



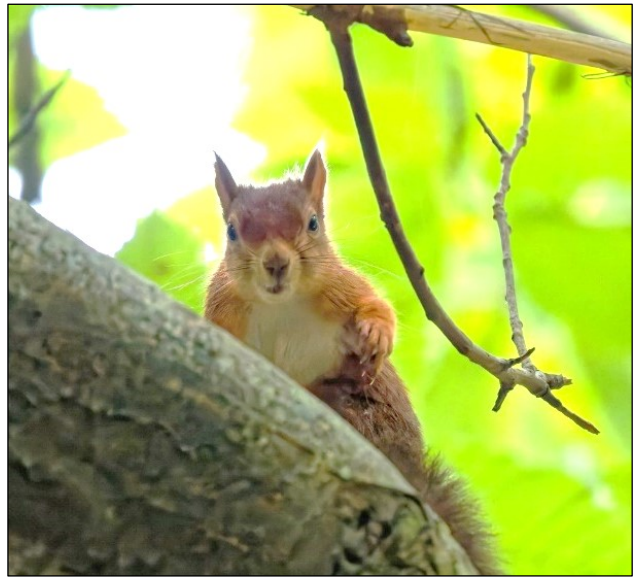
November 2024

Fancy a Salisbury Christmas Outing?
Go to Page 13 of this newsletter!

Want to Attend an Immunology Workshop?
Go to page 14 of this Newsletter!

Camera Workshop group at Brownsea Island

On Monday 23rd September, the Camera workshops group went to Brownsea Island. We were pleasantly surprised by how close the red squirrels came to us - sometimes running around our feet. We also saw waders, including spoonbills on the lagoon there. Here are some of our photos: **William Saywell.**



Boys Day Out For the Model Railway Group!

As a change from admiring or driving our layouts we decided to go and view the real thing. With Ian knowing everything about the locos, John the official photographer and driver and Peter the event recorder we were set for a great day out.

The Bluebell Line was holding a Giants of Steam day with Sir Nigel Gresley as the star attraction. "Sir" being one



of the class of locos that still holds the world speed record for steam locos and a firm favourite of Les. Also - runs being Camelot, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Beachy Head and Wightwick Hall (at least as far as Les was concerned!). We had the pleasure of a trip from Sheffield Park to East Grinstead aboard one of the reconditioned 1930's coaches in First Class. We tried to travel on a First/First Class coach (only six seats and not eight seats in each compartment) but these were always packed. These were proper First Class seats stuffed with horse hair and so comfortable. Fascinating to see all of the keen

loco/photo fans at stations and crossings along the route, and even more groups spread out in line side fields, clicking away! We all brought a packed lunch which we enjoyed at Horsted Keynes in the sunshine watching Sir Nigel Gresley steaming through. This was followed by a tour of the Carriage Workshops, trying our hand at "wheel tapping" and inspecting the vast size and complexity of another loco which looked ready for overhaul. Hopefully that was its fate as it looked quite sad without its skirts and revealing rust and decay. A last chance to drool over "Sir" before we were homeward bound. A great day out! Now looking for the next "Away Day."



Les Pallett

U3A Garden Group visit to Marchants Hardy Plants, Southover Grange Gardens and Lewes.

On a rather damp October day, sixteen of us set off for a visit to Marchants Hardy Plants near Lewes. Fourteen members of our group travelled in the Southbourne Community minibus driven by Nick Hedges - and two members travelled independently by car.

Our first stop was for coffee at 'Grounded at the Forge' café in Ringmer which is an interesting and quirky café, serving coffees and delicious cakes. We spotted tortoise pictures and models throughout the café and learnt that the symbol of Ringmer is a tortoise named Timothy, after the female tortoise that the naturalist Gilbert White carried back to Selborne in Hampshire in 1780. White's aunt, Rebecca Snooke lived in Delves House in Ringmer where

Timothy had the run of the courtyard garden for over 40 years. Timothy died in 1794, a year after Gilbert White, and her carapace is on display in the Natural History Museum.

After the coffee stop, we continued to Marchants in Laughton, just a few miles away from Lewes. We were warmly welcomed by Hannah and Henry, who joked that we were the hardiest visitors they had ever had, given the weather!



We stood under a large Caucasian ash tree which had only been planted 25 years ago. Henry told us that the owners, Graham Gough and Lucy Goffin, had created the garden from a completely bare patch of ground. While we were admiring the impressive garden with its densely planted flower beds packed with grasses and colourful, herbaceous perennial plants, Henry told us that the garden is about to close for good as Graham and Lucy are selling it in order to move on to pastures new. He said that we had

the honour of being the last group to visit the garden - although the next day Marchants was being visited by Gardeners World, so we may well see it again in a future GW programme!

