

### *Dates for your Diary*

- 20th October - Monthly Meeting - An insight into Special Needs - Dr Ann Bauer
- 24th October - "Top Hat" at The Mill, Sonning
- 14th November - 2 Night stay in Thursford for Christmas Show
- 17th November - AGM & Monthly Meeting - In Search of Elgar - Richard Wigram
- 3rd December - Christmas Lunch
- 8th February '22 - Adult Panto

### Visits

We have managed to secure a booking for an Adult Panto - Robin Hood & His camp followers - at Bricklane Music Hall on Tuesday 8th February 2022. The cost is £57 pp and includes lunch & the show. Bookings will be taken in November at the AGM and Monthly Meeting .

*Carole Matthews*

### Fleet and District U3A Annual Quiz

This years quiz is being held on Friday 29th October 2021, 2.00 pm – 5.00 pm, at the Victoria Hall, Hartley Wintney. We are limited to ten teams so please don't delay in getting your entry in. An entry form is included at the end of this Newsletter.

*Sue Dee*

### Potential New Group - Exploring Psychology

Have you ever wondered why people behave in certain ways? These introductory monthly sessions will examine some Psychological theories, and apply them to real world settings through activities, exercises and discussion. Group numbers will be limited, to enable plenty of questions and discussion.

My background is Psychology, and I could offer a different Psychology topic each session. The emphasis would be on activities, exercises and discussion in a small group (max 12 members). Anyone who is interested should contact me Ellie Faulkner by email on [Ellie.faulkner1@gmail.com](mailto:Ellie.faulkner1@gmail.com)

### Chat from the Chair

It feels so good to be out and about again, meeting up in our groups and at our first Monthly Meeting for eighteen months. I want to thank our wonderful Group Leaders for all their efforts to ensure a Covid-safe restart for their groups. As a GL myself I know how much work it involved, reading and checking government rules, venue specific requirements and subject advice before communicating with members to reassure them that all would be well. Thanks also go to John Gawthorpe for arranging such an excellent speaker at the Harlington. Our own U3A member, Yvonne Hockey, gave us all an amazing sensory experience, keeping us gripped by the history of perfume through words, pictures and scents. It was super to see so many there enjoying the chat beforehand and the talk itself.

Sadly, our Events Sec, Carol Howlett, has had to step down for family reasons. We wish her well and thank her for all her efforts in her role on the committee. Carol's unavoidable departure had left us urgently seeking a new Events Sec. but I am delighted to tell you that Andy Kirk, who is already a committee member, has agreed to take on the role. It is going to be a rush for him to organise the Christmas lunch in time. If it is to take place this year, he needs volunteers to help him. There is an Events Team but it is sadly depleted so please offer your help now. The venue is booked, Andy has the list of what to do, all we need is you to help him coordinate the lunch and future events. Contact Andy or me please. Our contact details are at the end of this newsletter.

Better news is that our U3A Quiz will go ahead on October 29<sup>th</sup> at the Victoria Hall in Hartley Wintney from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Do you have your team of six ready to go? A very generous and busy U3A member, Sue Dee, will be coordinating the quiz. A maximum of ten teams can take part so be quick! Contact Sue on [sue\\_dee@btinternet.com](mailto:sue_dee@btinternet.com) .

As we emerge from seclusion into this altered world our U3A needs a new injection of energy. We need new members and new groups and activities to attract them to join. Do you know someone who could take the initiative in starting a new group, maybe you could? The best groups are the ones where no one is the expert but everyone learns and has fun together. Contact me if you would like more information or ideas for new groups.

In anticipation,

*Paddy*

## Creative Writing 1

Following an idea by Jill Low, the group was tasked with creating a story using the same 3 named characters of Doris, Chloe and Mr Richards. Jill's story, which proved to be the most popular, can be read below.

**Margaret Garrod**

### Doris' Dilemma by Jill Low

Brenda turned off the hairdryer and took a deep breath. "I'm afraid I've got bad news," she said, showing the client the back of her head in an angled mirror. Doris was busy concentrating on nodding her acceptance and did not register Brenda's words for a few seconds.

"Bad news?" she said, brain catching up.

"Afraid so. Tom's retiring next month and we're moving away."

"Are you going far?"

"Far enough. Near Aberystwyth. So, I'm sorry, but this is the last time that I shall be able to do your hair."

