

Kingswood, UK - Chartered 1960

The Youngster



March 2020

All members should, by now, be aware that all club activities during March and April have been cancelled. There will not therefore be much to be reported in an April edition of the Youngster. However, if anybody wants me to include something rather than just email the members I am happy to produce an edition next month. Editor

The Life, Poems and Songs of Rudyard Kipling

Most of us will have read or seen "Jungle Book" written by Rudyard Kipling but our Editor took us through his life whilst describing his many literary works.

Kipling was born in Bombay (now Mumbai) in 1865 and was then taken to the UK. When he was 5 years old his parents returned to India leaving him to attend boarding school. At the age of 16 he returned to India and worked as a Junior Recorder on a local newspaper where his literary talents began to show themselves with works such as "Tommy", "Troopin", "Gunga Din" and "Fuzzy Wuzzy". All these poems and songs showed his clear empathy with local soldiers,

He then wrote his legendary poem "If" which spawned many famous quotations including "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you". In 1889 he returned to London and wrote "The Jungle Book" and "The Mother Lodge". In 1897 he was involved in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and wrote "Recessional" which forecast the end of the British Empire. He then wrote "Boots" about the long treks of the soldiers in the Boer War.

In 1902 he moved to Sussex where he wrote "Puck of Pucks Hill" and predicted the First World War. Our talk concluded with his famous song "Non Nobis Domine" which is also sometimes used as an anthem and is a prayer of thanksgiving. He died in 1936 having left a huge legacy of literary works.

Many thanks to Graham for giving us such an insight into the life and works of Rudyard Kipling which stretched far beyond "The Jungle Book".



Roger Clutson

Diary

Sat 4 Apr	Coffee Morning	Cancelled
Sat 2 May	Coffee Morning	??
Sun 17 May	Visit to Shepton Mallett Prison with pub lunch	??
Thu 21 May	7.30 pm Dinner Night - 'Our Heritage of Song' - Robin Burton	
Sat 6 June	Coffee Morning	
Thu 18 June	7.30 pm Presidential Handover with skittles and a buffet at Mangotsfield Football Club	
Sat 4 July	Coffee Morning	
Sat 10 Oct	Race Night	

To acknowledge the duty that accompanies every right

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Edward Jenner Museum visit - 8th March

It sounded very appealing. A Sunday roast lunch, an interesting place to visit and both within an easy drive in the car - no need to fuss with hiring a coach, and best of all organised by Mr Michael Bendrey. Well most of that was perfectly true. Unfortunately our leader lost his way on the outward journey so wasn't there to greet us when we got to the Berkeley Arms. No matter, the pub welcomed us and we began to gather in the dining room. We ordered our meals and as soon as the first waitress entered the room our leader abused his position by demanding that he was sitting at the top table and so that table should be served first. The meal, by the way, was very good, indeed far, far better than your average pub Sunday lunch.



At this point we might have been tempted to congratulate Mike on his choice of venue but then he came round to collect the very modest £4.25 for entrance to the museum. He collected from the twenty people there only to find that he was short of cash (embarrassing for an ex-accountant) so rather than see our pauper leader out of pocket we all happily chipped in an extra 50p. By the time Mike got home he discovered the two missing contributions so he is now in debt to all of us.

All of the above we can laugh at but as he moved his car from the pub to the museum just round the corner he scraped the side of his car. That isn't funny and as the writer did the same thing two days before I can be genuinely sympathetic. The car repair firm estimates the cost of the one and a half square foot scratches on my car will cost over £1,000 to put right!

Let's get back to the visit though. At the museum the guide didn't tell us about the work of Edward Jenner but left us to watch a video which did this. And did it very well. There were five or six more rooms of displays telling us about his work. It was an amazing and uplifting story. He remained a country doctor all his life but must have made regular visits to London to get his new vaccination procedure accepted by the medical profession. There was a photograph of a woman in the 1920's who have smallpox eruptions all over her face and presumably the rest of her body - and that was only a decade or so before I was born. I think I am right in saying that there is no smallpox in the world nowadays. We have a lot to thank Dr Jenner for.

It was a fascinating visit to the museum. It was a lovely lunch eaten in lovely company. In spite of all the above words Mike, thanks very much for organising it.

The following report appeared in the 'Green 'Un' section of the Bristol Post on Monday March 9th. I hope you like it.

A man from Liverpool was travelling in America when he stopped at a bar in a remote area of Nevada. He got chatting to the bartender when he spied an old Native American man sitting in the corner. The man had tribal clothing on, with his hair in long plaits, with a wrinkled face.

The Liverpudlian asked the bartender: "Who is that man?" The bartender replied: "He is the memory man. He knows everything, remembers everything, and he can even recall facts he hears or sees - go and try him out." So the Liverpudlian goes over to the memory man, thinking he won't know anything about English football, and asks him: "Who won the 1965 FA Cup final?" "Liverpool" replies the memory man. "Who did they beat?" "Leeds" was the instant reply.

"What was the score?" was the next question, "2-1" was the instant response. Still trying to catch the memory man out, he asked: "Who scored the winning goal?" "Ian St John," said the old man without a hint of hesitation.

The Liverpudlian was amazed by this, and on arriving home told everybody of his experience. The story didn't end there, though. The same guy visited the same bar a few years later to seek out the memory man and was delighted to see him sitting in the same spot, albeit looking older and more wrinkled. The Liverpudlian approached him raising his hand in the air and addressed him in the Native American way: "How!" The memory man looked at him and said: "Diving header in the six-yard box!"