



## Remember, Remember.....Membership Renewal

We have been thinking carefully about how we collect monies from members in the future. Not the least of our problems has been the traditional way of using our January meeting to collect payments for membership. The Main Hall no longer provides sufficient space for this as our growing numbers of members are also trying to take their seats for the presentation at the General Meeting. *(This year's January speaker will probably prove to be very popular – check the Diary Dates below! – Ed)*

And so we have decided to use the Council Chamber in the Civic Hall for all membership registration in January, before members go into the Main Hall paying the £1 entrance fee in the usual manner. The Council Chamber will be open for membership renewal from 12.30pm stopping at 1.50pm to prepare for the start of the General Meeting. Don't worry if you haven't managed to renew by 2.00pm, you can still go into the meeting using your old membership card. It may then be possible to renew your membership after the speaker has finished.

Also with changes to the way we, the general public, are making payments, the 6 U3As in the North East Cheshire Network had a forum on 12<sup>th</sup> October which we hosted in Poynton. The aim was to look closely at a future in which electronic payments will have increasing prominence, and prepare ourselves rather than burying our heads in the sand. Two of our members gave a presentation on some aspects of this which we have been examining in Poynton.

We will be carrying out an initial experiment with this alongside the 2018 membership renewal. The trial will allow any members who wish to do so to make a payment for their 2018 membership by debit/credit card (including contactless and even Apple Pay and Android Pay) rather than cash or cheque as in the past.

We don't believe this will suddenly become very popular but, until we try, we will never know. We expect that a large percentage of our members will prefer to use cash or cheques for the foreseeable future. But we are introducing an option for card payment in January because we must recognise that over the years more and more members will wish to make electronic payments. And there will come a time when they will wish to make electronic payments by logging into our website from their homes and without turning up at the Civic Hall to make a payment each year.

(Continued overleaf)

### Remember also the

### Christmas Meeting

*Because of restrictions on numbers, entrance to the Christmas Meeting is by ticket only. Tickets cost £2 which includes a raffle ticket. You will be able to buy tickets at the November General Meeting.*

### Bumper Edition

*This larger than usual version of the newsletter has been created to accommodate input from several of our groups. There are sections by Geology, Creative Writing and French Conversation plus a picture quiz from the Photographic Group.*

# Committee News

## Membership Renewal - continued

As in previous years, from December 1<sup>st</sup> you can renew your membership for 2018 by post using the form at the bottom of this page if you are unable to attend the January General Meeting. Don't forget the stamped self-addressed envelope so you can receive your membership card.

This summer has seen us change from our original membership record system to *Beacon* which has been specially developed by a national group of U3A members and offered to all U3As. We are beginning to explore the additional facilities which are now open to us, linking membership, groups and finances. Probably the most useful of these are the group facilities and in January we will be informing Group Leaders of the facilities which can be made open to them if they wish to take them up.

**David Sewart and Kate Marsham**

## Cheque This Out

Some of you will remember the furore which arose almost 10 years ago when there was a proposal to phase out cheques by 2018. The proposal was, of course, withdrawn. But the number of cheques used nowadays has fallen considerably from its peak of 4 billion in 1990 to only 644 million in 2014. This dropped by about 13% in 2015 and last year fell again by about 13% to 477 million or about 9 cheques per adult per year. The annual rate of decline in cheque volumes is expected to slow as their use becomes more concentrated amongst those who have a strong preference for paying by cheque.

These include older people, small businesses and those who are less inclined to use online and mobile payment methods. And banks have promised to keep processing them for as long as necessary.

Use of cheques is higher in the 65 and over age group. Nearly seven in ten (68%) older people still use cheques. This is in stark contrast to the payment habits of younger adults, with 88 per cent of 16-to 34-year-olds now never writing cheques at all. We are also told that the use of debit cards will overtake cash payments by 2021. However the greatest recent changes relate to the use of contactless cards where monthly spending reached £1.5 billion in March. These are still, of course, limited to purchases up to £30. Who uses them? Well it's us! I at least was surprised to learn that consumers over the age of 60 are the fastest-growing group using these cards, according to Barclaycard.

**David Sewart**

<b>Diary Dates</b>	
<b>Monthly General Meetings</b>	
<b>3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday in month at 2pm - Poynton Civic Hall</b>	
<b>(Doors Open at 1.30pm)</b>	
December 19 <sup>th</sup>	<b>Christmas Meeting</b> (Entrance by Ticket Only)
January 16 <sup>th</sup>	Edwina Currie – Growing Old Disgracefully
February 20 <sup>th</sup>	Keith Birkett – The History of Roberts Bakery
March 20 <sup>th</sup>	<b>AGM</b>

## Coffee Mornings

Members continue to enjoy the Coffee Mornings at Wetherspoons on the fourth Wednesday of the month at 10.30 am. The next dates are November 22<sup>nd</sup>, January 24<sup>th</sup> and February 28<sup>th</sup>. Note there is no Coffee Morning in December.

**Anne Wynn**

### **Poynton U3A Membership Renewal Form    Subscription for 2018 is still £10.00**

Memberships expire at the end of December and you cannot attend the AGM in March if you are not a current member. To continue to enjoy the activities run by Poynton U3A you need to renew your membership by January 31<sup>st</sup> 2018. You can do this at our General Meeting on Tuesday January 16<sup>th</sup> 2018 or by post using the following form.

Title \_\_\_\_\_ First name \_\_\_\_\_ Family name \_\_\_\_\_ Membership no. \_\_\_\_\_

Please list any changes to your contact details (including changes to your email address) :-

\_\_\_\_\_

Please post this form with your old membership card, a stamped self-addressed envelope and a cheque for £10.00 (made payable to Poynton U3A) to Poynton U3A Membership Secretary, 98 Vernon Road, Poynton, Cheshire SK12 1YR.