At that point the rain was showing little sign of stopping, so we were glad to be taken into Hannah's potting shed where she gave us an excellent talk and demonstration about how she propagates seeds and cuttings. She showed us the three different mixes of compost she uses, and invited us to handle them all. Hannah then explained which compost was the best for each of the propagation stages. She also showed us a very neat and handy method for evenly distributing seeds when planting. Everyone was relieved to see that the rain was abating, so we were able to spend a very pleasant hour or so looking at the garden and buying plants from the nursery.



Having visited Marchants Hardy Plants several times during the last few years, I felt sad that it's very unlikely that I will visit the garden again, although Graham and Lucy are hoping that the new owners will want to continue maintaining and developing it. With the rain showing signs of slowing down, we said farewell to Henry and Hannah and thanked them for such an enjoyable and informative visit. We then drove back to Lewes, parking near Anne of

Cleeves house so that we could walk into Lewes through the lovely Southover Grange Gardens - described by one of our members as a 'secret garden', stopping to visit the fabulous Sussex Guild shop on the way. After lunch, a group of us went to Zorba, a Turkish restaurant in the town, which was excellent, and we reassembled by the bus at 3.30pm for our return journey to Emsworth. Our driver Nick managed to avoid the rush-hour traffic around Chichester by taking a short, scenic route through the country. Throughout the day we were impressed with his good driving and how cheerful, flexible and accommodating he was with our schedule. The top accolade however, must go to all of our members who came on the trip. They were all completely unfazed (or at least appeared to be!) by the rain and remained upbeat and cheerful throughout the day. Thank you to all of you. Three members even serenaded us with their singing in Marchants garden - and if you are very lucky, you might even hear their performance in the near future! Much more information about the garden can be found on: www.marchantshardyplants.co.uk **Annette Wood**



Don't Give Up

Not sure whether this is newsworthy. I had a short break in Carcassonne with my two daughters. They encouraged me to climb up to the Medieval village. Views were magnificent. You will see the view of the town which shows that we were at quite an impressive height. Really pleased that I could do this at 87. My motto... don't give up!!!!!!
And enjoy every day.

Diana Driver



We have received a request to start an ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS BRIDGE GROUP, so this notice is to assess interest and also to ask any current bridge-playing member if they are able to offer help and advice to learners. (They would NOT be required to lead the Group, unless they wish to do so, but to share their knowledge of the game with people who are keen to learn.)

In the first instance, please reply to this request via the web site, if you are

a) interested in learning to play bridge or

b) willing to help complete novices to learn the rudiments of bridge.

Ann Sims Groups Co-ordinator

Quotation Corner

This month – on ADVERTISING

Advertising is the rattling of a stick inside a swill bucket. George Orwell

**Advertising may be described as the science of arresting human intelligence long enough to get money from it
Stephen Leacock**

Advertising is the art of convincing people to spend money they don't have for something they don't need.

Will Rogers.

Advertising is legalized lying. H. G. Wells

Wine Groups attend Reunion Dinner

Ribera del Duero Wine Reunion Dinner – 30th September 2024

Sixty diners sat down at the Emsworth Sailing Club for a reunion dinner commemorating a wine trip that took place eleven years ago. That trip was an eight day two centre visit based on Aranda del Duero and Valladolid that 45 of our Ems Valley members had embarked upon. The pictures below show (on the left) one of the tastings at Aranda del Duero in an atmospheric bodegas. The picture on the right shows some impatient and perhaps hungry diners waiting for the dining room to open at the Imperial Hotel in the centre of Valladolid. In traditional Spain, such dining rooms do not open until 8.00 pm but nobody seems to have told us Brits.....



The Hotel Imperial was right in the middle of Valladolid on the Plaza Mayor and in a pedestrian area. Those able members had to trail their suitcases from a point close by. Others shouted “panic” and lo and behold a service van quickly appeared, bundled their cases into the back and saved the day! The organiser (ME!) needed a day off on this particular visit to Spain’s Ribera del Duero, Rueda and Toro wine districts, and so ‘very cleverly’ arranged a ‘day at leisure’ in Valladolid. Valladolid is a most suitable city for this, it’s known for medieval religious sites like the

Spanish Gothic San Pablo Church, with a history dating from the 1400s, on San Pablo Plaza, the Royal Palace, home of Spanish kings in the early 1600s, the National Sculpture Museum, the Christopher Columbus Museum which chronicles the life of the Italian explorer, and who died in Valladolid in 1506, and the birthplace of Miguel de Cervantes, an early modern Spanish writer widely regarded as the greatest writer in the Spanish language and one of the world's pre-eminent novelists. He is of course best known for his novel Don Quixote. I armed each member with the 'Valladolid card' and a ticket for the hop on hop off bus and they were off - on a most productive day judging by the comments at dinner that night! Happy days!



