

Once that is done, then software can extract the relationships and the researchers can then draw whatever conclusions they can from that, and write their PhD theses on it!

Much of South London has been done - much of North London is to do, so I'll probably move on to that in due course, once my eyestrain has reduced! That one looks like a long haul.

However, Layers of London has much more. It has maps covering many centuries, supplied by many organisations and you can overlap one on the other to see how things have changed - just don't add too many layers or your device will grind to a halt!

Organisations and individuals can also add 'Collections' - e.g. of photos - and relate them to locations on the map.

There is also a YouTube channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCKSICy8FIDCKV0uVifb0sqw>

where things are discussed and webinars held by Zoom for training (so not just for lockdown family meetings then!) can be seen.

If you're interested in this sort of thing, it's worth exploring. John Usher

Thank you John. What a fascinating project to be involved in.

GERIATRIC BOWLS

Our village has space enough
To accommodate short mat:
And that has compensations,
So we're often glad of that.

For bowling can be tiring
At eighty years or more,
And most of us are ancient -
One member's ninety-four!

Old Jim has got a wobly leg,
Rob's broken ribs are sore;
Trevor's limping on one foot,
And Tom can't read the score.

We've a long list of 'replacements',
Hips, knees and extra parts;
We're all on pills and potions,
Or else have dodgy hearts.

But pride of dress is paramount,
Respect is thus displayed,
Except that summertime, alas,
Brings out 'the shorts brigade'!

Most clubs are firm against it,
It makes the club lose face,
If legs are seen - all hairy,
A positive disgrace!

Old legs are not a sight to see,
Yet our club doesn't care
If legs that look quite monstrous
Are presented to the air!

But still our club is flying high,
We manage to win cups,
We win against most villages,
There's far less 'downs' than 'ups'.

We're known throughout the county
As the team who gives their best
Since when it comes to geriatrics -
We're ahead of all the rest!



The poem on the left was sent in by Jean Patten. She thinks some people may have seen it already but hopes it will give us all a laugh.

Boy, pliers
Electric wires
Blue flashes
Boy, ashes.



This poem was taught to Paul on his first day as an electrical apprentice.