# Geology

## Travelling Through Time

The Geology Group was one of the first groups to be formed when the Poynton U3A started, and we're still going strong. Our aim is to develop our knowledge of geology and to explore local geological sites, as well as ranging further afield from time to time. We've been as far as Cwm Idwal in Snowdonia and Shap and the Eden Valley in Cumbria.

Our programme is built around talks and presentations in the Winter months and field trips – usually one a month – from Spring to Autumn. We also go to any relevant exhibitions or museum galleries.

We began this year with a talk about the carbon atom and then looked at volcanoes, particularly volcanoes once active in Britain. We began our field trips by going to see the remains of one of our local volcanoes at Calton Hill near Buxton. There basalt rocks are piled up in twisted contortions. The basalt also shows columnar jointing just like the Giant's Causeway in Northern Ireland. The columnar basalt at Calton Hill is not quite as spectacular as at the Giant's Causeway, but it is much, much older, forming some 280 million years before that in Northern Ireland.



*Looking at the hidden volcanic landscape around Cressbrook Dale*

There is plenty of geology to see in the Peak District, but we also head west into Cheshire as well. We visited Lymm and walked through a sequence of rocks laid down in desert conditions 240 million years ago, and saw how some of them have been sculpted into strange grooves by meltwater running under a glacier only 12000 years ago. A trip to the "Secret Garden" at Styal also showed us where windswept sand dunes had been formed in these deserts, and how local earthquake activity had deformed the rocks.



*Derbyshire's very own Giant's Causeway*

We pursued our volcanic theme by exploring the volcanic landscapes around Litton and Cressbrook Dale. With good eyesight and the help of geological maps and diagrams you can see the evidence that this now quiet landscape of limestone hills and dales once had red hot magma pulsing through its rocks, erupting through volcanoes and covering the land with lava fields.



*Checking out the display board by the rock formations formed by glacial meltwater at Lymm Dam*

A highlight of our field trips was a visit to the Dinosaurs of China Exhibition at Wollaton Hall in Nottingham, which displayed fossils and fossil casts never seen before outside China. In fact, Wollaton Hall is the only venue outside China where these exhibits will be shown. The exhibition runs until 29<sup>th</sup> October 2017.

(Continued overleaf)

# Geology



Members of the Geology Group outside the exhibition venue at Wollaton Hall

The first thing you see when you go into the exhibition is one of the largest dinosaurs – Mamenchisaurus. It is 22 metres long and weighed 45 tonnes.



Mamenchisaurus



Mamenchisaurus – too big to get into the photo

The aim of the exhibition was to show how modern birds had evolved from one of the branches of the dinosaur family. There were spectacular fossils and casts showing feathers and other bird-like features.

A favourite exhibit was *Mei Long*. This spectacular type specimen of *Mei long* was buried in deposits when the animal was sleeping or resting, so its life posture is preserved in 3D. It is coiled into a sleeping pose with its tail wrapped around its body and its head tucked under its arm, similar to how a bird tucks its head under its wing when resting. The tiny specimen is small enough to hold in the palm of your hand but it is a young adult, not a hatchling.



Mei Long



Mei Long fossil

We'll be finishing our year with a talk on the geology of the Sahara, and kicking off next year with a (virtual) trip to the seaside, seeing how the Zechstein Sea of 270 million years ago still affects our landscapes and industrial activity.

We'll also be going out on some new field trips, exploring the saltscapes of Cheshire, and taking a two-day trip to Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire to see the oldest rocks in England and perhaps even the mysterious *Charnia* fossil. Come and join us if you want to open up a new window on the world.

**Peter Bennett**

# Creative Writing

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*The members of Poynton U3A Creative Writing Group were asked if they would write reminiscences about holidays or days out, a task they took to with aplomb, so read and hopefully enjoy their tales.*

## **Here, there and somewhere**

Holidays, places to go, things to see, memories, photographs; it is said a picture is worth a thousand words, yet is it the pictures I remember or the brief encounters, even the different or indifferent accommodation endured. In most cases you've arrived too late to face an argument, or be prepared to walk away to try to find something better. That is, if in this god-awful place you have chosen there is anywhere better. When told this room was their best and their hotel was the best in Newton Stewart, we went to another town.

An old hotel in Rome with small rooms and even smaller windows and no views was juxtaposed with a new hotel in Sorrento with spacious rooms, large windows and a balcony with magnificent panoramas across the Bay of Naples. In Rome the ancient buildings were spectacular, as were the fountains. In Sorrento narrow streets with interesting shops lead to a town square where everything met, pedestrians, cars, scooters, even the white lines outside the bars and cafés.

Welcomed by the hotelier saying, "You look as though you need a cup of tea," served in the sunny garden overlooking the sea on the south coast of England, with cakes and biscuits, for which we were all very grateful, especially our young children, I was equally pleased that no charge was made. Near the Norfolk coast we stayed in a very pleasant hotel where there seemed to be an aversion to sauce or gravy, every evening meal being dry.

North Wales, grey stone building perched on a hill, once a private home now an hotel where the main room had spectacular views of sea and castle but was out of bounds to guests, as it was the office enclave of the sour-faced proprietress. Here, I presume, she wrote the negative signs which festooned many surfaces in the hotel, of a "thou shalt not" nature, no doubt inspired by the commandments, only here there were far more than ten. In the dining room she had the best table and was served by her staff like a guest, not playing the part of mine host, more like lady muck.

We ate huge crab claws, above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, in a restaurant built on timber piers over the sea. Early evening as the sun was going down, just

the two of us, in the motel outdoor swimming pool with views across the Gulf, we watched the shrimp boats returning to harbour, with my wife singing. "Shrimp boats are a-coming."