The Plaza Mayor at Valladolid

Members of both Wine One and Wine Two had travelled on this wine trip and a rough roll call at the reunion dinner showed that two thirds were present. We then remembered those whose faces appeared in the final film and who were no longer with us. It was a memory of great affection and thanks, for the contributions that they had made by their presence, personality and their valued company.

Members from Wine 3,4 and 5, including our Chairman and Vice Chairman, also attended this dinner, such is the interest in Wine Appreciation in our Ems Valley u3a.

Alan Borrow

My plea for your Wartime Memories was fruitful:

Ed. Regret I mislaid this lady members name!

Although I'm too young to have wartime memories I thought you may like to read Barry's.

I've been finalising Barry's memoir and this is an extract:-

"I was about three years old when Adolf was making his early moves, which resulted in his Air Force trying to eliminate me and many others in the middle of December 1940. We were living in Broadfield Road (on the edge of Sheffield) and the Germans were trying to bomb the Sheffield Steel works which were in the East of the City. They missed the steel works and flattened Broadfield Road.

We were lucky to live in a row of terraced houses with cellars. One of the precautions that the authorities had taken was to reinforce the cellars and modify them so that they were all connected. As a result, when our house was destroyed we were able to escape the carnage by moving a couple of cellars along to a property that had not been totally destroyed.

I have two abiding memories of the Blitz, the first is being carried on my father's shoulders as we left the wreckage and seeing a man throwing a burning carpet from the window of his burning house. The second was when we returned to the house the following day and my father opening the front door to enter the house when the only thing still standing WAS the front door!"

Anne Beard writes:

At the outbreak of the second world war I was living with my father and grandmother in the Warrant Officers' Quarters, right next door to the gate in the Royal Marines Barracks in Chatham, Kent, obviously a key target for the

Germans. We lived on the second floor and had a view right over the large parade ground, immediately opposite the buildings housing the Marines, the various Messes, etc. Up to then I had attended a convent school for a couple of terms but immediately on outbreak of war schooling stopped. Frequently my Gran and I would have to rush downstairs and across the large parade ground to the entrance to 'the tunnel', our safe refuge until the 'all clear' was sounded. Memories? Dimly lit, wooden slatted benches to sit on and adults talking – and being given fizzy Cherry Ade to drink! Delicious! Back home in our quarters I remember being 'shushed' frequently as 'the news' came on in the big box with knobs and a sort of wooden grill thing in the front – boring stuff I didn't understand with lots of adult chatter afterwards. But these are not my outstanding memories of life in a Royal Marine Barracks more than 84/5 years later! I close my eyes and go back to the day in 1940 when I was looking down out of the window left hand side of the parade ground and saw a lorry come through the guard gate which stopped, maybe some 30-40 yards away. Out came a small group of dirty, bedraggled, bandaged and totally dishevelled men who, being Royal Marines, still lined up and did a little shuffle along the side of the lorry, some still clutching rifles, one with a crutch. The despair and depression of that small group of men transmitted itself across the intervening space to me, a small girl not understanding why or what she was witnessing. Now I know, of course, they were the remnants of a group of Royal Marines from the Chatham Barracks returning from Dunkirk. Soon afterwards, my Gran and I went to Wiltshire where she had family links, living literally more than a mile from the nearest road in a cottage where the loo was down the garden, water was in the well and light was an oil lamp you lit! The nearest school was more than a couple of miles away and it was more than a year before the authorities caught up with me and we had to move to a village called Woodborough to start my 'education'. Other children of my age at the school could, of course, already read and, to this day, I don't know my alphabet! The only bombs we occasionally had were those dropped by planes returning from raids on Bristol, etc. – the blast from one did separate me from my bed one night but no damage other than a crater in the field. My father was commissioned and he went to another U.K. base briefly with my dog, Don, a water Spaniel, before going abroad for the rest of the war with Royal Marines Commandos 40, not returning until the end of hostilities.

