



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE



PRIFYSGOL Y TRYDYDD OED

Barmouth U3A Newsletter Spring 2016

Welcome to the Spring issue of our newsletter

This time we have a couple of member contributions which I'm sure you will enjoy reading. Tessa's Story is by Chris Kingshott, who is a new member who joined the singing group in March, whilst George Mandow has written Hard Softness. George is one of our founder members now living in New Zealand. He is a member of a writing group, at his local U3A in Mount Albert, Auckland.

You will see that included in this mailing is the notice of our AGM. With a couple of our existing committee members stepping down this is an opportunity for some of you to come forward and try the committee experience.

What does the committee do, I hear a chorus of potential volunteers ask! Well they run your U3A group, but given that we are a relatively small group this is not an onerous task, particularly as we are not, unlike larger U3A groups set up as a charity in our own name. This means that committee members do not have to become trustees like they would at the larger branches.

We meet every other month, meetings take about 90 minutes, typically covering finance, groups, upcoming events and issues arising from the North Wales Network (of which we are a member) and from the National Third Age Trust. Even if you have never done this sort of thing before, you will receive plenty of help, advice and support from the other members of the committee.

If you are interested you are welcome to give me a call if you want a chat and you will see from the form that you can even put your name forward on the day.

Alan Vincent 01341 247415

Film Group

Our small group of regulars who support the Silver Screen Film Sessions in the Dragon Theatre have enjoyed a real mix of films since the turn of the year.

February saw us watching High Noon, with most still humming the signature tune leaving the theatre. In **March** we enjoyed a WWII film starring Frank Sinatra—Von Ryan's Express.

This week the show was The Young Ones starring Cliff Richard—this time we even had patrons dancing in the aisles.

May will see us showing, what is generally regarded as one of the best films of all time, Orson Welles' Citizen Kane.

Why not come along and enjoy a classic film.



Needlecraft

Our Needlecraft Group has now been discontinued, since, as many of you will know, Jean is moving to Llandudno. We wish her every happiness in her new home and thank her for running the Needlecraft group for so long.

We have enjoyed her showing us her skills and passing some of them on to us. Thank you, Jean, so very much – you will be greatly missed.

Book Group

February found a small group discussing an **Alan Bennett** book of their own choice, prompted by the recent release of the film 'Lady in the Van'. Before things got started there was a wonderful piece of repartee, a veritable Wimbledon of words, to-ing and fro-ing, something like this:-

Member 1: Which Alan Bennett books have we read then?

Member 2: Oh! I misread the phone text; I've read Arnold Bennett.

Member 3: Isn't that Benedict?

Member 4: No, that poached eggs with Hollandaise sauce.

Member 5: What about Benedict Cumberbatch then?

Hoots of laughter all round as once again the members of the U3A reading group demonstrate their razor sharp wit and knowledge!



Anyway, we all enjoyed reading AB's various short stories; some from the Talking Heads TV programme also the 'Uncommon Reader' and 'The Laying on of Hands'. One bolder reader had chosen 'Untold Stories' an autobiographical work of 1977 when he had contracted bowel cancer and it was thought his chances of survival were 50:50. It contains certain stories, reminiscences, and observations found elsewhere in his works, and contained much of the information which became 'The Lady in the Van'. We all enjoyed his humour mixed with pathos especially 'The Cream Cracker under the Settee' and 'Miss Fozzard finds her Feet'. He is so adept at capturing colloquial turns of phrase and putting them into the mouths of wonderfully drawn women. The Lady in the Van is no exception, Miss Shepherd providing the material for a series of diary entries which were later turned into a play after her death in 1989.

March: Beloved by Toni Morrison

This classic book of 1987 was a very difficult 'read' about slavery in mid-19th century America. It centres on an African-American woman, now free, living in Cincinnati with her teenage daughter. Through a series of reminiscences and back stories we learn of her excruciating tribulations and those of other slaves around her, before she was able to escape to freedom. We hear of the escape and subsequent disappearance of her two young boys whom she never saw again, of the forced parting from her husband on the plantation and her terrible violation by the white slave drivers. There was always the fear of being apprehended by the slave catchers, riding across the States and brutally recapturing men, women and children. As a final horror we hear about the murder of her baby, an event spoken about throughout the book but not enlarged upon until the last part.

