

COUNTESTHORPE U3A

UPDATE AND CURFEW CHRONICLE No 8

Dear Member

Well, we are still under restrictions, though thankfully with some easing which allows us a bit more of a social life. Hopefully, those of you within the City boundary are also a little freer. We live in hopes that our U3A activities may soon be able to recommence, although things will no doubt be very different from the way they used to be.

We know that numbers allowed in the Village Hall and the small lounge will be severely restricted, and this poses problems for us. Clearly, the main meeting is impacted the most, but other activity groups would also be restricted. We are trying to work out a way through this, but with the uncertainty about how many people (especially Group Leaders) would feel happy to return to their usual U3A activities, and also the issue of a possible second outbreak of the virus over the winter, there are many imponderables for us to grapple with! However, rest assured that we have not gone to sleep on this, but are doing what we can and we will be in contact when possible.

A few groups are now operating in different ways – Handbell Ringers, Science and Technology, and Ukulele. See later in the Chronicle for the Handbell Ringers photo, together with some good news from Jill Clayton with a date for your diaries for next year!

The majority of you have already renewed your membership – thank you very much. If not, please don't forget to do this – full details have been shown in the last few Chronicles, so I won't repeat them all here. If you have internet access, you can also look this up on our website. See the 'membership' item featured on the right-hand side of the homepage. (Remember, it is now £15 or £8 for Associates, and you don't need to fill in a form! Cheques payable to Countesthorpe U3A, send to Barry Hillyard, 35 Station Road, Countesthorpe, Leicester LE8 5TA). A stamped, addressed envelope will allow Barry to return your membership and programme cards to you.

Can I say a big "thank you" to all the members who are sending me contributions for the Chronicle! It is so interesting to hear your stories, read your poems, and enjoy the book/podcast/programme/streaming

recommendations – not forgetting the funnies and the quizzes. Please keep them coming!

If you are online, don't forget to register to receive the U3A national Newsletter. Just go to <https://www.u3a.org.uk/email> and complete the form and you will receive your copy in your inbox, as each issue is published. There's lots to interest you on the website as well – you might find inspiration!

So now, relax and enjoy our next selection of items in 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 your contributions for Chronicle No 9!

June Hawkins
Information and Publicity Officer

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



This picture was taken on a U3A trip to the Piece Hall, Halifax in June 2018. How many folk can you identify from the back???

THE COUNTESTHORPE U3A CURFEW CHRONICLE

No 8

September 2020

Here is the second instalment of Shirley Wilding's memories of WWII which began in Chronicle No 7 in August, telling of her initial experiences in Teddington, evacuation, and return to Teddington. The tale continues . . .

Memories of World War II - by Shirley Wilding Part II

Time moved on and in 1944 we were plagued with 'doodle bugs', these were the V1 and V2 flying bombs that you heard coming and then cut out when they were about to drop. If you actually heard them cut out overhead you knew you were fairly safe as they fell at an angle rather than straight down. It was a very scary time. Time, my parents thought, for me to pack my suitcase again. One of my mother's sisters was a nurse at a boys' boarding school in Boxmoor a small village in Hertfordshire. She suggested that I went to stay with her over the summer holiday so off I went once more. I think some of the boys had gone home for the holiday but there were quite a few left so I had plenty of company. The weather was brilliant - maybe memory plays tricks – but it seemed so at the time. We spent most of our time outdoors in the surrounding fields. One of our favourite games was climbing to the top of the local farmers newly constructed haystack and sliding down the other side. I can never smell new mown hay without remembering that idyllic summer in the middle of the war.

However all good things come to an end and it was time for school again. The 'flying bombs' were still a very real threat so my parents were very doubtful about taking me home. They decided that I should remain in Boxmoor so my aunt set about finding me somewhere to stay. I was back to being an evacuee once more. The family I lived with this time were the owners of the village grocery store with two daughters, one a little older than I was and one a little younger. As an only child it was exciting to have two ready-made sisters and we got on very well. My 'sisters' went to the village school but because I was an evacuee I had to go to a different one – a school that had been evacuated from London. The teachers were two elderly sisters who did their best for us but unfortunately I did no new work that year at all. Whenever my parents visited they were most impressed by the number of "gold stars" I received at school, until I explained that I had done all the work the previous year. It took me a long time to recover from that setback.