"Oh, Brenda, no! We've been together since, since the girls were at primary school. You can't leave me now!"

Doris looked round Brenda's kitchen. Was this the last time that she was going to share a custard cream and a gossip with her old friend?

It appeared that it was. A few weeks later, Brenda and Tom had disappeared to West Wales and Doris was looking for a new hairdresser.

She asked her friends. Sonia recommended 'Cutz' in Back Lane, but it was a long way from the car park; Babs favoured 'Mighty Mane' but confessed that they'd once burnt her scalp. At her choir, one of the men had them in tears of laughter and pain with the tale of his visit to a Turkish barber, including the nasal waxing that left him with a cotton bud, minus its stick, stuck up one nostril. Eventually, Liz recommended the new place in the shopping centre.

"I can't remember its name, but you can't miss it. Very elegant but reasonable prices, and handy for Waitrose," she said.

Next time she was in town, Doris had a good look at the new hairdressers and liked what she saw; in particular, one of the staff was bringing a drink to a client in the same style of bone china mug she had at home. She made sure that the salon was not unisex – no entombed cotton buds for her, thank you – and checked the price list on the window.

There was no mention of Doris's normal requirement, a perm followed by a fortnightly shampoo and set. A wide range of procedures was available but – and she read through three times – not the style that Brenda had done for her over the years. Doris went home without booking.

Over the next few days, however, Doris looked at her contemporaries - at choir, at WI, at u3a salsa – and realised that nobody else had a hairstyle like hers. A perm was an anachronism. With less than her normal charity, Doris realised that it was the only style that Brenda could do.

So, when she pushed open the door of the salon in order to book, she was ready when the receptionist – who bore the name badge 'Chloe' on her black t-shirt - asked her what she'd like to have done.

"I'm thinking of trying a new style," Doris said, "would someone be able to help with that?"

"I'm sure they can. I'll book you with Rick, he's our senior stylist and he's very good with..." The girl paused and bit her lip, "finding new styles for people."

She had been going to say, 'older people', Doris decided as she wrote down the appointment details and headed for the door. Never mind, she'd give it a try.

Tuesday afternoon found Doris feeling more nervous than she had been for years. She was greeted by Chloe who smuggled her into a nylon coverall before leading her to the basins and washing her hair. In between the shampoo and the conditioner, Chloe gave Doris a head massage – something else outside Brenda's repertoire - which instantly relieved the tension.

Next Chloe introduced her to Rick. "You've got lovely, thick hair," he said, "and I bet that you were a brunette a few years ago, am I right?" Doris nodded, admitting that it was more than a few years.

"Well, I think a good cut and a bit of colour will do the trick," Rick continued. "It'll make all the boys sit up and take notice." Doris decided not to mention her husband. If he sat up and took notice it would be a miracle.

Two hours later, having admired front and the back of her head with real enthusiasm, Doris was paying Chloe when the phone rang.

"Excuse me a moment," Chloe said, picking up the receiver, "good afternoon, Mr Richard's."

**Jill Low**

## Visits

The 23<sup>rd</sup> September saw forty-nine members booked for a trip to Hastings.

Many on the coach, including myself, had never visited Hastings. We all knew about 1066 and the battle of Hastings but what a surprise to visit the old town and see the fishing industry of old. In the Fishermen Museum, fishermen that had lost their life at sea were remembered by plaques and photos, some were young and recent. It makes you realise that the fish on our table comes at a tremendous human cost.

The 'Winkle Club' formed in 1900 is a charitable organisation. As a club member you are expected to carry your winkle all the time and if challenged 'let's see your winkle' there is a £1 fine if you don't.

The 'Winkle man' costume is similar to the pearly king as the whole suit is covered in silver painted winkles. 'Winkle Island' is in fact a traffic island just off the sea front, and has a huge silver winkle in the middle.



Just between the Fisherman Museum and the Shipwreck Museum, which had an artifact from the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> Century, were fish sellers with catches of the day, lots of shellfish, crabs, mackerel and many other 'fresh catches'. Just in front of these were the black fisherman 'net huts'. These had low ceilings to make it easier for the fishermen to hang the nets up to dry. They were covered in black bitumen to preserve them and built over 3 floors, as space on the ground was at a premium. The 1960's saw a fire destroy many of the huts which have been recreated and now have heritage status.



