



# HULL UNITARIAN

**Bimonthly Magazine of Hull Unitarian Church  
Park Street  
Kingston upon Hull**

**Founded:1672**



**November 2009**

**Our Fellowship embraces all those that cherish religious  
freedom.**

## SPIRITUAL CORNER

### MEDITATION IN SEASON AUTUMN'S ARRIVAL

The chill in the air of mists and rain,  
The grey and blue of sky meeting the reds and golds of leaves  
Announce that autumn has arrived.  
A feast for the seasons.

The fruit-laden branches of tree and the berry festooned bushes,  
The bare fields now reaped of grain and vegetables,  
Announce that harvest has arrived –  
A feast for the body.

But what of the feast of the soul?  
What have we gathered from our lives?  
What of the harvest of experience?

The words of Julian of Norwich remind us that  
“Peace and love are always alive in us,  
but we are not always alive to peace and love”.

And so beloved,  
In this season of ingathering and feasting, let us remember  
The harvest for the senses,  
The harvest for the body,  
And the harvest of the soul  
- lessons learned, peace sensed and love felt –  
- the ingathering of Commonwealth of God.



God of Creation,  
We give thanks for the bounty of our harvest of senses, body and soul  
We hold in compassion those whose harvest is not yet ready,  
Or seems too difficult to reap:  
Guide us to use our blessings to bring a brighter harvest for all beings:  
And grant us the wisdom to be alive to the harvest of peace and love.

**Simon J Barlow**

*Submitted by Marie Penn*

## WHEN I'M OLD!

When I'm old and wrinkly, I shall not live alone  
In a pensioner flat or an old people's home,  
Or take an apartment on some distant shore  
I'll move in with my son and my daughter-in-law.

I'll return the joy that my son gave to me  
When he sat as a child on his dear father's knee.  
He will welcome me willingly into his home  
When I am old and wrinkly and all on my own.  
I'll spill coffee on the carpet, leave marks on the wall,  
I'll stagger home drunk and be sick in the hall.  
I'll sing rather loudly and slam every door  
When I live with my son and my daughter-in-law.

I'll rise from my bed in the late afternoon  
Throw the sheets on the floor and mess up my room.  
I'll play ear-splitting music well into the night  
Go down for a snack and leave on every light.  
I'll rest my old feet on the new leather chairs.  
I'll drape my dirty underwear all down the stairs.  
I'll talk to my friends for hours on the phone  
When I live with my son in his lovely new home.  
I'll come in from the garden with mud on my shoes,  
Flop on the settee for my afternoon snooze  
Expect that my tea will be ready by four  
When I live with my son and daughter-in-law.

I'll leave all the dishes piled up in the sink  
And invite all my noisy friends round for a drink.  
I'll grumble and mumble, I'll complain and I'll moan  
When I'm old and wrinkly and all on my own.  
I'll watch television hour after hour  
I'll not flush the toilet or wash out the shower.  
O, bliss what a future for me is in store  
When I move in with my son and my daughter-in-law.

**Anon.**

*Submitted by Mary Burgess*

## EDITORIAL

Should the public have a right to know how the money raised in BBC licence fees is spent? Well, according to senior managers at the BBC, it depends on who is spending it!

When MP's are trousering enormous sums in expenses for everything from non-existent mortgages to a loo seat, the BBC insists on our right to know. Closer to home, however, and the story changes radically.

Although the BBC has agreed to reveal the salaries of 100 senior executives and the total amount spent on what it likes to call "talent", it is refusing to reveal the money paid to individual "stars". So after all the fine words about transparency and accountability, the fee-funded BBC has decided that old-fashioned secrecy is justified when it comes to its own affairs. Director General Mark Thompson's excuse is risible: "There's a real danger that talent would migrate to broadcasters where confidential information about how much they are paid will not be disclosed."

Pull the other one! According to the House of Commons Public Accounts Committee, the BBC radio presenters are paid more than TWICE what their equivalents on commercial stations can expect. Are they going to take a 50 percent pay cut if the information is disclosed? If so, we licence payers should wave them a happy farewell. There's plenty more where they came from who can play records and talk. Ask yourself honestly, would anyone really miss £6m-a-year Jonathan Ross if he was pensioned off to the graveyard shift? No, I don't think so either. There are plenty of bright, engaging presenters prepared to do the job for a tenth of the bloated salaries these overpaid clowns are paid.