Adrian Locke writes:

'I was 4 years old at the start of WW2 and lived with my parents and two brothers in Cirencester. Our father was away for most of the war, mainly in India. Not far from Cirencester were three aerodromes: Kemble, South Cerney and Fairford so when the USA entered the war the aerodromes became RAF and USAF bases. Cirencester was a centre of attraction for US airmen and soldiers so we saw lots of them and benefited from their friendliness. Spearmint chewing gum was much appreciated. In the summer of 1944, when I was 9, I was standing by our allotment with my bow and arrow, hoping to have a shot at a rabbit, when I heard the drone of aircraft approaching. I feared that the Germans were coming. Within a few minutes the whole sky, from horizon to horizon, was filled with huge aircraft towing gliders. I didn't know it at the time, of course, but it was June 6th and they were part of Operation Overlord and it was D-Day. Another memory is of a Messerschmidt strafing a nearby road. No-one was injured and the ME109 was shot down 5 miles away by a Spitfire. An American military hospital was set up in Cirencester park which was owned by Lord Bathurst. I remember too that the iron railings set in the walls at the front of our school were removed to support the war effort. And the shelter that we schoolchildren traipsed to when an air-raid siren sounded was a long concrete pipe about 7ft in diameter laid horizontally in the grounds of the Regent cinema, opposite the school. I don't remember much about rationing but I do remember having to go from school each day in a 'crocodile' of classmates to 'The British Restaurant'. The smell of cooking in the hall and the food itself were so awful (to my mind and palate) that my younger brother and I would sneak off to Woolworths to spend our twopence lunch money on a penny bun to eat and an Oxo cube to suck. That was our preferred lunch. We were lucky in Cirencester - the war barely touched us but the war memorial reminds us that many families suffered losses. Our father returned unharmed eventually.'

Ann Sims writes:

I'm in the correct demographic for wartime memories - except I don't have any. The only titbits I can offer is the fear I felt on hearing my first pneumatic drill as it demolished the nearby air-raid shelter; also, during the 50s, of

potatoes in our hot dinners. there was a potato shortage so our school dinner table had a pile of (white) bread in the middle to take the place

Alan Borrow writes:

I was one year old when we declared war on Germany. My father soon built an AIRRAID shelter in our back garden large enough to accommodate the whole road – there were only six other residents! My clear memory is being carried, babe in arms, under the apple trees to the shelter. I was told much later, that when the all clear siren wailed, if we were asleep, we were left there until morning. I was in the top bunk, top to toe with Penny, the girl who lived opposite and was the same age.

My older brother Steve was quickly pushed under a stationary lorry by my father one morning, when a lone German plane decided to strafe my father's haulage yard. A nun in the next door convent at Waterlooville was not so lucky and died in that attack.

One night, probably when I was five or six I was woken and taken to an upstairs window to witness a strange aircraft passing by with a flame emitting the rear. The red flames were showing up in the nighttime sky. As we watched, the noise and the flame cut out and the flying bomb started its potentially deadly descent. Fortunately it was only a farmers field in Denmead that became the target. It was many of the V1 rockets or "doodlebugs" that were dispatched from the northern French coast.

My father's night duty was extinguishing incendiary bombs with sand, something that he could readily do as he owned a small sand quarry! Eventually his Home Guard 'Dads Army' platoon was issued with real rifles and they took to the quarry for firing practice!

Canadian soldiers camped in our short, unmade road because we had a very high hedge on one side. They slung their camouflage nets from the top of this hedge and concealed themselves and their Bren Gun carriers totally underneath. It seemed to us boys that they were there for years as we got to know them well. In actual fact I suppose it was about 2/3 months prior to 'D' day. They used our outside loo for which they were most thankful. I remember sweets being dolled out! One morning when we woke up, the road was completely clear – not a word from them in advance. My parents subsequently visited some in Alberta after the war.

Later I recall being taken up to the top of Portsdown Hill (where the burger van resides today), there was great excitement in the air, and lots of activity in the distant harbour. Was it V.E. or V.J. day I now wonder.

But the story that made the Portsmouth Evening News was when a Heinkel He 111 bomber was shot down nearby. It managed to crash land in a field opposite the Horse and Jockey at Words End, Denmead. The Landlord of the pub was quick to take the initiative and hurried to "hold up" the crew with a pistol, and held them there until the police

arrived. It was later revealed that he had only used a toy pistol from his son's bedroom....



Left: Sailors clearing the rubble after a raid on Commercial Road Portsmouth, The Theatre Royal can be seen centre background. The rubble was all that remained of

old Hippodrome. You might just make out The "Twice Nightly" sign on the left

Ian Archer writes:

I was born on 9th April, 1940. My parents, Daisy and Fred had been married seventeen years when I arrived, their only child. My father worked at a factory in Portsmouth where he had been apprenticed as a young man. He and my mother were part-time caretakers for a solicitor, J.R.C. Miller of Portland Place (in recent years, renamed), Grove Road South, Southsea, a three-storey Georgian property where they occupied a basement flat, rent-free in return for their duties. Dad served in the Hampshire Regiment during the First World War and, because of his age, was not conscripted in the Second.

