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*Friends Housing*  
*Magazine*  
2014



Hello everyone,

Well, we've at last got our flaming June and the garden is bursting with colour; roses, clematis etc. all vying for notice. It's hard to remember the wet, wet days of early spring when we despaired of getting out doors.

There was a panic in the pond recently when a seagull came down for his lunch – many people thought he'd gobbled most of the fish, but at the last count (how counted? - I don't know) it was judged there were nineteen there.

We have had a couple of group trips out, to Slimbridge and Weston-Super-Mare – both in glorious sunshine and much enjoyed. At Weston, Elmay, aged 94 took a ride on the big wheel and we all enjoyed the fresh sea air and fish and chips. The fish was delicious and when asked where it came from, the man replied 'Iceland' – whether the Artic or the freezer centre he didn't say...

Our various activities have been enhanced by visiting poets, actors and musicians. Maureen continues to educate and entertain with her musical selection, supported by Ron on alternate weeks.

This magazine is collection of writings from people living and working in these homes – it's a good mix.

We're looking forward to the summer fair, when we shall have the steel band playing for us again – lovely.

Thanks to those people who have contributed to this magazine and those and their relatives who join in our groups.

Sincerely,

Alison

*On the front cover this year is our beautiful Magnolia tree in bloom*



## **Our visit to Slimbridge Wetland Centre**

*by Virginia Rowan*

Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup> April 2014 was such a beautiful day. A group of us set out to visit Slimbridge, situated in the Vale of Berkeley between Bristol and Gloucester. This wildlife and wetlands centre is an area of low-lying land covering about 920 acres between the river Severn and the Sharpness canal. There are reed beds, islands, lakes, woodland, watchtowers and hides.

Sir Peter Scott was drawn to this area by the flocks of wild geese that winter here. In 1946 he founded the Wildlife and Wetlands Trust. There are now 9 such havens in the UK: Llanelli, Castle Espie, Caerlaverock, Washington, Mere Martin, Welney, London, Arundel and Slimbridge.

Peter Scott was an ornithologist, conservationist, painter, naval officer and sportsman. On show at Slimbridge are some of his drawings of the distinguishing characteristics of the Bewick swans, who regularly returned to Slimbridge. When we were there the Bewick swans had already left on their journey to the Siberian tundra. They return here in winter. But there was still lots to see.

One of the first sights was of flamingos:



They get their pink colour from the carotene in their food. Adult flamingos sieve their food, using the rows of plates inside their bills to filter algae and small invertebrates from water or mud, similar to the whale's method of filtering its food.



In the hides it is possible to quietly watch, with or without binoculars, many birds without disturbing them:



*A mute swan*



Below is the smallest of swans, the Coscoroba swan:



It gets its name from its call.

There are black swans, whistling swans, whooper swans, trumpeter swans. There are all kinds of geese, including the pink-footed geese whose migration takes them over the Arctic Pole. There are ducks: whistling ducks, merganser, eider, pochard, teal, scaup, tufted and white-eyed ducks, teal from lake Baikal. There are shovelers and pintails.

And we were so fortunate in the sunshine.

Here are some of us enjoying it.





## **Inner City Birmingham in the 1930s – “The Field”**

*by Mary Johnson*

One of my father’s brothers was the chief engineer of the city’s Gas Works and our father in charge of a private firm which received the bi-products of this works. It was mainly ammonium sulphate which was used as a fertiliser.

Sometimes during weekends we went in the car (rare at that time) into the countryside near to Coleshill. One day we stopped on a triangle of grass at the top of a lane by a gate. We walked down a very narrow lane to a farm, and explained where we had left the car. The farmer in a friendly way said that we could use one of the fields for picnics. Later we often camped there and other friends came to meet us.

The wild flowers were lovely, especially the orchids. At the bottom of the field was a small wood with a stream running through it. All the family loved this place. Although we visited many other places, including a tiny cottage in North Wales, I think our favourite place was “The Field”.

## **Living by the Sea**

*by Clifford Catterall*

When I was in my forties, my wife and I moved from Birmingham to Teignmouth in Devon as we both wanted to be near the sea.

I bought a big house on the sea front – we lived on the top floor and bit by bit had the place below divided into 12 separate flats. We rented them out as holiday lets and some people came back year after year. I liked to keep them in good condition so I spent my time going to auctions to buy furniture, such as beds and other items for them.

For about 25 years I enjoyed going to auctions of house goods to see what I could find of interest.

I loved my time there as I could go down by the sea every day.



*Teignmouth Beach*

## My time in Africa

by George Brookes

I joined up in 1940 and was in France before going to East Africa with the 12<sup>th</sup> African Division. We travelled to Nairobi via Adis Ababa.

