



# Poynton News

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

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[poyntonu3a.org.uk](http://poyntonu3a.org.uk)

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## Editorial

Welcome to the thirteenth edition of the electronic newsletters. The Creative Writing Group have been busy again!

As before, member contributions are welcomed. If you would like to contribute to the next edition, send your text and pictures to [news@poyntonu3a.org.uk](mailto:news@poyntonu3a.org.uk).

## Poynton U3A Update

The latest confirmed growth in UK cases and deaths in the pandemic has not surprisingly led to the imposition of greater restrictions on movement. At this time last year your committee was agreeing the details of our Christmas party and confirming the slots for the speakers at our monthly General Meetings in the course of the next year. At the end of October last year, we had begun to look at the changes which would be needed for the membership renewal process and the probable increase in the facility for payment by card. We were beginning to see an increase in financial and communication technology. Significant changes were on the horizon but, as we thought, some distance away yet.

Now we live in an entirely different world. Our AGM on 17<sup>th</sup> March had to be cancelled and was replaced by a “virtual” meeting carried out for some 90% of members by e-mail, the remainder by post. Meanwhile Poynton U3A survives through some of our Interest Groups which are continuing to operate and of course our Newsletter.

Amidst this sea of uncertainty, we are going to have to formulate a flexible plan for the introduction of our standard offerings at some time in 2021. We can plan for how we will do that but, for some time yet, it seems clear that we will not know when we can do that. It has not been possible to hold a face to face committee meeting since March and this situation is likely to continue to be the case for several months yet. However, we are hoping all members of the committee can engage in a Zoom meeting early in October, begin to list the specific challenges which will face us in 2021 and come forward with a flexible plan.

**David Sewart**

## Members' Contributions

### Best Intentions

This is the tale of Mortimer Bann  
Once the village ladies' man;  
The erring parties knew their places -  
They shared him on a rota basis,  
Until, amid a kiss and cuddle,  
He got into a frightful muddle  
When, no longer lithe and courtly,  
He was discovered - growing portly.

'My goodness' cried the widow Gledding,  
'It's like wrestling with the feather bedding;  
Oh, isn't it a crying shame  
That this should 'appen in yer prime!'  
The worried girls went in committee  
And all joined in to swell the kitty  
To send their loved one for a course  
Of slimming (if need be, by force).

And so, to Beeching Court by Maxi  
(The vicar's wife's -it saved a taxi)  
Went Mortimer where they were dab-  
hands at getting off the flab.  
The rules, he found, were very rigid  
The female staff, aloof and frigid;  
They put him on a straitened diet  
(With nothing extra on the quiet)  
Although one night he tried to scupper  
The kitchen tom cat's smelly supper!

He soon found out he didn't suit  
A meagre regimen of fruit;  
So little food had passed his lips  
He scoffed the peelings and the pips.  
When on his plate he'd left no waste  
The Principal was called in haste;

The Governor (a right curmudgeon)  
Steamed along in highest dudgeon,  
'Do as I say, I firmly urge you  
Or I'm afraid we'll have to purge you'  
This did the trick and yelped poor Mortimer  
'Don't use again that awful enema!'

He got a call 'Dear Fen, we miss you -  
With or without your chubby tissue!  
But the drastic treatment didn't fail  
And Mortimer, so weak and frail,  
Was due to leave - now small and diddy  
He travelled home inside a Mini.

His new appearance, shrunk and slender,  
Sent Mrs Gledding on a bender.  
'We've been sold a pup - it isn' cricket -  
They've changed him to a flaming whippet!  
'Not only that - they've made him shorter'  
Groused the postman's eldest daughter!

To save him slipping down the drain  
They vowed to build him up again;  
A good idea, but here's the rub -  
He'd lost his appetite for grub;  
He'd dropped into the silly habit  
Of nibbling like a nervous rabbit.  
Yelled one lady in a huff,  
'He turned away from my plum duff!'

Another thought he was a goner -  
'He hasn't touched his maids of honour!'  
Wept another of the bunch  
When Mortimer'd refused his lunch  
'At last I've failed to pass the test -  
He used to like MY puddings best!'  
For this dissention in the ranks  
Tired Mortimer gave silent thanks  
You can't philander with success  
On lemon juice and watercress!

**Ian Beverley**

## Eddie the wonder-cat

Eddie is a wonder-cat, a large beautifully marked tabby. Two years ago, in September our daughter liberated him from an RSPCA rescue centre where they had called him Donald. I don't think she could bear the Trump association of that name, so he became Eddie. Of course, clever though he is, he has never managed to relate his original name or history, but living his new life has proved to be pretty wonderful for him.