The BBC receives £3.4bn a year from the licence fee, yet has become badly disconnected with the public who pay the bill – as the Jonathan Ross-Andrew Sachs affair clearly demonstrated.

And how about TV programmes? Can you find anything to watch? All we get nowadays is reality dross aimed at the younger viewer. As Richard Wilson would say: "I don't believe it!"

***What do you think?***



## WINTER QUIZ

This is a most remarkable puzzle. It was found by a gentleman in an aeroplane seat pocket, on a flight from Los Angeles to Honolulu keeping him occupied for hours. He enjoyed it so much he passed it on to some friends. One friend John from Illinois worked on this while fishing from his boat. Another friend studied it while playing his banjo. Elaine Taylor, a columnist friend, was so intrigued by it she mentioned it in her weekly newspaper column. Another friend judges the job of solving this puzzle so involving, she brews a cup of tea to help her nerves.

There will be some names that are really easy to spot. That's a fact. Some people, however, will soon find themselves in a jam especially since the book names are not necessarily capitalized. Truthfully, from answers we get, we are forced to admit it usually takes a minister or scholar to see some of them at the worst. Research has shown that something in our genes is responsible for the difficulty we have in seeing the books in these paragraphs.

During a recent fund-raising event, which featured this puzzle, the Alpha Delta Phi lemonade booth set a new record! The local paper, The Chronicle, surveyed over 200 patrons who reported that this puzzle was one of the most difficult they had ever seen. As Daniel Humana humbly puts it 'The books are all right here in plain view hidden from sight.'

Those able to find all of them will hear great lamentations from those who have to be shown. One revelation that might help is that books like Timothy and Samuel may occur without their numbers. Also, keep in mind that punctuation and spaces in the middle are normal. A chipper attitude will help you compete really well against those who claim to know the answers.

Remember, there is no need for a mad exodus: **There really are more than 20 books of the Bible lurking somewhere in these paragraphs waiting to be found.**

*Submitted by George Carmichael*

## CHAIRWORDS

**Hello there !**

It is good to be back with you all after such a long absence, and wish to thank you for the lovely cards you have sent me over the past three months. Your thoughts have helped me tremendously!

However, my heart is full of great sadness at the moment, for two of my best friends – long standing friends of over fifty years. Firstly, Mary Rimington, I am so sorry I was unable to attend her Memorial Service, which I understand was very much appreciated by everyone. Mary, whom I called my telephone friend, was a great help to me during the past few years, and each fortnight had read to me, over the phone, copies of the Inquirer and the Unitarian, which kept me in close touch with things when I was less able to travel. We kept our friendship very much alive by speaking to each other regularly, over the phone. We had a very similar sense of humour and laughed such a lot about inappropriate things which had happened to us. I miss her very much.

Now to Renee. She, Brian and family have always been close friends of ours. The two families have had holidays on the Broads together and many weekend picnics to Danesdyke and the East Coast. After our children grew up, Brian, Renee, Ernest and I used to go out for a drive each week, after church, enjoying the East Coast or the lovely villages in the East Riding. As we got older and less able to meet, not having transport etc., we spent much time on the telephone, keeping in touch with programmes we were interested in or music on the radio. Most of all, Renee was a good reliable friend and I shall miss her.

I am so glad to see the congregation slowly increasing and welcome newcomers. We have much to be proud of and much to which we can look forward. We need to be positive about our future, take note of anything we can improve, like the outside of the Church and its approach. First impressions are very important, so we need to be welcoming inside and out and hope we can express our optimism to visitors, to those around us, and to the denomination, in our contacts with them.

Don't forget to keep smiling! The whole Church lights up when you smile, and if someone hasn't got one, give them one of yours!

**Marie Penn**

## **TREASURER'S REPORT**

Thank you to all who supported the General Assembly's Appeal this year. We were able to send £97, a little more than last year. The collection at Mary Rimington's Memorial Service was £345 for Cancer Research UK.