I still have some photos – including the football team – can you spot me?



And one of me at the equator:



Also my friend roller skating; this is Ray Barker a good friend who was best man at my wedding:



Once I had a close encounter with a tarantula. After a game of football, I went to get my false teeth out of my jacket pocket – and the spider came out with them!

## **W.R.E.N.S**

*by Sheila East*



In 1942, I was 21 and applied to join the W.R.E.N.S (Women's Royal Naval Service). The initial training was at a place they had taken over at Mill Hill in London, it was very basic – at one time I was scrubbing a floor – I can't remember very much about it.

One of my interests was shooting – the opportunity was good and I was quite good at it. We used proper rifles, not the specially made ones. You had to hold it very firmly.

I was a radio mechanic, and when necessary I had to get through a small hatch to get in to the seafive, which was a small plane like the spitfire which was carried on the aircraft carriers.

If faced with a real problem, I wouldn't have had a clue. I was there until 1946, the rifle range was great fun.

## **Garden Visitors**

*by Judith Chandler*

There are wild animals in Avenue House gardens. You may have seen a rabbit and a cat but have you seen the one that likes the lamp by the small gate? The light attracts insects that become a happy hunting ground for bats.

Last night one might have found it a bit cool as it spread its wings and flattened his silhouetted self against the warm lamp.





## OAP on BBC

by Reverend Howard Booth

When I was approaching 70 years of age, I received an unexpected approach from the BBC.

Michael Wakelin was a member of our Methodist Church in Bollington and was always in my congregation when I went there to conduct worship. His day job was to be a producer on the BBC. At the time he was the producer in charge of an early Sunday morning programme hosted by a cheerful Roman Catholic



*Don McClean*

whose name gave the programme its title – The Don McClean Programme. Don was a comedian by trade but a faithful and devoted Roman Catholic. The programme started at 7am and ended at 9am. It consisted of recorded hymns and other religious events which had taken place in the previous week. The ordinary news headlines broke in at half hourly intervals. At about 7.30am a Christian Minister or Priest was invited to give a 4 minute slot on an appropriate subject of his or her own choice, rather like the ‘Thought for the Day’ broadcast on weekdays. I had appeared on local radio several times and also on several occasions on Border TV, but this was to do the clerical spot on a series of occasions if it went well at approximately monthly or six weekly intervals. The pattern was that prior to the Sunday you submitted the script timed to 4 minutes and posted it to the BBC in Manchester. The producer would OK it and perhaps suggest minor alterations and phone you on the Friday previous.

So the day dawned which just happened to be my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. The broadcast was live from the Manchester studios and you needed to be there at the latest by 7.30am. I had identified the route and how to get there and had made a trial run. On Sunday mornings parking was available outside the BBC. The journey was about 15 miles from my home in Macclesfield so I had to be up by 6am. On arrival I entered reception to be met by a smiling young lady who identified me by my clerical collar and told me that a member of staff would come down to escort me through a variety of corridors and studios. It was another young lady who duly came for me and showed me into the studio where I was to broadcast from in the Don McClean Show. The studio was divided into 2 distinct halves. I was ushered into the half occupied by the production staff led by my friend Michael Wakelin, his assistant and also the technical staff who handled the variety of recordings - some musical, some spoken. Don himself occupied the other half but he was not alone; tucked away in a corner reading a book was his wife. She smiled at me and I settled into my chair



and had the microphone adjusted to my size. At the close of a musical item Don introduced me and I read my script which was about the Challenge of Ageing, introduced of course by my mentioning that it was my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. At the close some music was played, often a hymn, and then Don interviewed me for about 3-4 minutes. I then slipped out of the studio and went home. Almost always I had a morning service to conduct.

Michael the producer had a brother who was and is a Methodist Minister and also his mother, who had become ordained after her husband – Michael’s father, a Missionary Doctor – had died. By chance I shared chaplaincy with her at Methodist School of Fellowship Swanwick Conference during the time I was working for Michael. My BBC career lasted for under 2 years during which time I appeared about 12 times. I did not know when appointed that I would be paid for what I did and was pleasantly surprised to receive a cheque for about £92 for each occasion. Then Michael was promoted to produce Songs of Praise and his successor wanted to introduce other Free Church Ministers and I was given a last farewell appearance, which Don had not been told about because his final words to me were “see you next time”.

After several years producing ‘Songs of Praise’ Michael was made Head of Religious Broadcasting, a post he held for several years. Then it was decided by management to extend the title of his office to be ‘Religion and Ethics’ and Michael was told that the extended post had to be advertised. Naturally he expected to be appointed but was eventually told that a Moslem was to be given the job. This meant several months of job searching for Michael during which time I saw him several times and tried to support him in every way I could. Today he works for inter-faith organisations but to some extent must have been reconciled to the BBC because I heard him conducting the weekday Daily Service only a few weeks ago. My career with the BBC was short but enjoyable and brought me into touch with many different people including some in other parts of the world.