He first visited Poynton that Christmas, and on being released from his carrying cage proceeded to tour our home, assessing the perfect places for a beautiful creature to be at his best. Within an hour he behaved as though he had always lived here, as king of the castle. On subsequent visits he arrives, looks round, greets us and more or less says "It's good to be back". Having had much loved cats, usually two, for many years we now miss them all dreadfully, but as our road is treated like a racetrack by the thundering traffic no cat would have a chance. Eddie is now our very welcome visitor. Needless to say he remains inside for his visits, and anyone opening a door to go into our garden hears the cry "Where is Eddie?" but being a creature of above average intelligence he knows that he cannot leave, only look, and check out the bird and squirrel population through patio windows.

Late this July she moved to a house with an adventure garden, surrounded by many trees. Eddie had to remain inside, gazing longingly through the windows, until a builder fitted a cat-flap through the dining room wall, with a little tunnel leading to freedom. The Great Escape loomed and last week on a sunny, windy day he crept slowly out of his tunnel, shaking the dirt out of his trouser legs, *doo doo, doo dooo da doo doo*, and once more the world was his oyster.

Down in the wild wood at the bottom of the garden he met Reggie who lives next door but one. Reggie had been used to having the wood to himself so he objected to a stranger who said "I live here now, this is my territory, so do one". There then had to be a long session of sitting and staring at one another with warning growls but no fighting.

Among Eddie's regular visitors is a smaller twin version of himself, a big black fluffy bruiser, a black and white fellow, and of course Reggie, so he is lucky to have moved into such a catty part of the world.

The first day he was allowed to come and go as he pleased within the timings of the cat-flap once she returned to work, rather than working at home, he was waiting and meowing behind the garden gate to greet her, getting very excited and running in through his tunnel in great ecstasy. Who could ask for more in life than to receive such a furry reception? Good for you Eddie, you have certainly brightened up all our lives.

**Helen J Stanley**

## Who?

Who *is* that nosey woman peering at me? She needs to wear her glasses.  
She knows what time the neighbours go out. And when they come back in.  
Medical people label her elderly, but she's not; just a bit past middle-aged.  
She tuts at articles in the newspaper, and she snores; I've heard her.  
Just a bit stiff, she says of her knees and creaking left shoulder  
But the floor is now a long journey away.  
Kind youngsters help her across roads she doesn't want to cross.  
She can still drive...if she wanted to, but the speed they go now.....  
The price of lamb chops alarms her, the cost of a cauliflower is scandalous  
She says. She can't spend; saving for her Old Age, she says.  
Now, why does her hair come out looking white on photographs,  
She wants to know? Yes, she still has high heels,  
Wears them every year, on the Anniversary, along with her corset.  
She goes out a lot; knows every hospital Out-Patients waiting room by heart.  
I'll finish cleaning this mirror now.

## Ruth Howard

### The Garden

When life is grim, there are these things  
A garden's grace, the peace it brings;  
Burdened orchard boughs a-sway,  
Deep grass to mow, new paths to lay.  
A bird-house with its roof of thatch,  
Bean-blossom. Green potato-patch,  
The gleam of sun on idle spade,  
While lunch is taken in the shade.  
There is this thing for jaded heart-  
A garden's need; each cherished part  
To watch and tend, fragrances to blend  
Till dusk takes over- a true friend.  
Earth's cleanly tang when rain has spilled  
And oaken butts are freshly filled,  
The steady labouring on knees  
In sight of immemorial trees,  
The knowing that where blossoms nod  
This garden is close to God.

## Ian Beverley

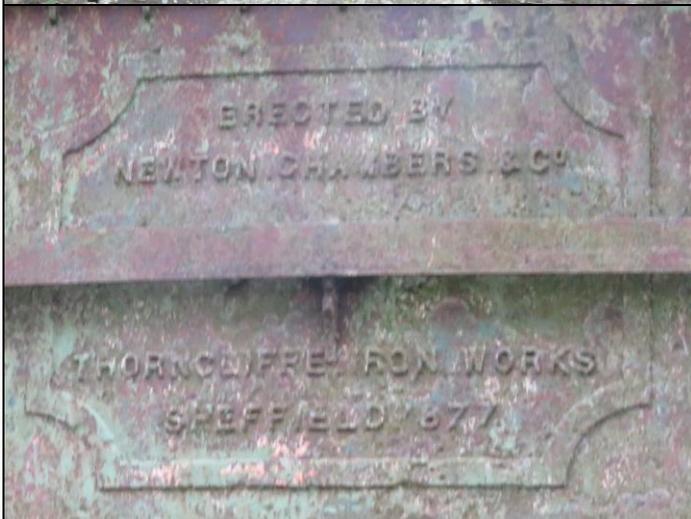
## Pictures from Our Perambulations – Signs of Bygone Times



The text reads

1869-2019  
HIGHER MB&M POYNTON  
150 YEARS  
Middlewood Way  
OPENED BY

But who opened the Middlewood Way on 30<sup>th</sup> May 1986?



