and not a chore as it boosted my confidence and self-esteem. However, some of my classmates were quite jealous of my status within the school and I often heard the phrase "teacher's pet", but I liked to think the real reason I was chosen was because my grandfather was a school governor!

Regarding the evacuees, many of them were separated from their siblings, being allocated to anyone in the village who had a room to spare. I don't know whether this was a government policy, but in addition to evacuees from Nottingham and Birmingham, I also remember a soldier staying with us, and a student from Sutton Bonnington Agricultural College – all at different times, of course. Coming from inner cities, the evacuees found country life quite fascinating, climbing the

hills, collecting wild flowers, fishing in the brook and generally becoming part of the household.

The onset of the war changed our village from one of peace and tranquillity to one of great interest and activity as we had a soldiers' camp and several German prisoners of war, most of the latter being billeted with local farmers. They appeared to have plenty of freedom and were recognised by their uniform which had a large red circle on the back. In their spare time they would often make wooden toys in exchange for a few cigarettes, and they liked to be friendly as they were keen to learn English.

The English soldiers' camp was on the edge of the village and our family home soon became a haven for some of them – making them forget the trials and tribulations of war and compensating a little for their own families that they missed. Sundays were to be remembered as a small group would visit and Mum would do her best to provide food. In return they would bring a few luxuries from the camp to supplement our basic food and then an invitation to take a look round the campsite. Having seen the many posters telling us that “careless talk costs lives” we felt quite guilty in accepting and I was told by my Mum in no uncertain terms that I could only go if it was kept a secret. It was all so exciting!

The purpose of the camp was to help bring down enemy planes, so my first question was, “But where are the guns?” We were shown a huge searchlight and a revolving chair so when enemy planes came over they were captured in the beams of the searchlight to be shot down elsewhere. We were asked if we would like to try it out and my uncle, only a few years older than me, happily volunteered, enjoying the instructions and all the apparatus. Learning over, the soldiers decided it was funtime and proceeded to spin my uncle round in the chair, ending in the family making a hasty exit from the camp to take him home!

*Parts 3 and 4 will appear next month!*

*Written by Maureen Coppin*

## **BREAKING NEWS . . .**

The Seven Dwarfs have been told they can only meet in groups of six - one of them isn't Happy.

## A JOURNEY

We are on our way to Luton Airport on a coach from the Village Hall. After trundling our cases to the appropriate desk, we join the queue and shuffle forward. Then we are free to grab a bite to eat, more queuing and onto the plane to head off on holiday. Our luggage successfully collected at the end of the flight we find our luxurious Swiss coach waiting outside with its smiling, helpful driver.

We drive through Zurich and out into the countryside, the fields and hills clothed in lines of grapevines like carefully combed hair and dotted with wooden shelters, each with its own mown path.

Our journey continues along fine sweeps of motorways, punctuated by long, well-lit tunnels and signposting to exciting sounding towns and villages. We gaze at the glistening lakes, fed by rivers from the surrounding hills, busy with the bustle of boats and water edge fun as families enjoy the substitute of the seaside in this beautiful land-locked country.

As the hills grow in height and the rivers flow more swiftly we turn onto winding roads fringed by dark plantations of mixed trees, with bright green, well-cut grass openings like sparkling eyes that come and go as we glide by. We spot pale brown cows grazing in a flowery meadow that make us gasp with delight.

We pass through a neat town of shops and uniquely designed houses fashioned in the wood of the neighbourhood and decorated with boxes of deep red geraniums. These small settlements nestle in the valley created by the hills that gradually, as our journey proceeds, turn into majestic mountains. With a tinge of excitement, we spot snow on some of the peaks.

Excited cheers ring out as we gain sight of the top of the Jungfrau and the vast waters of the lake and the town of Interlaken appear. We marvel at the raging waters of the river beside the road, white with the limestone it has gathered on its way down from the mountains and we find ourselves in the company of the railway, following the only break through this spectacular scenery. River, road and rail link the scattered communities opening up as the valleys allow small towns to expand. We catch sight of the sharp spire of a church, a school with its windows

decorated with children's drawings, small, productive gardens and a robust little engine ready to haul its load of visitors up the mountain.

At last we glide into Lauterbrunnen, the last place to allow vehicles and our time to disembark. We drag our cases across the train lines and wait for the little, cogwheel train to shuffle alongside. With our luggage stowed in a truck behind the train we settle ourselves onto the polished wooden seats, the back of each seat shaped to counteract the slope of the climb and the train starts on its journey.

We have a close peep at homes and little vegetable plots beside the line before it leads us up into an open forest of 'leaning' trees, indicating what a steep angle the train is travelling at. The town below becomes more and more miniaturised and we marvel at the sheer sides of the mountains and their waterfalls. This single line opens into a double track for a few yards to allow trains coming down to pass by and for a moment we peer into the world of another group of passengers, full of their memories of what we are about to experience, our destination, the tiny skiing, traffic free village of Wengen.