## **A Royal Confusion!**

*by Diana McClure*

At one point in my life I worked as an assistant librarian at the Middlesex Hospital in London. I thoroughly enjoyed going around the wards with my trolley of books, sometimes advising people on what to read and sorting out requests. On one occasion a minor royal was being shown around the hospital escorted by matron. The lift was summoned to take her to a different floor. The lift duly arrived, the doors opened to reveal me with an overturned trolley of about 100 books on the lift floor. Talk about confusion, matron was NOT impressed – but I did remember to curtsy.

## The South of France Gardens

by Elmay Kirkpatrick

I have been to the South of France looking at Gardens, developed by the Victorians. They were really lovely with lots of orange and lemon blossom and also fruit on the trees.

Menton on the Italian border has a lemon festival with lorries covered with fruit made into patterns.

Rothschild built a villa in the early 1900's - it was coloured pink and from the terrace the garden was flat. It had pools of water with fountains and music played every time the fountains came up.



## Small Dramas at Avenue House

by Cherry Harris

A week or so ago I looked out of my window very early one morning and saw a seagull strutting around in the garden below. I'd never seen one here before. Down at breakfast I looked out of the dining room window and there again was the seagull, returned, for his breakfast. This time coming away from the pond with a goldfish waggling in its beak! We watched as the bird dealt with the fish and ate it. I felt he (or she) had the right to eat whenever he could find food in spite of our loss of fish put in the pond for our pleasure.



After breakfast I went outside to the pond and could see that the very wide open plastic mesh placed over the water was not an adequate deterrent. I found some pieces of wire netting to cover the pond. The gull had arrived once more, but thwarted and frustrated from continuing his breakfast, stomped off and flew away.

Some days later when I went outside (it was a beautiful sunny morning) the pieces of wire netting had been removed and I wondered what Ollie (our very valued maintenance man) was going to put in its place, when, to my amazement, there was a fledgling bird trapped in the pond with his wing caught in the netting. No doubt on its very first outing! I got my hand under the netting and eased the little one out of its trap, where, terrified, it flew up to the garden wall where it stood shaking itself to free the feathers of their watery immersion. At the same time I saw one of its parents fly back to the nest that was obviously in the large bush beside the young one.



Jays are quite big compared with the Blackbirds and Tits that are daily visitors here (or live here too). I had never watched a Jay, parent or young, so closely before. They are largely pinkish-brown with lovely blue and white patches on the wing and rump. I noticed that the parent had a very smooth brown head while the young one's head was still fluffy brown.

We wait with baited breath for the next instalment of our pond drama.

## **National Trust**

*by Ron Parsons*



National Trust, founded in 1895. “A non-profit-making organisation incorporated by Act of Parliament for the purposes of promoting the permanent preservation of lands and buildings of historic interest or natural beauty for the benefit and access of people.” As a consequence of gifts and public-spirited individuals the Trust, now Britain's largest conservation charity, protects 590,000 acres of countryside, 500 miles of coastline and more than 200 historic houses. Since 1946 lands and houses may be given to the National Trust in lieu of death duties.

## **The Sinking of The Titanic**

*by Vera Price*



It was 1912; I would have been about 7 ½ years old. We heard it, I suppose, the day after it happened; we were going home from school and everyone was talking about it.

It was this unmistakable ship, the wonder of the world at the time.

But quite recently they have discovered that the Titanic was built in two halves and the iceberg had split the join.

This was only discovered recently and then just when everybody was talking about it – that this great ship had gone down – it really was a seven day wonder.

## **Housework**

*by Anne Oliver*

As we became old enough we children were given tasks to do, some daily others weekly, to keep the house clean and tidy. There were three categories; ordinary daily dusting, “proper” cleaning which involved a lot of polish, and spring cleaning. I particularly enjoyed the job of bringing in the coal which was needed for the open fire in every room – the hall, the sitting rooms and three bedrooms. The latter were lit only if it was so wet we could not play outdoors, or one of us was sick, but the dining room and withdrawing room were kept alight all day. (The name of the last always bothered me as we were never allowed to draw there, the “with” was dropped when I was about twelve).

The coal was kept in the coalhole, a shed in the yard which was stacked up by the coalman who delivered it in sacks which he brought on a horse-drawn cart. While he was working, the horse was given his nose bag to keep him contented. There was the ordinary-size coal taking up most of the space, a small pile of slack and huge slabs standing along each side. It was these last which fascinated me and armed with a huge pair of leather gloves and a coal pick I would attack a slab with the coal hammer until it was small enough to be shovelled into the bucket or coal scuttle for taking indoors.

