



Poynton u3a News

poyntonu3a.org.uk

Issue 48-2

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Poynton u3a Update

General Meetings

The next General Meeting is on Tuesday 21st October when *Frank Vigon* will be telling us about the *Strange Birth of British TV*.

Following that, there is a meeting on Tuesday 18th November when *Janet Parish* will be giving a talk about *The Wellspring*.

Christmas Meeting

On Tuesday 16th December, we have the Christmas Meeting when the entertainment will again be provided by our very own Acoustic Band. Entry is by ticket only. Tickets will be available at the October and November General Meetings at £3 each.

Committee Members urgently required

The heading says it all. Apart from the perennial problem of not having enough committee members, a couple of long-standing committee members are about to step down from their posts which increases the urgency. You do not have to wait until the AGM to be able to join the committee. Contact enquiries@poyntonu3a.org.uk for more details.

Diners' Club

The next lunch is at Cielo on Thursday 30th October at 12.30pm and our Christmas lunch is at the Legh Arms, Adlington, on Thursday 11th December also at 12.30pm.

Barbara Tankard

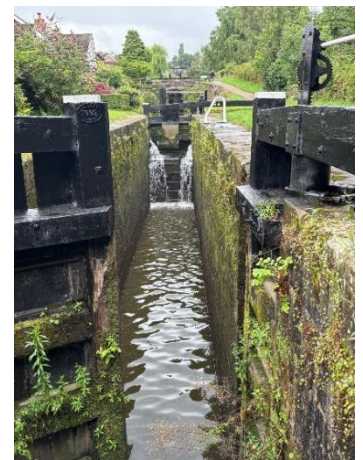
Members' Contributions

Walking Group – Part 1

At the beginning of August fourteen of us met at the car park in Brabyns Park, Marple Bridge, for our monthly walk. The walk took in roads, bridges, buildings, and canals built by Samuel Oldknow, a famous local entrepreneur, industrialist, philanthropist, agriculturalist and inventor who died in 1828. We set off semi equipped for rain later (some more than others!) First of all, we made our way up to the Peak Forest Canal via a wooded footpath, then started walking along the towpath in an uphill direction passing some of the many locks on this stretch of the canal.

Our first detour off the path was to the Memorial Park, somewhere we had never been before, and well worth a visit. Our next detour was at lock 16 where we looked at the remains of Marple Lime Kilns. We continued along the towpath for a bit before heading off on a long downhill footpath to the river Goyt. Here we walked along the river, passing Oldknow's turnpike house and Floodgate Cottage, going under the very impressive railway viaduct, then passing the millponds which were named the Roman Lakes. This was a very popular Victorian leisure park, but nowadays is only open on the last Sunday of the month between 10am and 3pm. It's also open once a month for tea dances, and is available for private hire (weddings and the like).

After passing the Lakes we went to the archaeological remains of Old Mellor Mill, a six-storey cotton mill built in 1793, and destroyed by fire in 1892. There were numerous information boards to look at. We walked through the grounds of the charity and community farm "The Garden House" which is only open between 10 and 4 on Tuesdays to Sundays, therefore not passable outside these hours. Sadly, it started raining steadily at this point, near the end of our walk, so when we emerged at the side of the Midland Hotel near Brabyns Park, we decided to go straight to a local hostelry where we had a very enjoyable meal.



Some pictures from along the route

Sandra and Keith Batchelor

Walking Group – Part 2

Fourteen of us from the u3a walking group walked this September morning from the Butley Ash pub through Butt Town and through the fields to Bollington. We were all carrying lots of wet weather gear but didn't really need it (until after the walk!). We came back via Middlewood Way and across the disused viaduct to Bollington. We arrived early at the Butley Ash but we all had good meals served promptly but with space for some for sticky toffee pudding and custard (and ice cream!).



With such lovely company and great food, we are starting to plan for our Christmas dinner and walk!

Tony Penny

Youthful Memories of Visiting Poynton

In an earlier volume of our u3a News I explained my place of birth. Because of the allied landings in the war across the Channel filling up all the major hospitals in Manchester, I was demoted for my birth to a small new hospital a few miles from here. After some four days I was returned with my mother to her mother's house close to Manchester City's Maine Road football ground at that time.

Fate is a strange thing. 14 years later in the summer holidays and now from our homes in Manchester, a couple of friends and I decided to explore by bicycle the area beyond Stockport, in particular to see where I was born and the Poynton and Woodford area. My mother was always keen that we should keep diaries. What follows is taken from such a diary and I cannot claim historical accuracy for its content. It is just the note, with a bit of explanation, which I took back to my mother to explain where we had been. There was far less traffic in those days and despite travelling up-hill all the way we had no problem getting to Poynton where we "Queen's Scouts" (we had been Cubs when she had not long since come to the throne) were going to spend a couple of nights in the open air, our major

visits being to the canal and the home of the Avro Lancaster in Woodford. This latter was a "must see" for boys of our age and I expect that day will always remain in the mind's eye of all three of us. It represented the work being done there the fact that each of us had at least one uncle whom he had never seen, except perhaps on indistinct family photographs, before he climbed into an aeroplane to meet his death. Here was the heart of the family although the body lay heaven knows where. A couple of years later on a school trip a young boy stood on the top of Saint Peters in Rome - and wondered, knowing enough Latin by then, "Who really died for me"?