I was treated like one of the family in Boxmoor and was very contented there. At Christmas my host had made some wooden dolls furniture for all of us. How he found time I never knew, as he seemed to work at least twelve hours a day in the shop. I found out much later that he had waited until we were all safely

tucked up in bed each night before getting his tools out, often burning the midnight oil to have everything finished in time. They managed to make Christmas a happy time for me in spite of being away from my family. One of the difficulties during the war was getting suitable clothes and footwear, providing you had enough clothing coupons of course. I recollect my mother coming to Boxmoor to take me out to buy new shoes for school. The only ones we could find which fitted were boys shoes – I was not impressed. Then it was some new ‘liberty bodices’ – how I hated them and thought what a waste of good coupons they were. I enjoyed the country life. My journey to school was across two fields and a brook where we often stopped on the way home to watch the progress of the tadpoles into frogs, paddle in the water or play ‘pooh sticks’ from the little bridge. The war seemed very far off in those days. Eventually rumours started to emerge that the war was nearly over. I seem to remember having very mixed feelings about this. As much as I wanted to be reunited with my parents, I had just settled down – once again – and at ten years old was beginning to realise the trauma I experienced with each move. Yet another new school and new friends to be made were just some of the problems to be faced. But that is another story. It was May 1945. World War II was over and it was back to Teddington once more.

Written by Shirley Wilding



DAWN

Not a leaf stirs
For not a tree dares
Disturb the perfect peace
Of this tranquil moment.

When the morning light
Is just in sight
Nothing more awe inspiring
Can be imagined.

So serene it seems
But fragile as dreams,
For soon it is broken
By the life that it brings.

Written by Joy Thompson (1972)

The following excerpts are actual answers in history tests given to children aged 10 to 12 years. Read carefully for grammar, spelling and misinformation!

Sent in by Patricia Brown

Ancient Egypt was old. It was inhabited by gypsies and mummies who all wrote in hydraulics. They lived in the Sarah Dessert. The climate in the Sarah is such that all the inhabitants have to live elsewhere.

The Greeks were a highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn't have history. The Greeks also had myths. A myth is a female moth.

Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest precedent. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves by signing the Emasculation Proclamation.

Joan of Arc was burnt to a steak and was canonised by Bernard Shaw for reasons I don't really understand. The English and French still have problems.

Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes and started smoking.

The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespeare. He was born in the year 1564, supposedly on his birthday. He never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He wrote tragedies, comedies and hysterectomies, all in Islamic pentameter.

Socrates was a famous old Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. He later died from an overdose of wedlock which is apparently poisonous. After his death his career suffered a dramatic decline.

Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100 foot clipper which was very dangerous to all his men.

Johann Bach wrote a great many musical compositions and had a large number of children. In between he practised on an old spinster which he kept up in his attic. Bach died from 1750 to the present. Bach was the most famous composer in the world and so was Handel. Handel was half German, half Italian and half English. He was very large.

A WARTIME CAPRICORN – 4 Jan 1940

Not always a lot of fun, being a wartime Capricorn. Similar, I would imagine, to being a leap year child!

I always wanted a teddy bear or a monkey. I didn't fancy my chances for a monkey but lived in hopes of a teddy bear – one day. Eventually, when I was about six, he arrived. But not the teddy that I had envisaged; he was more of a flat gingerbread man – not the most lovable teddy! But, of course, being the perfect child, I did not want my mother and father to know just how disappointed I really was.

Imagine my joy when my six year-old daughter wanted Paddington Bear for Christmas – along with every other child, so it was almost impossible for a working mum to get hold of one. On the verge of despair when leaving Brent Cross, suddenly - there he was, beckoning me into the shop and to take him home with me. I didn't need asking twice!

For fifty years nobody was allowed to play with him except my daughter. But I thought to myself – one day he will be mine. No such luck! My daughter has three dogs and one of them decided Paddington was for him, and so my time for my very own teddy had still not yet arrived.



One day, when I was about 75, I went to Chatsworth House for the day and saw a whole display of teddy bears and came home with one of my very own, which I called Digby on some days, and Dudley on others!

I still don't celebrate my birthday as by 4th January, most people have had enough of celebrating. There are very few good places to go to, and weather can put a stop to going out very far. But, every day is a birthday if you are healthy, happy and optimistic (and can have a hug with your very own teddy bear)!

