

ANSDALL & FAIRHAVEN W.I. NEWS

OCTOBER 2020

www.ansdellwi.weebly.com

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Firstly, I'd like to update you on what's going on in the Lancashire Federation. Did you read my recent email on a speaker called David Allen presenting his talk on The Weird & Wonderful World of The Law? This presentation costs just £5, payable by debit card as well as other methods, so why not book in to find out what's weird and wonderful with the law.

There a number of on-line courses coming to a couch or kitchen near you in October! Take a peek at "**Welcome to LFWI at Home**" at www.lancashirewi.org.uk

Check out the LFWI **Facebook** page for more ideas www.facebook.com/lancashirewi

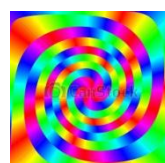
Denman Members and non-members are welcome to join a new series of informative, entertaining shared virtual experiences in the comfort of your home. From cookery courses, craft demonstration, history lessons and activities for all the family. There is something to suit all tastes, and courses, from only £5 per session. www.denman.org.uk

And, an important question for you all – **would you like your Committee to organise presentations on-line using ZOOM?** I was very fortunate to be invited to another local W.I. presentation using Zoom and thoroughly enjoyed the whole event. Like me, you may be nervous about using technology for events and would rather meet up face-to-face but currently that isn't possible as the virus numbers are increasing, especially here in Lancashire. So, let's take courage, get some advice and find another way to link up. Let's use what's available and learn a new skill, become a little bit tech savvy and enjoy some new and interesting experiences.

Susan

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Everything is different when you're a child: the trees are much higher,



the colours are much brighter, and every new day can be more interesting than the last.

Perhaps that is why some of our childhood experiences stay in our memories for the rest of our lives!

*Members have sent in a selection of their memories, first is one from **Barbara Dobson***

When I was about 3 years old I was watching my Mum knitting when she said

"Damn, I have dropped a stitch". I said "I will get it for you" as I looked under her chair, then she explained what she meant!



I do a lot of knitting and often think about it.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY OCTOBER BABIES!

Janet Carling
Pat Blundell
Anne Butterworth
Tricia Kinsman
Pauline Mason
Sandra Bourne
Joyce Hunt



Jeanette Jones

I was brought up in South Derbyshire and lived with my parents and sister in a small mining village.



My grandpa was the Methodist chapel organist and my sister and I attended Sunday School from a young age.

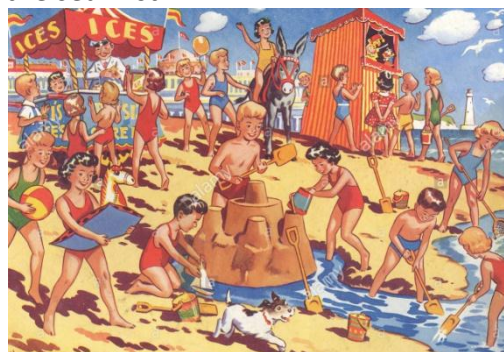
One of my childhood memories relates to the "Sunday School Outing" which was held annually. It was eagerly anticipated each year.

Pre Dr. Beeching my village had a small railway station and each year several of the local



chapels would get together and hire a steam train to take us to the coast. We might go to Rhyl, or Skegness, Llandudno or Blackpool.

We would set off early in the morning and the railway carriages were packed with children and parents, along with crates of orange squash in green foil-topped glass bottles and boxes of crisps, donated by a local pub, to keep us going on our journey. Living so far away from the coast the closer we actually got to our destination the more excited we became and there was always a rush to see who would spot the sea first.



We would tumble out of the carriages and head straight to the beach, loaded up with buckets and spades, towels and picnics. The day encompassed a myriad of wonderful smells – the saltiness of the sea, the sweet smell of donkeys, the steam from the railway engine, fish and chips in the resort.



We returned home late in the day, usually exhausted, lulled to sleep by the rhythm of the train and firmly clutching a stick of rock or a handful of shells.



Tracey

Did anyone else grow up occasionally getting her face given a quick rub over with a proper cotton hanky slightly dampened with spit?



This was my paternal grandmother's trick. She also rubbed my cheek hard to dry them and "put the pink back", and me on the draining board to scrub my knees, on one occasion taking a lot of persuasion that it wasn't muck from tree climbing, but a bruise, from making an unexpectedly sharp exit from said tree!

My maternal Nan was much more relaxed about me getting messy, and let me get as mucky as I liked until tea time, then it was a bath, pj's, and my tea. Bliss.

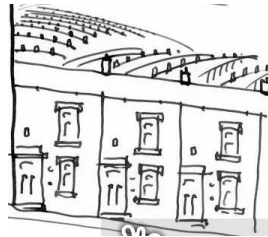


Those two photos were recently made into embroideries by a well known textile artist who was doing an exhibition and asked for photos of people with their significant female ancestors. This is what she made of them



Lorraine

My childhood memories are vast and all really happy, so I've just made a list, first the few less positive ones!



We lived in a 2 up 2 down terrace, with no access through to the yard at the back, so the dust-bin men walked through the house and then had to carry the bin all the way to the dustcart



Watching my mum put the washing through the mangle in the yard, lots and lots of it, as there were 6 of us.