After the war another of my uncles had a position of importance allowing my brother and me to stay in Berlin with him and our aunt for five days. I still have the photograph of us boarding the noisy plane at "Ringway" (Manchester Airport now) to visit Berlin and what was by then no longer a "country of occupation" if I remember rightly. This uncle who had been the rear gunner on a Lancaster, used to say "flown over Berlin 20 times but we never stopped, thank God", a reference to the fact that after 20 flights as a "rear gunner" you could normally stand down. I remember still sometimes if I pass that way although in those days we didn't need reminding.

Our small group of Scouts had taken plenty of food and drink. The Poynton Lake had been an obvious starter for our expedition. That didn't last very long as someone appeared from nowhere to tell us that this was private land and we should depart. From our limited experience we knew that it was not much more than four feet or so deep anywhere. Certainly, you could walk across it even at my age. On both sides of the main road were signs of a railway track which had clearly carried, it appeared recently, excavated coal down to the main railway. Buildings were rare.

Poynton, so it seemed, was a small village but with a considerable fountain, in its own space in those days and offering drinking water rather than the token offering of more recent times. It was easily the most attractive building, flowing round the corner and seemed to us to dominate what was "just a muddle of country buildings", houses first and then "works" (now Park Lane) - so says my diary at that time which also says that a couple of local people came up to us and said we should look at a large building just to the East (quite long since gone - I think to Aldi) where American airmen had their entertainment on a Saturday night.

But where was the hospital of my birth? I can remember that there were what I thought of as some uninteresting buildings off-set from the road as it meandered to the east. It is only recently that I have discovered the not inconsiderable size of this maternity hospital. The person who designed it wrote a book on it, Collar House. The library in London, which is supposed to carry all such publications, could not find its copy in the three visits I made. But I'm almost certain that there is one in a specialist part of Manchester University's library and I hope to see it there shortly.

The Scouts decided on a climb out of Poynton to the north, not worrying too much about the distance of the quite steep road. Further on we would be bound to find to the West a "freewheel down" back home. In fact, we met a canal which was much more interesting than it is today - no pleasure motor driven boats but horse drawn barges, the horses slowly and gracefully passing one another under and around bridges and birds, even a kestrel which just ignored us. You could sit there entranced all day but we had to get home on Friday evening to our Scout meeting and then on Saturday for Manchester City's match the next day.

It was to be some 40 years later before I returned to the area where I was born and to something wholly different.

All the above happened 70 years ago. It belongs to a population and standards which had been born and evolved slowly over hundreds of years in Britain. These are now being rapidly joined into a much greater total population by others with different backgrounds and with different ways of conducting themselves and to whom perhaps such old ways are alien. Now the flag we had in those days as Scouts has become a controversial issue, decried by some as xenophobic. Like many other places in the new world, we face considerable changes and we can be sure that unlike previous practices the result will certainly appear much quicker.

David Sewart

The Fallow Deer

She must have been startled to see me
But it was my heart that skipped a beat.
I realised the best things in life are free
And to meet her like this was such a treat.

She appeared by the lake so quietly,
Unaware at first that I was there.
Quenching her thirst on this very hot day
And in a world of her own, without a care.

When she saw me sitting on a log
And stopped and stared intently.
I stayed very still and watched her,
She sensed I was no threat and was friendly.

A beautiful elegant beast,
With a coat of velvety ginger-brown.
Along her back is covered in white spots and
The male of the herd, wear antlers as a crown.

She begins to eat the grasses and herbs
And browse young broadleaf trees.
Standing up on her hind legs, she could
Reach the juicy new buds with ease.

All too soon my time with her was gone,
As the noise of a snapping branch was heard.
She vanished into the woodland, without a sound
And all that I could hear was the melody of a songbird.

My bulging eyes couldn't capture where she'd gone,
So, I sat for a while longer in the bright sunshine.
It became too hot for me, so I leapt off the log
And hopped onto a lily pad floating by the shoreline.

Susan J Pyett

The Royal Institution - Part 3

In the last issue, there was a list of the significant scientific achievements of Michael Faraday. Here is a more detailed look at a couple of them.

Electric magnetic rotation apparatus – the first motor



This simple looking object was made by Michael Faraday in 1822. Its simplicity masks its true importance as the first surviving electric motor.

In 1820 Hans Christian Ørsted announced his discovery that the flow of an electric current through a wire produced a magnetic field around the wire. André-Marie Ampère followed on and showed that the magnetic force apparently was a circular one, producing in effect a cylinder of magnetism around the wire. No such circular force had previously been observed.