Thank you to an anonymous contributor.

More reading recommendations

From Joy Thompson:

Diary of Samuel Pepys. My Everyman copy consists of three volumes but I believe there is a lot more to it. I bought them if I remember correctly in the 60`s and have only just got around to reading them!. However I mention this book because the last sentence I have read is this:

"The season very sickly everywhere of strange and fatal fevers." 31st August 1661.

I am also reading a medieval series featuring Crowner (coroner) John by Bernard Knight. Professor Knight, CBE, became a home office pathologist amongst other things. Crowner John investigates murders etc, in Exeter and surrounds.

June Hawkins writes:

Flushed with success in completing the 3000+ pages of Ken Follett's Kingsbridge trilogy, I just happened to notice that he is about to publish a prequel in mid-September! That is another 832 pages for me to embark upon, so I need a longer lockdown! This one is called The Evening and the Morning. No rest for the wicked, or another excuse to curl up with a book?



A DATE FOR YOUR DIARIES – 12 AUGUST 2021 U3A HOLIDAY TO EXPERIENCE KYNREN

This is the new date Jill has provisionally reserved for the 5 day/4 night holiday that had to be cancelled this year. Jill will not be issuing booking forms and requests for deposits until December/January - obviously all subject to government guidelines at that time. All deposits would be fully refundable, as before, if the holiday has to be cancelled due to restrictions put in place later in the year.

As promised previously, priority when allocating rooms will be given to those who had paid a deposit for the original holiday.

It would be helpful for Jill to get an idea of how many members are interested in this newly arranged holiday by preferably emailing to - jillclayton1@talktalk.net or by phone - 0116 277 7154



LET THE BELLS RING OUT!

On Friday 7 August, the Handbell Ringers met for the first time since the lockdown began. Under the shade of Pat Hillyard's apple tree, six ladies (suitable socially distanced) resumed their bell ringing.

Barry was Furniture-Remover in Chief, organising tables and chairs. As usual Pat led the group through a wide-ranging repertoire. Everyone was so very glad to get back to a little more normality, and it was definitely fingers crossed for continued good weather so that this can become a regular weekly fixture.



With so many Earth Science programmes on popular TV, there may be some people out there who would like to learn a bit more. It is intended for the public who have an interest in what is at their feet or under them, not scholars and students.

<https://geologistsassociation.org.uk/sofageology/>

Sent in by Maureen Leadbeater



THE GIFT

Imagine there is a bank that credits your account each morning with £86,400. It carries over no balance from day to day. Every evening the bank deletes whatever part of the balance you failed to use during the day.

What would you do? Draw out every penny of course.

Each of us has such a bank. Its name is TIME.

Every morning it credits you with 86,400 seconds. Every night it writes off, as lost, whatever of this you have failed to invest to good purpose. It carries over no balance. It allows no overdraft. Each day it opens a new account for you. Each night it burns the remains of the day. If you fail to use the day's deposits, the loss is yours.

There is no going back. There is no drawing against "the tomorrow". You must live in the present on today's deposits. Invest it so as to get from it the utmost in health, happiness and success.

The clock is running! Make the most of today.

- To realise the value of ONE YEAR, ask a student who failed a grade.
- To realise the value of ONE MONTH, ask a mother who gave birth to a premature baby.
- To realise the value of ONE WEEK, ask the editor of a weekly newspaper.
- To realise the value of ONE HOUR, as the lovers who are waiting to meet.
- To realise the value of ONE MINUTE, ask a person who missed the train.
- To realise the value of ONE SECOND ask a person who just avoided an accident.
- To realise the value of ONE MILLISECOND, as the person who won a silver medal in the Olympics

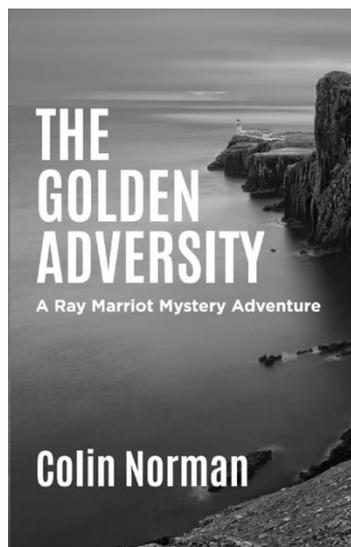
Treasure every moment you have and remember that time waits for no-one.