Portland Place (as was) is almost next door to St.Jude's Church and the crypt was used as an air-raid shelter during the early part of the war. I was told that, on one occasion after the 'all-clear' siren had sounded, my mother emerged with me in her arms and almost fainted with horror, seeing a number of heads rolling about in the road, before realising that they were from tailors' dummies blown out of the shattered windows from the shops in Palmerston Road!

After one air-raid when the windows of the flat were blown in, it was decided that, with a five-month old baby, it would be prudent to move away from Portsmouth to escape the bombing, or so my parents thought, so they re-located to Emsworth, where they rented an end of terrace cottage in The Gardens (renamed Bosmere Gardens in 1948 when the council estate was built). I have vivid wartime memories from the age of three (I can picture a third birthday card I received). The rush along to the air-raid shelter after the siren had sounded is fresh in my mind and the sound of that alarm in documentaries and films about the war still gives me the shivers. The tracer bullets were pretty and I was fascinated by the searchlights. From inside the shelter the boom of the ack-ack artillery was quite frightening. The engine sounds of the Luftwaffe aircraft were distinctive, a more 'throbbing' noise and I remember my father saying 'They're Jerries'.

My mother used to go by bus into Portsmouth occasionally to shop. We were in a draper's shop in Southsea and I could just about see a cushion perched on a large wooden counter. Whilst we were there the siren sounded and customers and staff had to rush to the basement until the 'all-clear' sounded. I enjoyed, at the age of three, our visits to Portsmouth because I loved to see the several barrage balloons which were distributed round the the skies of the city. On one occasion we managed to venture as far as Southsea seafront where I recall the great rolls of barbed wire on the beach. Back in Emsworth my mother was walking, with me in a pushchair towards Hollybank Woods where there was an army camp. A soldier with a rifle slung across his chest barred our way and turned us back -- a striking memory.

Ironically, since we had moved from Portsmouth to distance ourselves from the bombing (My father was still working in the city and I recall him leaving some evenings to do firewatching on the factory roof), we almost lost our lives when a bomb exploded literally feet away from our shelter, demolishing two houses in Harold Terrace. Fortunately, there were no casualties although our house suffered broken windows and a cracked gable end. I can still see the look of horror on my parents' faces at the moment of the explosion. I was very frightened. Strangely, this bomb is not shown on the map showing the locations of bombs dropped on Emsworth, held by the local museum. The space at the end of the terrace remained a bomb site until the early Seventies when a larger house was built where the two smaller cottages had been.

On 8th February, 1944 I was lying in bed, downstairs because it would have been easier to get me along to the shelter in the event of an air-raid (becoming rarer at that stage of the war) or a flying bomb, when I heard the sound of two aircraft flying around (I could actually discern the two separate engine sounds) when there was a very loud bang. This was another occasion when I was terrified because, after the bang, the house shook as one of the aeroplanes skimmed the roof and this was followed by an explosion as the Mosquito, with its two-man crew crashed a few hundred yards away in what is now Brook Meadow. The other aircraft, a Wellington came down in the harbour with the loss of its five man crew, victims of a tragic accident.. A booklet was published detailing the incident and there is a plaque to be seen on a bridge in Brook Meadow commemorating the pilot of the Mosquito, Arthur Woods, a film director in peacetime, and his Norwegian navigator.

My final (unless others come to mind later) memory is of my father holding me in his arms while standing in the doorway of the air-raid shelter, listening to an unusual sound approaching from the east. Shortly, a type of aircraft appeared low over Emsworth gasometer (not gasholder!). It was a flying bomb (V1, Doodlebug). In the bright moonlight it appeared to be silver although I now know that they were painted black. It passed harmlessly and crashed at Stockheath (now Leigh Park) I understand, exploding but causing no casualties.

There we have it!

Editor writes:

A story, so prevalent when I lived in Hambledon that it surely must be true, concerns the German prisoner of war camp at Creech Woods in Southwick Road, Denmead - a nissen hut accommodation affair. The POWs were allowed to work in the local's gardens and on farms for what was pocket money. It was popular with the older people and one German POW stood out as a hard worker and particularly good gardener. His reputation was such that everybody wanted him to work on their garden. An elderly lady living in Green Lane, Hambledon must have paid well

because she always seemed to obtain his services. Her long front garden sloped down to the main road with in beautifully mown grassy bank. It was her habit to plant specimen bulbs each autumn to give a different display in the spring.

In the autumn of 1945, she gave Friedrich the bulbs with clear instructions on the layout. He was repatriated in the February 1946. The red Parrot tulips made a wonderful display when they appeared in full glory in late March that year – the only problem was the layout. Their thirty five feet long and five feet high pattern clearly spelt “HEIL HITLER”!

CRAFT GROUP – THIRD ANNIVERSARY!