Everyone shouting 'shut that door' when someone left the door open in the winter, because we only had a coal fire so your back got cold if the door was left open and all the heat went out into the hall. Scratching the ice on the inside of the windows on a cold day

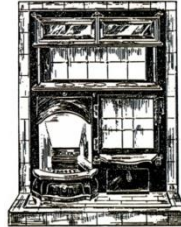
- No central heating

Chilblains - so painful! Standing in the school playground crying because I was so cold

The excitement of the rag and bone man shouting up the street so we could have a ride on the cart and stroke the horse.

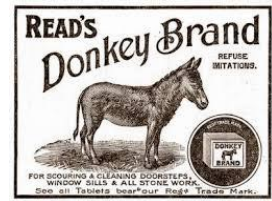


The good ones!



Every house you went in smelt of delicious food, not air fresheners.

The kettle being boiled on the trivet over the fire on the black lead grate



Grandma's spotless white net curtains and front door step, which she donkey stoned at least twice a week

We lived next door to my grandparents, my grandfather used to call me his queen, every morning before breakfast I used to go for a cuddle in bed with my grandparents, I used to stand at the front door, knock and shout, Granddad, the Queen's here, and then they let me in.



Playing on building sites

Going out in the morning with a bottle of pop and some jam butties and being out all day

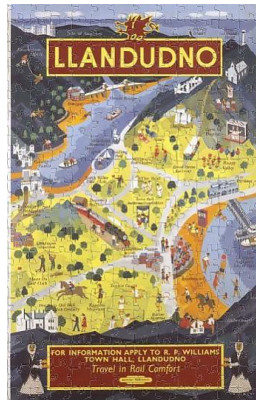
Travelling in the car with a rug over my knees because cars had no heaters then, or radios, mum and dad used to sing all their favourite songs whilst we travelled



Anne

A Day Trip to Llandudno

On a hot summers day in 1953 Mum, Dad, Uncle Jim, Auntie Vi, me age 6 and my sister Mary age 3 piled into Uncle Jim's car bound for Liverpool to catch the boat for a short sail to Llandudno.



How excited we were, going in a car, a boat and to the seaside.



When we arrived at the docks we parked the car and got on the boat and set sail, after a good walk around the deck mum found deck chairs for everyone to sit on and watch the world go by.

We'd only been sat down a few minutes when my sister screamed 'quick dad get my pump', she'd had her foot on the rail, pulled it back, caught the heel and down in the water went her pump.

She wasn't very popular I can tell you. Needless to say dad did not jump in after it.

On arrival in Llandudno mum and Auntie Vi set off for the shops to buy a new pair of pumps whilst dad, carrying Mary, and Uncle Jim took us on the beach to play and have our picnic.



It was nearly time to set off back by the time mum and auntie arrived back at the beach with new pumps, much to the men's annoyance.



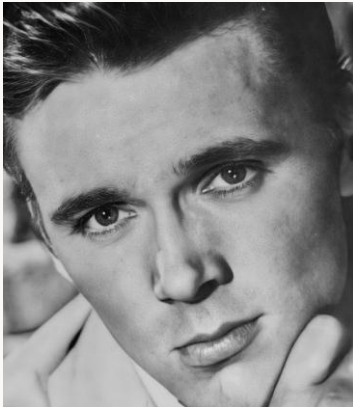
Looking back they probably had a bit of retail therapy whilst the men entertained us and who can blame them.

Despite the mini crisis everyone had a lovely day, especially Mary who got some new pumps with flowers on.



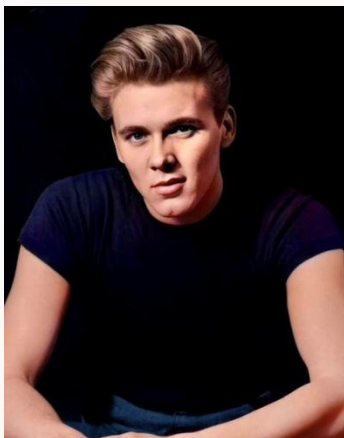
**HOW ABOUT THIS MEMORY FROM BREN?
- I WISH I'D KNOWN HER AT THE TIME!!!**

One of my lovely childhood memories is when I was about 6/7 years old, one afternoon we heard a lot of noise - screaming and shouting outside our home....so my Dad goes to the front door opens it and in walks my cousin...Billy Fury!



My cousin - but also the 1960s singer who had some lovely records out "Halfway to Paradise". "Wondrous Place" "Colette"

A load of girl fans fought their way in....Dad made them all welcome and, of course, my Mum was on hand with everything. They all wanted photos and autographs so my Dad was busy trying to find things for him to sign... We eventually managed to get the fans to wait outsidealong with the crowds still waiting there.



The noise I remember was so very loud...the Police were called to see what all the disturbance was...Everybody in the road was out!



Poor Billy the fans tried to strip his car of the side mirrors ,aerial etc anything to get a piece of their idol....

I remember he brought me a gift of a lovely doll, at my age I really didn't understand who he was ,why where all these girls screaming outside our home ..To me he was just my cousin.

It wasn't the only one of this type of incident.. It then happened lots of times...I think I got used to it !



I also used to meet other stars when I visited him at his family home - Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Marty Wilde, Gerry Marsden.

We sadly lost him in 1983...but we have lovely memories.