Yesterday is history;
Tomorrow is a mystery;
Today is a gift –
That's why it's called the present.

Sent in by Maureen Coppin

A WRITER IN OUR MIDST!

One of our members has been extremely busy during the lockdown, and has just finished his third novel in the Ray Marriot series. Even though contacting people was difficult and getting information even harder as so many organisations' staff are working from home, Colin Norman succeeded. He admits to being "not very techy on the computer and needing help", but nevertheless he has published it on Amazon. Colin hopes that if people buy it, then this will also help the charity that he supports: L A M P - which is a charity supporting those with Mental illness.



Synopsis:

After taking a break in the Canary Isles since being involved in the investigation of two terrorist organisations, Ray Marriot returns to being an important part of MI5 with his friend, Mike. He has to go to Scotland to an American/RAF airbase that is involved in an operation, code named Golden Eagle, and investigate an organisation with terrorist-linked ideals, who are training mercenaries who are to be involved in an attempt to stop and steal the plans of code named Golden Eagle.

With a mysterious house in the area and the knowledge that an eliminator has been contracted, Ray is operating with agents in Scotland and London and the action is non-stop. He also meets a senior female police officer who starts to melt his heart! It is a spy novel and a thriller with a background of terrorism and - a love story with a dramatic finish ending this trilogy of books by Colin Norman.

If a book is bought through the URL: smile.amazon.co.uk, Amazon will donate 0.5% of the net purchase price (excluding VAT, returns and shopping fees) of eligible purchases to the charitable organisations selected by the customers. Select LAMP as your choice of charity and type into the available box 'L A M P' (including the spaces and capitalisation of all letters)



THE APPRENTICE

Back in the early sixties I was an apprentice hairdresser. I had left school at 16, and, against all advice, declined the option to go on to further study and University, as I wanted to be 'grown-up' and a wage earner. Not that apprentices earned much – 3 guineas a week, in fact. You will all remember guineas, I know! Only a couple of classic horse races mention them nowadays!

Anyway, I became apprenticed at a small local salon where I had been doing some Saturday work during my last year at school. So, I knew about shampooing, handing rollers to the boss as he set clients' hair, sweeping the floor, cleaning sinks and, of course, making tea.

The salon was small – just the owner (and me), with a gent's barber shop at the back with one barber, who later also acquired an apprentice. The ladies' section had three cubicles, with the side open to the salon furnished with a curtain, thereby offering some privacy for clients. Between cubicles 1 and 2, then 2 and 3, in a cut-away of the side panels, was a gas water heater. Each cubicle had its own chair, large mirror with two sets of small shelves each side, and a gas burner. Yes, a gas burner – on which to heat the Marcel waving irons! In one corner stood three free-standing hair dryers which were moved into place in the cubicles as required. If business was particularly brisk, this corner could also double as another cubicle, but this 'number 4' was considered a bit makeshift!



The clientele was very stable and loyal, and I soon got to know the regulars. I remember one lady – a headmistress – who had the most wonderful very dark brown wavy hair, but with a natural pure white streak at the front. Very glamorous! Another lady I remember used to come in for a henna colour treatment – rendering her hair a lovely reddish-brown, and with a silky soft texture. That was when she left the shop. Unfortunately, no matter what advice she was given, she insisted on washing her hair in Rinso (yes, the long-defunct washing powder). This meant that when she returned for her next appointment, her hair was the texture of straw and a pale shade of carrot, intermingled with salt and pepper grey. Not a good look!

In those days, many grey-haired ladies liked to have a blue rinse! This was mixed according to the desired strength, then poured through the washed and rinsed hair. Some very adventurous souls had a pink or violet rinse.

So, in time, I progressed from the more menial tasks to learning the gentle art of setting hairstyles using rollers of varying sizes and the ubiquitous pin curls. Do you remember them? The hair was held in place to dry with little metal clips. They were mainly used to supplement the rollers at the sides or nape. But, there was a technique known as 'reverse curl waving' which involved the use of pin curls in rows; each row being wound in the opposite direction. On brushing out, and some determined help from fingers and comb, large soft waves would result.

