



u3a Sale

Newsletter

September 2025

Welcome to the September Newsletter

Welcome back after our August break. I hope that you managed to get away for a holiday. We have a full programme of events in the coming months, including a "Coffee & Catch Up" coffee morning for members on 8 October and a trip to Halifax Piece Hall Christmas Markets on 21 November.

Please note that there have been some changes to the group session times at Sale Moor Community Centre. Check with your Group Leader to see if you are affected. Details on our website will be updated shortly.


Chair – Carole Barley

Friday General Meetings

Our next talk will be on 26th September. Adrian Tayler's talk is entitled "**Trust No-one**". This will look at the various types of scams that target individuals, as opposed to businesses, how to spot these and what to do about them.

Our film on Friday 10th October will be "**A Complete Unknown**". This is about the life of Bob Dylan. In the early 1960's, 19-year-old Bob Dylan arrives in New York with his guitar and revolutionary talent, destined to change the course of American music. Forming his most intimate relationships during his rise to fame, he grows restless with the folk movement, making a controversial choice that reverberates worldwide.

Sale u3a present
a talk by
Adrian Tayler
Talk - "Trust No-one"



Some years ago, when Adrian Tayler was secretary of a community association, he was invited to County Hall in Preston to attend two courses run by National Trading Standards, at which he was given a certificate as a "scam changer" and a slide show - since much updated. At the time, there was very little public interest in scams, but how things have changed! At the end of July this year, the National Cyber Security Centre had received a total of 44 million reports of "phishing" scams - that's where a scammer tries to trick you into revealing bank and other personal information. This talk, "Trust No-one", will look at the various types of scams that target individuals, as opposed to businesses, how to spot these and what to do about them.

2pm (doors open 1.30pm)
on Friday 26 September
 Sale Moor Community Centre
 Just £2.00 for Refreshments

Sale u3a present
a showing of...
A COMPLETE UNKNOWN



2pm (doors open 1.30pm)
on Friday 10 October
 Sale Moor Community Centre
 Just £2.00 for Refreshments

Day Trip to Piece Hall Christmas Markets Halifax – 21 st. November

Coach leaves Community Centre at 9.30am prompt.
Tickets: £20. We will be taking £10 non-returnable deposits from 26 September.
Anyone interested, please contact [Carole Barley \(Chair\)](#) via Sale u3a website.



Group News

At Sale Moor Community Centre, morning meetings are now time tabled from 9.45am to 11.45am and afternoons from 2.30pm to 4.30pm. This now allows for a lunch time slot 12 noon to 2.00pm. Groups are allowed 15 minutes before and after each session to set up and clear away.

Please check with your Group Leader for details.

Please note that Bernie Glossop has taken over from Colin Booth as Leader of the **Computer Group**. Many thanks to Colin for his contribution to this group.

The **Origami Group** is not currently meeting. They are looking for a new venue and more members.

Creative Writing Group

In our newsletters, we are always pleased to feature the activities of our various groups. Please let us know if your group has anything that you would like us to publish.

This month, we are showing a short story "The Mermaid's Gift" written by Lorraine from the Creative Writing Group. If you are interested in this Group, please contact Charlene Pullan via the Sale u3a website.

THE MERMAID'S GIFT

Susie was walking along the beach. The sun was bright and hot, the sky was blue with fluffy white clouds and the sand was soft and warm beneath her feet.

It was the summer holidays and she had come to her favourite place, the beach. It was still early so there weren't too many people around. Just the way she liked it. Another hour and it would be crowded with families and very noisy.

For now, Susie enjoyed the peace and quiet with a gentle breeze playing through her hair and tickling her skin.

The seagulls were flying around, crying and scavenging for food, although there were slim pickings until the crowds arrived later.

As she was staring up at them, her foot trod on something hard – and sharp.

She assumed it would be a stone or a shell and bent down to investigate.

Not a stone or a shell. The object was gleaming, although half buried in the sand. She picked it up and dusted it off. Gosh, it was a comb for a girl's hair. It wasn't made of cheap plastic though. It seemed to be made from mother of pearl, encrusted with tiny studs of pearl.

"Someone will be missing this", she thought. "I wonder how I can find out who it belongs to". The comb was warm and holding it was filling her with a happiness she had never felt before – and making her a little sleepy. She sat down on the sand. Soon she had drifted into a deep sleep. She felt herself floating, being supported and it was so relaxing, just drifting along. She opened her eyes and realised she was floating in the sea, at the bottom of the ocean – and she could breathe.

She knew she should be panicking but she felt strangely calm. She became aware of singing, such a beautiful sound. She was mesmerised just listening to it. As she turned her head, she saw something that was impossible to see. A mermaid sitting on a rock.

She was breathing underwater and she had seen a mermaid! And although she knew it couldn't possibly be happening, it was. She wasn't dreaming.

"Do you have something for me?" the mermaid asked. She had beautiful long, blonde hair, crystal blue eyes and a necklace of pearls around her neck.

Susie heard the mermaid speaking but her lips didn't move. She realised she was hearing them in her head.



