

Episode 2

MAY 2020

## Finding things to do . . .

### A few words from our Leader

**D**uring lock down we have all been finding things to do, and luckily we have been blessed with the warmest spring for many years. In some ways social distancing has brought neighbours closer together. For example many younger neighbours, to their great credit, have volunteered to get shopping for those who were experiencing difficulty. They have also been checking that those living on their own are keeping well.

Last weekend we celebrated VE Day with street parties on our own drives, ending with a sing along to *We'll Meet Again*. During the afternoon I walked along the road and spoke to all our neighbours, many of whom I had not previously met. All were enjoying the occasion and thought we should hold another Street Party when the distancing rules are lifted. So hopefully we will be meeting again soon, to celebrate Victory over Covid 19.

Best wishes to all,

DAVID DICKINSON



# *I'm normally a Social Girl*

I'm normally a social girl  
I love to meet my mates  
But lately with the virus here  
We can't go out the gates.

You see, we are the "oldies" now  
We need to stay inside  
If they haven't seen us for a while  
They'll think we've upped and died

They'll never know the things we did  
Before we got this old  
There wasn't any Facebook  
So not everything was told.

We may seem sweet old ladies  
Who would never be uncouth  
But we grew up in the 60's -  
If you only knew the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll  
The pill and miniskirts  
We smoked, we drank, we partied  
And were quite outrageous flirts.

Then we settled down, got married  
And turned into someone's Mum  
Somebody's wife, then Nana,  
Who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace  
Because our lives were full  
But to bury us before we're dead  
Is like a red rag to a bull!

So here you find me stuck inside  
For 4 weeks - maybe more  
I finally found myself again  
Then I had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me  
I'd while away an hour  
I'd bake for all the family  
But I've got no bloody flour!

Now Netflix is just wonderful  
I like a gutsy thriller  
I'm swooning over Idris  
Or some random sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze  
For when I'm feeling idle  
There's wine, whisky, even gin  
If I'm feeling suicidal.

So let's drink to lockdown  
To recovery and health  
And hope this bloody virus  
Doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through this crisis  
And be back to join our mates  
Just hoping I'm not too fat  
To fit through the flaming gates.

**Judith Shaw sent in this witty poem by everyone's favourite poet Pam Ayres**

## **So now it's up to YOU!**

We said this last time. We would like to see your pictures or selfies of life in isolation along with articles or observations that will amuse, entertain or even educate. E-mails to: [bvu3anewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:bvu3anewsletter@gmail.com)

## **Min Gardiner with Phone at hand**

Here's a photo of Stroud's Pond on the Common from my dog walk this afternoon. A black headed gull was swooping after something in the pond but it was too fast for me to photograph. The smaller of two ponds on Yateley Common. This pond was mentioned in the Domesday Book.



## **Portrait of the artist's mother**



*Whistler's Mother* hangs in the Louvre. This one of Jan Rowling should be hanging somewhere with a similar sounding name. At least we know where her daughter's artistic talent comes from.

## **Skype delivers True Happiness**

It's difficult to describe the sheer joy that Skype can deliver to the elderly trapped in the current COVID-19 web of isolation.

Faces alight with pleasure when they see their old chums through the wonders of modern technology and software.

Not since the days of the 1/9ds at the Alcazar Hounslow has the silver screen held so much promise and entertainment.

*[Yes, you've read this script before but the people have been changed to protect the integrity of the Government's Lock Down programme]*



# DIDN'T WE HAVE A STREET PARTY!



VE Day 1945 was on a Tuesday and it wasn't a bank holiday. It was a National Holiday that started more or less on the day before when the news of Germany's surrender was announced. Pictured below is a typical street party. One of BVU3A members is present can you spot him?





# A Certain Reluctance

Was there a certain reluctance, dare I say reticence in the response to my request for pictures of members on or around VE Day 1945? I did have one member say that she wasn't born then but this was a poor excuse. A better one could have been: "We never took any photos on the day !" This was a reasonable response because most likely there was only one roll of film in the house for the Box Brownie and that would have been saved for the duration of the war and was now going to be used to photograph "Our Jack" as he walked along the street swinging his kitbag over his shoulder. Or perhaps the precious film was for "Our Tommie" probably swinging an ATS lass around his neck.

However, there are no like reasons to explain why that in the age of the compulsory smart phone, now seemingly surgically attached at birth, there should be a dearth of happy snaps of this year's 75th Anniversary binge. Never have results been so easy to obtain and their transmission so easy to accomplish. Point, shoot, click and send.

I was somewhat disappointed with the collected efforts of our members who only managed between them to send in three pictures circa 1945 and two sets of pictures for 2020, one of Aylesham Way and the other Willowford.

The street party picture on page 4 is the only one with VE Day 1945 credits. One of our members is pictured to the left of the photograph.

In the pictures below we have a brother and sister and two members of our Photographic Group.



# What's in a Name

**I**t may have been Electrolux. That's been my response to enquiries about the naming of this humble offering. I chose the name Hoover to represent the vacuum that Nature was abhorring. Obviously, my love of enigmatic clues whilst hopefully mystifying, to some seemed inexplicable or baffling. Others were perplexed and bewildered finding the thoughts confusing and my humour impenetrable, dare I say incomprehensible and in the end downright unexplainable.

Others called me a smart arse. You must excuse my French as obviously Cod Latin is not appreciated west of Fleet.

The disappearance of the Newsletter creating a vacuum to be filled seemed to have been missed by the majority of our members and the subsequent request for titbits and selfies to fill future pages may have fallen on deaf ears save for Judith Shaw who sent in a poem by Pam Ayres that you can read on page2.

## ***Photography Group Zooming off?***

Members if the Photographic Group are becoming restless and are considering meeting online via Zoom. Members have been asked to show their favourite pictures. Sounds like we will be seeing a lot of Phil in the near future!

## ***News about Garden Visits***

After hearing the news from Boris Johnson yesterday [May 11th] I have today taken the decision to cancel our forthcoming trips to the NGS garden at The Hatches, Frimley Green on Tuesday 9th June and Friday 12th June 2020. I will refund all monies, either cash or cheques at the next monthly meeting that we are able to organise. I don't think this comes as any surprise to you but it is a shame.

JACKIE BARKAWAY

# **Late Arrivals at the Editor's Ball**

Just when you thought it was all over Min Gardiner, not old enough for VE Day duties 1945, but old enough to know one end of a deadline from a piece of string, comes winging her way on a mixed metaphor and crosses the ball into the net delivering perhaps two or more of the best photos in this edition. Should I take umbrage or slap her wrists? Answers on a postcard .

*Dear Phil,*

*Love it, especially the Pam Ayres poem. Baileys Close on VE Day sorry not to have sent them sooner. Like other members I wasn't around on VE day but my mum was (on the right) she worked for English Electric as an armature winder in the war. This was her and her fellow workers off to celebrate. Use or not as you feel fit, and stay safe*

*Min*