Some of the events seem so unspeakable and incredible that it is hard to believe they were possible, but sadly they were not a figment of an author's imagination but loosely based on the life of an escaped slave, Margaret Garner. In addition there is strong supernatural element which adds a different dimension, together with the

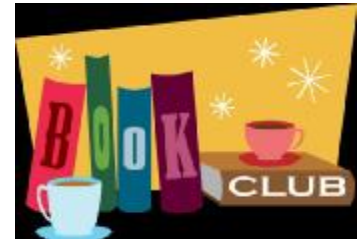
innovative technique of just touching on various strands and stories and then drawing them all together at the end. Some readers found this a bit confusing; others liked the tragic circumstances slowly unfolding.

April: Joyce's War: The edited journals of Joyce Ffoulkes Parry (2015)

These were the diary entries of an Alexandra Nurse in the Second World War, serving on board a hospital ship, in an area between Suez and Singapore. Joyce's daughter had edited the diaries and there was a "local" aspect in that Joyce had been born in Caerwys before emigrating as a toddler to Australia. When she was 29 she returned to nurse in North Wales and then joined the army at the outbreak of war.

We were surprised at just how long it took for the nurses to be really involved in the repercussions of war, as the ship sailed between ports where Joyce and her colleagues enjoyed cinema, hospitality from resident colonials and lots of shopping, even staying in smart hotels and being waited on. The descriptions of the uniform and strict dress codes were apparently very accurate and although some of us would have liked more information about the actual day-to-day nursing and casualties, it was pointed out that to a nurse these would be run of the mill things and part of the job.

Joyce found romance during her war service and married and settled in South Wales. She obviously felt 'hiraeth' for the country of her birth. The editing has produced an informative book with invaluable information in the form of maps, explanations of abbreviations used in the text and a description of Joyce's various friends as well as a foot note section.



Sylvia Heyworth

Discussion Group

The Discussion Group have covered a wide variety of topics in their meetings since the start of the year.

Lively and enthusiastic chats about the Big Issues of the day have covered the following subjects:

January—The Arab Spring - the Middle East;

February—What is Democracy;

March—Europe—In or Out?;

April—Welsh Assembly Elections;

Why not go along and have your say!! 4th Thursdays



THE DRESSER by Ronald Harwood

MONDAY 30th MAY at 7.30pm in the DRAGON THEATRE BARMOUTH

This play is set in a provincial theatre during a performance of King Lear at the time of a bombing raid during the Second World War. A drama of love, loyalty and betrayal it charts mainly the story of a dresser to an actor manager with passion, humour and insight into the theatre world of the time.

Performed by members of Dolgellau Amateur Dramatic Society

Any queries ring Evelyn on 01341 422125

Please Support your LOCAL THEATRE

Monthly Meetings

February

When Sally Friswell from Dysynni Dogs arrived at the Monthly Meeting in February she was accompanied by her eighteen-month-old working Cocker Spaniel Wyn.

Sally a dog trainer, is based at Bwlchwyn Farm, Arthog where classes in behavioural training, obedience and agility, dog walking, tailored training plans and general advice are offered in a friendly relaxed atmosphere by fully qualified trainers.

Sally told the meeting everything that was necessary to take care of a dog, feeding, grooming and training regardless of whether it was a pet or a working dog.

She very proudly told us that Wyn and another dog from Penmaenpool, a Labrador called Ben had been chosen from dogs all across the country to take part in the Good Citizen Dog Scheme display in March at the world's biggest dog show, Crufts. The scheme is run by the Kennel Club to promote responsible dog ownership and training.

It was a very interactive meeting and extremely interesting. Wyn kept us entertained and coped well with the audience. A thoroughly enjoyable afternoon. We wished Sally and Wyn good luck at Crufts.

March

The monthly Meeting was a talk and demonstration by Daryl Edwards a local joiner who can be seen regularly around Barmouth in his distinctive red hat.

When the Members arrived in the Arts Room they were surprised to see a large lathe, various large off cuts of wood and numerous items including pens and bowls on display, which we later discovered had been made by Daryl.

Daryl told us that in 1997 he managed to salvage 13 tons of Greenheart wood from Barmouth Bridge when the old timbers were being replaced. He has salvaged Cherry tree wood from Talbot Square, Karang wood from the Belle Vue Café and branches from the tree that recently came down on St. John's Hill.

He always tries to use local wood and after donning his wood turners smock, goggles and of course his trade mark red hat, he began working on the lathe, using some of the wood from the Cherry tree and after about fifteen minutes he had produced a working pen, a superb piece of craftsmanship, a real souvenir from Barmouth and he very kindly donated it as a raffle prize.