Thanks to the generosity of people at the Harvest Festival – some of whom bought back the fruit and vegetables they had donated – we raised £52.30 for Water Aid.

## **REACHING-OUT GROUP**

It has been good to have the stall doing business again. The Biggest Coffee Morning raised £85 for Macmillan Cancer.

Since then we have had a visit from the NSPCC - £95 has been sent to them. The Parkinson Disease Society will be receiving £80 shortly.

At the end of October the Ileostomy are hoping to complete their stall. They were to come for two weeks in July but, because of illness, only managed one week. In November we will finally have a return by John raising money for St. John Cadets.

**Mavis Lake**

## **FLOWER LIST**

**September:** Fay, Joyce, Mavis and Marie.

**October:** John Goforth, Mavis, Dorothy Morgan and Joyce.

**Thank you to everyone.**

## **BIRTHDAYS**

**November:** George Carmichael, Dorothy Morgan (23<sup>rd</sup>), Wilf Jones.

**We wish them all a Very Happy Birthday.**

# CALENDAR OF EVENTS



## November 2009:

Sunday	1	Service-Michael Tracey	11.00am
Friday	6	Coffee Morning	10.30am
Sunday	8	Armistice Service- Rev Ken Ridgway	11.00am
Friday	13	Coffee Morning	10.30am
Saturday	14	President's Social Dinner Pearson Park Hotel	7.30pm
Sunday	15	Service-Rev Bob Wightman	11.00am
Friday	20	Coffee Morning	10.30am
Sunday	22	Service- Mel Prideaux	11.00am
Friday	27	Coffee Morning	10.30am
Sunday	29	Service-Stephanie Cage	11.00am

### **Concentrate on these sentences:**

'To get something you never had, you have to do something you never did.'

'When God takes something from your grasp, He's not punishing you, but merely opening your hands to receive something better'.

'The will of God will never take you where the Grace of God will not protect you'.

Something good will happen to you today; something you have been waiting to hear.

*Submitted by Dorothy Morgan*

## OBITUARIES

### RENEE WILLIAMS



Renee was a very gracious, private lady. She had very high moral standards and was becoming increasingly concerned about life in the present, and how it was portrayed on television. She was very honest and quick to respond to anything which she felt was unfair or unjust.

Renee was very loyal and devoted to her religion having been a member of the Unitarian Church in Rotherham before moving to Hull. She and her husband, Brian, attended the Hull Unitarian Church, bringing along their three children, and serving the Church in many ways. When the children grew up Renee became a founder member of the Chalice Club.

She was a steward for many years and was responsible for contacting members about their annual subscription, which is how she first came into contact with Mavis. Renee helped Mavis in the kitchen area at Friday coffee mornings, and made lovely coffee after service on Sundays. She became a Trustee of the Church, and organised the flower rote every Sunday for many years. She was always willing to contribute a favourite reading or hymn for our Congregational Services, but chose to let others deliver them for her.

Renee was very interested in music and musicals, having performed in amateur dramatics in her home town. She was also a keen reader. Renee helped much with her own family having lost her mother at a very early age. She became a dentist's receptionist, and later in years worked in the libraries. She was still in touch with her work colleagues, and used to have short holidays and outings with them.

She was an artist too, but was very shy about showing her paintings to anyone. She

spent many hours going round exhibitions at the Ferens Art Gallery, especially when there was an exhibition of local artists work. Since moving to the Complex in Willerby, which Renee loved and settled into very quickly, she has enjoyed different company, and spent much of her time on the telephone, always hoping for a call from the family. They were her pride and joy, and she was extremely proud of them all. She loved to share her pride with others. Her grandchildren were all so close to her this made her very, very happy.

Bless you Renee, you will be missed! You would have been very proud of all your family at the Memorial Service. They were a great credit to you.

**Marie Penn**

## **MARGARET NEAL**

We have had a very bad year losing three members – two recently – and then we received news that a Friend of the Congregation, Margaret Neal, had died in her sleep.

Margaret was a great card player, who joined some of her friends at the Bridge Club held at Park Street Church for some years. As a result of this association she became involved in the Reaching-Out Coffee Morning and worked in the kitchen on Friday mornings. We were sorry when she had to withdraw because she could not continue to stand for long due to a back condition but she kept in touch with the many friends she had had there and actually attended Renee's recent funeral.

