October 2026

Hunstanton u3a Magazine

learn, laugh, live

Keeping our members in touch

O for Orange!

Our Flower Fairies created this beautiful arrangement, among others, for the Dersingham Flower Festival.

See inside for more.



Please send in more photographs for our cover page. They need not have anything to do with groups' activities. They just need to be attractive!

From our Chair

Dear members

The national u3a has undertaken a survey of its members (of which you are one!) to see how the u3a has affected people's lives. The findings make interesting reading and, as members, you probably recognise and agree with the results.

The "*u3a and me"* survey asked more than 10,000 members about the difference u3a makes to their lives.

The findings show that u3a helps people keep learning, build friendships, stay active, feel more connected and contribute to their communities.

It gives local u3as a strong evidence base to promote the value of membership with confidence: not just what u3a offers, but the difference it can make to people's lives.

95% of u3a members say u3a has improved their life in some way.

79% of members say u3a has expanded their social connections

For more information on the survey and its results look at https://www.u3a.org.uk/what-we-do/our-impact/u3a-impact-reports/u3a-and-me

I look forward to seeing you at our October meeting, which will be our AGM and a celebration of 35 years as a u3a. Tickets will be on sale (£5) at the October and November meetings for our December Christmas Party.

Best wishes.

Hilary

From our Committee

Our Committee Members

Role	Name	email
Chair	Hilary Farrell	chair@hunstantonu3a.org
Vice Chair		vicechair@hunstantonu3a.org
Secretary	Virginia Young	secretary@hunstantonu3a.org
Treasurer		treasurer@hunstantonu3a.org
Membership Secretary	Margaret Oates	memsec@hunstantonu3a.org
Webmaster & Beacon Admin	Ian Holland	web@hunstantonu3a.org
Publicity		publicity@hunstantonu3a.org
Speakers Secretary	Ann McKimm	speakers@hunstantonu3a.org
Groups Co-ordinator	Jacquie Yaxley	groups@hunstantonu3a.org

In the list a blank shows that the position is vacant. In each case there is a candidate who has been proposed and seconded for election at the AGM. For the other committee positions, the person named was already in post, and has been proposed and seconded for re-election. The exception is Groups Co-ordinator, where the position is vacant, but Jacquie Yaxley is willing to remain for a limited period until a replacement has been found.

By clicking on any email address in this list, you can email the committee member directly. Remember that you can also contact any member of the Committee by going to the Hunstanton u3a website and clicking on “Contact Us”.

If you have an issue or query that you would like discussed at the next committee meeting, or wish to see the minutes of a particular committee meeting, please contact the Secretary with your request along with your full contact details.

PLEASE NOTE: When a Committee member changes, the email address (and all past and future email correspondence) for their post goes to their replacement. This means that **you** need to change the entry in **your** email app’s address book (or contacts list), otherwise the old name will show up on all future email correspondence!

Update on Membership Renewals

Are you one of those last few who have yet to renew their membership?

If so, then this is a gentle reminder to do so now so that you can continue to participate in our u3a and enjoy attending groups. We appreciate that circumstances can change and, if you don’t intend to renew, then please let me know and you’ll hear no further.

After 30th October any membership still unpaid will be lapsed.

Payment can be made by bank transfer to:

Account name: HUNSTANTON u3a **Sort code:** 08-92-99

Account number: 67213160 **Ref:** Your Name

If you are intending to pay at the next meeting on 19th October, you are reminded to write your name and address on the reverse of your cheque made payable to Hunstanton u3a.

If you are paying in cash then please place the **correct amount** in an envelope with your name and membership number written on it.

The meeting will start promptly at 2 pm and you are advised to allow sufficient time beforehand in which to make your payment.

Margaret Oates

Christmas Party

Come and join us for our annual u3a Christmas Party, back at the Hunstanton Community Centre by popular demand! Enjoy festive food & drink, entertainment from the Platinum Players, a seasonal raffle and plenty of Christmas cheer. Numbers are limited to 100, so get your tickets early to be sure of a place.



AGM on October 19th

The documents for the AGM are now on the website here

The date of the meeting is at 2:00 pm on October 19th. All members are urged to attend as we need to make important decisions for our u3a.



The meeting will be followed by "Tea & Cake", to celebrate our 35 yrs as a u3a, and a Quiz.

All attendees will receive a u3a mug and cupcake.



First 100 only – first come first served!

All committee and group leaders will be wearing their badges; to enable you to identify them so you can address any concerns and/or requests to them.

The Committee

September Members Meeting



Amanda Sutherland delivered a vibrant presentation to match her fascinating (no pun intended) life. A talent for the creative use of materials was evident in childhood, and she even started a business when a schoolgirl. The natural progression was to the London College of Fashion and Design, and this pivotal location led to high profile connections and career opportunities.

The fashion and entertainment industries melded to offer a series of film and television ventures, and there is little doubt we have all seen her costumes. The next step was to

establish an independent fashion brand featuring both formal wear and accessories, some of the latter repurposed from unexpected sources. Melted-down milk cartons for example!

A shrewd business woman, Amanda was quick to embrace online shopping and she enjoys worldwide sales. She brought a rack of eye-catching hats, neckwear and jewellery that drew a crowd of customers at the end of her presentation. This is but a snatch of Amanda's creative journey, delivered with zest, and so well-received that Speaker Secretary Ann McKimm re-booked her on the spot. We will meet her again in 2027.

A Sad Editorial

It is with huge sadness that I inform you of the death of Sylvia Pratt, on October 10 at the Gables Care Home in Dersingham.

Sylvia was a founder member of our u3a and also started the newsletter, editing it for nearly 35 years until earlier this year. I worked with her on the Newsletter (doing the finishing-off work when IT advances made it hard for her to cope) for much of the last ten years or so. Before that, when I had just joined our u3a, I remember her welcoming face as she took the money, and handed out newsletters, at our monthly meetings. She gave that up after covid as she became less mobile.

It was Sylvia who made the decision, during the covid crisis, to make the Newsletter more of a magazine than a list of announcements. We published the Newsletter even when there were no group or branch meetings to announce or report on. The idea was to reduce the loneliness that many of our members were feeling, by keeping them in touch with our u3a. Members began to submit articles on a variety of topics, and that spirit of giving to our fellow members has led to the magazine that you now enjoy every month.

Syvia continued to work hard on the Newsletter even as her difficulties in getting out and about gradually reduced her involvement in groups. For several years, she also served our u3a by sourcing and organising speakers for the monthly members' meetings.

She remained an active member of the Crime Book group right up to the end, even though she could not attend its meetings. My wife, Sue Hutcheson, would take the set books to her and she would let Sue know, in no uncertain terms, what she thought of them in order that her views were fed back to the group.

I hope that someone will submit a more complete tribute to Sylvia, especially anyone who has known her for longer than I have. We will publish any submissions in the November magazine.

When they are available, we will send out via Beacon details of the funeral.

From our Groups

Strollers

This was taken on our most recent Strollers walk. A circular walk from Brancaster via Barrow Common and back to Brancaster. As you can see it was a beautiful day with super views. We have a really lovely friendly group. Anyone interested in joining, please contact us via the website.