*Anne Tester February 2012*



## ... ON A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO!

Well, my name's not Daisy, but I did have a lot of fun with my fiancé (later husband), Brian, on a tandem. This all happened over 60 years ago, but I can recall it all so clearly (*mostly!*). Brian was a very fit and athletic man who loved to cycle, so one day, about the time of our engagement, he suggested that we get a tandem to see if I'd enjoy it. We purchased a tandem for the princely sum of £5 from the local cycle shop, and so began a long career on our bicycle made for two. I'll mention a couple of incidents which stand out in my memory.

Soon after we had our tandem, we arranged to visit some friends of ours who lived about 10 miles away and who were also keen cyclists. We set off after work, so there was still quite a lot of traffic about. We sailed down a hill, up another, and part-way down the other side, I became aware that Brian was apparently trying out some gymnastics – flinging his right leg over the handlebars (whilst I was still on the back, of course)! He managed to dismount from the bike, held onto the handlebars for dear life, whilst all the time running alongside and trying to haul the bike to a stop. “What are you doing, Brian?” I asked innocently. “The brake cable has failed and we're heading for the junction with the main road and the traffic lights”, came the urgent reply. “Hang on!” Well, we careered down the hill looking like some kind of comedy act, and managed to come to a halt (bike still upright, with me on the back) just before the red traffic light at the ring road. Well, needless to say, with the spirit of adventure of youth, we carried on to our friends' house for a pleasant evening before an uneventful journey home. The tandem was taken for a new brake cable the next day.

We later acquired a better tandem, and had a few adventures on our 750-mile round trip to Devon. We set off on our tandem, with two panniers carrying our essentials. Our route took us through the Cotswolds, and we bravely struggled up Cleeve Hill. At the top, I got off the bike, and as my legs felt more like jelly than anything – I promptly fell over and grazed myself. So, we returned to Broadway, bought some embrocation which Brian chivalrously rubbed into my thighs, before we went our separate ways into the segregated Youth Hostel's accommodation. (Just 2s 6d per night, which is just 12½ pence in today's money, of course!)

Further into our travels, this time at Porlock, we witnessed an amusing incident. We were walking the tandem up the hill when a motorcycle with a young lady riding pillion passed us. As you know, it is not wise to stop on the steep hillside of Porlock. Well, the motorcyclist did just that, resulting in the front of the bike rearing up and depositing the pillion passenger onto the road. He immediately restarted the bike and drove off, leaving his girlfriend to accompany us on foot to the top – where he was waiting for her, somewhat sheepishly. I always wondered what she said to him!

Brian was always keen to explore diversions, and near Newton Ferrers, on our way to our overnight stop at yet another Youth Hostel he spied what seemed to be a more interesting route. I protested, but as he was at the front end, this did not have any effect and so we *did* explore. Well, we found what looked like a problem – water! As it wasn't immediately obvious how deep this was, Brian went into a nearby kiosk to make enquiries. On being told that most people can paddle across, he came back and announced that we would cross to the other side without a problem, but might have to carry the bike. Full of trepidation, I asked him to wade out so that I could see for myself the depth of water. He did so, and as it looked feasible, came back for me and the bike and the panniers. First, we had to negotiate the soggy sand, which meant that the bike was hard to push. Then, carrying a pannier each, and the bike between us, we set off into the water. As we were wearing special cycling shoes, we kept these on, of course. Well, Brian was a lot taller than me, and whilst he was barely up to his knees, I was in the water well above my knees! Anyway, the water continued to rise – as the tide was coming in quite rapidly. We had to beat the tide to get to the other side and up the slip road! Well, we bravely struggled on and made it just in time. Adding to our woes of wet shoes and clothing, the weather had turned bad, and we had to wear our cycling macs as well. Anyway, we finally reached the Youth Hostel, where I was promptly sick all over the floor, though had totally recovered by the morning.

We had suffered from poor weather for most of the holiday, but our best day was spent in bright sunshine at Slapton Sands. All in all our Devon holiday cost us £15 – so quite a bargain, and one which gave us lots of wonderful memories - and a badge to collect from each place visited (which we kept for many years as a memento of a happy, healthy holiday).

*From memories narrated by Sheila Holmes*

## QUIZ ANSWERS

### Stewart's Quiz Question:

Richard Cromwell. He succeeded his father Oliver as Lord Protector for 9 months. He died aged 85 (Victoria and George III died aged 81)

## MISSING LINK QUIZ

1. Penny. 2. Stick. 3. Grass. 4. Punch. 5. Fire. 6. Pin.	7. Paper. 8. Nail. 9. Boxing. 10. Machine. 11. Hog. 12. Jam.
---	---

## AND FINALLY, A FEW LITTLE SAYINGS/QUOTATIONS . . .

Once a year, go somewhere you've never been before.

*The Dalai Lama*

Most things in life people are worried about, never happen anyway!

Nothing is impossible. The word itself says "I'm possible!"

*Audrey Hepburn*

Never stop doing things for the first time.

When life knocks you down, roll over and look at the stars.

Sometimes you will never know the value of a moment, until it becomes a memory.

You are never too old to set another goal or to dream a new dream.

*C S Lewis*



**SEE YOU SOON! TAKE CARE, STAY SAFE AND STAY CHEERFUL!**