Angela Blunden writes:

It was our 3rd Anniversary at our October meeting and we had Lemon Drizzle cake to celebrate!

We painted wine bottles with a Halloween theme, then put in LED lights.

We also did Decoupage coasters, so a lot of fun was had by us all. The picture shows our happy members!



LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Hello Alan

I saw the wall in the attached pic in the car park of the physio clinic just over the main road from you. Must have been part of a big house garden way back I guess as the bricks are over size with very old mortar. Interesting I thought.

I do miss wine One which I hear is still doing well. To keep me up to speed I have indulged in a few cases from Virgin's explorer range, some really different and interesting wines especially some of the differently blended wines particularly from South Africa. I really like a Merlot with a meal and will drop off one for you to try for old times sake, I think it's super and about a tenner.

My good old mate of 60 odd years has succumbed to dementia so my monthly fix of a ramble in the New Forest has become a trip to Broadstone to pick him up and an explore of the local hostleries for pie and pint and a bit of tlc. The Poole Arms on Poole quay is a wonderful fish pub with a good white wine list, the oldest pub in Poole and highly recommended. Have you noticed how varied Picpoul can be? So good when we were there but I guess has dropped off due to its popularity and cutting corners to satisfy demand.

As a beware, I had a Merlot in the Ship at Langstone recently, dreadful, really lousy and left in the glass with a moan. I do enjoy your monthly U3A newsletter, keeps me in touch so well done. That's it, I thought a chat would be in order so best wishes, hope you are well and see you some when.



Malcolm Goddard

Emsworth / St.Aubin Twinning Association

In the second half of the October Monthly meeting, we had a talk on the above Twinning Association. It was formed in 1986 by Emsworth resident Nicole Richardson, and has been fostering good relations between Emsworth and St. Aubin sur Mer ever since. Originally, we were told by Carol Mant, these twinning groups were started to help ensure that countries that might have been enemies in the past, could bury the hatchet and become friends and remain friends!



St. Aubin sur Mer is on the Calvados coast of Normandy and therefore particularly convenient for annual exchange visits. It is perhaps a coincidence that St Aubin lies on SWORD beach where the Canadians landed on D Day, and moving ceremonies have taken place to commemorate this over the years. One such ceremony took place this year, the 80th anniversary of D Day, and Judi Milburn recounted how she had the honour of laying a wreath. Your Editor remembers an equally memorable occasion in 2014, when the Twinning Chairman at that time, Hazel Willard, laid a wreath at the 70th anniversary.

The photo above shows Hazel stepping forward to lay her wreath in 2014, and the photo under shows the St. Aubin Schoolchildren laying stones that they had painted in the form of a poppy at the waters edge.

Your current Ems Valley u3a chairman, Tim Mathews is treasurer of the Twinning Assoc. and he made up the trio on



the stage who took us through the workings of the Emsworth/ St. Aubin Twinning Association. The Twinning members in turn told how they had become involved in the association, and that it was subscription based, but fund raising events were held to add funds. Recent events included an “Auction of Promises” and a “Call my Wine Bluff evening”. A normal twinning visit would last three days, and in general a couple would be hosted by the same people each year, if possible. Visits are arranged to local sites and the same is organised when the French families come to Emsworth, every other year. If any u3a member wishes to find

out more about the Twinning Association, please contact Tim Mathews.

Find out more about AI generated “Stuff”!

You will have read about “AI”. But have you thought how you could make use of it? One enterprising member decided to find out. He consulted “Google” and asked for a letter to be composed thanking the Harbourmaster of Chichester Harbour for a fictitious visit that he had recently enjoyed! The system asked him what style of writing he would like. Tongue in cheek, he entered “Charles Dickens”

Subject: A Grateful Salutation to the Harbour Master

My Esteemed Harbour Master,

I pen this humble missive with a heart brimming with gratitude, as the recent sojourn to our beloved Harbour of Tranquil Tides has left an indelible mark upon my soul. Verily, it is your unwavering stewardship that hath rendered this maritime escapade a thing of wonder and delight.

From the creaking timbers of the weathered pier to the salt-kissed zephyrs that dance upon the waves, your watchful eye hath overseen all. The very stones of the quay seem to echo your diligence, and the lanterns, aglow in the twilight, bear witness to your tireless vigilance.

When tempests threatened, it was your seasoned hand that steered us through treacherous waters, and when the fog enshrouded our path, your lanterns pierced the murk like beacons of hope. The mariners, grizzled and salt-stained, speak in hushed tones of your sagacity—the lore of the harbour now interwoven with your name.

And so, with ink-stained quill, I offer my heartfelt thanks. May Neptune himself grant you fair winds and following seas, and may the tides ever carry you toward safe havens.