I also learned to Marcel wave, for my sins. The curling irons would be rested on the gas burner bracket, and the heat tested on one's wrist before applying the hot iron to the client's hair. A test of my nerve – and possibly that of the client, as well, I suspect! This technique involved taking a small section of hair, applying the iron, and with a peculiar twisting back and forth movement along the length of the hair section, waves would be formed. The trick was to get all the waves to align, otherwise it looked a quite spectacular mess. I never really liked the technique, and was very thankful when fashion decreed the demise of such waves! (But today, the same type of equipment – albeit electric – is used for the fashionable 'beach wave' styles. Just goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun!)

But, ladies did not like straight hair. So, perms (permanent waves) were the order of the day. At our salon we never did go in for the large machines with the wires – but instead offered the Eugene ‘machine-less’ system. This involved sectioning the hair, similar to using rollers, but smaller sections. Then each tress would be fed through a rubber pad, and enclosed in a metal clamp. The hair was then wound tightly onto very small curlers (necessitating the use of something like a knitting needle and a lot of skill) before being clipped into the clamp. Then a foil-covered pad would be removed from an oily liquid and fitted into the clamp, over the wound curler. This generated heat, and when cold, everything was dismantled, and the hair washed – leaving corkscrew curls! Viola!

Later came the cold perms, requiring far less equipment (and skill). The hair was wound directly onto curlers, then soaked in the perm solution, left to process for a while before being ‘neutralised’ to set the curly look.



But, what about cutting? Something that cannot be undone, so it's best to get it right the first time – and mind those ear lobes! We obviously used scissors, just as hairdressers do today. However, we also used ‘cut-throat’ razors (the sort that are honed on a leather strop, and still used in barber shops today).

This was to provide a ‘razor cut’ which was fashionable for a while. We also used thinning scissors – a bit like pinking shears! I never see them in use today, but they were a ‘cheat’s way’ to remove bulk when styling very thick hair.

Hairstyles always change, fashions come and go. In the sixties, the big, bouffant hairstyles were all the rage. Do you remember the ‘cottage loaf’ styles? Lots of back-combing (which my boss hated!), held in place with a fair amount of hair lacquer. My boss (privately) used to call them bird’s nest styles!



I married at aged 18 – two years into the apprenticeship. My husband was about to start University, and we were as poor as church mice. We were very dependent upon the tips I received from clients, and this decreed how well we were able to eat. But people were very generous, I remember. When the clients knew that I was to be married, I had so many wedding gifts – ending up with no less than 14 Pyrex casseroles amongst other things!

At the end of the apprenticeship, I decided to leave. I had come to the conclusion that I had made the wrong career choice, in haste and in my youth (all of three years ago!). I left to work in an office, but my hairdressing skills have come in handy with family and friends over the years, and have even been revived during our recent Covid-19 haircare dilemma! So, not everything was wasted, and I look back with fondness at some of those happy three years I spent as an apprentice.

General Knowledge Quiz *(Answers later)*

1. What was nationalised in 1956 by Gamal Abdel Nasser?
2. How many pennies were there in a pre-decimal pound?
3. The Reichstag building is in which European city?
4. What was founded by General William Booth in 1865?
5. Which sitcom character often says the words: 'I don't believe it'?
6. What river flows through Cardiff city centre?
7. How many feet are there in a fathom?
8. Who was the leader of the Soviet Union from the 1920s until his death in 1953?
9. How many holes are there on a typical golf course?
10. Which park in New York City is the most visited urban park in the United States?
11. The Cartwright family lived on the Ponderosa ranch in which TV series?
12. What is often called 'the old lady of Threadneedle Street'?
13. Vegemite is a dark brown food paste popular in which country?
14. What colour branding is associated with the budget hotel chain Premier Inn?
15. Which glove puppet would you associate with Mr Derek?
16. Which actor played the title character in the seventies TV detective series Barnaby Jones?
17. Which dance originated in the 1880s in the Argentina and Uruguay border region?
18. According to the Bible, how many people were at the Last Supper?
19. Which planet is closest to the sun?
20. What is the name for a young kangaroo?

WHO?

Who is that child I see wandering, wandering
Down by the side of the quivering stream?
Why does he seem not to hear, though I call to him?
Where does he come from, and what is his name?

Why do I see him at sunrise and sunset
Taking, in old fashioned clothes, the same track?
Why, when he walks does he cast not a shadow
Though the sun rises and falls at his back?