She was confused for a moment, wondering what the mermaid meant. Then she felt the comb in her pocket grow warm.

She gasped. The comb. It belonged to the mermaid.

She pulled it out of her pocket. "Is this yours?" she thought the words in her head and the mermaid responded.

"Yes," she said. "Your first thought when you found it was to find the rightful owner. That is why I was able to bring you to me. You didn't plan to keep it. You had honourable intentions. And for that you will be rewarded.

Here are my family. I am Marina and these are my sisters." Many mermaids suddenly appeared, surrounding Susie. "I've always believed in mermaids," said Susie, hardly believing she was amongst them. They were all smiling and curious to meet this human from a different world. Marina told Susie of how she came to lose her precious comb.

"A fisherman's boat was out early one morning and as well as fish, my comb got caught in his net. He had found it and given it to his daughter. She was careless enough to leave it on the beach and really didn't care about it. Then you came along. You cared about my comb and were an honest person. You have returned it to me and for that I shall reward you.

Would you like to know how it feels to be a mermaid?". "Oh, yes I would love that!" said Susie in delight.

She felt a tingling in her legs and when she looked down, she saw a mermaid's tail where her legs had been. She started to flap it and then she found herself swimming with the other mermaids. They swam through the ocean and Susie really felt so happy and as if she was with her family. They communicated through thought and were connected through their hearts. Dolphins came to join them and Susie was so excited.

She felt a jolt and then realised she was at home in her bed. The feeling of sheer joy was still with her. Had she been dreaming or had it been real. She got up and looked through her bedroom window. The moon was shining its light onto the sea. She saw a movement. Something leapt out of the sea in an arc and dived back in again. Was it a dolphin – or a mermaid.

She heard words in her head. "We will always be with you. You are one of us now."

She smiled, got back into bed. She felt something under her pillow. Looking under it, she found a shell and inside it was a beautiful pearl. A gift from the mermaids. She smiled and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Lorraine

Creative Writing Group

Eric Midwinter – R.I.P.

Members may have seen in the recent national u3a newsletter an item about the recent passing of Eric Midwinter who was one of the founders of the u3a in the U.K.

Eric was raised in Sale and David Walmsley, a member of Sale u3a and a fellow Old Salian of Eric, has written this appreciation of his work.

ERIC MIDWINTER – THE SALE CONNECTION

By DAVID WALMSLEY

Eric Clare Midwinter was a remarkable man and he was a Sale man. He was born in Sale Cottage Hospital on February 11th 1932. His boyhood days were spent in the family home at 16 Lynwood Grove, Sale – just off Broad Road.



It was from his father, Harold Midwinter, that he inherited a number of his passions. The first was for cricket – his father was the scorer for Sale CC First XI and also became a scorer for Lancashire. Eric wrote a number of books on cricket – including a biography of WG Grace, a history of county cricket and a history of Lancashire Cricket Club Eric later became the chairman of the Association of Cricket Writers and Statisticians (1997–2004.)

Harold was also a keen Manchester United fan. Eric followed in his footsteps and wrote a fascinating book *Red Shirts and Roses: the Tale of the Two Old Traffords*.

Harold had a keen interest in music hall and this was also an interest for Eric who wrote a number of books about comedians.

Eric was educated at Springfield School where he was not always happy but he found his feet at the newly opened Sale Boys Grammar School where he became a pupil in 1943. He played rugby and cricket at school and did extremely well in history, English Language and English Literature at School Certificate level and did enough in Maths and Science to achieve entry to the sixth form. In 1948, Eric was awarded a prize at speech day for being the most promising pupil in the 4th year – and the prize was handed over by Harold Wilson who had been a pupil of the headmaster – Mr. P.L.Norrish – while Norrish had been a history teacher at Wirral GS.

At Sale Boys' Grammar School, Eric was to blossom as a star of the stage, appearing in the school play – the *Miser* in 1948. Meanwhile, he co-wrote and put on shows with his friends at the Montagu Club, a local youth club at the Congregational Church on the corner of Woodlands Road and Northenden Road (demolished in 1970.)

He was a prefect and a star pupil – working very hard on his studies and having articles published in the school magazine – which already show his inclination to humour and satire. He was the first pupil at Sale Boys' Grammar School to win a place at Oxbridge when he won an exhibition to read history at St. Cathrine's College, Cambridge. His love of history stayed with him first through an academic career in which he published books on Victorian history – and later he wrote books on the after-war period as well as his sport related books.

Before he left for national service and Cambridge, Eric was an early member of the newly founded Old Salians' Association for whom he played rugby and cricket. He was to maintain a life-long link to the Old Salians as his career took him to various places in the country. He was a regular after-dinner speaker at the annual Old Salians' dinner where he was always on sparkling and witty form. I had the honour of sharing the speaking role with him on a number of occasions – especially the 50th anniversary dinner.

I also had the pleasure of speaking to the U3A group of which Eric was a member when talks were delivered via Zoom during the Covid epidemic. I spoke about post-war Britain – not realising until the end of my talk to the Harpenden U3A that Eric – a greater expert than me- was in the audience. As usual, he was gracious and refrained from pointing out my many errors!

