

'The Wipers Times'
Over one hundred years ago
During World War One it was
A group of soldiers in the trenches
Decided, just because

To publish a wonderful paper
That was called The Wipers Times
With a printing press they'd come across
It was indeed a fantastic find

This was the brainchild of Captain Fred
Roberts
And Lieutenant Jack Pearson, who
Were of the Twelfth Battalion, the Sherwood
Foresters
Who knew what they must do

Having found the press in Ypres
Or as the soldiers pronounced it Wipers
A Sergeant managed to get it working again
Whilst dodging the German snipers

Much was printed on a regular basis
Covering many topics
Like a school magazine and a parish magazine
Though there were some who were to mock it

But a success it was and it became a hit
Throughout those terrible days
Dodging onslaughts from the other side
The men's spirits were so raised

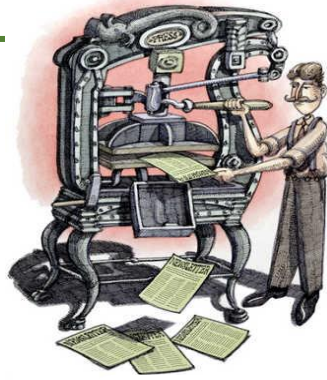
Fast forward over one hundred years
And another battle being fought
This time involving the whole wide world
Still an answer being sought
An idea was to spring to mind
Of a way to raise our hopes
With a magazine like the Wipers Times
As we are thrown against the ropes

Deidre and dear Lorna
Came up with this idea
And because of what was going on
The Coronavirus Times appeared

Issue two has just come out
With poems, quizzes and the like
Articles are always welcome
And can be collected on our bikes

I am of course just joking
About the bike idea
Just send them in by post or email
And we'll sort them out right here

Stay safe at home with your thinking caps on
Let's get this out to all
The folk that are self-isolating
Then when it's over we'll have a ball.
Terry Bickell



*"I knew when I
met you an
adventure was
going to
happen."*
Winnie-the-Pooh
A A Milne



A Tree Grows in Brooklyn ... *"From that time on, the world was hers for the reading. She would never be lonely again, never miss the lack of intimate friends. Books became her friends and there was one for every mood. There was poetry for quiet companionship. There was adventure when she tired of quiet hours. There would be love stories when she came into adolescence and when she wanted to feel a closeness to someone she could read a biography. On that day when she first knew she could read, she made a vow to read one book a day as long as she lived."*

Betty Smith
(1943)

Comparisons

Whilst the cat's away
The mice will play,
Out of sight means out of mind,
But absence makes the heart go fonder
Tis said that love is blind.

We're told to keep an eye on the ball
But a watched pot will never boil.
Is it true that if you spare the rod the child you'll surely
spoil?

Too many cooks will spoil the broth
But many hands make light the work.
Too much salt will spoil the flavour,
A little of what you favour does you good; such a perk!

Love is blind and laughs at locksmiths
That's how the sayings go
And he who laughs last, laughs longest
Remember it's not what but whom you know

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may -
Marry in haste repent in leisure,
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush
Half a load better than none, is good measure.

Hard work never killed horses
But it surely maimed a few,
We're told to strike whilst the iron is hot
But a good look before you leap is so true.

A woman's work is never done,
A man's work never started;
Neither a borrower nor a lender be, a fool
and his money's soon parted.

Faint heart never won fair lady,
All that glistens is not gold.
If you don't like the heat in the kitchen
Stay outside, and put up with the cold!

Violet Charlton

Robert Browning 1812 -1889

Women & Roses

I dream of a red-rose tree
And which of its Rose's three
Is the dearest rose to me?

Round and round like a dance of snow
In a dazzling drift, at its guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone, on the poet's pages.
Then follow women fresh and gay,
Living and loving and loved today.
Last, in the rear, flee the multitude of maidens,
Beauties yet unborn. And all to one cadence,
They circle their rose on my rose tree.



V. E. Day

Terry Bickell

Back in nineteen forty five
I remember very well
A party in the street was held
Of that night I will now tell

I was very small, just four years old
Yet my memory does recall
What went on that night to celebrate
The Germans great downfall

We had won the war in Europe
So to celebrate the fact
Street parties were held everywhere
This was how we did react

Piano's wheeled from houses
Bonfires were being lit
There were competitions, races
Everybody did their bit

Tables out and although then shortages
Food soon covered these
As what people had been saving
They shared so much to please

We youngsters all were out there too
Enjoying all the fun
Although we didn't know what was
going on
And why this was all done

We didn't care we'd never seen
In our short lives back then
So many people laughing and singing
Bells ringing from Big Ben

Many of the Dads of course
Were still fighting overseas
My Dad was out in Burma
A Dad I'd never seen

I remember too my wooden train
That I used to play with all the time
An older boy smashed it up that night
And of course I started crying

But then with little tit bits
I was brought round very soon
And once again I was made a fuss of
By our neighbour, Auntie June

That night was very special
No more the sound of planes
Flying on to London
To improve on Hitler's gains

No more the shout of put out that light
No more going into a flooded shelter
Time for this celebration
V.E night turned out a belter.



*'Spring has
returned – the
earth is like a
child that
knows poems'
Rainer Maria
Rilke*



Laurie Lee
rediscovers his
hometown in ...
**'Home From
Abroad'...** →
*Maybe we can
too? It will be
some time before
we return to the
old easy ways of
travelling
aboard...*

Sweet Memories

Choc sticks, Flying saucers, pick and mix,
Jelly bean, Cayley's Cuba, fondant creams
Tubes of sweet sherbet with a liquorice straw
Then the sharp pink variety which made my tongue
red raw.

Gobstoppers which changed colour
Kept me quiet for an hour,
All kinds of liquorice sticks,
Pipes, bootlaces and smoker's outfits,
Sweet cigarettes, pretending to smoke
If it was real, I'm sure I would choke.

Munchies, Crunchies - oh for goodness sake!
Why did I eat so many and make my milk teeth ache?
Boxes of chocolates, toffees galore
And the special variety known as lockjaw.

Swallowing bubble gum and chewing gum
Came with a warning from my Mum,
I often reflected, had the gum I ingested
Stuck to my gizzard, as Mum had suggested?

Soft vanilla ice cream
Poured over a blackcurrant cordial
Served in small tubs, we all adored.
Not too sweet, but such a treat
And we all returned for more.

Snowfruit lollies were pyramid shape
With a cardboard cover,
They melted in the mouth
And were like no other.

But, wait a minute, here's the score -
I still have my teeth, and what is more
I have lovely memories that couldn't be sweeter.
I will always love the dolce vita!
Evelyn Hazard

Far-fetched with tales of other worlds and ways,
My skin well-oiled with wines of the Levant,
I set my face into a filial smile
To greet the pale, domestic kiss of Kent.

But shall I never learn? That gawky girl,
Recalled so primly in my foreign thoughts,
Becomes again the green-haired queen of love
Whose wanton form dilates as it delights.

Her rolling tidal landscape floods the eye
And drowns Chianti in a dusky stream;
The flower-flecked grasses swim with simple horses,
The hedges choke with roses fat as cream.

So do I breathe the hayblown airs of home,
And watch the sea-green elms drip birds and shadows,
And as the twilight nets the plunging sun
My heart's keel slides to rest among the meadows