



# March Newsletter

## CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

I must admit that in the past six months I have spent more time in our wonderful hospital at Clatterbridge than I have spent in all hospitals during the past 70 odd years.

It appears to be true that our generation are a huge drain on the resources of the NHS *BUT* never once have the caring, understanding and considerate staff made me feel that I am a nuisance or not worthy of the excellent treatment I have received. From the oncology consultants right down to the lady that brings me a cuppa whilst I am connected up to intravenous drip during my treatment, everyone treats us patients with total respect. I even look forward to going these days and am greeted like an old friend and not an old nuisance by everyone including the young man at reception who has remembered my name since my very first appointment.

So I would like to place on record my thanks for our wonderful NHS system, and especially Clatterbridge Cancer Centre, the staff who work there and the chance of spending a few more years with my Grandchildren. I consider myself so fortunate to be under their care.

**Sandra Lakin  
Chairman**



## BRIAN'S MUSING



I was inclined to call this item 'Disaster!' but a psychotherapist I know informs me that my vocabulary is unduly dramatic. Even so, recent events have caused me to review the times in my life when, what appeared to be disastrous turned out, in the end, to have beneficial consequences. In protecting ourselves from misfortune and the 'unknown dreadful' we at the same time prevent ourselves from being the recipients of astonishing kindness.

This has been particularly meaningful for me when travelling in countries in which I had no knowledge of the local language; Yugoslavia comes to mind. I spent some time travelling there when it was still firmly in the grip of Communism, and though I did not know it at the time, my car

had an intermittent starter-motor problem. Sometimes it started and sometimes it didn't. It always started perfectly whenever I took it to a Yugoslavian garage. This meant that I could only ever park on a downward slope or where there were plenty of men about to give me a push. One of the most memorable aspects of that little venture was the joyous kindness of all who came to my aid when all I could do was stand by the car and gesticulate.

On another occasion my car was 'written off' in an accident. There were all sorts of hidden clauses in my Spanish insurance that prevented me from receiving any compensation, so for the next four years I walked a great deal and used public transport, thereby meeting a whole range of interesting people that I would have come nowhere near in the safety capsule of my vehicle. I could see no hope of ever replacing it and though I was a little concerned, life was in fact richer than it had ever been and I did eventually afford a motor-bike. One day a cheque arrived, written in the name of a friend who assured me that she was not the donor who had wanted to remain anonymous. I was to buy myself a new car.

A scrape I recently got into (should this man be allowed out on the roads you might well ask?) was partly covered by insurance but left me needing to acquire two new wheels, a jack and a brace. I conscientiously set about doing so the very next day, expecting it all to cost a fortune, whereas, in reality, professional people not only gave their services free but directed me to where I could get what I needed at greatly reduced prices. In the end I was only twenty pounds worse off and very much richer for having met such generous and sympathetic people. Of course the evening had not gone as planned. One just has to let go of all that and be open to other possibilities

Seen in a conventional light it would not be difficult to dismiss my whole life as a disaster. My somewhat unconventional responses to misfortune have certainly not given me the life I would have chosen. No! They have brought me something totally different and quite beyond my capacity to imagine.

Brian Gill

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## LUNCH GROUP

Dates to note for 2019 MEET AT 12.45 for 1pm

March 19 <sup>th</sup>	The Queen's Arms
April 16 <sup>th</sup>	The Toby Carvery
May 21 <sup>st</sup>	The Pesto (Dibbinsdale)
June 18 <sup>th</sup>	The Travellers' Rest
July 16 <sup>th</sup>	Peel Hey – afternoon tea <b>Please note time: 2.30 pm</b>



COLIN STREDDER

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**TEA AND COFFEE ROTA** If you cannot do a duty, please ring me, **JOAN BENTON, ON 608 6226**

14 <sup>th</sup> March 2019	Judith Wheat
	Maureen Oldham

Sylvia Hunt

28<sup>th</sup> March 2019

Joyce Roberts

Jean Skillicorn

Beryl Davies

11<sup>th</sup> April 2019

Margaret Cullen

Paul Cullen

Will Edwards

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I would like to call on more members to volunteer to help serve tea and coffee at our meetings. It is a really good way of getting to know other members and is not onerous. I would probably call on you to do this duty only twice a year and the more volunteers we get the less there is to do.

Thank you and I look forward to hearing from you.

Joan Benton: tel. 608 6226

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## CHESTER TOWN CRYER



At our U3A meeting on January 31<sup>st</sup> we were due to have a talk on *The Origins of Place Names* but due to some atrocious weather conditions our speaker had to cancel and Brian was fortunate to find a replacement at short notice.