Annette and **Peter Francis**



…And, from a Stollers group member:



On Tuesday 29th September the Strollers group had a circular walk around the environs of Castle Rising. Starting on the Lynn Road opposite the Golf Club they walked through Ling Woods to Common Road then across the fields to the Tea Rooms. After reviving sustenance, they then returned through the woods, over the sand hills and back to their cars. Approximately three and a half miles, our normal length.

The group usually walk on Wednesday mornings, but this was an 'extra' in lovely weather.

Art Appreciation

Visit to Grimsthorpe Castle



The September visit of the Art Appreciation group was to Grimsthorpe Castle. Henry VIII granted it to William, Baron Willoughby de Eresby when he married Marina de Salinas, a lady- in-waiting to Katherine of Aragon in 1516.

It is situated in Lincolnshire, in what is claimed to be possibly the oldest parkland in England. Originally dense woodland, the land was given



to Cistercian Monks who built a monastery and an Abbey in the 12th century. Occasionally stones from that period have been found during external work over the centuries. A tower dating from the 13th century is still preserved as part of this impressive historical building, which has remained in the Willoughby family to the present day. They were granted the hereditary role of Lord Great Chamberlain in 1626.

Interestingly, the Barony can be held by the female side of the family, the present holder of the peerage being (Nancy) Jane Marie Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, 28th Baroness Willoughby de Eresby (b. 1934). She is the sixth woman to hold the title and granddaughter of Nancy Astor, whose daughter had married into the family in 1933. Throughout the years the family held different titles including Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven, and Earl of Ancaster, both of which were terminated; they also acquired other titles and properties, including a castle in Scotland, through judicious marriages. Modern dating apps are very small beer compared with the network used in the past! Interestingly, the 5th Baron married Lucy Le Strange (1367-1405)

Over the course of the centuries, additions and changes have been made by the family. Particularly spectacular are those made by the architect John Vanbrugh, a friend of the first Duke, whom he knew when they were both in Europe in the 1680s. Vanbrugh was also close to the Duke's brother, the Hon. Peregrine Bertie. This year is the 300th anniversary of the death of Vanbrugh and there is a fascinating display in the great entrance hall showing his proposed designs for the building. His use of symmetry creates a magnificent double storey high area, with windows on the outer wall mirrored on the opposite wall by arches containing portraits of monarchs. At ground floor level at each end, there are arches leading to staircases to the first floor rooms, above these are more arches containing busts of various ancient Romans and gods. The shape of the painted domed ceiling portraying mythological figures is mirrored by the floor.

The state rooms on the first floor contain many things acquired by the family as part of the perquisites of their position of Great Chamberlain, which allowed them to take possession of ceremonial things no longer required by the monarch. In the State Dining Room there are three thrones and chairs used by monarchs at coronation banquets, a particularly large one used by George IV at his ceremonial banquet. The room also contains the chair and footstool used by Queen Caroline, wife of George IV during her trial in the House of Lords. The dining

table was set with Meissen and Sèvres porcelain. Vanbrugh's symmetrical design caused a second door frame and matching dummy door to be placed on the wall. Belgian tapestries and portraits are displayed on the walls under the painted ceiling portraying 'The Arts and the Sciences'. Slightly incongruously, there is also a bust of Handel.



The other rooms are full of historic furniture and other artefacts which our knowledgeable guide pointed out, including the table where Queen Victoria signed her accession documents, clocks of various shapes and sizes including one particularly tall Grandfather clock and a wonderful display of Blue John, some with rare colouring. The tapestries and portraits are by artists of the period, including van Dyck and Stubbs. There are also Chippendale chairs, Japanese and Chinese cabinets, marble top tables, gilded mirrors; the list goes on and on as it reflects the different styles over the centuries. It is well worth looking up at the ceilings painted with allegorical scenes or Grecian myths. We looked into the rooms that famous people had slept in, some of which are still used when the estate trustees make their inspection.





The final visit was to the Chapel, where services are still held on Sundays at 4pm. It is very simple with a tall ornate wooden wine glass pulpit and benches round the walls. On the floor is a carpet woven with the heraldic quarterings added to the family coat of arms over the years.

We then had time to wander through the gardens, some of which had been created by Capability Brown. Fortunately, the weather was good so, although many of the flowers were past their best, it was possible to admire the topiary squares and wander through the kitchen gardens before the journey home.

Jean Hornbuckle

Flower Arranging

Our u3a flower arranging group, AKA The Flower Fairies, took part in the Dersingham Flower Festival. The theme this year was a walk through the Alphabet. Our designs were G for Garden, I for Ice and O for Orange.



G for Garden



I for Ice



O for Orange
See also photo on front page

There were weeks of planning, ordering, sharing etc. before the event even took place! Copious cuppas and biscuit treats later, nineteen separate arrangements were made. A tiring but enjoyable time was had by all who were pleasantly surprised by their efforts.

Let's hope you agree ...

Sandra Loader

Military Matters



Three of the group went out for the evening to the Majestic cinema in Kings Lynn, to see the film *Pressure*. This film has been advertised a lot, but does not seem to take the public eye. Possibly because it's about military matters of World War Two but not the beat 'em up and shoot 'em down type. There are some well-known actors strutting their stuff but, on looking at dates to book online, none of the theatres were over-booked. Only eight people were in our theatre on the day.

The film deals with the date selected for the invasion of Europe and of all things the weather. So its title has many contexts from what I could see:

The pressure on senior officers to select a date and get thousands of troops on the move.

The pressure on the forecasters of the weather and not the least part the pressure of the weather front heading this way. Prime minister Churchill selected a weather man whom he believed was the best in this country. The Americans already had a weather man (a colonel) whom they thought was the best. Churchill's man, a lowly Captain 'James Stagg', was put in charge and wasn't really popular.

The 'pressure' on this lowly captain dealing with generals Eisenhower and Montgomery as well as the chiefs of the Army, Navy and Air force who all believe the other weather man is tremendous. Captain Stagg is proved right, and we know the end results.

We, as a group interested in these things, found the film thoroughly entertaining and informative of an event that changed lives. I would recommend watching it should you get an opportunity. I am sure it will make the TV soon. A good film about matters we don't usually hear about.

Martin Turner

From our Members

What's in a bottle of Valpolicella… 2026

Over supper, looking more closely at the bottle of Valpolicella on the table, we saw it appeared to come from Bardolino.

"I like this wine, smooth and light…. where's Bardolino?"

We looked it up on the internet, and saw it was on Lake Garda – the Italian Lakes.



Immediately I was transported back to the late 1950's, to a place called Limone, where as a child of six I was left unsupervised on the rocky lakeside to throw valueless alloy lira coins into a pattern on this waterside of sunny multicoloured reflections.

Within ten minutes we had booked a week in early October in Bardolino, staying on the waterfront.

Once there in a comfortable hotel, the clash of memory and reality hit. It was the weekend of the 95th Wine Festival in Bardolino itself. This once compact village had generated stalls all along the waterfront, and crowds of folk knee deep in homage to wine, sporting pouches to hold a bottle, and each clutching a glass (compulsory equipment provided for 4 Euro a pop) to fill from the bottle or at the many stations offering wine tasting and purchase at 2 Euro a glass.



Everywhere, the mainly non-native visitors had poured out of vast German camper van sites, for wine, to dine, or to form long queues for the boat to other destinations on Lake Garda.