We regularly visited Northumberland where gales have battered the coast leaving clean, sandy beaches eliminating most of the industrial detritus. Headlands are scattered with many ancient religious buildings, castles and golf courses. There are ecclesiastical remains, from a time when the heathen Anglo Saxons needed saving, to the fortifications to protect the Christians from the heathen Vikings, golf clubs for the righteous. A hotel stands on the south bank of the Tyne with views of the beach, back towards town, across the river to the ruins of Tynemouth Priory or out over the Groyne, a long breakwater with a lighthouse, indicating the mouth of the Tyne.

I have photographs, but the pictures in my mind are far more vivid, such as sharing a lift with eight or so glamorous young Indian ladies dressed in the most fabulous and luxurious saris which, combined with their heady perfumes, will linger in my mind and nostrils for a long time.

## **Clive B Hill**

### **Little Hucklow**

Well--- don't I always have an adventure ...!

Today because Shouty Peter the grass cutter was coming I decided I couldn't stand being here with him after a week with Nigel. So—I left sandwiches and beer and his money in the shed and took off in the lovely sunshine.

Got as far a New Mills and the heavens opened. I thought if I'd been at home I'd have had Peter inside bending my ear. I wondered what he would do about the weather.

I sat in my car reading the paper till the rain stopped just wishing I could go home. But when the sun came out decided to drive off somewhere—couldn't decide where so let Jimny have his head.

I found myself in the lovely hamlet of Little Hucklow—right across the valley from Great Hucklow, the gliding place. Little Hucklow is all 13th century cottages and narrow lanes – nowhere to park. I did find what looked like an old chapel and decided I could park in front of that but then I saw that there were signs of habitation. I knocked on the door but then I was hailed by a voice behind me. Turned to find an old lady brandishing a tea towel.

# Creative Writing

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I grovelled and asked if I could leave my car there for half an hour. Within 2 seconds she was telling me that she was 84 and had lived in the place for 37 years and that the chapel was a workshop and not used on Sundays.

She said her cottage used to be a chapel too and would I like to see inside. In I went to this fascinating little place, a cruck construction, (do you know what that is?) and was regaled with all its history and the lady's life story. She said she was never lonely as she had a hobby and would I like to see what it was. She grabbed hold of a red velvet curtain and my imagination went into overdrive wondering what could lie behind it. Another door and then we were in a large musty room with an enormous fridge the only piece of furniture. She flung open the fridge door to reveal dozens and dozens of jars of homemade preserves. All made for charity she informed me proudly.

I said I'd better be leaving, She led me back through the cottage. In the kitchen was the most delicious aroma which was coming from a pan of oranges and tangerines stewing ready to make more jam. I had a stir and she asked if I'd like a jar. She said to go for my walk and then she'd have a cup of tea ready for me on my return.

Had a short walk and then returned for tea. Turns out the lady's name was Barbara Wrag and I got another half hour's history of her life.

Must tell you... I'd forgotten to put my bottom teeth in that morning—didn't think it would matter as I wouldn't be talking to anybody and here was Barbara without a single tooth in her head...! She'd lost them all after being given the wrong medication for something.

After tea and home made ginger biscuits I was presented with the jar of marmalade and I had to promise that I would call again.

I doubt she would know who I was if I did and she certainly wouldn't know a thing about me as she wasn't interested even when I told her I was booking a glide from Great Hucklow as a birthday present from my sons. I don't think she could forgive me for being 2 years older than her.

I returned home to find that Peter hadn't been but there were 3 messages from him asking me what should he do. He'd gone to the pub when it was raining and think he got blotto there but now he says he's coming tomorrow----So—do I take off again and have another adventure---

**Margaret Allen**

## Little Hucklow 2

I didn't enjoy yesterday (Sunday) at all because I never got moving as I'd decided I had to give my back a rest. I was bored and "down"

So today I determined to go far afield. For some reason I headed towards Little Hucklow—again. This time I don't drop down into the actual hamlet but carried on along narrow winding lanes to the interesting sounding place called Windmill.

The trouble is finding somewhere to park along these lanes and I thought my luck was in when I spotted a lay-by. Another stroke of luck, nearby a footpath sign leading to what looked an interesting walk.

A short way along this wide path I came across a flock of sheep asleep in some stone ruins. Apart from two black ones they all were dyed a lovely shade of powder blue.

I spotted a sign on a railing which said DANGER. Of course that lit my touch paper! I went to read what the sign said and it gave the most interesting details of an old lead mine.. High Rake..It said that the shaft was 729 feet deep and compared this depth to Blackpool Tower which is a mere 515 feet.

Turning I found that the powder blue sheep had woken up and were now standing, silently staring, a few feet from me in a large semi-circle. The fact that I was wearing a powder blue coat may have given them ideas that I was a fellow of theirs. They were so tame and friendly I didn't like shooing them away.

Continuing along the path I saw a man approaching. "Hello there" he hailed me cheerily.

We chatted of this and that and I asked him where he lived. "Little Hucklow", he replied.

"Oh, you must know Barbara then." I said gleefully.

"Barbara? No, don't know any Barbara."

I told him about my encounter last Sunday with the old lady and he suddenly twigged. "Oh you mean Brenda! Oh lovely lady. She must be getting on for 80!"

"She's 84 and was upset that I was 2 years older." I told him.

I won't divulge all the lovely flattering things he said to me after that!

We parted and I felt very cheered. What a lovely encounter that was!

Take care, and don't do anything I wouldn't do (or would do).

**Margaret Allen**

# Creative Writing

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## A Trip on a Dalla Dalla

Having just spent the last three hours wandering in and out of mud huts in sweltering heat, we were tired and ready for a cool shower and a cold beer. The museum had been interesting and inspiring, enhanced by the arrival of a shockingly blue flying weevil and by the activities of the brightly coloured rainbow lizards, but it was time for a rest. As we were just outside the bustling and developing city of Dar es Salam, we needed transport, and we had a choice either send for a taxi or brave the public transport.