Our sympathy goes to her family, and all her friends – including Susan Raettig who was one of her regular card partners and responsible for introducing her to Park Street.

**Mavis Lake**

## HEAVEN

To begin with, 'heaven' stands for the religious ideas suggested by the sky. It is a place from which human affairs can be seen as in a bird's-eye view or aerial photograph. A psalmist says: 'The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men ... he considereth all their works.' Virgil speaks of 'Jupiter looking down from outer space upon the sea with its flying sails, the level lands, the coast-lines, and the peoples of the wide world; thus he stood in the zenith of the sky'. It is 'the open' into which men come when they leave the cover of caves or buildings or woods; in oaths, they call upon it to see and witness their truth.

As men journey through changing landscapes, heaven's eye is both upon the place they left and that to which they travel. Absent friends are still under the same sky; and so are both sides of every conflict. Voices and smoke drift upwards, and we imagine that similarly prayers and the unuttered feelings of the heart go up towards heaven. So we form a notion of a place, high, transparent and universal, where everything is known in its truth and fullness, and all knowledge blends into one comprehensive view.

This notion provides us with an ideal point of reference, by which our own outlook is improved. By thinking of ourselves as living under the sight of heaven, and imagining how we may appear from there, we are increasingly freed from self-deception, partiality and the pressure of near-by-moods and circumstances. In this way the notion of heaven becomes, like the sky, a source of light, by which we walk.

Walking by the light of heaven is itself an ascent upwards. It is a stiff climb, in which we constantly have to raise ourselves above passion and prejudice; and this involves not only lifting up our minds but making our whole lives more 'heavenly'. Thus the sky becomes the symbol of a higher sort of life, which we are seeking to reach. At each stage of the ascent, we obtain a wider view, and see how what seemed chaos becomes part of a design, and what seemed mere darkness becomes the shadow which gives shape to beauty. Thus we feel that we are moving towards harmony, and peace, and the fulfilment of all good. Heaven becomes the symbol of our heart's desire; and, since this is so, it seems no longer a strange place to which we are on pilgrimage, but the Homeland to which we exiles are returning. This sense of kinship in our hearts causes us to regard ourselves as in some sense the offspring of that which we seek, so that we cry out to 'Our Father in Outer Space'.

This sense of a home in the heavens cannot have a private or limited application;

for the strongest impression that the sky makes upon us is that it is infinite and has no favourites. It has room in it for all the sorts of lives that can be lived on this earth, and on all other worlds, some perhaps immensely more happy than this, some immensely more tragic. And yet throughout there are basic similarities, and light travels from one part to another. And so we are carried forward to prospects of fullness and richness and light, which go beyond the furthest reach of our imagination.

These are the notions which we get from a conspicuous feature of our environment as pondered upon through generations of human life and experience. Of course we must not bow down to any natural object; and so, we must not take any of these notions too rigidly.

But, as hints and suggestions, they are surely wholesome. Perhaps, without superstition, we may even ask:

'What if Earth  
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein  
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?'

**Francis Terry**

### **A BIGGER CIRCLE**

He drew a circle that shut me out –  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout  
But love and I had the wit to win;  
We drew a circle that took him in  
Virgil Markham

*Submitted by Keith Brown, (Reproduced from Sep/Oct 2009 NUF Newsletter)*

## COACH

At one point during a game, the coach called one of his 9-year-old football players aside and asked, 'Do you understand what cooperation is? What a team is?' The little boy nodded in the affirmative.

'Do you understand that what matters is whether we win or lose together as a team?'  
The little boy nodded yes.

'So,' the coach continued, 'I'm sure you know, when an offside is called, you shouldn't argue, curse, attack the umpire, or call him a dick-head. Do you understand all that?'  
Again the little boy nodded.

He continued, 'And when I take you out of the game so another boy gets a chance to play, it's not good sportsmanship to call your coach 'a dumb idiot' is it?'  
Again the little boy nodded.

