



HAVERHILL & DISTRICT

u3a learn,
laugh,
live
News and Views

Supported by



HAVERHILL
TOWN COUNCIL

November 2023

From the Chair

I must admit November is my least favourite month, however I recently found something that told me that spring will come. I was walking with a friend at Ickworth, in the first week of the month, when we came across several bunches of snowdrops.



I am looking forward to our Christmas Concert on December 5th. All of the tickets have been sold, I know that we will have a very entertaining afternoon and my thanks go to the Events Committee for all their hard work.

This is the last edition of News and Views for this year and I hope you have enjoyed them. I would like to wish you all a very happy Christmas and a peaceful and healthy 2024.

Barbara Lavender

Speaker's Corner

David Caulfield, the group leader of the guitar group, came to entertain us at the Arts Centre on the 31st October and it wasn't just a talk, it was a nostalgic, funny

and informative trip down memory lane. David showed us photos from his teenage years with some of the photos having 1960's memories of their own for the audience, along with stories of his musical career/hobby. David had anecdotes about his fellow group/band members. The feedback forms were asking for a return visit, so hopefully David will come and speak to us next year.

On the 28th November meeting, Siobhan from SUEZ Recycling and Recovering will talk about the energy from waste facility on the A14 at Great Blakenham, towards Ipswich. This is where your black bin waste goes and what happens to it, and you can experience this via a video of the site. Siobhan will also be talking about recycling.

Sue Dickinson

Sunday Strollers

On our first frosty morning of the Autumn, ten strollers enjoyed a 3.25 mile walk around Clare. After a short stretch of mud we enjoyed the rest of the walk on reasonable terrain, finishing with a coffee break at a local garden centre.

We do not walk in December. Our next walk will be from East Town Park on the 14th January 2024 starting at 10.30am and will be approximately 3 miles.

David Jefferies

Thank You

The editorial team would like to thank all members who supplied articles for News and Views this year and we look forward to receiving them next year. This is the last

edition of 2023 and we would like to wish you all a very happy Christmas and a Peaceful and Healthy 2024.

Alice, Barbara and David

Aussie Jingle Bells Lyrics

Dashing through the bush
In a rusty Holden Ute
Kicking up the dust
Esky in the boot
Kelpie by my side
Singing Christmas songs
It's summer time and I am in
My singlet, shorts & thongs

OH, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS
JINGLE ALL THE WAY
CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA
ON A SCORCHING SUMMER'S DAY
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS
CHRISTMAS TIME IS BEAUT
OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE
IN A RUSTY HOLDEN UTE

Engine's getting hot
Dodge the kangaroos
Swaggy climbs aboard
He is welcome too
All the family is there
Sitting by the pool
Christmas day, the Aussie way
By the barbecue!

OH, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS
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CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA
ON A SCORCHING SUMMER'S DAY
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS
CHRISTMAS TIME IS BEAUT
OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE
IN A RUSTY HOLDEN UTE

Come the afternoon
Grandpa has a doze
The kids and uncle Bruce
Are swimming in their clothes
The time comes round to go
We take a family snap
Then pack the car and all shoot through
Before the washing up

OH, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS
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Graeme Gee



Creative Writing Group

MURDER ?

There is a crisp bright light in the fortress grounds of Saint Lazare, dawn has just broken and our breath creates impermanent art in the air of the prison courtyard. None of us wants to be here and curse our luck for being selected. The Officer calls us to order and we line up facing the far wall. The prisoner is brought out and told to stand against it. It is an eerie sight because the sun's rays have begun to burn off the early morning frost on its surface, sending ice smoke into the air. As the Officer raises his sword, which is the signal for us to raise our rifles, I fit mine snugly into the crook of my arm and settle the sights onto the target. She shows no sign of fear and stares it seems, directly at me, although I am just one of twelve men who have been singled out to be her executioners. I wonder again why the fates have marked me out for this horrific duty and pray that my rifle contains the one blank round issued.

We had all followed her farce of a trial, the outcome of which was a formality and a chance to show Germany that spying against France would not be tolerated and that death would be the consequence.