I checked out the Limone of my youth, only to find that it seemed like a four hour voyage there, and four back. Also, under a wonderful late summer sun, the timetables were changing to Autumn and winter, and were both difficult to understand, and also slightly unreliable.

Peace and quiet were never far away, and the bus took us to Verona with its amphitheatre, bars and shops, its river and history. We kissed under Juliet's balcony, (authenticated especially by William Shakespeare in person) and had the pleasure of eating a homemade snack in a local bar whose facilities had not been updated since the 1920's.

All said, the sun gave us a summer finale, the hotel a truly comfortable and convenient stay in the centre of the action, all thanks to a bottle of Valpolicella!

Martin Chown

A Moving Tale of Two Locations

Lifestyle Recalled



In 2004 we decided to move house. We had been living in a large house in a market town on the outskirts of Peterborough for fifteen years, which served us very well, but now the children had grown up and left home. I had recently taken early retirement from a well-paid profession. We owned a holiday cottage in Norfolk, and I was riding my bike for pleasure rather than the past racing malarkey, so all was well.

One year later, we accepted an offer. The buyers were keen to move quickly, and so were we, so a frenetic search began. Armed with multiple glossy brochures, we viewed a range of properties before selecting the one we wanted, a cottage in a village between Kings Lynn and Sandringham which was owned as a second home by a wealthy barrister and judge.

Once our offer was accepted, it was clear that they too wanted to move quickly so the pressure was on. It was obvious that we were dealing with a very powerful man who had represented royalty and politicians as a barrister, was head of chambers, and was an extremely pleasant person. In six weeks, we had sold a house, cleared two skips of rubbish, bought our future home and were in it by Christmas. Just six weeks to realise our dream. The winter sun was warming.

Development Thread



Our lives changed: I was working for myself part time, my wife was working fewer hours and we had time to spend together so that our health improved and the sun shone every day. Over the next twenty years we travelled, renovated and got involved in the community. I had a good group of cycling buddies riding 150 miles a week at a good pace, Mrs L had an art studio and a bunch of like-minded friends, but above all we had a patio with a wood fired pizza oven. The Italian sun was wonderful.

My father died aged a hundred years. He had been an accountant, so his affairs were exceedingly well documented with the result that our legacy came quickly. We decided to buy a flat in Hunstanton so that our family could use it and we could enjoy time away. More importantly, it was somewhere that the grandchildren could stay rather than keeping us up all night with endless frivolous enthusiasm. All was well with the world. The sun still shone every day.

Then I crashed my bike, pretending I was still 21 and could still out-sprint the youngsters. With one broken shoulder, and diagnosis of degenerating cervical vertebrae brought about mainly by a misspent youth riding bikes and driving fast cars, I was told cycling was no longer a good idea. A cloud came over the sun.

And then my wife had a seizure. Rushed on blue lights to hospital, talk of air lifts to Cambridge, multiple tests and loss of driving licence, left us distraught. The sun had gone beneath the horizon.

Much discussion, debate and argument were followed by the decision to move to the flat. Yes it was small, yes it was further from the hospital, yes it was closer to shops, yes it had a large private garden, yes it had a parking space. Common sense prevailed, possibly for the first time. We built a huge garden room for my wife's art enterprises and, importantly, some independent personal space. We spent the money and relished the finished product – until the retaining wall collapsed piling tons of rubble against the new building. Pressing on regardless, remodelling the kitchen and bathroom to give us future-proofing, we carried on.

The seeds were sown and began to germinate when the cottage went on the market. The agents were good – they even put up with our "the brochure doesn't quite capture the essence of the property" comments so that, just before Easter 2026, we hit the market. Three weeks, seventeen viewings, five offers. We accepted an offer from a cash (with mortgage) buyer and his fiancé. Simple, we thought, he's a property surveyor and she's a vet so it should be straightforward. The Spring sunshine warmed our bones. Who was to know?

Month one April: Solicitors appointed, property details exchanged, compliance certificates exchanged

Month two May: Buyer's mortgage offer accepted, details of goods and chattels included agreed.

Month three June: Buyer finds a better mortgage provider so back to square two. Buyer's solicitor asks multiple, mainly irrelevant, questions.

Month four July: Buyer's solicitor asks the same multiple irrelevant questions (who maintains the roadside verges? etc.) and doesn't appreciate our "we refer you to the answer we gave on 24th April" response.

Month five August: We're ready to exchange contracts. Buyers announce they're on holiday from 14th so can we complete by then? OK we could do that, but we need to exchange today so that we can get removals sorted. One week later we're set to exchange until the Land Registry decides our Norfolk cottage is in Blackpool – so no exchange today. Move on three days, and exchange finally happens but we need to complete in ten days.

The Track of Moving

It's 5th August 2026. We set up the removal company for 11th and 12th August. The skip is full, the cottage is ready; we are nervous.

It's 08:30 11th August. The removers arrive and start packing, by midday they're done (including 46 jars of my wife's homemade jam) so start loading the garden and shed things. This includes my ancient pot grown olive tree. By 14:00 we're in Hunstanton with the outdoor stuff.

It's 08:30 12th August. Removers load the vans and set off, the cottage is barren. Unloading is rapid, careful and exact so that by 16:00 we're in the flat surrounded by boxes.



It's 10:00 14th August completion is done. We no longer own the cottage.

So here we are, after 55 years. We've lived next to Heathrow, moved to Peterborough, moved to rural Cambridgeshire, moved to Norfolk, kept goats and chickens, managed large gardens, raced bikes, released artistic talents, brought up children, travelled widely and generally made nuisances of ourselves.

We now know that buying from a judge means that every local miscreant will have done their community in the property and that selling to a surveyor/valuer is not straightforward.

We are now settled in Hunstanton and still have our heads attached to our bodies.

Andy Lane

The Crown

The child's voice roused Annie from a doze. 'It's a crown! Look, Great-Gran, it's a crown!' Small hands lifted the object and set it on a halo of blonde curls.

The sight made Annie smile. 'It's a tiara,' she corrected gently.

'Did *you* wear it?'



‘Once I did. Once, long ago.’ In another life, so it seemed.

‘Why?’ came the inevitable query. ‘Were you a princess?’

‘No, child. I was a queen.’

Left alone with the child, growing tired of questions all starting with, ‘Great-Gran, why…’ out of desperation Annie had rooted out her old box of mementoes. She had all but forgotten most of the contents, but as the child discovered each one the memories came flooding. Clearer than yesterday.

An old shoe box held a mismatched tea set -- cheap fairing pottery, carefully wrapped in tissue. She had kept it for years, imagining her daughters playing with the set, and their daughters after them. But when the time came the time had passed. There were pictures scrawled by childish hands. Home-made Christmas cards. A delicate bird, its silvery tail long moulted, with a clip to attach it to a Christmas tree. A pair of tiny lederhosen sent by German friends when one of the boys was small. Memories… That straw bonnet with blue ribbons summoned up dragonflies with opal wings flitting over the hayfield that warm May day. The hat was battered now after seventy-odd years but still it summoned the sweet smell of hay after rain, and a boy with smiling grey eyes.

