

DALGETY BAY PROBUS CLUB



Issue 5

2nd June 2020



FROM THE PRESIDENT – Michael Hamilton

Good morning Gentlemen and welcome to our fifth newsletter.

**‘Easing
Lockdown-
Phase 1**

Easing Lockdown is most welcome! Although we remain very restricted, our staying home and social distancing efforts over the past ten weeks have been rewarded. However, to achieve further relief and move on to phase 2 and beyond, we need to continue with even more vigilance and heed the advice and procedures to be adopted during this phase. Common and sensible interpretation of the ‘rules’ is essential to minimise risks and doubt.

**‘Be even
more
cautious**

**‘Feel-good
weather**

We have been so lucky with our weather during this time. Little rain and many hours of sunshine are breaking records. The grass is turning brown but the flowers and shrubs are prolific and bursting with colour. Like us, I hope you have been enjoying barbecues and Al fresco dining.

Today we miss our Summer Lunch at Pitbauchlie House Hotel. Hopefully, we can join together for the Christmas Lunch which is pencilled in for this December 1st.

Until next time, always stay safe and very best wishes,

Michael Hamilton



EDITOR THOUGHTS – Ian Dickson

Welcome again to our Probus Newsletter, the 5th to be published.

We are now into stage 1 of the 4 stages set out for the easing of lockdown. The stages are clearly defined, the timetable, quite rightly, will depend on progress in continuing the reducing in the numbers who contract the virus. Meetings of larger groups, such as Probus, are to be allowed when we reach stage 4. No doubt the definitions of each of the lockdown stages will evolve, under the current rules it will either be towards the end of this year or the beginning of next year before we are able to restart our regular meetings.

This edition brings several new contributors, again with fascinating insights into their backgrounds, their experiences, the places they have seen and the people they have met. There is another member article on ‘Decisions’ and the second part of ‘Luke the Lollipop Man’.

We start with `Luke the Lollipop Man`, the next part of the John Simons tale. This is followed by Bill Ewing telling us `When I'm Prime Minister`. We know of Bill's skills as a vocalist and guitar player at our Burns meeting, many will not be aware in his younger days he was a Scottish International athlete in the steeplechase. The tale is about one of his close friends.

Mike Dominy gives us his `Decisions` with an article prompted by last month's thoughts from Alan McQuaker.

Bob Henry gives us a lovely touch of history, telling us about the Bilsden Award and an insight into the London Livery companies. Staying with themes from South of the border one of our Geordie members Mike Hudspeth gives us background on the Newcastle 1000, a topic he has presented at Probus.

Allen Cochrane and I were both brought up in Kirkcaldy. He joined the UK Government Overseas Development agency who sent him to Zambia. He describes a fascinating lifestyle at an interesting time in African history. This is another tale in 2 parts, the follow up in the next edition of the newsletter.

Alan McQuaker gives us a poem `The Rainbow Children` written by Gemma Peacock for her children.

The Bryson family history is the next chapter in their Shielding story. Tommy has researched his family background, including courageously using DNA testing, which I understand has produced some very interesting matches. His first article tells us about one of his ancestors.

Finally, Digipix, and Golf.

Many thanks to all who have contributed. Keep the articles coming, my e mail is i.dickson@tiscali.co.uk.

FROM THE SECRETARY - JUNE BIRTHDAYS

- Mike Dominy
- Iain Grant
- Mike Hill
- Sandy Laing
- Rob Lester
- Roger Tebbutt



LUKE THE LOLLIPOP MAN – Chapter 2 – John Simons

We left Luke with his `nearly trained` charges.

All went well until some weeks later when my sergeant told me to go and sort out a problem with MY lollipop man.

Wondering and worried what had happened to Luke I called at his house. Admitted to an extremely neat and tidy home I was saddened to realise that Luke was in fact a widower but on display were several photographs of happier times. Some were of him in uniform (To be expected) but more of family groups depicting him and his late wife as proud grandparents.

Getting to the point of my visit I discovered that Luke and his next door neighbour, another pensioner had been at loggerheads for some considerable time. The crux of the dispute concerned his neighbour's car. Living in a street of terraced houses parking was a bit of an issue. Luke did not own a car and objected to his neighbour parking outside his house to the extent that Luke had painted two white lines on the kerb at each side of the extremity of his property. Luke regarded this as his space although he had no particular use or legal claim to it. Occasionally his neighbour's car encroached onto Luke's "space" and an ever alert Luke did not hesitate in demanding that his neighbour move his car. This sometimes necessitated in the poor man having to leave his car some distance from his home.

