



Rhif/No. 29

Mawrth & Ebrill / March & April 2019

An Evening of Poetry

Our host for the March meeting was Huw Oakley who was an excellent compere.

Huw, alerted to the fact that Ludmilla had been so thoughtful as to send the poem of her choice for reading by proxy, apologised for holding it back for a moment, while he read first of all a verse from Rabbin Burns' "A Man for A' That". It was submitted by Ellen, who suggested that it was appropriate as a reminder of the recent terrorist attack in Christchurch.

Sue Williams then read out Ludmilla's choice and we swiftly moved on through a fine range of different works, some reminiscent of school days, some a forceful recollection of personal experiences, some rather short, but which provoked quite extensive historical background exposition, while one person bravely disciplined herself to deliver her contribution entirely from memory. Well done Anne! As the Interval stole up on us, Huw recalled the years when "parrot" jokes abounded with:

*Ar ddeiet mewn panic aeth Mari
A hadau o bob math oedd ganddi.
Heb uwd a heb gawl
Collodd bwysi – do sawl
mae golwg y diawl ar y byji.*

A

*In a panic Mary went on a diet
And she had with her all sorts of seeds
Without porridge and Soup
She lost weight – yes a lot
But the Budgie looks dreadfully sick!*

No one was put off their food, which was as tasty as ever. Then, when chatter subsided and we reconvened, Huw skipped through eight short items that, in their sharp diversity spanned many insights both "Ancient" (Cwm Rhondda, Tra Bo Dau, Ar Lan y Mor) and "Modern" (Wrth Edrych ar Hippopotamus

*Ni welais I un anifail
Mor hyll a hwn ers tro
Ond mae'n siwr mae'r un geiriau'n union
sy'n mynd trwy I feddwl o.*

*Never in a long while have I seen
So ugly an animal as this
but then the very self-same thoughts
are most certainly crossing his mind too!*

Allowing for the amount of time Wales' Grand Slam success had been alluded to in earnest conversation, it was just as well that we had enough time left to hear once again Max Boyce's "The Outside Half Factory" before closing what had been a very pleasant and pleasing evening.

Report by The Man Himself!

Huw suggested that we all submit our poems to the webmaster for a Poetry Section on the website.

A Nurse's Journey

As the April meeting was on Maundy Thursday we began with a poem chosen by Tony. The title was "Garden of Gethsemane" and read by Lynne Lewis. It happened to be Lynne's birthday so as well as all present singing "Penblwydd Hapus/Happy Birthday" to her, she also had a special serenade of "Mynd Drot Drot" from Bethan. Our host for the evening was Tony and he introduced the Guest Speaker; Margaret Powell who was going to tell us about her life as a nurse.



When Margaret left school at 16 she was too young to begin her nurses training so she enrolled as a Cadet Nurse. The life of a Cadet involved "lots of little jobs" such as sorting the laundry, running errands, delivering messages and helping the elderly patients. Then at the age of 18 in 1956 she began her Nurse's training at St. Luke's, Guildford.

A student nurse had to learn the basics of patient care; bed-making, bathing, and jobs in the sluice room were the normal daily duties. The students had experience of all wards during their three years of training and were expected to do night duty regularly. Margaret passed her finals gaining the qualification of State Registered

Nurse. Soon after, she got married and her career was on hold for a while with family duties. Before long Margaret returned to Nursing at a Marie Curie home, on Night Duty. Quite unexpectedly her husband's job took them to Jamaica in 1963. This was an amazing experience for the family. The weather was glorious and shorts were worn! Quite different to the UK. The family returned to England in 1967 and Margaret resumed her nursing career at the Fever Hospital in Farnham. In the following years Margaret became a Night Sister in a large hospital; then in a hospice and finally before retiring in a Nursing Home (again on Night duty). During her career Margaret had seen big changes in the nursing profession. The uniform has changed considerably over the years. We were shown the complicated butterfly caps worn in the 1950's and an album of photographs of a Nurse's life in the mid 20th Century.



Finally, Margaret donned a pretty pink hat which she had worn to a garden party at Buckingham Palace in 2004. The invitation was in recognition of her services to the Nursing profession.