And then the tiara, a confection of silver-coloured wire, tiny seed pearls and marcasite. Caught in the twists of wire there remained a dried stalk from the apple blossom that Annie had twined into the crown. The May Queen’s crown. Yes, she remembered…

Despite the war, the village celebrations had continued, perhaps the more gay and merry because of the horrors of the news, bombs on the cities, fires, and, even deep in the countryside, ‘Put that light out!’. It all came back clear as day. The May Day dance in the village hall. The American servicemen in their smart uniforms, so glamorous, so generous, so polite. ‘Over-sexed, over-paid and over here,’ the British boys had complained.

As May Queen, Annie had been the belle of the ball, but she had been careful to avoid the obvious traps. Her mother had warned her – ‘Don’t fall for their fancy talk. Half of them are married anyway. You don’t want to get caught like Lou Hubbard, disgraced for life with a coffee-coloured bastard hanging on her skirts.’ No, Annie wasn’t about to get caught that way; she was a farmer’s daughter and she knew the ways of the world. Besides, her heart belonged to the boy with grey eyes, the boy she’d grown up with and loved since the day he gave her a bunch of old keys and said they were the keys to his heart. He was six years old.

By the time she was chosen to be May Queen, Robbie Garside was twenty-one and home on leave in his blue RAF uniform with the newly-won Sergeant’s stripes. He knew every type of plane, even from a distance. Robbie wasn’t a flyer, thank goodness, though he had dearly wanted to be a pilot, but he was short-sighted and wore glasses, so he worked on the aircraft. Engineering Section. Not that that was safe any longer. Having lost the battle in the air, Hitler was sending his bombers to destroy airfields and planes on the ground. No one was safe, be they office staff or ground crew. Annie worried desperately about that.

Came the day when she and Robbie had gone walking hand in hand, along the lane where the hay stood tall, growing ripe for the scythes of June. Leaning side by side on the field gate, his arm warm around her, they had watched a dog fight in the sky – a Spitfire and a Messerschmitt 410 -- and cheered as the Messerschmitt plummeted to earth beyond distant hills. The flash of fire looked bright against a darkening sky as a sudden squall blew up, a fierce wind throwing unseasonable hail that sent her and Robbie through the gate and onto the grassy headland of the field, under the shelter of the hedge. To the warmth and comfort of each other’s arms. And sudden irresistible need and desire. No one was safe anymore. Who knew what tomorrow might bring, or if it would ever come? Today was the only certainty left in the world. She remembered. Oh, she remembered. Robbie Garside. Tall and gangly, with curly fair hair, awkward and shy, tongue-tied, short-sighted…

The child looked up at her. Wide grey eyes. Like Robbie’s. Like Robbie’s son, William, and William’s son Graham. Now Graham’s daughter… Amy, that was it. Amy. The child who looked on the world with Robbie’s eyes. He wasn’t gone. Something of him remained. Something of him, and of her, what they had made together.

‘Why were you the queen?’ the child asked.

‘Not *the* queen. *A* queen. A May Queen.’

‘What’s a May Queen?’

'I'll tell you…'

Annie looked up at the photograph that held pride of place on the mantelpiece. She had been blessed, she knew. He hadn't left her disgraced like Lou Hubbard. He had hurried home to marry her, once he knew. Yes, she had been blessed. For fifty-five years until Robbie died. Not long enough, sadly. She missed him sorely.

'When I was young, I lived in a village…' she began, smiling down at the child who now wore the battered tiara.

Annie couldn't help it, of all seven of her great-grandchildren, this one was the favourite. The others were all very dear, but only Amy had those shining grey eyes, Robbie's eyes, gazing up from under a crop of soft fair curls, under the May Queen's crown.

Mary Mackie

My Life in Local Government

A very brief summary: Part 2

Unusual things of interest were:-

Elections – **Drawing Straws** I was involved in elections from even before I started work – having been a Poll Clerk, Presiding Officer, Counting Assistant and Count Supervisor before becoming a Deputy Returning Officer. One election particularly comes to mind: this was for the Clerkenwell Ward local election being contested by the then current Labour Leader of the Council and a former Tory Leader of the Council. Both Councillors had polled a very similar number of votes and after four recounts, the last two giving equal votes, the law required that the candidates draw straws. In order to do this two blank A4 sheets (one marked with a small cross) were rolled up and secured with tape, they were then placed in an empty glass. A coin was tossed to determine who would draw first. On opening the straws, the then current Labour Leader had won. This count terminated at 5am the next day. I don't think this has happened very often.

Registration of Marriages – Approved Premises New legislation was introduced in April 1995 enabling premises that were deemed 'seemly and dignified' to be registered as approved marriage premises. I received an application from the owner of a disused motor launch permanently moored on the Regents Canal. Under the Regulations proposed, a premises could not be approved if it was on board any vehicle capable of moving on land, on water or whilst airborne. The applicant had very poor English language skills. I asked him to show me where the engine used to be. He proceeded to open every door, cupboard and draw before finally opening his lunch box to prove there were no engines in there!!

Princess Anne's Sausage Roll – As President of the charity Save the Children UK, the Princess attended a lunch at Islington Town Hall celebrating one of the charity's significant anniversaries. The charity chose the venue because it was local to their offices. Because Royalty was involved, the Mayor's secretary accepted my offer of help. I invited the Equerry to the Princess, a retired military man, to walk the course with me to agree discreet positioning of police and protection officers. It was to be a buffet lunch with no seated dining. However, the Equerry took me to one side and requested a seated corner for the Princess 'because she doesn't like it if her sausage roll "falls orrff"'.

Trip to Ghana – Easter 1995 – I was hoping for some leave as Annette and I had planned a trip to the North East of England, somewhere we had never been. However on presenting my leave card to the Chief Executive I was told I was required to accompany the Mayor of Islington on a trip to his native Ghana. On Maundy Thursday The Mayor Councillor Michael Boye Anawomah and myself set off from Heathrow to Accra airport. Whilst there we were to investigate the possibility of Town Twinning. We were met at Accra by longstanding friends of Michael (it was clear that some of these friends had been involved in political shenanigans during its recent history). As a result of a mix up, my first night in Accra was spent in a local hotel – well I've never been to an hotel like this one – primitive in the extreme. The term 'en suite' is pushing it – having a concrete floor with a hole in it which doubled as a toilet and a drain and a bucket with holes drilled out so the hose-pipe which supplied cold water for my ablutions could function. It got





worse – I spent a very hot humid night submerged in my bed covers to try to escape the many, many mosquitos hunting their next meal – me! I got very badly bitten and was quite unwell on return home. Fortunately this was only for one night as a room was then found for me with our host.

The trip turned out to be very interesting, meeting the King of Ashanti which was quite surreal. The King was surrounded by a significant number of "Queen Mothers" all in national costume. These are powerful female leaders who rule alongside male chiefs in a traditional matrilineal system. They possess the exclusive authority to select and nominate the king, and they hold absolute jurisdiction over family, social and domestic disputes. The whole atmosphere was one of calm, with graceful and colourful peacocks. An abiding memory is of the stunningly beautiful Ghanaian women who appeared to be gliding by the side of the road with huge full water carriers balanced on their heads. Additionally, the state of the Ghanaian roads; just about every car on the road including very new ones had large cracks in the windscreens.