Unfortunately this dispute spilled over into Luke's lollipop duties. Apparently he was in the habit of dashing into the road with his "Stop" pole whenever his neighbour appeared near his crossing whether there were any children waiting to cross or not and holding him there as long as possible (Denied by Luke) Eventually one afternoon when the neighbour having become exasperated with what he called Luke's abuse of power crept forward in his car passing alongside and fractionally beyond Luke before being waved on to do so. He maintained there were no children in sight and so no one was put in danger. However this was not a view shared by Luke and regarded this as a blatant disregard of his authority and thereby an offence against the relevant section of the Road Traffic Act. Hot under the collar Luke took matters into his own hands but going somewhat too far. With his pole, especially the metal circle, he struck the roof of his neighbour's car a mighty blow causing a considerable dent.

The neighbour wanted to report Luke for criminal damage and Luke demanded action for the offence of failing to stop when required to do so under the Road Traffic Act 1960.

Wanting to support Luke and on the other hand not wishing to appear biased I decide that the neighbour should be summonsed for his offence and that Luke would receive a caution (unofficial) for Criminal damage. At court the neighbour was punished with a monetary fine but with no points to his licence and Luke continued with his crossing patrol duties without further complaint.

Sometime later seeing Luke at his crossing duties I asked him if things had calmed down with his neighbour. With a somewhat wicked wink he replied "Aye it's alright now son. Buggers flogged his car" Such is life.



WHEN I'M PRIME MINISTER – Bill Ewing

It was the summer of '66 and we had the compartment to ourselves as we travelled by train from Edinburgh Waverley to Aberdeen. Two university students, Bernard Nottage and myself, who had won our respective events at the East of Scotland Athletics Championships at the old Meadowbank track; Bernie in the 100 yards and I in the 3000 metres steeplechase. Within a year or so, we would both become Scottish champions and continue our exploits as international athletes.

Our conversation ranged from sport to university life and then into politics. Bernie was a kind, thoughtful man and after much conversation about our prospective futures, he to become a doctor and I a teacher, he said he would definitely go into politics and made the generous invitation to visit him in the Bahamas, "When I'm Prime Minister!"

I well-remember the most hilarious incident in our time as fellow athletes. We were running for Scotland at the Birmingham Games. A win in the final event, the 4 x 100yards relay, would give Scotland an overall victory. Our team manager, Rab Foreman, was big, imposing and ebullient. I stood beside him in the back-straight area to watch our second string runner, Bernie, take over the baton. On he came, in the lead with his tight blue Scotland vest accentuating his well-developed black Bahamian torso.

And then the unexpected happened! Halfway down the back-straight he threw the baton into the air and walked off the track. Big Rab went berserk! “Bernie, Bernie. What the hell are you doing!” For some inexplicable reason, the Welsh team were also running in blue causing Bernie much confusion. “I couldn’t see who to give the baton to!” came the abrupt reply. “What!” exclaimed Rab, “Don’t you recognise your own teammate?” Then came his unforgettable reply. “Well, all you white b.....ds look the same to me!” I walked away in fits of laughter not daring to look at our distraught team manager.

Dr Bernard Nottage, an impressive man, graduated from Aberdeen University before returning to his native Bahamas where he became an outstanding consultant gynaecologist. He ran for his country at the 1968 Mexico City Olympics and as he predicted, he entered politics where his long, distinguished career culminated in him becoming a senior cabinet minister in the Bahamian government.

Sadly, his luck ran out and he died a few years ago without fulfilling his ambition of becoming the Prime Minister of the Bahamas. His country accorded him a State funeral. Bernie is still remembered in athletics circles in Scotland and regretfully, I will not be visiting him in his homeland.



DECISIONS – Mike Dominy

Reading Alan McQuaker’s article re ‘Decisions’ reminded me of the one major decision I made that completely changed the course of my life.

I joined the Royal Navy in 1958 as an Artificer Apprentice, with my final year of training in 1963 at HMS Daedalus specialising in Buccaneer Aircraft Avionics and on completion I was drafted to RNAS Lossiemouth (HMS Fulmar) in January 1964 as a young Radio Electrical Artificer(Air) 2nd Class. At Lossiemouth I would gain experience on the aircraft and associated avionics prior to be drafted to a front line squadron, based on one of the then current aircraft carriers probably round about mid1965. After about 2 years at sea, I, in all probability would have returned to Lossiemouth, working either on aircraft or in avionic workshops before perhaps a few years later doing the same again.