Daryl was amazingly knowledgeable about the different types of wood, where they come from, how they can be used, hard or soft and he also reminded us how important trees are and the amount of oxygen that one tree produces during its lifetime.

A fascinating talk and demonstration and afterwards we were able to purchase some of the beautifully crafted items. Very enjoyable

April

Our speaker for this month was Mick Alexander from the Glaslyn Osprey Project. He was a very fine speaker with a great depth of knowledge of the birds, their habits and migratory patterns.

He showed us many slides and talked about the history of the Glaslyn site. There were many questions from the floor, and he ably answered them all.

Many of us have already visited the site but those who have not will be going in the coming months.

A thoroughly delightful afternoon.

Tessa's Holiday

A Short Story by Chris Kingshott

Tessa July 23rd

OK. Get the loft ladder down and try not to wheeze too much searching for the cases. An image of Julia stealthily forces its way to the forefront of my sad jaded brain; leopard skin suitcase with matching vanity case; the latest best sellers and healthy snacks in her jaunty shoulder bag, enthusiasm and bonhomie oozing out of every pore. Was I ever that enthusiastic about anything? Sadly, yes of course I was. Images of honeymoon and holidays past drift by and I remember the excitement, often greatest just before a holiday, when work was done for two weeks and the luxury of thinking only of each other and pleasing ourselves, unbelievably imminent! Why did it have to come to this?

Loneliness and participation in a holiday which I have no heart for, the invitation coming from my well-meaning and kind daughter-in-law. Surely they had better prospects choosing a holiday companion from their large circle of friends. Why do they want me to go when summoning a fleeting smile is the best bonhomie I can muster?

Ian July 23rd

OK. Friday is finally over; just the commute to get through before packing! Why don't I feel the normal excitement and anticipation usual for the eve of a holiday? Two weeks in the sun, where Julia and I can relax; enjoy each other and forget about redundancy threats, mortgages and aging cars. Oh yes, I know why; in our infinite wisdom we have asked mum to join us! A sad, listless mum so different from the mum of childhood; always there; loving and kind; always supporting me even when no-one else quite saw the point of me. Even dad sometimes despaired at my lack of athletic prowess and "nerdy" ways. Mum seemed to understand and encourage me at the same time as holding down her various "make ends meet" jobs. She always excelled at these and taught me about a job worth doing etc. Julia reminds me of mum so much and it was typical of her to ask mum to join us. Maybe it will all work out and we'll all be able to enjoy the holiday in our own way.

Tessa July 25th

Is that the sun shining through the pretty floral blind? Yes it is, and that must be the sound of the waves gently cascading down the beach. Last night Ian and Julia had been really excited and happy to show me around this place that they love so much. Is that coffee I can smell? I have an overwhelming urge to get out of my bed and make my way to the location of the delicious aroma.

"Morning, mum, Come and join us. Look at that amazing view. We've been saving this news till now but this time next year there will hopefully be four of us to enjoy this." There is nothing forced about the grin that starts in my heart and ends up nearly splitting my face in two.

Chris Kingshott

Strollers Group

February: Pwllheli

For our February Strollers Walk we returned to Pwllheli, again taking advantage of the free winter train. The day before the walk we heard that the trains had been cancelled due to storm "Imogen" causing a problem on the line. Fortunately the trains were running again on the day of the walk and we hoped for a drier walk than on our two previous visits to Pwllheli.



Arriving at Pwllheli Station at 11-17am our first stop was across the road at Wetherspoons for a coffee before starting our walk. Trish again managed to find a different walk to that on our previous visits. From Wetherspoons we set off along the Cob, passing the Marina, towards Gimblet Rock. At the rock we stopped a while to take in the lovely views over the Marina and Beach. We made our way down to the beach and wandered along the sands with the wind in our faces as we chatted amongst ourselves. Half way along the beach the rain started. Rather than get wet, we took shelter in one of the shelters along the promenade until it eased off.



We then made our way back along the footpath by the school and along Lon Cob Nature Reserve where we stopped briefly to watch the ducks and swans. Back at Wetherspoons we all enjoyed a hot meal before catching the train back home. On the three recent occasions that we have walked at Pwllheli we have had rain. Fortunately this time we managed to avoid getting drenched. Maybe on our next visit the sun will shine for us.

March: Morfa Bychan

The Strollers are losing their reputation for "dry" walks with now three wet walks on the run. The March Strollers Walk from Porthmadog to Morfa Bychan was no exception with a dull wet misty morning as we went for the 10-00am train to Porthmadog.