Another favourite job was polishing the brass with Brasso, which was a custardy liquid in a blue and white tin. Each fire had its own guard and the ones for the dining room and nursery (one of the bedrooms) were tall with straight sides and a brass top rail. I loved making it shine as I rubbed the Brasso along it and then polished it off with a second rag. Some coal scuttles were squat buckets made of brass and they needed cleaning often; the others were square boxes with a front that opened upwards and had a brass knob.

A daily job was setting the table for high teas and also, during school holidays, for midday dinner. We were taught from a young age the correct position of the spoons, forks and knives; these latter, the small and the bigger were never to be left with their blades crossed as a quarrel was sure to ensue. Mother was seldom cross with us - if a job was done in a slovenly fashion we were called back to redo it.

A task I particularly enjoyed was doing the flowers. Every room, including the hall had several vases of different shapes and sizes placed on various surfaces and filled with whatever available. I would go into the garden wearing my pinny carrying a flat basket, a kneeling mat and scissors kept sharp by father on his grinding wheel in the workshop. Pansies, bachelor’s buttons, primroses, primulas, fuschia from a huge bush which grew along part of the front wall, and

roses. I had to be careful to take only a few blooms from each plant as Father wanted to keep the borders colourful. As we grew older we were taught to weed the beds and allowed to do some planting. Father would lay out bulbs or wall flower plants in runs or clumps and we would dig the holes accordingly and press them home, being very careful to plant the bulbs the right way up.

To go back indoors, there was bed making. This varied of course with age and school, which we started between five and six. To begin with it was fun to puff up the pillows and pretend to hide under the blankets, then we would stand at the other side and pull the sheets straight and smooth them out and try to tuck them in. The eiderdowns were the greatest fun especially if a feather or two flew out and could be chased all around the room. Later we were expected to make our own bed and woe betide us if we just pulled the counterpane over as often we would find the whole thing stripped and left for us to do again.

Helping to cook I enjoyed, especially the big bake on Friday and Saturday. I remember standing on a stool in the larder by the long table and holding the big wooden spoon with Mother as we stirred or beat the mixture and then, oh joy, could scrape the bowl and lick the spoon. Later I could manage to grate the peel of an orange or lemon and squeeze the juice out by pressing it on the lemon squeezer, taking out the pips with a spoon and pouring it into a basin ready for use. And there was parsley to prepare. It had to be washed in a bowl of water, dried on a cloth and chopped on a small board with a sharp knife. Slow cooking things, such as the double pan with the porridge or the big thick pan where the bones were making the stock, were done on the kitchen range. Other cooking was on the gas stove and we were taught how to use matches – always strike away from you, not press on the box too hard and snap the matchstick, and always blow it out before throwing it away, even if it was burning your finger. When we had mastered that we learned how to turn the taps to turn the gas on and off and regulate the flame. It wasn't till I was quite old that I mastered the, to me, difficult skill of separating eggs, the yolks into a bowl and the whites onto a flat plate where they could be whipped with a knife till stiff. As the eggs were kept in a bucket of isinglass, they had to be washed and each one sniffed as it was cracked over a fresh bowl in case it had gone bad.

I hope this brought back memories of your childhood to some of you. And can anyone tell me what isinglass is?



## Reg and Me ...

by Kayleigh Davies



Where do I begin? I was inspired to write this story by a book and film called 'Marley and Me' a story of a family and their adorable, but naughty and neurotic dog.

Our dog's name is Reg and he came in to our lives when he was only 8 weeks old. Little did we know what we were getting ourselves in to when we got him and throughout the years has had quite a few "Marley" moments.

When Reg was a puppy he had a tendency to destroy things, ripping up anything he could get his teeth in to, mainly the garden plants. It was just a couple of years ago that my dad had been playing fetch with Reg in their back garden with what my dad thought was just some old branch Reg had found in the garden, it wasn't until a few weeks later after watering the vine every night did my dad realise that Reg had actually dug up the root of his grapevine to play fetch with, one that he had been growing for several years and had just began to fruit.



Another one of Reg's most memorable moments took place when we were at Jamie's parents' house for Sunday Lunch, we were all sat in the lounge when we realised we hadn't seen Reg in a while and all the other dogs were asleep in the lounge with us. Caroline went in the kitchen to

look for Reg, only to discover Reg polishing off the joint of Beef that had been left to rest on the kitchen side, leaving us to order chicken from the local takeaway. At least Reg ate well that night. You see Reg also has a tendency to take things that don't belong to him (mostly food).