Chester Town Cryer, David Mitchell, proved to be a highly entertaining speaker and had many stories of his experiences as Town Cryer to regale us with. Those of us who managed to get to the meeting were rewarded by a most enjoyable morning. Ed.

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Jane Beech thought some of you might be interested in her art classes in Hoylake. They do look interesting so I have included her details here for your information. Ed.



Watercolour Art Courses

**Taught by Jane Beech B.A. (Hons) Cert. Ed**

**The Parade, Hoylake Community Centre,  
31 Hoyle Road, CH47 3AG**

**Day Courses run from 10.00am – 3.00pm  
Cost £45 (Includes materials)**

Looking for an unusual present?  
Gift Certificates are available.

**Why not come along & try something new in friendly surroundings.  
Step by step demonstrations & individual help given.**

How to paint Reflections in Watercolour	Monday 11 <sup>th</sup> February
How to paint a Cottage in the Landscape	Monday 11 <sup>th</sup> March
Painting Spring Flowers in Watercolour	Monday 15 <sup>th</sup> April
How to paint a Mountain Landscape	Monday 13 <sup>th</sup> May
How to paint Summer Flowers	Monday 10 <sup>th</sup> June
How to paint simple Figures in Watercolour	Monday 15 <sup>th</sup> July

**For Enquiries & Bookings**  
**Telephone: 0151 339 3435 or 079481 59493**  
**E-Mail: [beechnut45@googlemail.com](mailto:beechnut45@googlemail.com)**

### **Saturday Art Courses**

**Taught by Jane Beech B.A. (Hons) Cert. Ed**

**The Parade, Hoylake Community Centre,  
31 Hoyle Road, CH47 3AG**

**Saturday day Courses run from 9.30am–12.30pm  
Cost £30 (Includes materials)**

Are you looking for something to do on a Saturday?  
Looking for an unusual present? Gift Certificates are available.

**Why not come along and try something new in friendly surroundings. Step by step demonstrations and individual help given, so you can handle your materials with confidence.**

Making the most of Water Soluble Pencils	Saturday 26 <sup>th</sup> January
Painting Simple Landscapes in Watercolour	Saturday 9 <sup>th</sup> February
How to Paint Trees in Watercolour	Saturday 9 <sup>th</sup> March
How to paint a Mountain Landscape	Saturday 6 <sup>th</sup> April
How to paint a simple Cottage	Saturday 11 <sup>th</sup> May
Discovering Pen and Ink	Saturday 8 <sup>th</sup> June

For Enquiries & Bookings  
Telephone: 0151 339 3435 or 079481 59493  
E-Mail: beechnut45@googlemail.com

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## SOCIAL OUTINGS

### EVENTS

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE

No bookings or reservations can be taken without payment  
This is necessary in order to be fair to all our members  
PLEASE try to book events BEFORE the START of meetings  
Payment at end of meetings MUST be either cheque or correct cash only  
Full booking details available @ meetings - see your social organisers

COACH COSTS are dependent on numbers travelling so it may be necessary to adjust prices slightly from time to time.

### EVENTS

Tour of Liverpool Empire Theatre  
Thursday 7 March 2019  
Tour starts 11.00am and lasts approx 1 hour 15 mins  
Takes us through theatre with commentary on the theatres history  
and information on the running of the theatre  
Cost £5.00  
Booking will close 14 February (latest)

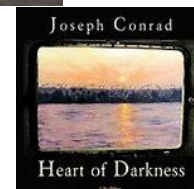


### THEATRE

Reminder  
Matthew Bourne's re-imagined version of his iconic Swan Lake  
Thursday 11 April 2019 @ 2.30 pm  
Liverpool Empire  
*Meet at Theatre*



*Booking closed*  
Liverpool PLAYHOUSE  
STONES IN HIS POCKETS  
(personal recommendation by member)  
Tuesday 19th MARCH @ 7.30pm  
Tickets £22 *collect tickets*



PLAYHOUSE  
HEART OF DARKNESS  
A retelling of this classic – includes digital technology  
THURSDAY 2 MAY @ 5.30pm  
Tickets £17 *Booking closed*



A Tour of the Royal Liver Building  
Thursday May 30<sup>th</sup> - 10.15am onwards.  
The Tour involves climbing up to the tower of the building by an enclosed spiral staircase.  
The views should be wonderful but some might find it challenging as it requires a degree

of fitness. The climb is slow and safe but it might be a good idea to check the internet site for further details. Cost is £15

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## **MEETINGS and SPEAKERS 2019**

**British Humour: 18<sup>th</sup>- 20<sup>th</sup> Centuries - Michael Murphy.**

It is so easy to take humour for granted when really it can afford us amazing insights into the way we function. This talk offers an interesting development from our previous speaker.

**Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> April**

**The Canal Dukes - Bernard Dennis.** Our canals are currently taking on a new lease of life. Their early development supported the industrial revolution and changed our history; thanks to those who had the money, influence and insight to develop them. We can rely on Bernard Dennis to be his usual insightful and informative self.

**Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup> May**

**Witches and Superstitions: their effect on modern culture - Jean Finney.** We might like to think that in an age of scientific rationalism we are free from the effects of demonology. Not so! Jean Finney has entertained us on two previous occasions and is returning in response to popular demand.

**Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> June**

**Confessions of a Probation Officer - Ray O'Brien.** We know that whatever Ray O'Brien shares with us will be a subject of great mirth. His talks are always a rare treat.

**Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> July**

**Major Predators of Liverpool Bay - Matthew Clough.** Matthew Clough will be sharing with us aspects of the work that he knows and values. He may well reveal aspects of which we might not be aware when we survey or even enter the waters of Liverpool Bay.

**Thursday 12<sup>th</sup> September**

**Through the Eye of a Magician - Peter Turner.** Peter Turner comes to us supported by a wealth of professional experience. He might possibly challenge the way in which we see things.

**Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> October**

**Viking and Saxon History on Merseyside - Diana Goodier.** Diana Goodier, a devoted historian, will make her talk particularly relevant to The Wirral and promises to dress for the occasion.

**Thursday 7<sup>th</sup> November**

**English Village Life in the Middle Ages - Stuart Elliot.** Stuart Elliot has the ability to bring to life ways of living and being that seem to be lost in time. He comes to us highly recommended and offers an interesting continuation and development from the previous speaker.

**Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> December**

**Hollywood Drama Queens - Rina Tullinger.** And now for something completely different! Having chatted with the speaker on the phone I am sure that all who hear her will enjoy her originality and dynamism as she addresses this fascinating subject.

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## NOTES OF ACTIVITIES AT NON- SPEAKER MEETINGS

Thursday March 14 <sup>th</sup>	Wallasey U3A's Ukulele Band (via Brian)
Thursday April 11 <sup>th</sup>	Colin Stredder will give a Quiz.
Thursday May 9 <sup>th</sup>	Tony Storey will talk about the Liver Building.
Thursday June 6 <sup>th</sup>	Wallasey U3A's The Replay (via Brian)
Thursday July 4 <sup>th</sup>	Colin is doing a dance anagram – on dance.

*Colin Stredder*

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## WALKING GROUP

### FEBRUARY WALK PUTS SPRING INTO U3A WALKERS

As we stood in the sunshine outside the West Kirby Concourse the cold wind made us shiver, zip up our coats and put on our gloves but our intrepid leader Jerry knew how to solve the problem- he set off at a fast pace (slow for him) and took us up Caldy Hill. By the time we had puffed up to the top it felt more like summer than winter, the wind had died, our coats were open and our cheeks rosy but the views in the sunshine were worth every ounce of effort it took to get there. It felt like Spring had arrived in February.



The promise of coffee at Royden Park and the words “it’s flat from here except for ----” kept us going for the rest of the 6 ½ ml walk. An added bonus was that Chris and Sandra joined us at Royden Park and came with us for the rest of the walk which finished with a fine lunch at the Gravesberrie Inn in Greasby with good company and true to u3a principles of learning - Gwyneth informed us we had done ‘thousands of steps’ all in wonderful Spring sunshine.

Thank you Jerry the walk was exhilarating and certainly put a spring into everyone who participated.

Brenda George

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### U3A Walk on Friday 15th March 2019.

A Circular walk of 6.5 miles led by Gerry Riley starting and finishing at Ormskirk Station. We will take lunch at Wetherspoons Pub in Ormskirk at around 1:30 – 1:45pm

The walk is on minor roads and field paths and as usual there may be some mud. This walk is classed as the War horse walk as it was during the first world war that all the horses used on the front line were brought and trained before shipping to France.

Meet behind the barriers at Liverpool Central Station, no later than 10:10 am. to get the 10:17 train to Ormskirk. If you wish you may change at Moorfields station and get the Ormskirk train around 10:20 am but please make sure you are at the walk start before 11:00 am

Gerry's phone number on the day is 07751807007 and his email is [gerry@riley1.me.uk](mailto:gerry@riley1.me.uk).