Nine of us got off the train at Porthmadog to be met with even heavier rain. Asking if we wanted to abandon the walk, the decision was made to continue to Borth y Gest and see if the weather improved before going further. So off we went following the river to the harbour and up the 83 steps to the top road.



Here an attraction was a 1929 Austin Seven parked at the side of the road. After a thorough inspection of the car we moved on dropping down into Borth y Gest where we

again discussed the options of a drink at the cafe and abandoning the walk or continuing. Since we were all wet anyway it was decided to continue and have our drink at the cafe on our way back.

After a short walk around the back of the village we joined the Coast Path which took us, with a slight detour due to a partially closed footpath, past Morfa Bychan to Black Rock Sands where the rain finally stopped. Here we turned back and made our way down to the "Powder House" which is now residential and was for sale. The "Powder House", Cwt Pwdr in Welsh, has an interesting history. The original part was built in the mid-18th Century as the "Powder House" where gun powder was unloaded from passing ships for use in the local slate mines, rather than taking it into Porthmadog Harbour. The redundant gunpowder store was converted into a dwelling house in 1897.



We wouldn't have believed it when we started the walk, but we then made our way down to the beach where we sat on rocks below the "Powder House", enjoying our picnic lunches in the dry.

Retracing our steps we made our way back along the coastal paths to Borth y Gest, where due to shortage of time we had to miss the cafe and continued past the boatyards to Porthmadog where we caught the more convenient 39 bus back home.

Despite the wet start to the day we all enjoyed a most interesting coastal walk through lovely scenery.



April: Dolgellau

Christine Radford kindly offered to lead our April Strollers Walk at Dolgellau covering paths that she had previously found when walking with the "Fairbourne Friday Walkers".

Twelve of us met in Dolgellau at the junction of the A470 and A493 on a dry cloudy morning. The walk started by following the river into town where we made our first stop at the public toilets only to find the gents and disabled toilets closed for maintenance. Trish stood guard on the door while we all paraded through the Ladies.

Christine led us through the town and up by the river heading into the hills with magnificent views looking back over Dolgellau. We followed footpaths that were new to the entire group working our way through fields, woodland and over stiles and streams until we found a convenient place for lunch. Continuing the walk we met a friendly farmer who spent some time telling us of his plans to renovate his outbuildings and convert them



into holiday accommodation – an ideal place for those wanting a quiet holiday.

Finally we dropped down into Dolgellau close to where we had parked our cars, a total distance of about six miles. Thank you Christine for a most enjoyable walk.



Hard Softness

By George Mandow

An old friend of Barmouth U3A,

now a member of Mt. Albert U3A in New Zealand

Naomi held the fruit in her hand. It was an avocado, one of those with a hard skin, almost a shell, making it difficult to know whether it was ripe and ready to eat, as it had been labelled by the store, regardless of whether it was rock hard throughout or bad, mushy brown inside. She brought the avocado up to her mouth so that she was almost kissing it, her lips slightly apart, her tongue pink between her teeth. She sniffed the fruit but could only smell the anti bacterial soap she had used to wash her hands. 'Sod that' she said, putting the avocado back in the fruit bowl, her musings spoiled.

When she had first met her husband, William, she had thought of him as a passion fruit but only because he seemed to be after her body all the time, even after she had let him. Then when they had married, she inevitably pregnant, he had become to her a banana, her private, ironic joke, because he had lost interest. Naomi had spent a lot of time wondering what fruit she was herself, what sort she would like to be, what she would like others to think of her as: different, obviously, if the other was a man or a girl. Grapes would be good, easy to eat and by lots of different people, being turned into wine and drunk, making people uninhibited, but she could not imagine a person being a grape. Her grandmother, avid for a panoply of adoration, rated the peeling of a grape for her by an admirer to be the ultimate gratification. Naomi did not want to be peeled. But, inconsistently, sometimes she would like to be a mandarin; easily peeled, sweet inside, but on the other hand quickly eaten and forgotten. An orange, too fussy; apples too hard, though as she grew older she appreciated their qualities of hardness and durability, a no nonsense fruit with subtlety of flavour. She enjoyed the game she played privately, with herself, searching fruit stalls for mysterious fruits from exotic foreign places, for a new fruit that could be her, but knowing already, in her heart, what fruit she was, what she wanted to be, what she wanted others to see her as.