That being said Reg is a good dog. Like any other Boxer he is crazy, hyper, and a loyal companion, who still finds ways to make us laugh every day and we wouldn't trade him for the world.

## **Winter, Slimbridge**

*by Sandra*

Evening at the lake edge,  
sharp scent of frost,  
the sun falling slow through a crimson sky.

Starlings drifting in shoals, shape-changing.  
Bird-clouds dancing over the flat land.

No sound. And then sound  
felt more than heard,  
cries on the edge of hearing,  
beating the air the great swans  
flying in, filling the world with wings.

Creatures of myth lit gold by the dying sun,  
turning, falling to the night's rest.

## **An Unusual Incident**

*by Sylvia Barnes*

On a journey round the world we found ourselves in Bermuda. We were glad to find there was a little Baptist Chapel – a tin corrugated iron building - where we met two of the local people, who happened to be millionaires!

Before lunch they invited us to see their orchids. We went to these huge glass houses which housed two thousand orchids. We went in to lunch which was served by a local houseboy, who was new - a lad of about 14 or so. He was all kitted out in a white coat. They requested him to serve lunch through the hatch, so he opened the serving hatch – and came through head first!

## **Aphorism**

*Anon*

“If a thing's worth doing, don't be afraid of doing it badly.”

## **The Great Lightning Strike, August 18<sup>th</sup>, 2006**

*by Hebe Welbourn and Sanni Kruger*

One lunchtime in Spring this year, Joan Kearney suddenly said, “do you remember the lightning strike of August 2006?” I said indeed I did, and looked up my diary entry for August 18 that year. At that time, Joan and I were both tenants in Kirwin House and remembered clearly the dramas of that night when Kirwin and Avenue Houses were struck by lightning at 4am.

I was lucky, I woke when the thunder started, got up and pulled out all my power plugs, went back to sleep for a few minutes to be woken dramatically by a BANG and a flash. The fire alarm didn't bother me because I had 2 fire doors which muffled the sound. I quickly found shoes, coat, and purse and was out in the hall with the other tenants. I was lucky, my TV and phone were unaffected. The TV aerial was fixed within 3 days, so I was soon back to normal.

My neighbours were less fortunate. Sanni Kruger has sent a graphic account of the drama in Kirwin:

*“I well remember the lightning strike of August 2006. I was woken at around 4:00 am by a thunderstorm raging overhead and torrential rain lashing the window. No chance to go back to sleep in that. Then there was a very bright stroke of lightning followed by an almighty crash. Next, I heard a fire alarm, thinking to myself, “It’s set off someone’s fire alarm. – It doesn’t sound like Avenue House. – It’s not the school either. – It’s OURS!”*

*That got me out of bed pretty smartly. I went right to the top of the house and checked the vacant flats there. No sign of a fire. As I came back down, Hebe put her head around the door and I told her that we would have to evacuate.*

*“What, in THAT!?!?!”*

*“Yes, the fire brigade should be here shortly.”*

*“Oh well, that’s something to look forward to.”*

*Eventually, we all assembled in the porch until the fire brigade arrived. They confirmed that there was no fire, but they could not turn the alarm off. So back to bed it was and wait for the electrician. Luckily, he arrived first thing and turned the bell off. Silence at last!*

*While the storm was raging, I had unplugged both my TV and computer. But – I had forgotten about the telephone line and as soon as I tried to turn on my computer there was a “poof” and it was gone.*



*It seems that the lightning split three-ways, hitting the TV aerial of Kirwin House, the telephone pole between Avenue and Kirwin House and Avenue House direct. Besides the damage to my computer, various phone answering machines had to be replaced and B. Clegg's TV because she had gone on holiday and forgotten to unplug it."*

The effects on Kirwin House were the result of electrical strike hitting the electricity and telephone connections to the pole outside and also the aerial on the roof. The effects on Avenue House were much more disruptive because the strike passed straight to the kitchen, lifts and the fuse boxes causing complete failure in all areas.

I have compiled the following account from Sylvia Tiley and Vi Farquharson, both Care Staff at the time, and from various past and present volunteers and Board Members. In connection with the wonderful help given by Board Members and volunteers, someone commented, "it's not like that anymore!" I hope it would be!

When all the systems failed, the staff rang Board Members on mobile phones. Volunteers came immediately to help reassure the residents, check on everybody and man the front door to admit visitors etc. because there were no bells. At lunchtime, portions of delicious fish and chips were collected from a shop in Henleaze, which residents enjoyed eating with fingers from the paper! Power to the bells, lights and heating was quickly restored, but the lifts were another matter as they are made in Italy, where the whole country is on holiday for August! The lack of lifts involved a lot of extra work for the staff and everyone was tremendously grateful for the continued help from volunteers. Residents on the top floor were marooned for weeks. The little sitting room was opened up for meals and social interaction.