*'Good,' said the coach. 'Now go over there and explain all that to your grandmother.'*

## SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES . . .

Eleven people were hanging on a rope,  
Under a helicopter, 10 men and 1 woman.  
The rope was not strong enough to carry them all,  
So they decided that one had to leave,  
Because otherwise they were all going to fall.

They weren't able to choose that person,  
Until the woman gave a very touching speech.  
She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope,  
Because, as a woman,  
She was used to giving up everything  
For her husband and kids or for men in general,  
And was used to always making sacrifices  
With little return.  
As soon as she finished her speech,  
**All the men started clapping . . . . .**

## PARK STREET

I have just acquired three old plans of Hull and have been looking for 'Park Street' on them.

The first is engraved in York in 1818. It shows the street but not the name. A whitelead mill stands at the end of Prospect Street – 'Beverley Street' is on one side of it, merging into Beverley Road, 'Spring Row' on the other side becoming Spring Bank, a short distance from 'Spring Street'. There is no name at all for the Spring Bank end of the present Park Street. Beyond the bend it is 'Pest House Lane' and the only buildings in it are 'Johnsons Ropery', where Corporation Field now is, and a building at the Anlaby Road corner which may have been the Pest House. There is only one building on that side of Anlaby Road beyond this point, and it stands in 'Clarkes Garden', but beyond it 'West Parade' is laid out opposite 'Ridsdales Flour Mill' a windmill at the 'First Milestone'.

Almost opposite the end of Pest House Lane, is 'Gallows Lane' round to 'Pinfold Lane' with 'The Pinfold' at the junction, and by walking a short distance along 'Patricks Ground Lane' (later 'New Hessle Road') one can walk down 'Cent per Cent Street' to the Humber Bank. The Chapel in Bowlalley Lane is shewn, the octagonal shape being indicated, and it is described as 'Unitarian Chapel'. The second is dated 1834. 'Pinfold Street' has become 'Waverley Street' – the Waverley Novels were then coming out. 'Cent per Cent Street' has become 'St James Street', and 'Walker Street' is planned to run from 'Pest House Lane' to 'St James Street'.

I have not yet ascertained the date of the third plan. The 'Hull and Bridlington Railway' and the 'Hull and Selby Railway' run to Paragon Street, so that it is later than the date when the passenger station was at Kingston Street. The terminus for the 'Holderness Railway' is 'Victoria Station' on 'Hedon New Road'.

The name Pest House Lane has disappeared, and Park Street appears as 'Elm Tree Avenue' with two blocks of houses towards the Spring Bank end, 'Nelson Terrace' and 'Park Place' extending up to opposite 'Caughey Street'; the present 'Grey Street' is 'College Street East' and the present 'Park Row' is 'Albert Street'. Spring Bank is largely unbuilt, but 'Clarendon Street' and 'Pipers Lane or West Parade' appear. 'Corporation Field' is shewn (Hull Fair was held on it). The railway crosses 'Elm Tree Avenue', but there is no bridge. 'Pinfold Street' has become 'Great Thornton Street'. There is a 'Park Street' on the map (now 'Margaret Street'), but not "our" Park Street.

**Charles M. Strachan (1931)**

## KIDS IN CHURCH

3-year old Reese: 'Our Father, Who does art in heaven, Harold is his name. Amen.'

One particular 4-year old prayed: 'And forgive us our trash baskets as we forgive those who put trash in our baskets.'

A little boy was overheard praying: 'Lord, if you can't make me a better boy, don't worry about it. I'm having a real good time like I am.'

After the christening of his baby brother in church, Jason sobbed all the way home in the back seat of the car. His father asked him three times what was wrong. Finally, the boy replied, 'That preacher said he wanted us brought up in a Christian home, and I wanted to stay with you.'

A Sunday school teacher asked her children as they were on the way to church service: 'And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?'

One bright girl replied: 'Because people are sleeping.'

A mother was preparing pancakes for her sons, Kevin 5, and Ryan 3.

The boys began to argue over who should get the first pancake.

Their mother saw the opportunity for a moral lesson.

'If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, 'Let my brother have the first pancake, I can wait.'

Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, 'Ryan, you be Jesus!'