In 1821, Faraday set about trying to understand the work of Ørsted and Ampère. He was the first to appreciate that these discoveries implied that, if a magnetic pole could be isolated, it ought to move constantly in a circle around a current-carrying wire. He devised his own experiment using a small mercury bath. This device, which transformed electrical energy into mechanical energy, was the first electric motor.

The motor features a stiff wire which hangs down into a glass vessel which has a bar magnet secured at the bottom. The glass vessel was part filled with mercury (a metal that

is liquid at room temperature and an excellent conductor). Faraday connected his apparatus to a battery, which sent electricity through the wire creating a magnetic field around it. This field interacted with the field around the magnet and caused the wire to rotate clockwise.

This discovery led Faraday to contemplate the nature of electricity. Unlike his contemporaries, he was not convinced that electricity was a material fluid that flowed through wires like water through a pipe. Instead, he thought of it as a vibration or force that was somehow transmitted as the result of tensions created in the conductor.

Benzene

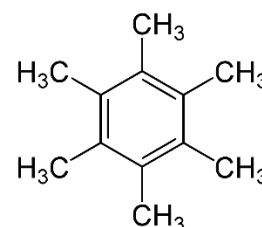
The chemical liquid in this bottle is the first ever sample of benzene dating from 1825, which is on display at the Royal Institution. Benzene is a sweet-smelling but highly dangerous substance. It was isolated by Michael Faraday from oil vapour. He called it 'bicarburet of hydrogen' but he had no idea how important his discovery would turn out to be.



German chemists found that the new chemical, renamed benzene, had a unique structure and was a vital building block of organic chemistry.

The structure of benzene was confirmed by a Royal Institution scientist, Kathleen Lonsdale, some 100 years after Faraday originally discovered the chemical.

In 1929 she investigated the structures of hexamethylbenzene and hexachlorobenzene using X-ray crystallography. In both cases she showed the molecules to have a planar, hexagonal structure settling the long-standing dispute about the structure of benzene.



Hexamethylbenzene

Kathleen Lonsdale [of whom I'd never heard before our visit to the Royal Institution] attained several firsts for female scientists, including being one of the first two women elected a Fellow of the Royal Society (FRS) in 1945 (along with Marjory Stephenson), first female professor at University College London, first woman president of the International Union of Crystallography and first woman president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. She was also a pacifist and prison reform activist.

Because it dissolves things easily, benzene was used in many processes, from degreasing metal to decaffeinating coffee, until in the 1950s scientists realised it was toxic and could cause cancer. Today its widespread use in the plastics and chemical industries is carefully controlled. When lead was removed from petrol to reduce pollution, benzene was the substitute put in to keep car engines running smoothly.

Derek Gatenby

Things to Do

Sudoku No 63

	4	6		5			3	
					7		4	
							5	
2		3						
	1					3		
7		8			2			
1		5	7				2	
	6			2		7		
		2	3	6		8		

Fill the grid so that each row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1-9

Below is the solution to No 62

9	4	7	5	6	3	2	1	8
3	5	2	8	4	1	6	9	7
8	6	1	2	9	7	3	4	5
4	8	3	6	1	5	7	2	9
5	2	9	7	3	8	1	6	4
7	1	6	4	2	9	5	8	3
6	3	8	1	7	4	9	5	2
2	9	4	3	5	6	8	7	1
1	7	5	9	8	2	4	3	6

Sadly, there are again no quiz questions from Hooha.

Sharon Duke, Poynton Town Council's Communities Co-ordinator has asked if we can publicise the following.

Mentell in Poynton

Mentell are a local charity who support men and their mental health. They organise online circles for men and are looking for support to set up an 'in-person' group in Poynton.

Please could you possibly have conversations with friends, family, group members and colleagues to see if it's something they might like to support. Training is provided and support given throughout. If you are interested, please contact Matt at Mentell (www.mentell.org.uk/support/facilitator) who is happy to chat anything through if you need further information.



Mentell
Poynton, is it time to talk?

Mentell is looking for men to train as volunteer, peer-to-peer facilitators. You don't need to know all the answers, you just have to care. You will receive full, professional training from Mentell's award winning facilitator pathway.

What's the ask?
- Attend one of the weekly groups.

What's involved?
- Build trusting relationships with weekly, monitored and support.

The benefit?
- Because part of the Mentell team and this is a core priority of men who understand.

Why join?
- Because when one of us speaks up, we all move forward. Because being a facilitator helps you find a sense of purpose and learn new skills.

"I have grown so much from becoming a facilitator, it has given me so much confidence."
- Matt, Mentell Facilitator

Let's chat: matt@mentell.org.uk www.mentell.org.uk/support/facilitator

Mentell is a local charity that provides groups for men aged 18+ to talk in a safe and confidential space, free from judgement and support.