Precautions (lightning conductors etc.) have been installed to prevent another catastrophe of this kind. I'm sure the residents will be well cared for in any future emergencies.

## **Africa Project - UGANDA**

*by Isobel McLauchlan – Hebe Welbourn's great-granddaughter*

Earlier this year, Hebe's granddaughter interviewed Hebe for her Year 4 project about Africa. Below is an abridged version:

### **Introduction**



This is my Africa project. I have interviewed my great granny Hebe Welbourn because she was a doctor in Uganda for eighteen years.

### **The Interview**

*I: Where did you live?*

G: We lived at Makerere , Which is the university in Kampala in Uganda.



*University in Kampala*

*I: How long did you live there for?*

G: We lived there for 18 years altogether (from August 1946 to the summer of 1963), though we used to come back to England for holidays for short times in between.

*I: Where did you work?*

G: Your great granddad Fred - he worked at the university. He was a warden of one of the houses where the students lived - the hall of residents it was called – called Mitchell hall. I worked as a doctor, and first of all I worked in a hospital for 2 years.



*Great Granny at the hospital*

Then I was given some clinics, which were to help people stop their children being badly nourished and sick like they used to, and we taught them how to feed the babies properly and what kind of foods were needed to prevent malnutrition, as it was caused by bad feeding.



*Clinic in Great Granny's back garden.*

*I: What was your house like?*

G: We had a lovely house. We had a big garden with no fence to it and so the children could run all over the university campus. Our garden was quite big enough, because we had a lawn and some lovely flowers like poinsettias, and we had a tree in the middle of the garden called the cassia tree which had pink flowers and a slide on it so the children could climb up the ladder on one side and go down on the other!



*Great Granny's house in Uganda*

*I: What was the weather like?*

G: We lived right on the equator and so the weather was always sunny and it didn't ever change because we didn't have any summer or winter at all.

*I: What animals lived there?*

G: In the university at Makerere we were in the town so we didn't have any wild animals, but in the night there were skunks and we had some chickens

ducks for eggs and I had to shut them up carefully at night because of the wildcats, the polecats and the skunks that might be running about.

When we went on holiday it was a seaside holiday by the lake and there would be hippos!

*I: (gigglegiggle!)*



*Hippo at the lake*



*Them all swimming at the lake*

G: We could see them swimming about in the water, and we were told they were safe but of course they were really quite dangerous animals, but we didn't know, so we weren't frightened about them. Sometimes we went on a long holiday so we could go to one of the game parks where we could see lions, giraffes, leopards and elephants and there was a road that had a notice on it saying elephants have the right of way.

*I: What food did you eat?*

G: We ate fairly ordinary things - there would be dairy farms in Kenya so there was plenty of milk from the cows and we grew potatoes and vegetables in our gardens. We would have beef from the cattle and chicken and all that so the food was simple. There were a lot of good local recipes for making curry and more Indian and African things like ground nut stew that was lovely. It was made with peanuts ground up with vegetables and sometimes cooked with meat. The local people had their main food plantains (plantain is like a green banana) and they grew these in big bunches on their trees. Then they brought them in and peeled them. The little girls would have to do the peeling and they would wrap them up in the banana leaves then steam them for a long time and it made a sort of wadgy food a bit like very firm sort of mash potatoes. Then you could dip that into your ground nut soup.

*I: What were the people like there?*

G: The people were very kind and some of them were very poor but not poor like they are now. The ones who were poorer that had no education could still do jobs like helping in the house and garden and the jobs that they always enjoyed the most was helping the children which was great fun.





*Some of the local people there*



*Local lady*

Then if they had more money they went to school and did the same sort of jobs we did like teaching and working in offices. We didn't have computers or anything like that in those days but there was writing and typing and running the post services and driving the railway trains and all that kind of thing.

*I: How much do you think it has changed now?*

G: Well it has changed a lot in a sad way because in those days there were very few poor people and the land and the farms were very good and they could grow as much food as they wanted (so long as they ate what they should and kept pretty healthy). There were jobs for everybody and there weren't so many people around and things were getting better all the time we thought. Then they had a war because they couldn't decide which tribe was going to run the government and so a lot of people were killed. They also had a horrible disease called Aids and so a lot of the parents died and left the children as orphans and the children had to look after each other. Even an eight year old would often have to look after younger children all by themselves. People became very poor because there weren't enough people to work and people weren't well enough to work properly and couldn't get the education they needed. There had been all these wars and people had been killed and things became much worse after we left so it was very sad.