Arsenal FC – Trophy winning celebrations – Much as it pains me as a life-long Spurs supporter to include this – the Arsenal FC won multiple cups during my time at Islington (Premier League x 4) (FA Cup x 4) and (League Cup x 2). On each occasion it was my duty to make the arrangements, through gritted teeth, with the Club for the team to be received by the Mayor at the Town Hall for a celebratory reception which involved the team appearing on the balcony to wave the cup to the crowds. This included ensuring the safety of the balcony which needed additional supportive scaffolding. Failure on that front would have made front page news internationally!!

The end of a chapter

My working life at Islington had involved early starts every day and late evenings, often with meetings going into the early hours of the next day. So, after about 20 years of making budgetary cuts in the Department's spending which was becoming virtually impossible, I suggested to the Chief Executive that my post could be in my next savings package. This offer was accepted and I put myself forward for voluntary redundancy. This was approved and one year later I was looking for pastures new, which I found.

Peter Francis

For fans of Richard Osman's *The Thursday Murder Club*…

Goings On at an American Airbase

Dateline: September 27 2026

It was just a sleepy Saturday night in a gentle quiet village in the south of England, unfortunately sited just outside the barbed wire electronic surveyed Berlin Wall lookalike, protecting President Trump's largest forward air base in Europe.

Joyce was visiting Eileen from the Tuesday Knitting Club who had been forced to leave Coopers Chase following a fees dispute with the Manager, and who had returned to the village where her son was living.

Joyce was having difficulty sleeping and, in the early hours, persuaded herself that a nice cup of cocoa and a chocolate digestive might help.

Once out of bed, she gazed curiously at the sleeping village with its rarely used church and the Green with its memorial benches dedicated to the many former residents 'who loved this place'.

In the moonlight she spotted a white van. And then another. And, almost beyond belief, yet another. She saw figures in black, with hoods over their heads.

"Now I know I'm not dreaming" she said to herself, but perhaps I am.

On her mobile phone, used mainly for Worldle, she pressed Ibrahim's number. Ibrahim answered sleepily but gently prompted Joyce to tell him why she had phoned.

As soon as she mentioned, after explaining that she was not actually at Coopers Chase for the time being, that she had seen these men and the white vans (she supposed they were men) Ibrahim changed his tone and became urgent.

"You must telephone the Base and warn them! Do not delay!"

Joyce was stunned. How could *she* call the Base? Just then her friend Eileen appeared in her dressing gown. Once apprised, Eileen phoned the Base. And the phone rang and rang and, clearly, no-one was at home.

"Ring Elizabeth." Was Ibrahim's immediate instruction,

Elizabeth, who also was unable to sleep as she was thinking of her recently-deceased dear husband Steven, reacted with alacrity.

"Dial 999."

Which Joyce did.

As the Counter Terrorism police and Army units descended on the Base, Joyce answered her phone to Bogdan.

Bogdan and Ron were on their way, and Elizabeth meanwhile had made a call to a private number.

The papers reported five arrests after a drone had inspected the vans. Bogdan had also been arrested for getting in the way, and Ron beetled off to the local police station to sort out the muddle. The Prime Minister had cancelled a football match between Politicians and Party hacks at the Labour Conference in Liverpool, to remain abreast of the situation.

The Americans were saved. President Trump remained blissfully unaware of Joyce, Ibrahim, Elizabeth and Ron.

To be continued…(maybe)

Septimus Solo

(Septimus Solo is the assumed name of a Hunstanton u3a member)

A Cruise on the Broads



On Sunday 27th September courtesy of an invitation from the local Rotary Club to u3a members, we joined a four hour cruise on the Broads. After initially having parking problems – the car park adjacent to the river at Horning was quite small – we boarded the Southern Comfort Paddle Steamer at 15:15 and set sail at 15:30.

The steamer was very comfortable with an upper deck and a lower deck with a full bar including tea and coffee.

We saw several kingfishers and cormorants diving for fish and even an otter as well as picturesque properties and countryside as we journeyed.

At about 16:30 we were served with a lovely afternoon tea, all provided by the ladies from the paddle steamer.

We arrived back at Horning at around 19.30 after visiting parts of the Broads not normally seen. It was an extremely enjoyable afternoon with the weather staying fine and dry throughout.

Our thanks go to the Rotary Club and Hilary Farrell for their organisation and the ladies on the Southern Comfort Paddle Steamer for their provision of the afternoon tea.

Cheryl and **Peter Setchell**

Eating in the 1950s

Have things really changed so much in our time?

Pasta had not been invented. Curry was a surname. Olive oil was kept in medicine cabinets. A takeaway was a mathematical problem. A pizza was something to do with a leaning tower. Bananas and oranges only appeared at Christmastime. The only vegetables known to us were spuds, peas, carrots and cabbage. All crisps were plain, the only choice we had was whether to put salt on or not. Condiments consisted of salt, vinegar and brown sauce if we were lucky. Soft drinks were called pop. Coke was something we put on the fire. A Chinese chippy was a foreign carpenter. Rice was a milk pudding and never a part of our dinner. A big Mac was what we put on when it was raining.



A Pizza Hut was an Italian salad. A Microwave was out of a science fiction film. Brown bread was only eaten by poor people. Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking. Bread and jam was a treat. Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves – and never green. Coffee was Camp and came in a bottle. Cube sugar was regarded as posh. Figs and dates only came at Christmas, but no one ever ate them. Coconuts only appeared when the fair came to town. Jellied eels were peculiar to Londoners. Salad cream was dressing for salad; mayonnaise did not exist.

Hors d'oeuvres was a spelling mistake. The starter was our main meal. Only Heinz made beans, and leftovers went in the dog. Special food for dogs and cats was unheard of. Fish was only eaten on Fridays and fish didn't have fingers those days. Eating raw fish was poverty, not sushi. Ready meals only came from the fish and chip shop. For the best taste, fish and chips had to be eaten out of old newspapers, with salt and vinegar.

Frozen food was called ice cream, and nothing went off in the fridge because we never had one. Ice cream only came in one colour and flavour. None of us had ever heard of yoghurt. Jelly and blancmange we only eaten at parties. If we said we were on a diet, we simply ate less. Healthy food consisted of anything edible.



People who did not peel potatoes were regarded as lazy. Indian restaurants were only found in India. If we had eaten bacon, lettuce and tomatoes in the same sandwich we would have been certified. The word "Barbie" was not associated with anything to do with cooking, especially outside. Eating outside was a picnic.

Cooking outside was called camping. Seaweed was not a recognised food, and pancakes were only had on "Pancake Tuesday". Kebab was not even a word let alone a food. Hot dogs were a type of sausage that only Americans ate. Corn-flakes had arrived but it was obvious that they would not catch on. The phrase 'boil in the bag' would have been beyond comprehension. The idea of oven chips would not have made any sense to most people.



The world had not heard of Pot Noodles, instant mash and Pop Tarts. Sugar enjoyed a good press and was regarded as being 'White Gold'. Lettuce and tomatoes in winter were only found abroad. Prunes were medicinal. Surprisingly muesli was readily available – it was called Cattle Feed. Turkeys were definitely seasonal. Pineapples were in chunks, in a tin and real ones were only seen in pictures.