She and William had two children, Marcus and Freddy who Naomi thought of as Pear and Plum, not for any good reason, definitely not, she said to herself, because they were English and boring. Naomi was not English; she came from Dundee in Scotland. She quite fancied raspberries which she associated with Scotland, surprised that such a bleak country could produce such a luscious fruit: red and squashy, sweet and tart at the same time, staining her white clothes vermilion. But she wasn't a raspberry. She had trained as a nurse in Dundee, which she had enjoyed, even the discipline and the messy bits, but reckoned when qualified that she had earned a treat and had moved to France to pick fruit, whatever was in season. It was in France that her preoccupation with fruit began to determine her life. She had been harvesting strawberries, those huge, bursting, bulbous berries, scarlet, full of flavour, erotic looking and eating. She had made love with a student from Grenoble in the strawberry fields and had naturally associated him with the fruit, so that ever after a strawberry reminded her of him: an instant path to arousal, even sometimes with the Banana. The Strawberry went back to Grenoble

satiated with strawberries and Naomi who moved on to work in a small French farm which did bed and breakfast and farm dinners, growing all the food themselves. Naomi was introduced to and handled the full range of French fruit and vegetables. She could pick six different ones in a day, usually working alone. To keep herself amused she made up stories, naming the people in the story after fruit or sometimes vegetables. It was a lonely life enlightened with occasional lovers who, if they stayed long enough, became fruits in her mind.

When Naomi was 23, she returned to Dundee and got a job at the Infirmary where she met William who was having an operation on his in growing toenails. It says a lot for William's persistence and, perhaps, charm – though later she could not remember what his particular charm had been - that his operation did not preclude their courting. Naomi was not a particularly enthusiastic love maker so it was easier to go along with William's passion than to fight him off all the time. When she became pregnant, it was easier to get married than any alternative which required action on her part. She enjoyed being a mother to Pear, even the messy bits, and William was still interested enough to enable Plum. So at 28 she was a mother of two with a part time nursing job on the geriatric ward – much safer – and a part time husband.

Naomi was short with short, soft fair hair. She had lost her teenage plumpness though she still thought of herself as she had been: soft and round. She liked male admiration and reassurance of her femininity, which required the attentions of an occasional lover. The Banana, if he knew about them, did not seem to mind – he was interested in greyhounds by then –and nor did Naomi. She worked shifts at the hospital, so it was easy to spend a night once in a while with the current lover. No big deal, she thought. Then she met Simon at the Christmas party. He was a junior consultant, 35 years old, well built, very short black hair, dark eyes, clean shaven; not particularly good looking. She had not noticed him until he came up to ask her to dance. They had a couple of dances and a drink together and then he said he had to do the rounds. She wasn't sure what this meant: ward rounds or round all the nurses, but he disappeared and she danced with other men.

As she was leaving she heard him say 'I'd like to spend the night with you.' She wondered who he was saying this to but as there was no-one else around, it had to be her. 'Bloody cheek' she thought but found herself saying 'OK, where?' He had a friend with an apartment, the friend was away. 'What am I doing' she thought, 'I'd rather go home.' But she went with him. In bed he stroked the soft down of tiny hairs on her skin, the soft flesh beneath, murmuring two words over and over. Her world exploded in a Big Bang, well she thought later, a big bang for her. Simon had recognised what she was, always had been, what no-one else had ever noticed.

They did not meet regularly; Simon was elusive, non committal, remote, but she felt fulfilled by him. Not the love making, not his company but by what he was and what he called her. She did not know him, the man, but she knew him, the fruit, just as he knew her. Naomi sat in the apartment looking at the bowl: fruit with shapes, textures, colours, tastes, memories. She picked up the avocado again and kissed it, then cut it in half. The flesh was soft, perfectly ripe, the stone came away easily. She whispered 'Avocado.' as he came through the front door, and waited for him to reply 'My peach, my peach'

George Mandow

Would you like to go to pot?

A great opportunity to learn techniques of pottery under the tutelage of Alan Gayden
LCC Dip: Dist: of Harlech Pottery.

A gentleman with over 60 years' experience of being a potter.

A taster session is to be arranged at the end of May, date and time to be agreed, only need 10 people interested. This is an open invitation, and members of the U3A are welcome to participate. This could become a two level training (Beginners and more advanced) if there are more than 10.

This would then evolve into a term programme.
The venue would be Old Coleg Harlech Building.

Taster session: Understanding clay/s - Basic clay handling - Making a finished vessel
- Joining clay pieces - Modelling - Moulded pots - Applying colour- Understanding
Glazes - Understanding kilns - Firing ware - Etc.