**GOD OUR FATHER,  
WALK THROUGH MY HOUSE  
AND TAKE AWAY ALL MY WORRIES AND ILNESSES;  
AND PLEASE WATCH OVER AND HEAL MY FAMILY  
IN JESUS' NAME. AMEN**

*Submitted by Dorothy Morgan*

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston on 25<sup>th</sup> May, 1803. He came of sturdy Puritan ancestry. His father, the Rev William Emerson, was minister of the First Church (Unitarian) Boston, and preached to the Minute-men in the War of Independence. Emerson himself gave up his pastorate of the Second Boston Unitarian Church through conscientious scruples over the administration of the Lord's Supper. Abandoning the ministry he settled in Concord, and devoted himself to literature and lecturing. He was a member of the little group of New England Transcendentalists, then shaping the thought of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Emerson's Transcendentalism proclaimed the fusion of God and Nature as the two aspects of one spirit – the inherent power of the soul of man to grasp the truth through its spiritual union with God. This he held to be no vague mystical theory, but an actual guide for the daily conduct of life.

Emerson has been termed an optimist who failed to recognize the power of evil in the world. In reality his conviction of the eternal justice of God outweighed his sense of the temporary injustice of man. His strength lay in his serenity of nature, which upheld righteousness rather than denounced wrongdoing. He supported the anti-slavery movement with quiet insistence – unlike the fiery enthusiasm of Thoreau – recognising that Liberty is a plant of slow growth, not to be forced into premature fruition. He was more a seer than a philosopher, reaching his conclusions by intuitive perception, not by logical processes.

Emerson's writing suffers from a certain looseness of style, allied to a richness of diction, which suggests a mosaic of fine spiritual thoughts rather than an ordered sequence of argument. With his fearlessness and fairness of mind, his belief in nobility of soul, his quiet scorn of everything ignoble, Emerson was essentially a guide for youth. He held before them the true meaning of life, and emphasised the value of manhood as being above all other qualities of character.

***He attended the Unitarian Church of Concord to the time of his death on 27<sup>th</sup> April, 1882.***

## HEALTH AND SAFETY

Health and Safety has become a business of its own these days. A neighbourhood group are going to give Guy Fawkes a break this year. Instead, they're going to set ablaze an effigy of someone, who they claim has caused more pain, suffering, misery and damage to the good of the nation than a thousand Gunpowder Plots. Yes, you've guessed it, they're going to set fire to a Health and Safety Officer.

Story has it that after a delicious meal in a Banstead restaurant, the diner requested a toothpick, the better to free the last remaining scrap of food from his ill-fitting dentures and get full value for his money. 'Sorry,' said the waitress, 'we're not allowed to provide them any more, they might be used as weapons.'

And again, a customer of Homebase was in dire need of a trowel. Presenting himself at the check-out he was surprised – as a fifty-eight year old with white hair – to be asked to confirm that he was over eighteen years of age. Upon enquiring which of his two purchases (the other being pea netting) might contain alcohol, he was informed that it was nothing to do with demon drink, it was the trowel, which could be used as an 'offensive weapon.' Blimey!

Another shopper got to the till of the supermarket with three packets of paracetamol and was told 'I can't sell you all three of those, it's against regulations so buy two and purchase the third as a separate item, on a second bill.' (16p). She did. Sense? Nowhere to be found.

I also understand that rum and raisin ice cream cannot be sold to youngsters because it may lead to a taste for the demon drink, leading to a life of drunken debauchery! Wine-gums next?

Yet another guy thought he would do some good by giving blood. After freely giving at least half an armful, he was handed a cup of orange squash. 'What's this?' he plaintively enquired. 'What about my cup of tea?' 'Oh no,' said the nurse, 'Health and Safety, you know' . . . Obviously, in his weakened state, he wasn't capable of holding a hot cup of tea, the NHS knew only too well that he'd be straight to 'Injury Lawyers For You' . . .

And the latest – a police officer refused to sit astride a stationary bike for a publicity photo because he hadn't passed his proficiency test citing Health and Safety regulations. He said he might get into trouble unless a full risk assessment was carried out!

***You think I'm kidding don't you?***

## WHO'S WHO AT PARK STREET

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