Dalla Dalla are very frequent, so off we went to find one. These buses are old minibuses with many seats in rows facing the driver. Down one side is an aisle with drop down seats to hold extra passengers. The seats are very rarely lifted so passengers just stride over them.

There are no bus stops, passengers just wave at the driver as they sit on the floor or a stone by the side of the road. Or move to the front to get off.

Getting on is easy. As well as a driver there is a man in charge of the sliding door and he decides if there is room for you on board. He directs you to a seat then hangs out of the bus as it tears along the road, until it stops for another passenger.

Well, we stopped the Dalla Dalla and feeling very lucky, clambered to an empty row at the rear. Indeed, it seemed very comfortable. The other rows were very full of brightly dressed people carrying a jumble of baskets and bags on their knees. One basket produced a noise, hinting at some livestock inside.

There was much chatter and laughing. The children turned to stare at us and others turned to smile or wave. It was a most welcoming atmosphere.

Several more stops allowed extra passengers to climb on, pushing us into the corner. Passengers were now perching on the ends of rows and filling up the aisle. I still felt quite comfortable and was amazed how many people were on the Dalla. It was quite funny to see all this sea of moving and nodding people. Surely, I thought, we must go straight to town now, it's full! How wrong I was. More got on and then more, perching on any corner they could find encouraging others to squash up together.

When a very large lady came aboard she was directed to our row and gave me a threatening glance as though to accuse me of taking up space. I was squashed against the side of the bus. I was at a loss as to what to do. I had no choice, I had to move, and so I sat sideways, with only half my bum on the seat. Thank god the seat in front was so close, it lodged me in. Everyone could now move up an inch and the big Mamma could push herself onto the end. The noise had risen, the chatter and laughs more boisterous and the head nodding mesmerizing and, at what seemed a very scary speed, the bus dashed off again past villages of every size.

Well, I thought, we must be full now. But no! The bus stopped again because the driver had spied two young women with babies and baskets running down a track. I was really captivated by now. Where were they going to sit?

They almost fell in laughing and shouting at the driver and calling to others they knew. This time people right at the front had to find the space, even the driver hunched up a bit. It was all so light-hearted, we couldn't help but feel happy at the experience we were having.

Getting off was a different experience. We couldn't! We simply did not know how to. I couldn't move. My husband couldn't stand up, the door boy was hanging out of the door and the Dalla Dalla went on its way. Eventually, others wanted to alight so I pulled myself up, leaving room for Peter to stand and we began our climb to escape. No one stood to give us room not even in the aisle seats. We had to push and clamber and stride until we were, at last, able to jump out of the door. It felt like being born all over again, but with a good breath and a good shake we were ready to continue on our way. And my goodness, those beers were really needed now.

**Veronica O'Connor**

# Creative Writing

## Never Go Back

Driving back after three weeks in the south of France, through the charming French countryside, on roads and motorways which were so much more quiet than those in the UK, we mused on holidays we had taken with the children when they were young.

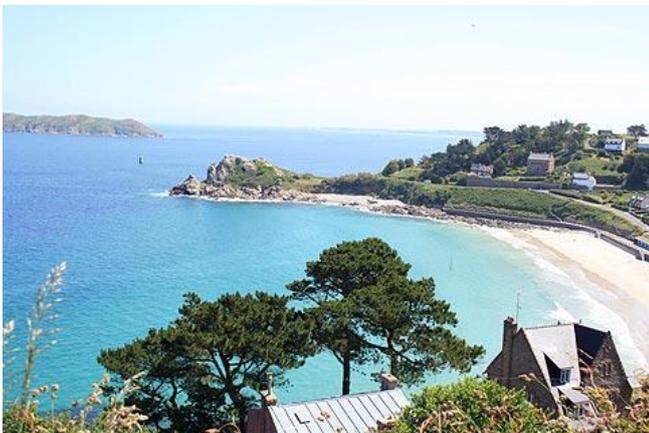
We had booked overnight accommodation at a hotel on the Brittany coast, which was a place we had often enjoyed going to in the past. The sky was always blue, the sun shone every day and we had spent days on the beautiful quiet beaches near where we were based.

"It's strange," I said to my husband, "but I do not remember any days where it rained. It was always warm. But it must have rained sometimes, and I'm sure we had some windy days. Yet, I only remember the good days."

"Same here." He muttered, negotiating a large roundabout on a new road. "I just hope the hotel we booked for tonight is up to standard."

We were taking the ferry from Roscoff the following day, and we just wanted a last look round some of the beaches we had visited all those years ago. This was to be our last driving holiday. We felt we were getting past it now. We had friends who went on a couple of cruises every year and enthused about them. But we didn't feel cruising would suit us.

We reached our destination and booked into the hotel. After an hour or two, we strolled down to the beach. Our lovely, peaceful beach. But it was crowded. Not only were there hordes of people, but we didn't recognise the place. Apartment blocks had been built along the road down to the beach, and there were more villas than we remembered.



*The View Remembered*

We strolled along the path to the harbour. Where once fishermen had moored their little boats, there were now yachts of every shape and size.

"Oh dear." My husband murmured. "It has changed."

We walked on and found a small bar, which we had frequented for lunch in the past. The interior was now very chic. We sat at a table, ordered a light lunch and drinks and watched the world go by. But, sadly, it was not the world as we remembered it.

## Olga Hampson

### A View to Die For

"Look," I said, "I know it's expensive to rent for a week. But it's a listed cottage! And in a nice, quiet village. There will be shops selling local produce. A proper butcher. Home-made bread from the local baker!"