We never heard of croissants and certainly couldn't pronounce it. We thought baguettes was a problem for the French to deal with. Garlic was used to ward off vampires but never used to flavour food. Water came out of a tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more for it than for petrol, they would have become a laughing stock. Food hygiene was all about washing your hands before meals. Campylobacter, Salmonella, E. coli, Listeria and Botulism were called 'food poisoning'.

The only thing we never had on our table in the fifties was… our elbows.

Arthur Chappell

Tales from the Riverbank – Part 2

[*Allan and Maggi had semi-retired to a river cottage in Devon. They had survived a big flood. Now read on…*]

We were hoping to run a CL caravan site on our land. This is a small area where caravaners can go and doesn't require planning permission. Unfortunately, after the flood we realised that this would not be a good idea. Caravans make wonderful boats on a flood plain with three feet of water all around them.

We then decided to turn our land over to nature and make it into something special. The theory was that, if we looked after the elementals, then they would look after us. Although we did have more flooding through the rest of 2012 and into 2013, it was nothing that we couldn't deal with.

Why was it that, when we got the flood warnings from the environment agency, it was always about 3 am in the morning? We soon got used to this, though, and carried on making our land into something special.

We created three special gardens which contained small ponds, and planted trees and shrubs. Everything was with a potential flood in mind, so the small ponds were there just for the wildlife. They attracted birds, badgers, foxes and more. All recorded on wildlife cameras that I had dotted around the land.

We had a survey done on the river because we wanted to know how to maintain it as being riparian owners carries a responsibility to look after it. We were advised to use a soft engineering approach to protecting the river bank from erosion.

Our method was to plant lots of willow along the quarter mile length of the river. Our first tree was a golden weeping willow which we paid about £60 for. We quickly realised that we would not be able to afford this sort of money for all of the trees, so we managed to get bare-rooted willow to plant along the rest of the bank. This worked a treat, and helped to reduce the erosion caused by the river regularly breaking the bank in the winter.

It may sound a bit weird, but it is almost as though the land had cast a spell over us because, apart from running our now expanding tai chi classes in the area, all of our spare time was taken up working the land and we both absolutely loved it.

Our garden bordered Weycroft Bridge which was a single file bridge for traffic and was traffic-light controlled. The river was quite wide in our garden and was considered the deepest holding pool on the river Axe. This is an area where the migratory fish will hold up until they are able to traverse the weir, which was the other side of the bridge.

Regularly, when the salmon and sea trout were running, you could hear almighty splashes where they would leap out of the water and come crashing back down again: a wonderful sight.

One day, we came back from a shopping expedition to find a rather large sea trout in our river garden. I can only assume that it had decided to leap out and had misjudged its landing and ended up on the bank in our river garden. I must say, though, it was very delicious!



Source: Weycroft Bridge B&B page on Trip Advisor

I started to develop an interest in wildlife photography and, during the eight years that we were in our river cottage, I managed to get some really interesting photographs of our wildlife. Living on the river, you see the wildlife in a totally different perspective and develop a new found respect for them.

We would regularly look out of our kitchen window, while we were having a meal, and see a Kingfisher sitting on the rope barrier on the bankside in our river garden. We got so used to this that it almost became the norm. Also, we regularly saw the famous Axe otters swimming around our holding pool with their family.



Source: Weycroft Bridge B&B page on Trip Advisor

I remember talking to a local, and I casually mentioned about the otters, to which he told me that in fifty years he had never seen a river Axe otter. This made us realise just how lucky we were.

We also had an abundance of Kingfishers living all along the river which were wonderful to see and again made us realise just how privileged we were.

I remember one day I was strimming down the far end of the river. I have made a set of steps leading down to an area that I had made into a bird

hide, and I was just tidying the area up, when I caught out of the corner of my eye a flash of blue on a branch right next to me. There were two juvenile Kingfishers looking up at me.

My camera was at the top of the steps, and I knew that if I made a sudden move they would probably fly off; so instead, I just savoured the moment.

Just me and two young Kingfishers; it was such a special moment. It seemed like an eternity until finally they decided to fly off, but the memory will always stay with me.

Opening the Doors

One day a friend of ours suggested that we should run a B&B because we not only had something totally unique to offer but, being a river cottage, we would attract lots of people coming to Axminster who were going to the famous River Cottage H.Q. for either cooking courses or meals.

We decided to look into this further, and eventually we started to run our new venture "Weycroft Bridge B&B". Maggi was most definitely the driving force behind this venture and, over the four years that we ran the B&B, we had some wonderful people stay with us and some interesting characters as well.



Weycroft Bridge B&B in 2013
Source: Trip Advisor

How we managed to run the B&B and all of our tai chi classes, which had now spread out from Axminster to Chard, Seaton, Lyme Regis and Beer as well as running tai chi in specialist dementia homes on a weekly basis, I do not know. It must have been the enthusiasm that kept us going. We would regularly run fundraising tai chi events at our home and in the river garden in the summer. What a wonderful backdrop for tai chi.

Maggi's speciality was her home-made cakes that went down well at fundraising events. We also ran classes called "Tai Chi and a Cuppa" in Axminster and the small village of Hawkchurch. The first thing that the students would say when they came along was, "what cake have we got this week?".

We have so many fond memories of our time in our river cottage. Even though it was very challenging at times, we both wouldn't change it for the world.

Time did eventually come when we both decided that we needed to move closer to our young grandchildren who live in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. It was such a long drive from East Devon, and looking after six acres was totally time consuming, so with a heavy heart we decided to move.

We had been very lucky because we had not had any major flooding for over three years, and the environment agency had done a considerable amount of flood relief work in the area, so selling was not a problem.

Finding somewhere to live was though. How were we ever to find somewhere anything like our river cottage?

It was only by chance, and looking on Google Earth, that we discovered West Norfolk. It just seemed to tick all the right boxes for us and, now living in Heacham, we actually have neighbours – something that we have not had for eight years. Also, the realisation that where we now live is a very close-knit community where everyone looks out for each other.

Also, we have everything that we need on our doorstep including a Lidl within walking distance.

I thought that I would miss not being able to walk the river anymore but, with the Snettisham RSPB and the local angling association just a stone's throw down the road, that is another box well and truly ticked.

Just like the film *Sliding Doors*, I often wonder how life would have been different if we had turned down the opportunity to get out of our comfort zone and just go for it!

If you would like to see some of the photographs that I had taken over the eight years that we were living in our river cottage, please have a look on Weycroft Bridge Wildlife Facebook page which is dedicated to all the wildlife on and around the river Axe at Weycroft.

Allan Howlings

A holiday to remember - no not really

During the 1970s my husband and I decided to go on a ten-day flight/coach trip to Spain.

We flew from London to Paris only to find that one couple's luggage was still in London. So everyone voted to wait for the next flight from London with the luggage. Four hours later the luggage arrived.

We got on the coach.

Having stopped for a meal and making our way through France, a car overtook our coach, misjudged the distance and caught a vehicle coming in the other direction. Our coach swerved to avoid the crash, and we went into a ditch. Only minor injuries suffered by some. (Sigh of relief).

Luckily people from the local village took us to their Town Hall where we were given food and saw a doctor. Because the adults couldn't speak English all the schoolchildren were rounded up to assist with language problems. The French people were so lovely and kind.