The text reads

ERECTED BY  
NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO  
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS  
SHEFFIELD 1877

Where is it?



The text reads

From  
[Scratched out]  
22 Miles

Where is this milestone?

Answers on page 8

## Things to Do

Sudoku No 13

	3	1			8			
	2	6				3		
		8	7					
					6		1	
	1		3				5	
		3		1	4	8		
8			2	7				
		2	6				7	
		4		5				

Fill the grid so that each row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1-9

Below is the solution to No 12

3	5	1	7	8	6	9	4	2
2	6	9	4	1	5	7	3	8
4	8	7	2	3	9	6	1	5
6	9	5	3	2	1	8	7	4
7	3	4	5	6	8	2	9	1
1	2	8	9	7	4	3	5	6
9	1	2	8	5	7	4	6	3
8	7	6	1	4	3	5	2	9
5	4	3	6	9	2	1	8	7

More quiz questions from Hooha.

1. What is the largest breed of domestic rabbit?
2. Which is the oldest known breed of dog?
3. What type of sheep are extremely hardy, thrive and breed in this country in very bleak conditions?
4. Where in England are bison being reintroduced?
5. Name Britain's only native breeding goose.

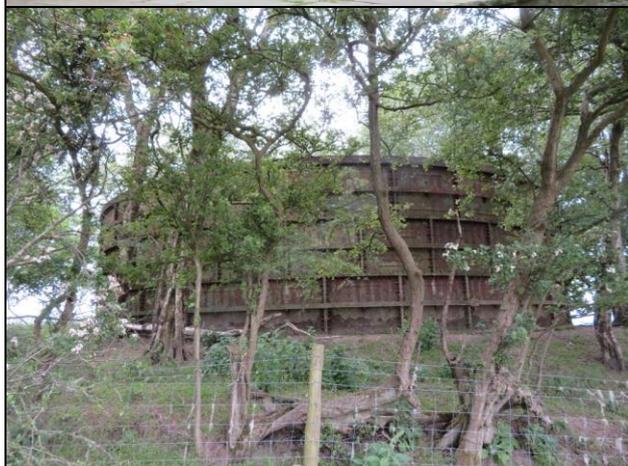
Answers to the quiz in the previous edition

1. Which battle took place on 22 August 1485?  
*The Battle of Bosworth*
2. The Battle of Maldon was fought between which 2 armies?  
*Ethelred the Unready was King and the English fought off a Viking invasion in 991AD at Maldon in Kent*
3. In 1900 where was the battle of Spion Kop fought?  
*15 miles south of Ladysmith between the British and the Boers*
4. In popular myth how did the recipe for Chicken Marengo come into being?  
*After Napoleon's narrow victory over the Austrian army in Italy at the Battle of Marengo in 1800 his chef devised the dish from the disparate collection of ingredients available in the local town.*
5. Where did Davy Crockett die?  
*Davy Crockett died at the Battle of the Alamo on 6<sup>th</sup> March 1836, aged 49*

## Pictures for Our Perambulations – continued



The Middlewood Way was opened by Dr David Bellamy. The two signs are on the wall behind the location of the station buildings. The wooden lady waiting for a train featured two issues ago.



The makers' plate is on a gas holder which is now situated on a hill on the east side of the canal near Hilltop Farm and has a fine view of Lyme Park. It was originally near to the current Poynton station but was moved into the hills to become a "reservoir". It has been replaced by a new reservoir which is alongside.



The milestone is on the canal near the access from Elm Beds Road. The place name was apparently scratched out during the Second World War to confuse any invading forces. It is documented as saying "From Hall Green 22 Miles".

## Town Council Information

The Town Council website has up-to-date information about Poynton on its website - [www.poyntontowncouncil.gov.uk](http://www.poyntontowncouncil.gov.uk) and on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/poyntontowncouncil/>