**Could members who wish to walk please let Gerry know before the next meeting by e-mail or phone as the meeting allows insufficient time.**

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**NOTICE OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OXTON & PRENTON DISTRICT U3A**

To All Members

In accordance with section 14 of our constitution I hereby give notice that the 2019 Annual General Meeting of the Oxton, Prenton & District U3A will take place at the Church Hall, Palm Grove with Trinity Church, Alton Road, Ox ton at **10-30am on Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> April 2019.**

Fully paid up Members are invited to submit proposed and seconded Agenda items to the Secretary, Jean Mawdsley, by **Monday 25<sup>th</sup> March 2019.**

I am resigning from the post of Chair due to health reasons. Jean Mawdsley has come to the end of her term of office as Secretary. Ken Jackson has come to the end of his term of office as Treasurer but as such he can be re-elected for a second term of office and has indicated his agreement to do so and therefore will be applying for re-election. This means that at the AGM we will need to appoint a Chair, a Secretary, two vice chairs

Nominations for election to any post on the committee are open to any fully paid up member of our U3A. Prospective candidates must be proposed and seconded with the completed nomination form sent to the Secretary, Jean Mawdsley, by **Monday 25<sup>th</sup> March 2019.**

If you wish to discuss any aspect of committee membership in advance please feel free to contact me. E mail [chairman@oxtonu3a.co.uk](mailto:chairman@oxtonu3a.co.uk)

Sandra Lakin (Chairman)

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**PLAY READING GROUP**

**An Unexpected Present**

The cold was penetrating; his muscles tensed up against the biting wind that seemed to find a way through to his brain so that he could barely think and yet, somehow the scream reached his numbed senses. He stirred, conscious now of the hard stone flags under his cheap sleeping bag. The small movement made his frozen body want to cry out with the pain from his stiffening joints. He pulled the old woollen scarf tighter around his neck with hands aching from the cold. It came again, a scream blood-curdling in its fear. Suddenly awake now, Jack pushed himself up on his elbow, wary as always of anything which might present danger in his vicinity. The scream seemed to have emanated from an alley further down between department stores now closed up for the night. Apart from the Christmas fairy lights which lit up the main shopping area which crossed this road further down, only a few feeble street lights provided any illumination. Jack had chosen



this spot because it was relatively quiet and away from the late night drunks. He guessed that it would be around three or four a.m. and wondered not for the first time, how his life could have become such a mess. Apart from a bowl of welcome hot soup which he had collected from charity depot some hours earlier he had not eaten anything substantial and felt the now familiar pains of an empty stomach.

He was about to try to settle back among the detritus that was now his bed, when the scream pierced the air again. This time he heard desperation in the sound, which beckoned him to check its source and he pulled himself up, folding his belongings under a bit of plastic sheeting he had scrounged. He carried a spanner, which he kept for such occasions as he felt might make it useful and made his way to the alley. Warily he started into it, ears trained for the slightest sound. Although his eyes were used to the dark it was difficult to make out anything apart from shadows and he almost fell over something in his path. Heart thumping he stepped back instinctively tightening his fingers round the spanner in his pocket. A low moan and then another came from the heap on the ground. He bent and reached out his hand cautiously as the body let out a frightened squeal and rolled away from him. Remembering that he had some matches in his pocket he lit one and gasped as he realised that a girl, not much more than a child, was blinking up at him with sheer panic in her eyes. Her hair was matted with what looked like blood and her face was a deathly white. "Don't be afraid love, I'll help you." he found himself saying, though how he was going to get her to a hospital or police station he could not imagine. She still looked terrified and he realised that he probably didn't appear to be a knight in shining armour after weeks of sleeping rough. "I promise not to hurt you," he continued, "I think you need to get to a hospital." At that moment she retched and was violently sick; he thought he detected the familiar smell of alcohol.

Where was the nearest place to get help? Jack's phone had been pinched ages ago; he wondered if.... "Have you got a mobile with you? We need to get a message to your family and transport to a hospital – that looks like a nasty cut. Do you think if I help you can manage to walk to the road?"

"My father will go mad, I wasn't supposed to be in Town," she started to whimper, "I went to a club with a girlfriend and we had a few drinks with some lads, then she wanted to go home but the chap I was with got me another drink so she left us to it. I don't remember what happened next but I ended up outside with some older guy down this alley and he stole my bag and my watch and the necklace my parents gave me for my birthday. I tried to stop him, he was all over me, then he panicked when someone passed nearby and punched me in the face then shoved me to the floor. I thought you were him come back. I haven't got any money left and I don't know if my mobile is still in my pocket or if he got that too." She started weeping then passed out.