As the East Cliff funicular rail wasn't working we made our way to the newer East Cliff rail which unusually goes through a tunnel. Riding in the original Victorian wooden carriages we were rewarded by spectacular views across the town one side and out towards Beachy head the other way. This was the site of the first radar experiment made by local resident John Logie Baird, the inventor of the television.

Having sat in the sun watching the miniature train along the prom, eating fish and chips and ice creams, not to mention cakes and coffee, we arrived back in Fleet with a coach full of smiley faces having had lots of laughter throughout the whole day. All our new Visits travellers can't wait for the next trip.

As was explained, keep an eye on the news- letters and the web site, for updates.

### Visits Update

All our forthcoming 2021 trips have waiting lists. Lincoln 3-night stay has a few places left.

Welcome to our new visits team member Andy King, who volunteered after the last monthly meeting.

Members will be hearing from her next year when she takes Bowood House and Hatfield House both re-arranged from 2020. Also see page 1 and the *Dates for Your Diary*.

**Carole Matthews**

### ***Find us on Facebook***

Find us on Facebook - Fleet U3A has its own Facebook Members Group, our Facebook page can be found by entering "Fleet U3A" in the search box at the top of any Facebook page. You can then request to join our private Members only group, you will be asked for your Name and Membership number.

### **Fleet U3A Website**

Keep up to date with all our activities, news, events, visits and monthly Meetings on our website

[www.fleetu3a.org.uk](http://www.fleetu3a.org.uk)

## *What Do You Do With A Drunken Sailor?*

In my case, marry one! Not the drunken one, just the sailor. Turned out to be a good move. I have already mentioned how Mike's thick woollen submarine socks proved to be a lifesaver when having our second child. This anecdote shows the wisdom of my choice 46 years after we were married, in the rather rough sea of the coast of Greenland. More of that later.

It is a good job we had so little money when we were married as there was just no money for drink. Sent to the Arethusa training ship at the age of 13, then promoted to the Royal Navy at 15 Mike was introduced to the daily tot of rum. "Tot" implies a smidgen - it was not!! Also, sailors were not abstemious on shore, so I can count myself lucky that he was able to go virtually teetotal well into our 30s when we started earning some money.

So I was a lucky lady. My dad wasn't impressed when I met a sailor on holiday but after meeting him, he was fine. A bigger obstacle to my intentions was the Matron at the General infirmary in Leeds.

As a student nurse one was not allowed to marry and so I had to ask permission to do so. She looked me up and down with a disdainful stare. "Are you aware you are marrying a labourer?" she said. "Oh and I thought he was a multimillionaire" was on the tip of my tongue, but I thought it was better to do a Uriah Heap and be "humble." So, I just muttered "yes ma'am."

There is one occasion went through no fault of his own, Mike was a bit worse for wear for a drink. Our first home was a flat near Headingley cricket ground in Leeds. It was a three-story Edwardian house. The landlord Mr Bunch and his wife lived downstairs. We had the second floor, and another couple were in the attic.

The landlord's sitting room was overlooking the hall. So, every time we came in, he could see us approaching the staircase to our flat. He was lonely and wanted to talk so it often took us a while to get across the hall.

He always wore long johns and a loosely tied brown dressing gown. He drank a lot of whiskey, so it was not obvious if his ginger moustache was natural, or whiskey and nicotine stained.

We married in August and I was immediately put on nights. Early in December I was moved to doing days on an outpatient ward. I found it boring compared to the wards but at least I worked reasonable hours, with some chance at last to see my newly acquired husband.

So on Christmas Eve I was delighted to clock off at about 6 pm. Mike had finished work at lunchtime so I was looking forward to a rare evening together. However, he had been caught by Mr Bunch who insisted he came into his living room for "a wee tot." He was still there when I got home.

Needless to say, it was not the blissful evening I had anticipated! In fact, it was not the best Christmas in many ways. We had a tiny baby Belling stove, the dials of which were either set to on or off. Instead of the usual chop or a bit of fish I had splashed out and got a chicken. I suppose I should have stood over the thing for a couple of hours, but being Christmas, we had saved up, gone down to the local shop and got a bottle of Rot gut wine from the barrel.

Sipping wine and relaxing in the living room we thought we could smell burning. Wendy from upstairs knocked on the door and said our "chop" was burning. Not only was the chicken burnt to a cinder, but the oven was also on fire. We sorted that out then had our first Christmas dinner together, boiled potatoes, veg and wine.