I was wrong.

"Looks like it's in a churchyard," said the doubter.

"No," I laughed. "It's the angle the photograph was taken from. The garden must be in front of the house."

Not..... exactly.

"And," I said "we will be able to see the castle from the back windows."

Wrong again. The cottage had no back windows.



It did not have a garden either, to the back *or* the front. There was a person-width path to the front door; and a high stone wall at the other side of the path. Almost at the height of the top of this wall was

# Creative Writing

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the graveyard, and since you stepped *down* into the cottage, the view from the front windows was of the final resting places of the beloved relatives, each marked by a stone headstone or cross.

“At least,” I said, “the neighbours won’t disturb us.”

Well, true, *they* were quiet enough; but the church bells rang the hours....and the half-hours....and the quarter-hours. And sometimes it played a tune; music which was not very welcome at 5 a.m.

There was one very small food shop, but no butcher or baker; plenty of gift shops selling candles and presumably candlesticks.

However there was a great variety of tea-shops, restaurants, inns and coffee houses. And after all, there was a choice of supermarkets only 15 minutes away “as the crow flies”.

“Designed by an architect,” I remarked as we entered the cottage. There were spotlights set in the ceiling of the well-equipped kitchen-diner. It was a pity that they did not properly illuminate the dining-table; on second thoughts, perhaps it was better, given the standard of my cooking, that we ate in dim lighting. And so to bed....in the attic. The roof beams were exposed; one had a slice carved out of it, because otherwise anyone tall would have needed to duck or wear a hard-hat when getting into bed. Being of the *small* persuasion, I was allotted that side. There was a window-seat beneath the Velux window which was set into the roof to provide light. During the early morning, a pigeon came to practice his tap-dance on it while cooing his mating song to his lady-love. The bathroom contained a great round bath with a seat, but because of the sloping roof, you had to bend forwards while sitting on it. But there was also a lovely, practical shower room.

The main street was busy and narrow, but controlled by traffic lights. We had our own, labelled, parking spot.

The cottage was clean, warm, comfortable, and welcoming, with all its quirks. The countryside was green and pleasant, with plenty of interesting places to visit nearby. All in all, a lovely holiday.

And the sun shone every day!

**Ruth Howard**

## It's All About the Memories

We flew out from Manchester to Toronto for a four days stay, in what is the business and financial capital of Canada. It is situated on the shore of Lake Ontario. The cityscape is dominated by many high rise buildings, all vying to be the biggest and best. The one that impressed me was near the railway station. If the sunlight was shining on the building at the right angle, the glass and steel edifice turned to glittering gold. Well, it is the bank of Canada! There was a lot of walking involved and an afternoon sailing on the lake. We had a memorable meal one evening in the revolving restaurant at the top of the CNN Tower. With views of the city and lake below, it was not to be missed.

After four days we travelled by train to Niagara Falls. The power of the waterfall is tremendous. With its horseshoe shape, it endlessly cascades down into the river below. We venture onto a small boat called Hornblower, which sailed to the waterfall, as near as it dare. You could feel the power of the water, on your very soul. We also got really wet. It was the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Canada’s independence and the town was very busy. So after two days we moved on. The next morning we arrived at Niagara on the Lake. It is a well preserved 19th century village, at the mouth of the Niagara River and the Lake. It is charming and was well worth a visit.

Moving on again, we boarded the train from Niagara Falls to New York. A brief stop for immigration, then on to New York State. The journey took many hours, as American trains don’t go very fast. The train stopped at most stations, hooting the horn at every opportunity. We passed through local towns such as Sleepy Hallow and Poughkeepsie. As we skirted the Hudson River into New York that evening, we were greeted with many firework displays. Not for us personally, it happened to be the 4th of July.



# Creative Writing

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Two nights were spent in New York. We paid our respects to ground Zero and visited the museum about the tragedy. Later we walked the High Line. It had previously been a freight railway line, now turned into an elevated walkway, with wild flowers and trees along the way. Free from traffic, it is a pleasure to walk along.

The last seven days of the holiday were spent sailing transatlantic on Queen Mary 2. Our cabin was 13 on deck 13. We did wonder why this new and comfortable cabin was still free when we booked! Sailing back on this iconic liner with no jet lag was a real treat. Along with over two thousand people from every corner of the world. There were also twelve dogs and two cats in the kennels, which must be more comfortable than in the hold of a plane. With the wonderful food, wine and entertainment it made you feel like the stars of yesteryear. Places are wonderful to see, it is also the people you meet on your travels, that make the experience well worth it.

**Susan Pyett**

## A Pleasant Walk

A pleasant walk can stretch for miles,  
Makes us happy, creates smiles.  
The walk I treasure every day  
Is many, many miles away.

I never care about the time or weather,  
For as my feet walk through the heather,  
I see flashes of the birds on high,  
Winging their way across the sky.

Smell the strong and healthy air,  
I'm all alone, but I don't care  
For on this walk I see few people,  
I pass the church with its crooked steeple.

Looking around I feel at home,  
So it's no wonder I love to roam  
Across this wide majestic land,  
There is no other quite as grand!

There's no place that can fight the waves,  
Where many have sheltered in the caves,  
Where lives have been lost over the years  
Where families have fought, but shed their tears!

Yes it's true this place can be so rough,  
But see how it can shelter the little cough!  
It can be so caring and gives forth light,  
Yet can darken the land throughout the night.

This walk I take each and every day  
Is in my mind, where I can get away,  
To escape to Cornwall keeps me sane,  
It's an easy walk and there is no rain!