Jack was running low on matches – he'd used up quite a few. What to do now? Would it be OK to check her pockets for her mobile? He really didn't want to be in more trouble but he supposed it was worth taking a chance. He was about to search her pockets when she came round and realising what he was doing, looked for herself. "It's still here – he must have been in such a hurry that he missed it. Here, can you call for help?"

"First can you stand? We need to get somewhere with light." he reached to help her up and though her legs were buckling from under her, they eventually managed to struggle out to the road. With some street lighting he now saw that she was really in quite a bad way. Her cut was bleeding copiously and still recovering from the shock and the drink she looked far from well. Jack found himself wondering whether she had been drugged but kept it to himself. He helped her to sit on a step then dialled 999. "Police and ambulance quickly, a young woman has been attacked. We are at the top end of Bath St. I'll stay with her until you get here. They won't be long." he told her reassuringly. "Now what is your home number? Your family will be worrying."

An ambulance arrived within minutes closely followed by a police car. Jack suddenly realised that he was shivering; he had wrapped his rather tatty, smelly old coat over the girl's shoulders to keep her warmer and now felt chilled to the bone. Two ambulance crew were walking towards them; seeing that the girl was bleeding they started to check her over. A policeman joined them with a police woman at his side. "Was it you who called the services?" he addressed Jack who nodded. "You will need to give us a statement. What is your name sir?" he was giving him a strange look and Jack understood that his appearance was not exactly

what might be deemed “*respectable*” the policeman continued, “Address sir?” Jack pointed shamefacedly towards his small pile in the doorway of a building a short way down the street. Glancing at the policewoman Jack caught her expression of shocked surprise and was that a tear in her eye? The policeman was talking again, “Do you know who this young woman is? Her name?” Jack shook his head, then seeing that the ambulance crew were starting towards the ambulance having loaded the girl on to a stretcher, hurried towards it.

The girl appeared to be regaining consciousness; her eyes were casting round, bright with fear and tears. “Where is he? The guy who helped me? I want him to come with me to the hospital. Has anyone rung my family? The number will be on my phone.” The medics glanced doubtfully at Jack who certainly looked an unlikely rescuer and beckoned him forward.

The police officers exchanged glances, “He can go in the ambulance if that's alright with you. We'll follow and wait for her parents to arrive. He will need to give us a statement then hopefully she can tell us where the attack happened and we can check the CCTV cameras in the vicinity.” The crew nodded their agreement adding that they were taking her to the city hospital a very short drive away and that she needed to get there sooner rather than later. The police nodded and Jack, having given his name and described as best he could, where he had found her, asked them to look after his small pile of belongings. They duly gathered them to place in the car boot and prepared to follow the ambulance. The ambulance moved off closely followed by the police car. Meanwhile the policewoman found *Mum and Dad* on the phone they had taken away from the girl who, according to her phone, was called Pam Adams. Her call was answered by a clearly distraught woman.

Helen, the police woman, spoke calmly, “Please try not to distress yourself Mrs. Adams, we have your daughter. She is on her way to Liverpool Royal where she will be checked over. Pam has had a very unpleasant experience but is being looked after. She was fortunate to be heard by a young man who called us to help, or things might have been much worse. We're approaching the hospital now and will be there for a while waiting to get statements, meanwhile we have alerted HQ to collect CCTV film for checking. We would be interested to know how your daughter came to be alone in the city centre at this time of night?” she listened carefully as the father took the phone over, reacting with an occasional “I see!” and “That explains a lot” and ending the call as they came to a stop behind the ambulance at their destination. Turning to her companion, “They'll be over shortly – I think Pam is in for a right bollocking!” they parked and as they walked quickly over to A&E Helen relayed the gist of her phone conversation to her colleague. “She was supposed to be going to her friend's for a sleep over but evidently the pair of them thought it would be a lark to go into the city centre instead and go clubbing. Her parents started worrying when they had a call from the friend's mother to say that her daughter had left Pam and returned on her own. They have been beside themselves – both sets of parents – but are obviously very relieved to know where she is now. They will meet us here so you'd better let the station know that we could be a while.”