With deepest respect,

Ezekiel Thistledown *Adventurer, Dreamer, and Devotee of the Sea* 📖 🌊

DAY TRIPPERS OFFER YOU A SALISBURY CHRISTMAS OUTING Cathedral/ Ted Heath's House/Christmas Market on Tuesday 26th November

We will journey by train to Salisbury on Tuesday 26 November. Below is the suggested timing, but you are free to choose a different schedule. The only commitment you need to make now is entry to "Arunells" Outbound from Emsworth at 9:15 or Havant at 9:23 arriving Salisbury at 10:41.

Return from Salisbury at 16:33 returning to Havant at 18:00 and Emsworth at 18:04
(Cost of travel with a senior railcard is £16.80 Return)

To help you plan your day walking time from the Train Station to the Christmas Market at Guildhall Square is approx 15 minutes. From Guildhall Square to Salisbury Cathedral is approximately 10 Minutes. From the train station to the Cathedral is approx 15 minutes.

Arundells (Ted Heath's House) is at the Cathedral Close.

The Christmas Market at Salisbury was a hugely popular event before the pandemic, attracting coaches full of visitors and tourists from all around the UK. The Salisbury Christmas Market had a fabulous reputation and was always over-subscribed. The re-launch of Christmas markets at Salisbury is THIS YEAR! It will be relaunched in a totally new refreshed style. It will take place in a purpose built temporary structure erected in the GuildHall Square right in front of the GuildHall in the centre of Salisbury. The structure will hold 32 stalls under one roof in a weatherproof building allowing for shopping out of the elements and in relative comfort.

Salisbury Cathedral is most beautiful place to visit at your leisure. Entry price is £10.00 if booked online or £12.00 on the day.

The optional tour of Arundells, the former home of Ted Heath is on offer. . We had to work around the house opening days and dates and were fortunate to secure 2 tours of the house, which normally are not on offer at this time of year, in the afternoon. Start time of tour #1 is 2:00pm and tour #2 at 2:30pm .The tour lasts 1/ 1/2 hours.

Admission is £13.00p/p and payable now to reserve your place. Pay as below:

Mr S Gorban

Sort Code 40-45-22

Account Number 11658476

Ref; ARUNDELLS

About Arundells: With paintings by Churchill and Sargent, Chinese ceramics from Chairman Mao, David Lloyd George's writing desk and memorabilia from Nixon and Castro, Arundells is the former home of Sir Edward Heath KG MBE, Prime Minister and Statesman. Located within Salisbury's magnificent Cathedral Close, the house is one of Salisbury's most charming destinations. Sir Edward bequeathed Arundells to the Charitable Foundation set up in his name following his death in 2005. He very much wanted as many people as possible to "share the beauty of Arundells" and to enjoy his diverse and very personal collection of art work, photographs, sailing memorabilia and political cartoons. We hope you will join us,

Simon Winslow and Steve Gorban

The new Christmas Market event will take place in a purpose built temporary structure erected in the GuildHall Square right in front of the GuildHall in the centre of Salisbury. The structure will hold 32 stalls under one roof in a weatherproof building allowing for shopping out of the elements



News from STEM Group

Our next meeting is on Thursday afternoon, November 7 th , 2.00pm at our usual venue, St James' Parish Hall.

Because we had to cancel the October meeting at very short notice, we have re-scheduled Part 2 of Immunology Workshop to the November meeting.



Part 1, held in September, was led by Vicki King, Pam Palmer and William Saywell. This turned out to be one of the best workshops we have held, judged by the amount of group participation and the feedback after the meeting. I'm sure those who attended will want to say a big thank you to Vicki and the team, who put a lot of work into preparing for the session. Immunology is a complicated subject, and a core factor, affecting the health of us all. Vicki, an expert in the field, took us through the basic principles. This was a subject about which many of us knew very little, Vicki's "tutorial" led

to a lot of interest and informal discussion. Pam Palmer then followed with the fascinating sub-topic of Allergies, which again prompted a lot of discussion in the group. At the November meeting, will address two other sub-topics (Vaccines and Auto-Immune Diseases). I can thoroughly recommend this, if "Part 1" is anything to go by! For those who missed part 1, don't worry – I'm sure that Vicki will give us a recap on the fundamentals as a starter.

All Ems Valley U3a members are welcome to join us this if interested in the subject. Just let us know via stem@emsvalleyu3a.org

STEM Christmas Meeting Date: Because of the clash with Ems Valley U3A Christmas Lunch, we have had to



reschedule. Our Christmas Meeting will now be on Wednesday afternoon, 4 th December, afternoon at 2.00, usual venue. We will be treated to a talk titled "An Insight into Astro Navigation – An Art or a science", by James Mant. This was the only way of open-ocean or open-sky

position fixing, used for hundreds of years before the invention of GPS!