Costs: Taster and term fees yet to be fixed. For more details

Please apply direct to Alan Gayden on 01341 247397: or,

alandlynette@hotmail.co.uk

Group Co-Ordinators Report

All the groups have continued throughout the winter months. Come hail or shine, gales, or snow we all beat a path to our favourites.

There have been several new faces at many of the groups. This gives new blood in the groups and all are welcome.

The Needlecraft group has now ceased. See appreciation elsewhere in Newsletter. Anybody else like to take this on?

The Learners Bridge has now stopped on a Tuesday but will be back in the Autumn.

The Lunch Group has flourished into a very active 12 now. When not dining at the college in Dolgellau they are having cream teas and fine dining at other venues.

Both walking and strolling are ever gaining new legs (4s and 2s). Unbelievably the weather has been extremely kind to both groups.

None of the groups would survive without the leaders. For which I thank everybody, and especially those who stand in for leaders, often at short notice.

Next time you receive your diary, scan all the choices, go along and give it a go.

As usual, always open to new group suggestions.

Geraldine Vincent

Hometown Research Group

This small but select group is now up and functioning. Six of us met after the monthly meeting to share ideas about our individual research and how we will approach it. We are all focused on a different town and there is a wide variety of approach. All have already made some initial research and have thought about their own knowledge of their home town. We meet for about an hour after the monthly meeting, if anyone still wishes to join in then please do. This group, I think exemplifies the spirit of the U3A in that it is a group of interested individuals supporting and encouraging each other with no specific "expert" in charge but with a variety of skills within the group to make it stimulating and encouraging each member to develop their knowledge and presentation skills. I feel very happy with the progress so far.

Evelyn Richardson

What is this???

On a recent stroll the group came across this item—does anyone know what it is—as the Strollers Group are all stumped!



Singing For Fun

The last time I wrote a report for SFF I was enjoying a sunny ,hot New Zealand summer. This I exchanged for a cool, dampish Welsh Spring, all I can say is that it's just as well we're an adaptable species. I am also aware that SFF is well into its ninth year which means I have done approximately 32 SFF news letter items so forgive me if they are getting repetitive !

I have just put together the songs for next Wednesday, there are a few things to keep in mind when doing so, E.G. How long is it since we sang this ? Is it popular with the singers? Have we got a good mix? Is there a new challenge? Is the song within the vocal range of the singers? And so on. I try to have at least one new song, this might be something I heard recently or have finally got the music to.

A good source of songs is "Desert Island Discs " which I usually listen to on Sunday morning after church. The last programme I heard the Carpenter's song "Top Of The World" was played, a song which had long disappeared from my leaky memory!

Well this will join some of the lovely songs about Spring which we give an airing at this time of the year. I hope the singers like it. On a less cheerful note (if you'll pardon the pun) we will have to increase to attendance charge to £3 as we seen to have been low in numbers over the past few months and we have to cover our expenses, still about half the price of other singing groups and it includes a cuppa and biscuit or even sometimes homemade cake so still a good deal.

Newcomers always welcome, remember singing is good for our physical, emotional and cognitive functioning. In fact when I consider all the activities Barmouth U3A does month after month we should be a very healthy group of ,and I use this word advisedly, oldsters!

Evelyn Richardson

Abermaw – Y Dyfodol Barmouth – The Future



Dewch i Ddweud eich Dweud...

Come and Have Your Say...

Dydd Iau Thursday 12/05/16

Rhwng **Between** 2:30 – 7:30

Parlwr Mawr

Theatr y Ddraig Dragon Theatre

Lluniaeth Ysgafn **Light Refreshments**

(Prosiect Gwasanaethau Abermaw Barmouth Services Project)

Walking Group

The Walking Group have experienced some varied walks this year. In January the area below Craig Cwm-Llwyd was explored, whilst February saw them visiting Llangelynin and Llanegryn Churches.

March saw a walk in the Tonfanau area, which, by all accounts, turned into a bit of a sprint in order to make the train home.

For April the group walked up above Talybont to the Hill Fort of Pen Y Dinas.

**Welsh Language
Short Story Writing Competition**
2 categories: Learners and
First Language Welsh
Title: Bywyd Newydd - A New Life

Short Story Writing Competition

Title: My Favourite Place

Any U3A member can enter!
Maximum 1500 words; Entries in by 31st August 2016
Full competition details on the All Wales Website
www.u3asites.org.uk/walesu3a

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The Summer newsletter will be published end of July.
Please submit your contributions by **10th July**