**Vivienne Tyler**

## Only 16.

I was 16, fully grown, and worked in the office of a garage in Manchester. The firm had arranged a coach trip full of office staff, mostly girls. I didn't have a girlfriend at the time and was very shy. The weather was great, as we headed out to Blackpool. The banter was good, but most of it went straight over my head. We went on all the rides, the log flume, the grand national, the waltzers and the big wheel. Happy days. On the way back, the jokers sat me next to a 19 year old typist, buxom and frisky, well gone on alcohol and feeling amorous. The lights were turned down and they were egging me on to snog her. She scared me to death, and while I felt the first stirrings of passion, she and I eventually fell asleep. Phew, what a near miss.

**Keith Gresty**

## How Not To End a Holiday

The taxi was waiting to carry her home  
As she carefully stepped from the train  
But she tripped as she strode down the platform  
And hollered, 'Help, help' in great pain.

They loaded her into an ambulance  
And plied her with gas and air.  
The siren wailed, the blue light flashed  
In no time they were there.

The doctor and nurses received her,  
Administered tests and x-rays  
Treated her pain and said she would live.  
For them she had nothing but praise.

Now nursing a broken shoulder,  
Bruises from head to toe,  
She must heed her dear family's warning:  
'Mum, look out wherever you go'.

**Ann Walker**

# Groups List

Group	Organiser	Meeting
Acoustic Folk/Rock Band	Geoff Brindle	Contact Organiser
Art	David Williams	1.45-3.45pm Mondays at the Civic Hall
Art Appreciation	Kath Bell Carol Gatenby	Monthly. Contact Organiser
Ballet Appreciation	Meg Humphries	1 <sup>st</sup> Thursday or 4 <sup>th</sup> Wednesday each month
Bird Watching	Peter Owen	Monthly. Contact Organiser (Programme on web site)
Bridge	Dorothy Rowland	2.00pm alternate Mondays at the Civic Hall
Bus Pass Explorer	Evelyn Shepherd	Last meeting this year 8 <sup>th</sup> November. Restarts in March 2018
Cake Decorating	Ann Tofield	Contact Organiser
Creative Writing	Veronica O'Connor Ann Walker	2.00pm 2 <sup>nd</sup> & 4 <sup>th</sup> Mondays in month Davenport Golf Club
Crosswords	Ed Milius	By arrangement with the organiser
Day Trips	Iris & Gerry Neale	Information at General Meetings & on website
Diners' Club	Gerard Miller	Next – Friday 24 <sup>th</sup> November - Legh Arms, Adlington 12.00-12.30
Discussion	Les Simpson	
D.I.Y.	Sue Badger	4 <sup>th</sup> Thursday in month
Family History	Moyna Barrott	2.00pm 1 <sup>st</sup> Wednesday in month at the Civic Hall
Film Discussion Group	Maggie Eagland	2.00pm 3 <sup>rd</sup> Wednesday in month
French Conversation	Sandra & Keith Batchelor	Monthly. Contact Organiser
Geology	Peter Bennett	Monthly. Contact Organiser
German Conversation	Peter Owen	Monthly
History	Wendy Fermor Dorothy Bayman	2.00pm 4 <sup>th</sup> Tuesday in month
Music Appreciation	Liz Markham	2.00pm 1 <sup>st</sup> Thursday in month
Needlecrafts	Beryl Simpson	1.45-3.45pm 4 <sup>th</sup> Thursday in month at the Civic Hall
Newsletter	Clive Hill	Contact Organiser
Photography	Peter Bennett & Hilary Tivey John Jurics	Monthly. Contact Organisers
Play Reading	Catherine Owen	2.15pm 1 <sup>st</sup> Tuesday in month
Reading Group 1	Iris Neale	2 <sup>nd</sup> Tuesday in month
Reading Group 2	Glenys Parry-Jones	Last Monday of the month 10.30am at Wetherspoons
Science & Technology	Carol & Derek Gatenby	Contact Organisers
Scrabble	Dorothy Bayman	2.00pm 2 <sup>nd</sup> Monday in month
Short Walks	Joan Stepto	2 <sup>nd</sup> & 4 <sup>th</sup> Tuesdays in month
Spanish	Paul Freeborn	Mondays 10-11.30
Table Tennis	Janet Gill	Every Wednesday 2.00-4.00pm and every Thursday 1.30-4.00pm at Poynton Sports Club
Walking	Marilyn Westbrook	1 <sup>st</sup> Thursday in month

# Groups List

## Other Poynton Groups open to our U3A Members

Group	Organiser	Meeting
Hallé Concert Visits	Yvonne Sharma	Information at General Meetings & on web site
PHS-PTA Theatre Trips	Elaine Roe	Information at General Meetings & on web site
PHS-PTA Minibreaks	Elaine Roe	Information at General Meetings & on web site
Walking Netball	Liz Arrowsmith	Every Tuesday 11.00am-12.00 at Poynton Leisure Centre

## NEC Network U3A Open Groups

Group	Organiser	Telephone	Meeting
Badminton (Bramhall)	Douglas Moore	Contact Bramhall U3A	2.00-4.00 Tuesdays
Creative Writing (Bramhall)	Pat George	Contact Bramhall U3A	2.00 2 <sup>nd</sup> Wednesday in month
Cycling (Wilmslow)	Richard Thomas	Contact Wilmslow U3A	Weekly – Contact Organiser
Embroidery (Bramhall)	Dorothy Chesterman	Contact Bramhall U3A	10.00 alternate Wednesdays
Line Dancing (Bramhall)	Chris Chapman	Contact Bramhall U3A	1.30 -3.30 Wednesdays
Personal Image (Bramhall)	Catherine Jones	Contact Bramhall U3A	6-week courses, Thursdays 10.00-12.00
Scottish country Dancing (Bramhall)	Sheila Bruce-Smith	Contact Bramhall U3A	1.30-3.00 Fortnightly, Fridays
Wine Tasting (Bramhall)	Jenny Richmond	Contact Bramhall U3A	Bi-monthly