Why does the dust lie so thick on the hedgerow
By the great field where the horse pulls the plough?
Why do I see only meadows, where houses
Stand in line by the riverside now?

Why does he move like a wraith by the water,
Soft as the thistledown on the breeze blown?
When I draw near him so that I may hear him,
Why does he say that his name is my own?

Sent in by Joy Thompson.

*Written by Charles Causley from his collected poems for children –
but which speaks to any age particularly, may I suggest, ours.*



SUMMER DELIGHT

Beautiful Butterfly
With a short time to play,
Your perfect colours
Will not fade away.

During your summer
The time will be spent
Burying yourself deep
In each heavenly scent.

Sipping sweet nectar,
Basking in the sun;
Didn't Greek gods
Do that for fun?

Written by Joy Thompson (1993)

A GERMAN SUMMER

In the 1950s you had to be sixteen to be allowed to take O-levels and I was one of four in our year who were too young. My father arranged for me to spend the summer term, when the class would be concentrating on exams, at school in Munich, as I planned to do A-level German. Looking back, I realise what a forward-thinking and enterprising thing this was to do then. Various German engineers had come over on a short project and one of them was connected with a College there. I was invited to stay with his family in their flat.

At that time, only a few years after the war, German living space was rationed. You were allowed so many cubic metres per person, but although there were six in the family, plus a maid and me, we managed without any undue sense of crowding. For one thing, we were used to living in smaller houses than people expect today. One room was the drawing room/ study/guest room. I shared a small bedroom with the two older girls and the maid. Another room was the room where we ate and also the bedroom for the two younger children. There was a bedroom for the parents and a bathroom and a kitchen. The flat had a wide hall where the children could play. Each family had an area for storage in the basement and a clothes-drying area in the roof.

I went to school with the daughters, but as the school was so short of space, we could only go for half days, three afternoons and three mornings, including Saturdays, but the hours were long enough to be the equivalent of an English school week, more or less. We walked to school and on our free afternoons usually went swimming at the local baths. We were in the American occupation zone and on Saturdays would go to the Amerikahaus for a free children's film show. Although I did have a few comments made to me by other people about the war, I was never made to feel unwelcome or uncomfortable. The art teacher joked that she could have told that I was English because I was the only one who had painted the picture of trees in varied shades of green! I was taken to see the artificial hill that had been built from the rubble left by the bomb damage, but I had seen ruins in London and knew that both sides had suffered. One ex-soldier told me how he had had to walk home from Stalingrad to Munich. There was a feeling of vibrancy and an expectation that life would get back to normal, and I was also impressed by seeing in the shops things like evaporated milk which were still regarded as a treat at home. I staggered home with several tins in my luggage.

The College had a chalet in the Alps near Bayrischzell and we sometimes went there for weekends or short breaks. I loved it. The wildflowers and scenery delighted me, and I remember seeing a Nebelmeer (cloud sea), when we sat

on the mountainside above the mist which filled the valleys like a milky sea. Occasionally, under close supervision, we were allowed to bathe in a little mountain river, where the water was so cold that it took your breath away. At other weekends we would visit one of the lakes near Munich and paddle and picnic.

Although we sometimes spoke English together, I soon reached the stage of not thinking about language and even acquired a few bits of Bavarian dialect. I was packed off to school with two large Brötchen for break and, despite all the swimming and walking, I put on quite a bit of weight, to the horror of my parents when I returned home. I had travelled out by train with my host, but travelled back alone. I missed my connection in London and as we did not have a phone at home I sent a telegram to say that I would catch the next train. My parents were there to meet me. The extra weight soon disappeared and it was time to return to school and enter the Sixth Form. I did get my German A-level.

Written by PMS



General Knowledge Quiz Answers

1.	The Suez Canal	11.	Bonanza
2.	240	12.	The Bank of England
3.	Berlin	13.	Australia
4.	The Salvation Army	14.	Purple
5.	Victor Meldrew (One Foot in the Grave)	15.	Basil Brush
6.	River Taff	16.	Buddy Ebsen
7.	Six feet	17.	Tango
8.	Joseph Stalin	18.	13
9.	18	19.	Mercury
10.	Central Park	20.	Joey



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That's it, folks! More next month! Keep safe.