*I: How big is Uganda?*

G: It is much much bigger than this country you could fit the whole of the British Isles into Uganda about four times over. The lake that we used (Lake Victoria) is about exactly the same size as Ireland so you know it's much bigger than you think.

*I: Do you have any stories about your time in Uganda so like any extra stories really?*

G: There was a very bad time when they were having demos and riots and the Kenyan people were killing the white people. \*\* Everybody was very frightened because they didn't know quite what was going to happen and our students were frightened because they were all mixed up in this horrible riot and

they didn't know who was going to be killing who. I have a very funny story about that because if somebody came to the door at night it would always be frightening because it might be somebody who was coming to kill you or something. My husband great granddad Fred always used to sleep at night and so if somebody came to the door it was left for me to go. I went to the door one night - I didn't open it, I called out "Who is there?" It was one of the students from the university and he said "It's me I'm Jonathon. I put some paper in my ear and I can't get it out can you help me please!"

*I:gigglegigglegiggle!*



*Great granny poking her head out of a van.*

**\*\* Footnote:** *This was at the time of the Mau Mau insurrection – and the Kikuyu students were just as scared as we were.*

## **A Kindred Spirit**

*by Alison Ashton*

A friend of mine took her grandson, aged six, to the zoo. One of the attractions was a physical challenge for children to negotiate a rope walk high above the ground: they are attached to a safety harness and some are guided by staff, but it is a tricky and difficult balancing act, sometimes on swaying ropes and planks.

The little boy reached the end safely and triumphantly – only to find in the wings a baby gorilla was enthusiastically clapping his hands applauding the trapeze artist!

## **True or False**

*by Anne Oliver*

She was being jostled forwards by the long queue of people who were more eager than she was to get their first glimpse of Her Majesty. She had walked the length of the long corridor lined with glass fronted cupboards filled with wonderful dinner and tea services. She was now in an airy room with a painted plaster ceiling leading out on to the terrace overlooking the garden.

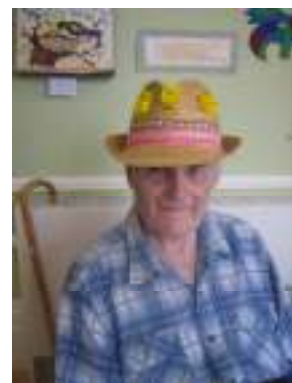
She went down the wide stone steps to the immense throng of people and gradually made her way to the edge so that she could see where she was. When she had had her fill of admiring garden party frocks and gorgeous native costumes, she set off down a small path to explore, and round a slight bend she came upon a tent; it was a gazebo with a canvas roof and walls, but the front had short sides and no door in the middle. Being curious, she stepped off the path and saw that it was empty of people. As she walked on she turned and looked back and found that the bend in the path enabled her to see into the front angle of the gazebo. There, to her utter amazement, tucked into the corner, was the Queen. She was sitting on an ordinary chair with her hat and shoes off and she was busy with her make-up. Holding a little mirror and using a powder puff, she didn't see the intruder who very slowly and quietly walked backwards out of sight and then went quickly across a lawn towards a huge herbaceous border. Behind the border the long high wall surrounding the palace garden stretched away to a wooded area. She was so absorbed with all this that she was startled by a voice asking her what she was doing over there; it was a liveried flunkey who politely asked her to return to the steps. It was not until they were safely past the sentries on guard at the gates that she felt able to tell her husband how she had not, officially, seen the Queen.

## A Year in Pictures...

Diana's 100<sup>th</sup> Birthday celebrations:



Easter Bonnet Competition:





St Patrick's Day:



Animalmania:





Summer BBQ:





Slimbridge:



The Art Group's 'Owl and the Pussycat Assembly Line'!



