

Ilkley & District u3a Receives significant coverage on Bradford Community Radio

Broadcasting on FM 106.6 and [online](#), the station has a regular feature on Local Council Gossip on Sunday mornings and repeated at various times during the week.

For Sunday 5th March 2023 the programme visited Ilkley to interview members and officers of the Town Council along with representatives of local organisations.



A general view of the contributors around the table in Ilkley Town Hall.

Part way through the hour long programme, there was a break to listen to a recital of *Summer Time* by u3a members Peter Mate & Glen Berry. This was followed by a poem written and performed by Roy Anderson of the u3a Poetry Writing Group.

Select here to play extract of *Local Council Gossip* from Ilkley Town Hall on Bradford Radio

Scroll down to the next page to read ***the hermit*** whilst listening to Roy's wonderful delivery.

Also reflect how pertinent the lines are given that the programme was recorded in Ilkley's Town Hall in the presence of the local Town Council!



The hermit by Roy Anderson

A hermit climbed up to the moor
Intending to be alone
And built a wooden shelter
In the lee of a great grey stone

And his friends were the animals and birds
And his music the wind and the weather
And with bare feet he trod the paths
The sheep made through the heather

At night the planets and the stars rose
And the sky was all ablaze
Free from the clouds and shrouding mist
And the blur of the urban haze

There he stayed as the seasons passed
Each to the last succeeding
Until one day a man approached
Who from a clipboard then was reading?

He next produced a document
Which set out his credentials
But in his dealings with the sage
He was less than deferential

He asked him if he was aware
That he required a permit
If indeed he was to stay
Upon the moor a hermit

For section one hundred and thirty two
Of the planning regulations
Said that a structure like his shack
Required an application

And quite what hygiene infractions
Were revealed he couldn't say
Although he thought there must have been
Polluted becks along the way

The council man asked if the hermit felt well
(For the state was kind and all seeing?)
And watching him live in such a way
Raised concern for his mental well being

And so the council's man concluded
And his letter would confirm it
The rules were unequivocal
He could not remain a hermit

Two weeks to pack his things and leave
Were all he was permitted
With prosecution a likely course
If then he had not quitted

These things were soon related
To the town in the Weekly News
And very soon the letters page
Was swamped with differing views

But most who wrote were of one mind
They thought the hermit badly treated
And that there should be a mass campaign
To get the cruel order defeated

The hermit woke one sunny morn
To find the moor covered in tents
And banners bearing slogans
Which all made little sense

Though he himself was a peaceful man
He might have gone and kicked them
Until with surprise he realised
They saw him as a victim

The hermit took his things and fled
Down to the half empty town
And booked into a hotel room
Had a shower, and a drink, and lay down

While on the moor the council man
With his clipboard and his pen
Took all the names of every one there
And was happy once again



**Roy Anderson reading *the hermit*
on Bradford Community Radio**