Several hours later a local coach driver offered to take us the rest of the way to Barcelona.

Unfortunately, at that time there was a problem between the French and Spanish so the border was closed. However, our local driver explained the situation and the French opened their side and we passed by some very angry people, complete with staffs and other horrible looking implements, into Spain arriving at about 3am.

The hotel staff had gone to bed and left us meeting some very angry passengers waiting to go back to England.

Could things get worse? Of course they could.

The Courier charged us extra for seats in the shade at an arena, only to find there was no cover at all from the sun.

The following day it started to rain and it continued for the rest of the holiday. We even went for a boat ride in a thunderstorm!

At last, it was time to leave. Back to Paris. No problems. I spoke too soon.

The return plane was cancelled due to engine problems. The staff were wonderful and plied us with alcohol until a small plane, complete with propellers (where did they get that – from a museum?) arrived to take us home.

Half way across the channel someone asked if it was usual for a propeller to stop working. "It's an optical illusion" the steward told us. Does that include the flames coming out of it?

The pilot calmly announced that due to a "slight problem" (the fourth engine had stopped working and was on fire), instead of landing in London, we would land instead at Lydd in Kent, as it was the closest airport. We circled for hours to get rid of fuel and on landing watched as fire engines raced alongside the plane until it stopped. No one was hurt.

Good news at last? No, not really, because the third person through customs was caught with too many cigarettes and consequently Customs opened and went through everyone else's luggage – all 34 of us. It took hours.

A coach then took us to Victoria Coach station where we were informed that we had to make our own way from there back to Heathrow to collect our cars.

It took forty years before I went back to Spain. This time I went by ship.

Cheryl Lovett



Thatto Heath

Just over 30 years ago I made a delivery in St Helens, in a small community called Thatto Heath. The remoteness of it struck me despite the fact it is part of the town, but the feel is of a wider Merseyside, which at the time had hardly seen redevelopment since the war. The deserted streets, the arrival of a beer tanker, the security clad shops and an odd train and driver… The vision of that day has always remained with me. Perhaps Thatto Heath is actually a person?

Thursday dinnertime
Thatto Heath swelters
(as much as it can)
sun lasering
steel grilled paint peeled sixties shops
abandoned by shoppers

This tiny corner
of Merseyside
sleeps
or slumps
no movement
the station snores.

And then
a large Greenall tanker
disgorges its hose
into the bowels of the pub
with Friday night's
lubrication

A tiny train
covered in graffiti
emerges under the bridge
the driver's hair caressing
the controls
having lost his passengers

I watch the closed
wary street
a dog sidles to a doorway
leaving a message
of hope
to a lady friend

The town's a mirage now
not even google can bring it back
regenerated into
smart commuter land
commuting daily
from the station.

Martin Chown

Beat the Scammers

These are the recent **scams** reported to Trading Standards this month so far:

Text messages claiming to be from Barclays bank

Be aware of courier fraud

Telephone calls claiming to be from the NHS

Flyers offering roof cleaning and repairs

Emails claiming to be from BT

Fake speeding text messages

You will find further information on the Consumer Alert page at Norfolk CC Trading Standards Scams.

Stay Safe

Aways remember, if you don't know the person who knocked on your door, check the back door is locked **before** answering the front door and on no account let them into your house.

Take Five

Remember you do not have to make up your mind on the spot. Take a moment to stop and think – could it be fake? It's OK to refuse to answer a question you don't feel happy about; only criminals will try to rush you. If you feel you are being pressured just say No Thanks, or that you have to discuss it with a family member.

If it's a phone call remember to take your time before you answer. Never give anyone details of your bank account or agree to pay for something up front. No bank will ever ask you to confirm anything connected with your account.

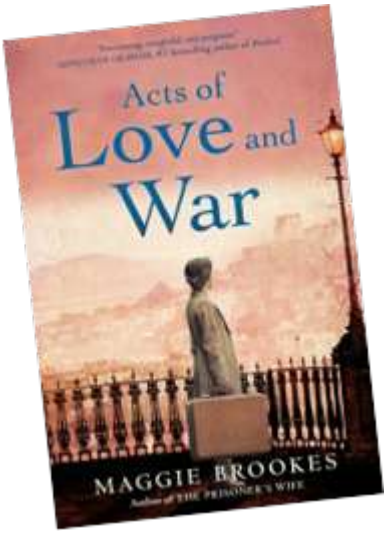
If at any time you feel uncomfortable or intimidated, close and lock the door or put down the telephone, then Call 999 or Norfolk Police on 101.

Sue Hutcheson

Book Reviews

Book group 1

Acts of Love and War by Maggie Brookes 4/5



This book begins in October 1936. Twenty year old Lucy Nicholson lives with her father next door to a widow with two boys, Tom and Jamie Murray. All three have grown up together as brothers and sister, but as they've grown older both boys fall in love with Lucy. The brothers are very different. Tom is lively, mercurial but a bit selfish; he is also left wing and anti-fascist. Jamie is stolid and serious; he is very religious, right wing and a journalist for the Catholic Herald. Lucy loves both of them for different reasons. When the Spanish Civil War breaks out both boys go out to Spain; Tom to fight for the Republicans in the International Brigade and Jamie to report for the Herald from Franco's Fascist side. Lucy, wanting to do something other than being the village school teacher and her Dad's skivvy, joins up with a group of Quakers who are providing food and shelter for the Republican refugees fleeing Franco's forces.

The story is mainly about Lucy and the Quaker organisation's efforts to provide for the refugees, with what's happening in the war being related in letters to her from Tom and Jamie. She does meet up with both of them, so the love triangle continues, leading to a surprising ending which reveals how much Lucy has changed and grown during the war.

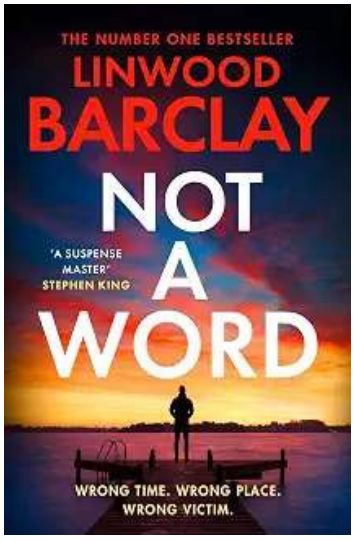
The majority of the book club enjoyed the book and praised its description of strong women in time of war. Most felt that they'd also learnt more about the Spanish Civil War and the Quakers along the way. Criticisms focused mainly around the amount of attention paid to the love triangle towards the end of the book and that some of the difficulties experienced by the Quakers in their relief work weren't realistic, being portrayed as more easily overcome than they were likely to be in a war-torn country.

This book doesn't have passages of vivid description, but it is a good story, well told in general, and the explanations of what's happening in the war are clear, adding texture and background to the bittersweet love triangle. In the author's notes you find out that all the characters in the book, apart from the Nicholson and Murray families, were real and that all the humanitarian efforts by the Quakers really did happen. The Quakers received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947 for their work during the Spanish Civil War and the two World Wars. This book obviously champions the Quakers' role in helping all refugees without prejudice or judgement, as well as being about the relationship between Lucy, Tom and Jamie.