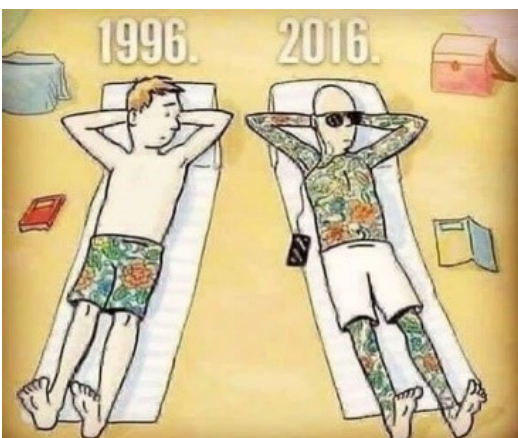
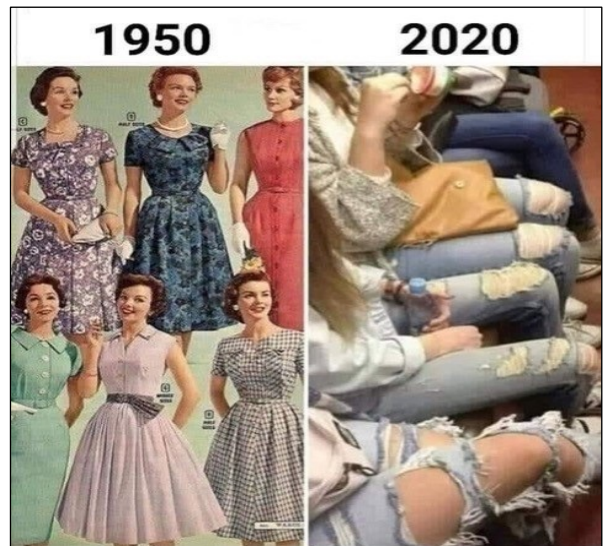
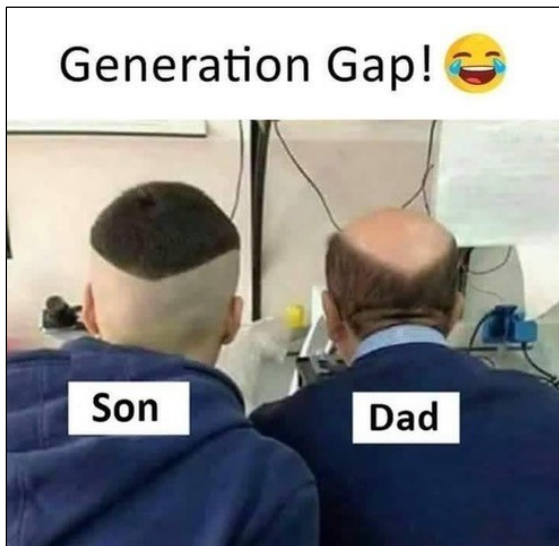
In James' view there is something magical about using the heavenly bodies to find our way on Earth.

DEAR ALGEBRA,
PLEASE STOP
ASKING US TO FIND
YOUR X.
SHE'S NEVER COMING BACK
AND DON'T ASK Y.

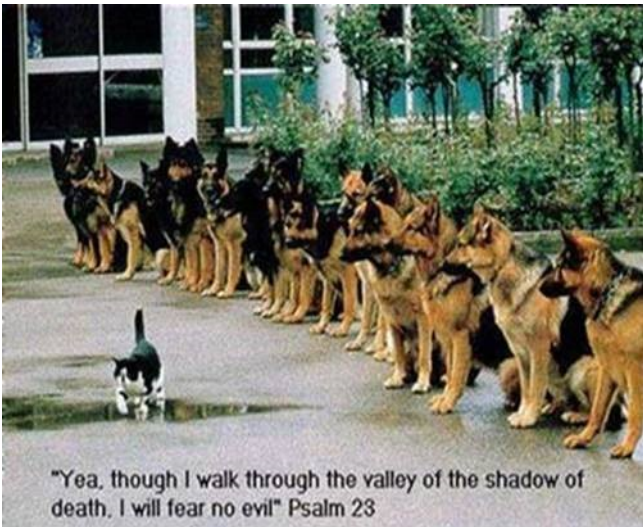
**I tried to re-marry my
ex-wife.
But she figured out I
was only after my
money.**



Left:
The
True
Meaning of
the word
"Support"!



Shoutout to
everyone who can
still remember
their childhood
phone number but
can't remember the
password they
created yesterday.
You are my people.



"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil" Psalm 23



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alanborrow1@gmail.com

(please note new email address)

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