Mata Hari's defence counsel was denied permission to cross-examine the prosecution's witnesses or to examine witnesses directly. The prosecution statement of 'Without scruples, and accustomed to making use of men, and the type of woman who is born to be a spy' was facetious by any standard but given it was wartime and a determination to make a public example of a spy, not surprising.

So here I am on a beautiful spring morning with the other unlucky victims of the officer's selection, looking down the barrel of my gun at a brave but flawed woman. She stands erect, proud, and defiant in the face of imminent death. She is beautiful with her wealth of coiled black hair and dressed in a neatly tailored suit with black kid gloves on. As the Officer's sword is raised, I focus my gun sights on her left breast as ordered, but as the sword flashes down, the sun on its blade reflects like some divine condemnation and makes me move my aim to a point past her left arm. I pull the trigger, my bullet hits the wall behind her and a puff of brick and mortar sends a smoke signal of my action to the Officer.

I think that all my fellow executioners have done the same thing, for she continues to stand momentarily, before slipping to her knees with no change of expression. She totters there for a moment, still appearing to look into my eyes before falling backward, bending at the waist, her legs beneath her. The officer walks to her, takes his pistol from its holster, and places it against her left temple. I close my eyes as the report reverberates around the yard; the sound slowly replaced by reverential silence. Even the dawn chorus of birds seems muted by events in Man's continual wars and their victims.

I will not be the first or the last to purposely miss the target in a firing squad. It is expected that some will disobey orders, and it's why there are several men involved. I will fight for my country on the battlefields but not ever again be a party to what is little more than cold-blooded murder.

Ken Hainsby

Spanish Conversation Group

The Spanish Conversation group met twice this month as usual.

Our group follows an audio course which we extend with videos and worksheets and our own Spanish sentences. We have moved on from the present tense to cover the commands, past, future and conditional.

This allows us more scope for conversation because we can say what we have done and what we are going to do. The members continue to be enthusiastic and are working on extending their vocabulary.



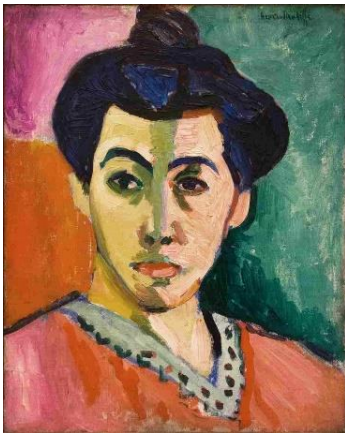
David Campos

Art Appreciation

November saw the Art Appreciation Group's outdoor trip to the conveniently located Haverhill Arts centre which valiantly continues to live up to its name, and well-done for doing so! We, and the rest of the public, have been able to view for free, a display illustrating late works by French artist Henri Matisse (1869 – 1954).

If you didn't know, you would think his early and late works were by quite different people as he became more abstract and figurative as he aged. Think of the process as one of rationalisation: of distilling the essence of what is being represented. In that way perhaps, the artist is inviting you to say what you see, and thus you become part of the creative process.

A small reproduction in the corner of the exhibition showed Matisse's 1905 portrait of his wife which has become known simply as "The Green Stripe" for obvious reasons.



This was painted at the time Matisse was veering away from what was mainstream art, becoming part of a short-lived movement called the Fauvists which translates as The Wild Beasts! Similarly pioneering new styles of art, Picasso became a long-standing friend of Matisse. Later in the 1950s when Matisse became virtually bed ridden through ill health, he discarded the paintbrush and picked up scissors as the tool of his art and began to cut out shapes from coloured paper he'd had his assistants previously paint with the shades he'd chosen, and he created images, often very large, but certainly attention grabbing.

His Blue Nudes created this way are broadly familiar, but similarly, he created a virtual garden on the wall of the room in which he was confined and added two surprising figures giving the 12 x 25 feet artwork its name, "The Parakeet and the Mermaid".



Of poignant significance to we u3a members, the pleasure this Painting with Scissors, as he called it, gave Matisse what he said was "une seconde vie". There's hope to be had at our ages then, and it's good to be taking these opportunities with friends!

Neil Dickinson

Next Meetings:

Tuesday 30th January 2024

Deadline for next edition:

Tuesday 19th January 2024

Deadline for the rolling screen:

Tuesday 23rd January 2024

Please either post to:

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