Julie Barnes

Crime Book group

Not a Word by Linwood Barclay



When Reece visits his parents house he is shocked to find them in bed, dead. At first glance it looks like a murder suicide, perpetrated by his father, but Reece cannot believe his Father would murder his Mother then shoot himself. However, on closer inspection there's clearly more to the story.

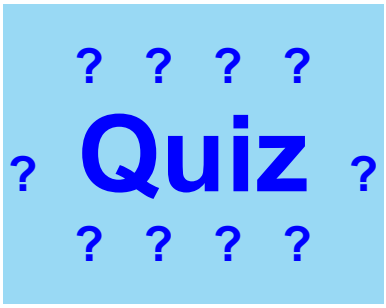
As Reece, shaken by this discovery, awaits questioning by the Police, his phone lights up with a call from his Mother. If she is still alive, who is the dead woman in bed with his Father?

Reeling from the day's events, Reece finds himself questioning everything he knew about his parents and whether he and his own family are in danger.

While the Police work to untangle the baffling crime scene, Reece is pulled into a web of secrets linked to the pharmaceutical company his Father once worked for.

I really enjoyed this book – it is Linwood Barclay back to his best.

Susan Turner



Music Quiz by Bill Freitas

1. What 1954 song by Bill Haley & His Comets is widely credited with bringing rock and roll into the mainstream global consciousness, famously featuring in the film *Blackboard Jungle*?
2. In 1951, the BBC began broadcasting a daily radio soap opera that featured a jaunty theme tune called "Barwick Green". What is the name of the show?
3. What was the first commercially released multi-track recording, released in 1940?
4. Which studio album holds the record for the most total weeks spent on the UK Official Albums Chart, surpassing 1,100 weeks?
5. Bing Crosby's classic "White Christmas" is the best-selling physical single of all time. In what year was it first commercially recorded?
6. In 1952, the *New Musical Express (NME)* published its very first UK Singles Chart. Who was the first artist at Number 1?
7. Which American big band leader, famous for hits like "In the Mood" and "Moonlight Serenade", mysteriously disappeared while flying to Paris to entertain troops in December 1944?

8. Which iconic standard, written by Bart Howard in 1954 under the title "In Other Words", became inextricably linked with Frank Sinatra and NASA's Apollo missions?
9. What British skiffle artist, known as the "King of Skiffle", had a massive 1956 hit with a cover of Lead Belly's "Rock Island Line", inspiring a generation of UK rock musicians?
10. In 1958, Cliff Richard and The Drifters released a track widely considered to be the first genuine, homegrown British rock and roll single. What was it called?
11. Opened in 1959 by Ronnie Scott, in which London district is the UK's most famous historic jazz club located?
12. Which English composer's orchestral suite *The Planets*, composed between 1914 and 1917, heavily influenced modern film scores, particularly John Williams' music for *Star Wars*?
13. What is the name of the prestigious annual music prize, established in 1992, that recognizes the best album released in the UK by a British or Irish artist?
14. Before being renamed Abbey Road Studios, which major British electronics and media company owned the recording studios in London?
15. Which traditional British patriotic anthem's music was composed by Thomas Arne, in 1740, for a poem by James Thomson?
16. What groundbreaking instrument, invented in 1928, is played entirely without physical contact by the musician moving their hands near two radio frequency antennas?
17. Which legendary standard, popularized by standard-bearers from Billie Holiday to Frank Sinatra, was originally written by British-born composer Ray Noble in 1934?
18. What classical symphony, premiered in 1824, was the first major piece by a prominent composer to incorporate vocal soloists and a chorus into a symphonic structure?
19. What name was given to the historic recording format milestone created in 1948 when Columbia Records introduced a 12-inch, 33⅓ rpm microgroove vinyl record to the public?
20. Who was the oldest living artist to chart, and what was the song?
21. MTV (Music Television) famously started their broadcast with the video for "Video Killed the Radio Star" by the British group The Buggles. What was the very first song played on BBC Radio 2 in 1967?
    Extra credit: Who was the DJ?
22. Later that day, BBC 1 started their broadcast with what song?
    Extra credit: Who was the DJ?

Answers at the end of the Magazine

Forthcoming Meetings

All meetings start at 2:00pm **except Christmas Party 1:00pm**

19th October **Annual General Meeting**

16th November **Sentiments of Christmas** by Jim Stebbings. Aspects of the traditional Christmas season conveyed through music, stories, humour, images and pictures.

14th December **Christmas Party** Back at the Community Centre by popular demand. **1 pm start!** £5 each. Numbers limited to 100. Booking necessary.

18th January 2027 **Airline Stewardess in 50/60s** Talk by Jilly Hall, Hunstanton u3a member who was in at the early days of package holidays.

For more detailed information about these meetings, please visit the Events page of the Hunstanton u3a website: https://hunstanton.u3asite.uk/events/

Admin…

Welfare

If you know of any member who is ill or has recently suffered a bereavement please contact Karen, our Welfare member. Karen will then send a suitable card from the u3a. Email welfare@hunstantonu3a.org

Change of Circumstances

If you change your address, telephone number (landline and/or mobile) or email address please ensure that you pass the new details to memsec@hunstantonu3a.org

Magazine Copy Date

Items for the next magazine are required before **MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER 2026**. Please send them to David at newsletter@hunstantonu3a.org. You will receive an acknowledgement of your contribution.

Please submit them in WORD, odt (e.g. from Libre Office) or Pages as email attachments. Or you can simply type your text into an email, and I will extract and format it for publication. **No PDFs** please. Please convert PDFs to WORD files before sending them, or simply copy and paste the text into an email.

Photographs are more than welcome, on their own or accompanying articles. Just attach them to an email.

A Huge "Thank you" to everyone who has contributed to another great issue.
More please!

Answers to the Quiz

1. "Rock Around the Clock".
2. *The Archers*.
3. The soundtrack to Disney film *Fantasia*, conducted by Leopold Stokowski (recorded in "Fantasound," invented for the film).
4. *Gold: Greatest Hits* by ABBA (The longest-running *studio* album by a single artist is Pink Floyd's *The Dark Side of the Moon*).
5. In the summer of 1942 (May).
6. Al Martino with "Here in My Heart".
7. Glenn Miller.
8. "Fly Me to the Moon".
9. Lonnie Donegan.
10. "Move It".
11. Soho (Frith Street).
12. Gustav Holst.
13. The Mercury Prize.
14. EMI (Electric and Musical Industries).
15. "Rule, Britannia!".
16. The Theremin, by Russian physicist Lev Sergeyevich Termen.
17. "The Very Thought of You".
18. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (The "Choral" Symphony).
19. The LP (Long Play) record. 20 to 25 minutes per side. Previously the 78 rpm record held around 3–5 minutes per side and the 45 rpm around 4-7 minutes per side.
20. Vera Lynn's wartime anthem "We'll Meet Again" re-entered the Top 100 in 2020.
21. The title track to the 1965 film "The Sound of Music" by Julie Andrews.
    Breakfast presenter Paul Hollingdale
22. "Flowers in the Rain" by Birmingham group The Move
    Former pirate radio DJ Tony Blackburn.

That's All Folks!