## Brain Teasers

Compiled by Carmel Zurybida

Can you fill in the blanks? Answers on Page 31

1. There are 7 D \_\_\_\_\_ in a W \_\_\_\_\_.
2. There are 9 P \_\_\_\_\_ in the S \_\_\_\_\_ S \_\_\_\_\_.
3. There are 365 D \_\_\_\_\_ in a Y \_\_\_\_\_.
4. There are 20 S \_\_\_\_\_ in a P \_\_\_\_\_.
5. There are 7 W \_\_\_\_\_ of the W \_\_\_\_\_.
6. There are 24 H \_\_\_\_\_ in a D \_\_\_\_\_.
7. There are 90 D \_\_\_\_\_ in a R \_\_\_\_\_ A \_\_\_\_\_.
8. There are 18 H \_\_\_\_\_ on a G \_\_\_\_\_ C \_\_\_\_\_.
9. There are 12 I \_\_\_\_\_ in a F \_\_\_\_\_.
10. There are 4 W \_\_\_\_\_ in a M \_\_\_\_\_.
11. There are 7 C \_\_\_\_\_ in the R \_\_\_\_\_.
12. There are 26 L \_\_\_\_\_ in the A \_\_\_\_\_.
13. There are 100 P \_\_\_\_\_ in a P \_\_\_\_\_.
14. 4 & 20 B \_\_\_\_\_ B \_\_\_\_\_ in a pie.
15. A B \_\_\_\_\_ in the H \_\_\_\_\_ is W \_\_\_\_\_ T \_\_\_\_\_ in the B \_\_\_\_\_.
16. A F \_\_\_\_\_ E \_\_\_\_\_ is no R \_\_\_\_\_.
17. A S \_\_\_\_\_ in T \_\_\_\_\_ S \_\_\_\_\_ N \_\_\_\_\_.
18. S \_\_\_\_\_ W \_\_\_\_\_ and the 7 D \_\_\_\_\_.
19. 12 D \_\_\_\_\_ at the L \_\_\_\_\_ S \_\_\_\_\_.
20. There are 12 M \_\_\_\_\_ in a Y \_\_\_\_\_.
21. Finally & maybe the trickiest one ... How many seconds are there in a year?



## Wordsearch

Can you find the following words hidden in the grid below? Answers on page 32

Flowers  
Butterflies  
Insects  
Barbeques

Picnics  
Bikes  
Birds  
Plants

Tennis  
Parasol  
Blossoms  
Sunshine

Seedlings  
Walks  
Parks

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

## Picture Quiz

For each picture, can you answer the two sets of questions? Answers on page 32 & 33



### Questions One

1. What is the traditional hat of this country called?
2. What country does it represent?
3. What country does it originate from?
4. What country is this man from? And what is the traditional dress for this country?
5. What country has this leaf on their flag?
6. Where is it?
7. What day do these items represent? And what month is it in?
8. What makes up different parts of the Union Jack?
9. What country does it come from?
10. What country is it in?

## Questions Two

1. Name the Magnificent Seven.
2. How many counties are there in Wales?
3. Which is Italy's main river?
4. How many islands are there in Scotland?
5. How many official languages do Canada have?
6. What was Ellis Island?
7. What type of tree do leprechauns supposedly live in?
8. What does it mean if the Union Jack is flying upside down?
9. What is the capital of Australia?
10. Why was the Eiffel Tower built? What did it commemorate?

## Puzzle Answers

### Brain Teasers (page 28)

1. There are 7 Days in a Week.
2. There are 9 Planets in the Solar System.
3. There are 365 Days in a Year.
4. There are 20 Shillings in a Pound.
5. There are 7 Wonders of the World.
6. There are 24 Hours in a Day.
7. There are 90 Degrees in a Right Angle.
8. There are 18 Holes on a Golf Course.
9. There are 12 Inches in a Foot.
10. There are 4 Weeks in a Month.
11. There are 7 Colours in the Rainbow.
12. There are 26 Letters in the Alphabet.
13. There are 100 Pennies in a Pound.
14. Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie.
15. A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush.
16. A Fair Exchange is no Robbery.
17. A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.
18. Snow White and the Seven Dwarves.
19. 12 Disciples at the Last Supper.
20. There are 12 Months in a Year.
21. There are 12 - 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan, 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb, 2<sup>nd</sup> March etc. etc.

## Wordsearch (page 29)

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

## Picture Quiz (page 30 &31)

### Questions One

1. Sombrero
2. Wales
3. Italy
4. Scotland – Kilt
5. Canada
6. Manhattan, USA
7. St Patrick's Day – 17<sup>th</sup> March
8. St Andrews Cross, St Georges Cross and St Patricks Cross
9. Australia
10. France

## Questions Two

1. Calvera (Eli Wallach), Chico (Horst Bucholz), Harry Luck (Brad Dexter), Vin (Steve McQueen), Bernardo O'Reilly (Charles Bronson), Britt (James Coburn), Lee (Robert Vaughn)
2. 13 – Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, Carmarthenshire, Pembrokeshire, Cardiganshire, Brecknockshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire, Caernarfonshire, Anglesey
3. Po
4. The Scottish islands tend to be classified into four main categories: the Orkneys and Shetlands, and the Outer and Inner Hebrides.
5. 2 – French and English
6. Detention and deportation processing station
7. Hawthorn. The Irish would dance around Hawthorn trees and hope to catch a leprechaun coming out for good luck. Leprechauns are good luck...if you can catch one!
8. A form of distress signal
9. Canberra
10. The main reason for its design and construction was for the World Exhibition (Paris Exposition of 1889) commemorating the 100 year French Revolution in Europe.