Life eventually improved as we started to earn some money. In 2009 following five years of both of us going through a lot of surgery, we at last took a holiday- a Saga cruise to Greenland and Iceland. This was quite an adventure and I managed it despite by this time needing a walking frame.

The highlight of the holiday was the whale watching trip off the Greenland coast. It was a popular choice, and five parties altogether were booked. We were on the last run of the day at 5 pm. We were beginning to wonder if this was worthwhile, as each party returning had disgruntled passengers complaining there had been no sightings. So, at 5 pm instead of heading for a pre-dinner drink we got all our gear on and set it out into the freezing cold. It was a long walk from the ship to the landing stage for the boat trip with lots of thick cables to heave my walker over.

I was tired from that, then to my horror I found there was a lot of steps to climb down to the little boat. My "Bad side" was against the wall but I realised that on the way back up the open sea would be on the bad side which would be quite a problem considering my lack of balance. Never mind I was helped

down the steps and lifted into the boat.

The cabin had seating for eight. There was no room for the walker, so it was parked on the deck with the brakes on and a little prayer it would not get swept overboard. As usual we were at the back of the cabin. I always enjoy your boat trip and was not really expecting much as just being at sea was a thrill.

Suddenly there was much excitement from the Inuit skipper and crew member. They changed the course and raced towards a pod of whales they had spotted on their sonar. We would not have seen anything from the cabin but there were primitive benches on the front deck. It was only a short walk but it was like the walk of death for me, clinging on for dear life to the side of the cabin.

But what a spectacle! They put on a display of about an hour and seemed to love showing off and playing. One came so near you could almost touch it. The mouth and the eye which we could see were enormous, and yet we did not feel threatened. We got absolutely soaking wet down to our underwear but didn't even notice. When they eventually left we went back to the cabin which steamed up as we all dried out.

The crew came round with delicious coffee which was very welcome, as we were cold, wet exhausted and exhilarated. However, by now the sea was so rough it was difficult to drink it. Mike with his Navy experience explained very technically about upsurge and down surge but I told him it would be best to shout "drink" and "stop" as we had a Spanish couple on board.

We had great fun taking a big sip of what was like nectar when told and waiting for the next instruction. We built up such camaraderie and then we realised, should we tell the other passengers what we have seen, or would that seem like crowing?

As predicted getting back up the harbour steps it's not easy but crew members are very kind. The next day owes much to Victoria Woods and her ballad of Barry and Frida.

I can't do it, I can't do it,  
No derision, no decision,  
I'd rather watch the tennis on the television.

I can't do it, I can't do it,  
My days of scaling harbour walls are gone,  
I'm older, I'm colder  
Let me just stay here until I'm feeling bolder.  
I can't do it, I can't do it,  
My arms have never been that strong.

HOWEVER, TEN MINUTES LATER I WAS ON TERRA FIRMA, HAVING BEEN HAULED UP ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE SHIP'S CREW.

I've done it, I've done it  
It really wasn't half so bad.  
Hauled up on the shoulders of the Inuit skipper,  
Think of all the fun I'd miss had I been fitter!

**Sylvia Brown**

### **Walking Group - Shorter**

There was a good turn-out of 'short' walkers for the July walk from Horseshoe Lake up to Finchampstead Ridges which was led by Kit Mitchell and Mary Goodson. Weather permitting, walks of approximately 4 miles take place once a month throughout the year on a Friday 1000-1200 hours with a short break at the half-way stage. If you would like to join the group or need more details, please contact Sally Mullin on Tel: 01252 617265 Mob: 07974 034415 or email her at [sally.mullin@ntlworld.com](mailto:sally.mullin@ntlworld.com) **Margaret Garrod**



## September Monthly Meeting

The talk "*Fragrances: facts and fables*" was given by Yvonne Hockey, a recently retired director of Givaudan, a Swiss fine fragrance manufacturer.

We were pleased to see so many members present. Many had not seen each other in person for many months and, although we brought our own coffee, the free biscuits went down very well.

Early in her talk Yvonne gave every member of the audience their own sampling card, on which she had sprayed a mystery fragrance. After only a little prompting, the fragrance was identified as *Chanel No 5*.

Yvonne explained the significance of *aldehydes* in the production of *Chanel No 5*, and their major role in perfumes thereafter. The name 'aldehyde' comes from alcohol dehydrogenatus (alcohol without hydrogen).