***Please be sure to let us have any news items and photographs from your group's activities for our Website and Notice Board, via your Group Organiser.***

***If you are interested in joining any groups, contact the group organiser, or if you are interested in forming a new group, speak to Joan at General Meetings or email [groups@poyntonu3a.org.uk](mailto:groups@poyntonu3a.org.uk) .***

*Thanks to everybody who has contributed to the current newsletter. If you would like to submit articles or photographs for a future newsletter, please email your contribution to [newsletter@poyntonu3a.org.uk](mailto:newsletter@poyntonu3a.org.uk) or give it to a member of the Newsletter Group. The next copy date for the Poynton U3A Newsletter is February 8<sup>th</sup> 2018.*

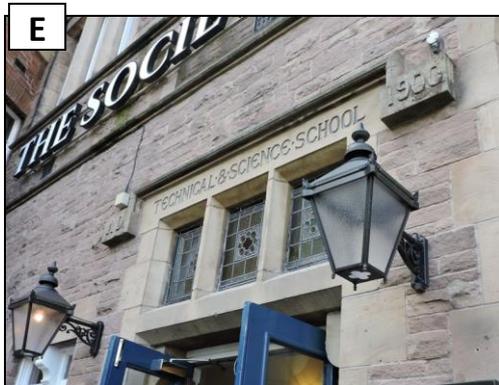
***Message to all Group Organisers:*** *When you email your group members about arrangements, please send a copy to [webmaster@poyntonu3a.org.uk](mailto:webmaster@poyntonu3a.org.uk) so that we can keep the website up to date. Thank you.*

Thank you to Gerard Miller for organising the Dining Club successfully for many years but he has now decided to stop at the end of this year. If the Dining Club is to continue it will now need a new Organiser, volunteers please come forward.

Although the Laptop and Internet Basics Group has now stopped there are still some members who would like help with tablets and laptops, so if anyone could help it would be much appreciated.

# Photography Group

The photography group did a Photo Walk in Macclesfield recently and found some interesting views of Macclesfield. Do you recognise them? Answers in the next issue of the newsletter



# Views from the Groups

## Short Walks

All walks start at 10.45am or, if you want a lift to the start, 10.30am at the Civic Centre.

14 <sup>th</sup> Nov	Sugar Lane Round, start at public car park on Holehouse Lane near the canal and past the Windmill Pub
28 <sup>th</sup> Nov	Lady's Incline, start at the Civic Centre
12 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Hagg Farm Circuit, start at Nelson Pit followed by lunch at the Boar's Head
<b>Christmas Break</b>	
9 <sup>th</sup> Jan	Miners Arms and Poynton Coppice, start at Coppice car park
23 <sup>rd</sup> Jan	Clarence Mill, start at the public car park Holehouse Lane near the canal and past the Windmill Pub
13 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Adlington Basin, start at Coppice car park
27 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Whitely Green to Bollington, start at public car park Holehouse Lane near the canal and past the Windmill Pub
13 <sup>th</sup> Mar	Petre Bank, start at Civic Centre
27 <sup>th</sup> Mar	Jackson's Brickworks Nature Reserve, start at Jackson's Brickworks car park, Pool House Lane
10 <sup>th</sup> Apr	Edge of Lyme Park, start at Nelson Pit
24 <sup>th</sup> Apr	Lyme Park, start at lay-by West Park gate
8 <sup>th</sup> May	Bluebell Walk & Styperson Pool, start at public car park Holehouse Lane near the canal and past the Windmill Pub
22 <sup>nd</sup> May	Hilltop Walk, start at Coppice car park
12 <sup>th</sup> Jun	Four Wind and Lyme Park, coffee stop in Lyme Park, start at Coppice car park
26 <sup>th</sup> Jun	Copperside Walk, start at Coppice car park
10 <sup>th</sup> Jul	Wood Lane wild flowers walk, start at lay-by near Miners Arms
24 <sup>th</sup> Jul	Lyme Park picnic walk, start at lay-by West Park gate
<b>Summer Break – The next walk is on 11<sup>th</sup> September</b>	