Inside A&E Jack had followed the stretcher and was doing his best to explain to the medics how he had found her. A nurse studied him carefully, “You really don't look too good yourself; I think we should check you over. You've had quite a shock too.” and she went off to find a medic. Pam was telling a nurse and doctor about her experience, as much as she could remember and they took blood for testing while cleaning her wound which required stitches. “Your Father is on his way here with your Mother, they should be here shortly. They've spoken to the police and are very worried about you. It was incredibly stupid of you and your friend to do what you did. Your Dad says you're only sixteen but old enough to behave more responsibly. You might have been murdered or raped.” One of the orderlies led Jack to a cubicle and gave him a mug of hot tea; he hadn't realised how chilled to the bone he felt and it tasted like nectar.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams had arrived and having spoken to the police wanted to see their daughter. They were taken to her and her Mother hugged her closely. “What on earth made you do something so stupid?” Her Father turned to the nurse, “Is she going to be alright? Has she been...?” he couldn't bring himself to say the word raped. They were waiting for the results of blood tests the nurse informed him. As far as they could see the wound, though nasty looked worse than it was and should heal well. They wondered whether she had

been drugged and were running tests. Although she had had a couple of drinks her sickness and lack of clear memory could denote drugs if she really had only had a couple of drinks.

Mr. Adams asked to see the man who had found her and got her to safety and when told that her rescuer was a rough sleeper and that given the freezing conditions she would probably have died from hypothermia had he not rescued her, he turned to his wife with tears in his eyes. “Did you hear that Annie? We should try to help this guy – he can't be bad to have gone the extra mile like that. Maybe I could find him a job in my business.” At that moment Jack emerged from the cubicle where the medics had checked him over and Pam saw him. She pointed him out to her parents. A pale, skinny young man dressed in worn, tatty clothes who looked as though he had not eaten a square meal for days. Her eyes lit with gratitude as she beckoned him over and introduced her parents.

Jack half turned away, embarrassed to be seen in such a state. “It was just luck that I had settled for the night and heard her. She sounded so frightened that I knew something was very wrong. I know what real fear is like; sometimes, sleeping rough, I can hardly sleep for fear that I will not wake up.

The couple looked at one another, “Well what are you going to do Bob? We can't let Jack sleep rough tonight; he must stay with us while we try to think of some way to help him. There's plenty of room and it will soon be Christmas – we must find some way to repay him for taking care of our precious daughter. He can tell us his story so we can decide how.” Pam's eyes lit up – she was going to be in very hot water and there would be a lot of explaining to do before she would be out of the woods she knew, but she was safe and loved and could help Jack get the Christmas present he needed to get him back on his feet.

Eliane Davie

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## ART APPRECIATION GROUP

**Dates for U3A History of Art meetings.**

**All meetings in Trinity Session room start at 10.15a.m. unless otherwise stated:**

**Here is our programme to April 2019**

March 20<sup>th</sup> -  
(Sessions Room)

Leonardo da Vinci – Talk by Bernadette Hamilton

April! 7th –

Leonardo Drawings Exhibition (Walker Art Gallery)



**Please make a note in your diaries**

**Bernadette Hamilton**

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**Of interest to those going to the Summer School in Cumbria this year.**

Mrs Davina Edwards, who came to Summer School last year, has said she will organise a minibus this year. Her address is 11, Smallwood Mews, Heswall. Wirral. CH60 6TE Tel. 0151 342 5241. Although she now lives in Heswall, she is still a member of Bromborough U3A. She said she'd be grateful if you could mention the minibus and give her contact details to U3A officers and members on your mailing list in Wirral, Cheshire, Chester or Liverpool.

**Sandra Lakin Chairman**

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**U3A visit to Liverpool's John Lennon Airport**



Here the Group is standing in front of the new monument to the Hillsborough disaster.

**Photo sent by Margaret Yearly**

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*The latest newsletter has gone out direct to the 'opt in' list of U3A members. It is packed full of news from U3As, news from the Trust, including upcoming events and new subject advisers and much more.*

*You can view it here if you have not already signed up yourself. Your members can view all back copies and sign up to receive it direct on our website <https://u3a.org.uk/about/newsletter> and also by clicking on the link below.*

***U3A EMAIL NEWSLETTER** Click here to add your name to the U3A email newsletter list, or visit [u3a.org.uk/email](https://u3a.org.uk/email)*

**AND FINALLY ....** I am back from an interesting and restful holiday in Sri Lanka and apologise for the delay of the March Newsletter. There was quite a bit of content to add on my return yesterday so I hope that you will bear with me on this occasion.

**Eliane Davie** Editor



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