In 1921, Russian perfumer Ernest Beaux was commissioned by Coco Chanel to create a perfume that *smelt like a woman rather than flowers*. Beaux presented her ten fragrances, from which she chose the fifth. She said that it would be good luck, as she intended to present it, together with her new collection, on the fifth day of the fifth month of that year.

Aldehydes have a strong smell themselves and only become pleasant when diluted down to 1% strength or less. For *Chanel No. 5*, however, legend has it that Beaux's assistant accidentally added a larger amount of aldehydes to the sample than what was indicated. If true, it must be one of the most fortunate mistakes in the history of perfumery.

**John Gawthorpe**

## Music Appreciation Group: A belated birthday present

The calendar for Autumn 2020 had a session marking 250 years since the birth of Ludwig van Beethoven, '*To Beethoven with love*'. It seemed only right to include it at our first meeting since March 2020.

A lot can happen in 18 months, not least the detailed knowledge of how the sound system at 'P & J' actually works. A portable CD player performed admirably during the first half; the second half was greatly improved by the discovery that switching on the master control awoke the system in all its glory.

The programme was as varied as possible, but self-evidently could not cover the richness and diversity of the composer's oeuvre. Performers included Barenboim, Marriner, Menuhin, Solti, Ashkenazy and the mercurial Carlos Kleiber.

Excerpts from symphonies and concertos featured alongside smaller scale works. Each genre could provide the material for a complete programme, so it was only possible to hint at the wealth of powerful and inspiring music still to be heard.

In a sign of how members have increased their skill set during lockdown, one member who had to leave early confessed later to having listened to the rest of the programme on *Spotify*. I would lay a bet that in 2019 very few u3a members would have been able to make that claim.

Mike Brown brings '*a baker's dozen discs*' when we next meet on 21st October.

**John Gawthorpe**

## COMMITTEE EMAILS



|                            |                     |                           |
|----------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|
| Chair                      | Paddy Powell        | chairman@fleetu3a.org.uk  |
| Secretary                  | Alan Jones          | secretary@fleetu3a.org.uk |
| Treasurer                  | Neil Morley         | treasurer@fleetu3a.org.uk |
| Membership Sec             | Fiona Godfrey       | memsec@fleetu3a.org.uk    |
| Group Leaders' Liaison Sec | Stephen Grosvenor   | groups@fleetu3a.org.uk    |
| Events Sec                 | Andy Kirk           | events@fleetu3a.org.uk    |
| Webmaster                  | Chris Porter        | webmaster@fleetu3a.org.uk |
| Monthly Meetings Sec       | John Gawthorpe      | meetings@fleetu3a.org.uk  |
| Newsletter                 | Sandy Redman        | news@fleetu3a.org.uk      |
| Enquiries                  | Jan Glasscock       | enquiries@fleetu3a.org.uk |
| Programme Sec              | Andy Kirk           | programme@fleetu3a.org.uk |
| Minutes Sec                | Barbara Jones       | minsec@fleetu3a.org.uk    |
| Venues Sec                 | Barbara Jones       | venues@fleetu3a.org.uk    |
| Outreach Sec               | Jenny Teagle        | outreach@fleetu3a.org.uk  |
| Publicity Sec              | Adrian Van Klaveren | publicity@fleetu3a.org.uk |

**PLEASE AVOID TELEPHONING MEMBERS BEFORE 9 a.m.  
OR AFTER 5 p.m.**



FLEET AND DISTRICT  
University of the Third Age

**ANNUAL QUIZ CHALLENGE**

**Friday 29th October 2021**  
**Victoria Hall, Hartley Wintney**  
**2.00 pm – 5.00 pm**

**ENTRY FORM**

The team is to consist of six members of Fleet & District U3A.  
Cost per team, including a cream tea: £18.00  
Cheques to be made payable to Fleet U3A

|                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| TEAM NAME                            |  |
| TEAM LEADER                          |  |
| <i>E-MAIL ADDRESS (if Available)</i> |  |

| Team Member | Mem. No. | Telephone No: |
|-------------|----------|---------------|
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**PLEASE RETURN COMPLETED FORM WITH PAYMENT**  
**BEFORE FRIDAY 22<sup>nd</sup> OCTOBER 2021**

**To: Sue Dee**

11A, Guildford Road, FLEET, GU51 3EN

Telephone: 01252 617785

Office Use: Date Entry Form & Payment Received: £ \_\_\_\_\_