Joan Stepto

## Walking Group



## Science & Technology at the Bollington Brewery

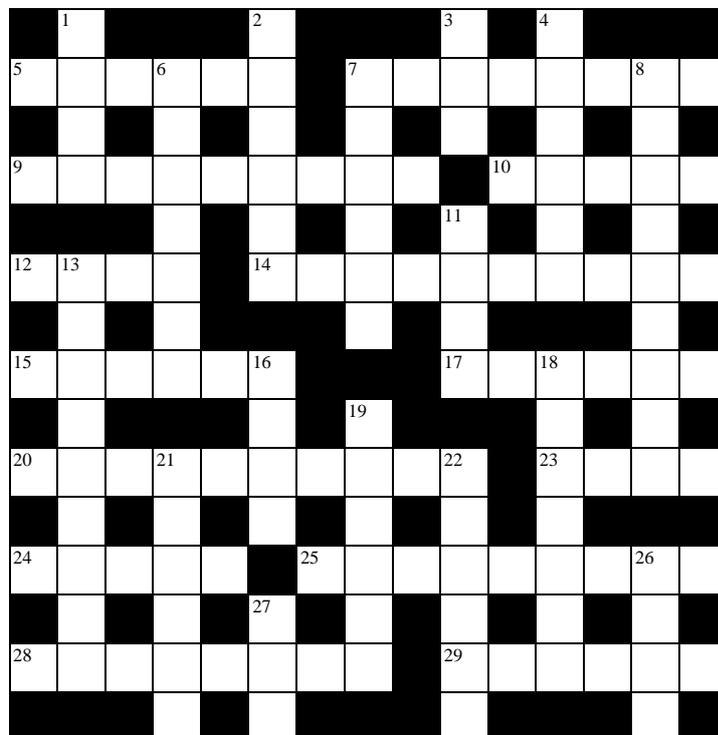


# Members' Corner

## POYNTON U3A CROSSWORD PUZZLE No.21

### ACROSS

- 5 Versatile tea leaves - if brewed they make a precious metal! (6)  
 7 Sounds like wet weather darling - let's give Santa a ride! (8)  
 9 Daily help to cater roughly for personality. (9)  
 10 Titled Ottoman in once more - sounds profitable! (5)  
 12 Saluki with an exotic bird in hiding. (4)  
 14 Twenty sound fed up - could be directors showing the state of play. (10)  
 15 Vitamin store for a clergyman. (6)  
 17 Rough sea, fit for a carnival. (6)  
 20 Saddler? Bah! - rubbish. (10)  
 23 Whirlpool emanating from the King Alfred dynasty. (4)  
 24 5+10+50 and a musical instrument. (5)  
 25 Sounds like a species of ape waiting to wage war. (9)  
 28 Access to transport. (8)  
 29 Large lady with a marital problem. (6)



### DOWN

- 1 Creature initially found in Southport Harbour. (4)  
 2 Plant that occurs in a storm. (6)  
 3 It's a small bird, whichever way you look at it. (3)  
 4 Out of order, I go after a lady in slow movement. (6)  
 6 Nail coat, if without royalties would disappear. (7)  
 7 Antelope spilled beer - OK! Agreed. (6)  
 8 Tiger made to find new ground. (9)  
 11 Have a moan about the Sunday roast. (4)  
 13 Type of game played at Bletchley? - Yes, but it's spoof. (9)  
 16 Maybe on the menu! Otherwise confined to the borders of Prestwick. (4)  
 18 Doing some ironing at sundown. (7)  
 19 EU Band giving name to European flower. (6)  
 21 A lead singer? Who? Oh, of course. (6)  
 22 Musical instrument by long established model company. (6)  
 26 Animal connected with London Palace. (4)  
 27 Note, Greek letter as an animal. (4)

### Crossword Puzzle No.20 Solution

C	H	A	O	T	I	C	B	L	E	E	P	E	R	
A	C	A	H	A	S	R	E							
L	I	K	E	T	H	E	C	L	A	P	P	E	R	S
L	N	E	A	A	Y	S	E							
I	D	O	L	S	P	I	N	E	U	S	E	R		
N	W	D	E	C	T	C	V							
G	A	L	L	E	O	N	E	A	R	H	O	L	E	
C	A	D	A	V	E	R	B	E	N	E	F	I	T	
A	G	E	I	I	D	E	E							
P	O	E	M	A	G	A	T	E	C	R	A	M		
I	M	W	H	T	I	E	P							
T	H	E	L	I	T	T	L	E	P	R	I	N	C	E
A	N	F	L	R	I	C	S							
L	O	T	T	E	R	Y	N	A	S	C	E	N	T	

Compiled by Ed Milius and Ian Berresford of the Poynton U3A Crossword Group.  
 If you would like to join us, contact Ed

# French Conversation



## Marple Canal Trip - July 2017

John Wallace is a volunteer skipper for The Mary Sunley Canal Boat Trust. They have a beautiful boat, 4 years old, air conditioned with a galley kitchen and toilet. Always available to hire for residential homes, societies, etc

Our trip was from the Trading Post Café, Higher Poynton to the Bull's Head, High Lane, then back towards Bollington, returning to Higher Poynton in 4 hrs. The boat is 62 ft long and isn't good at 3 point turns on a canal 20 ft wide so the canal widens to produce turning circles at intervals. The skipper can turn/rotate on a sixpence (old money). We were glad to miss the fun when a strong wind hits the boat sideways on.

As we 'upt' anchor, John, in pretty good French gave us instructions on safety. I understood most of it. Something about what to do if a gang of refugees from Marple try to hijack the boat to escape to Poynton.

This trip should be UNESCO Heritage - Beautiful, peaceful, historic, gliding through Cheshire countryside, doffing our caps or a curtsy if we pass Darcy or Miss Bennet on Lyme Road.

I think Keith hoped we would speak French for the trip. We did, for the first five minutes. We would have crowded into the front, waving the Tricolor and singing the Marseillaise (Allons enfants de .....) or Les Miserables (Do you hear the----). Actually it rained hard most of the time so we didn't do either. The intrepids who ventured out enjoyed real canal life, ducking our heads under the bridges, holding our breaths when passing other boats, appreciating the great camaraderie amongst canal folk.

Peter and I sat at the front in First Class, Val and Shirley in Steerage at the back with Leonardo di Caprio. Sandra and helpers were the galley slaves.

It's all so beautiful, Moorhen families, Swans, Duck families, Sheep, cows. We saw three Herons unless it was the same one three times. On one side fields, houses with beautiful gardens, fishing platforms and moorings. The other side, the tow path, was for the horses but now used to develop bicycles that can creep up behind you. The horses couldn't work day and night so around 1886 a new type of horse was used, a Steam Engine, replaced by Diesel around 1919. Neither useful to local gardeners.

Up North, canals played a big part in social life. I hope you all have good memories. I remember 60 years ago when courting Maureen, we dreamed a dream by the old canal. She was dressed in red. "No it was blue". "Oh, oui je m'en souviens bien." But then nostalgia isn't like it used to be.

We had a lovely time, even if wet, and must thank John, Sandra and Keith. Many of us know this canal from walking, but sailing gives such a different perspective 'et pas d'effort.'

This is for Peter, "No wrecks and nobody drowned, fact nothing to laugh at all"

**David Wallis**