In early 1965 The Fleet Air Arm Field Gun Team recruiters came to Lossiemouth on the annual trawl for volunteers to take part in the Royal Tournament Field Gun Competition that took place at Earls Court, and I was persuaded to volunteer. I was sent back to HMS Daedalus for the four week final selections and eliminations in about March that year but never managed to make the cut, although I did rebuild their bar for them.

I then returned to Lossiemouth only to find out that the drafting for Buccaneers had been completed, however in those days the Navy liked to get young baby faced artificers to sea as soon as possible, so it was decided to draft me on to the Sea Vixen aircraft, whose front line drafting hadn’t been completed, so I was sent back to HMS Daedalus to train on Sea Vixen avionics, and on completion I was sent to RNAS Yeovilton (HMS Heron) for experience, prior to being drafted to 899 Squadron, in 1965. 899 Squadron was then based on HMS Eagle operating in the Far East. On arrival in Singapore HMS Eagle, and the Squadron had sailed to carry out Beira patrol as Rhodesia had declared UDI. I then had a two week stay in Singapore, until I had a 10 hour flight back to Aden to join the Squadron and ship there, before it continued Beira patrol. At that time we held the peace time record for the maximum number of days spent nonstop at sea for an aircraft carrier, in our case 72 days (good training for Lockdown).

After about 2 years and on completion of my time on 899 Squadron I was sent back to RNAS Yeovilton with the prospect of being based there as part of the station compliment working either on aircraft or in the workshops. After about 6 months, in December 1967, I was summoned and told I was to report to Ferranti in Edinburgh, along with 6 others, in January 1968, for a 13 week course on the AWG 11 Radar

that was fitted to the Phantom aircraft which was replacing the Sea Vixen as the Navy's primary fighter aircraft.

On the first Friday I was there, I, along with 2 others went into Princes Street for the odd drink or three and ended up in the Rutland Hotel where in an alcoholic haze met and managed to convince this rather lovely Scottish lass to first of all have a meal that evening and then meet again the following week. Ten weeks later we were engaged and married the following year.

Having completed my time with Phantoms I was then drafted to the Royal Signals and Radar Establishment at Malvern advising and introducing new radars for the Fleet Air Arm which involved my working with Ferranti in Edinburgh again, and eventually I was based there with them for the last 18 months of my service, hence our move to Dalgety Bay.

On leaving the Royal Navy in 1982, I naturally joined Ferranti, first being their representative to the Indian Navy in Goa for two years, on return I was a Program Manager then became a Project Manager before I finally taking early retirement in 2000.

Therefore had I not volunteered for the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun Crew in 1965 I'm sure my Naval career would have taken a totally different course and in all probability I wouldn't have met my wife or be a member of Dalgety Bay Probus.



THE BILSDEN AWARD – Bob Henry

The title of my piece will not give many clues to what this is all about.

My story starts in the year of our Lord 1484, not exactly yesterday. It takes place in the City of London, 536 years ago to be precise. The mayor of the city was Mayor Bilsden.

In those days the mayor had a procession of Barges which went up river from the Pool of London to Westminster to pay homage to the King. The procession was led by the Mayor in his Barge followed by the Livery Companies of the City of London in order of precedence. Precedence was decided by the number of Aldermen who were members of the Company.

When they formed up the Merchant Taylor's Company and the Skinners Company were in dispute as to who should be in front of the other. Things came to a head and a riot erupted. The Mayor summoned the Master and Wardens of the two Companies and left them in no doubt of his displeasure. He then displayed the wisdom of Solomon. He decreed that the Companies would take year about in the order of precedence, the date for the change would be Easter Day. He further decreed that the Merchant Taylors would give a feast to the Skinners in mid-summer and the Skinners would give a feast to the Merchant Taylor's before Christmas. This still happens today, and the Companies have become the best of friends. They hold sporting events against each other which are fiercely competitive.

There is one other event of note and that is the "Exchange of Gavels" ceremony which the Lord Mayor hosts every year at the Mansion House, the gavels are engraved with the numbers 6 and 7.

So in conclusion gentlemen when you hear or see the term, to be at sixes and sevens you will know where it came from. All started in 1484 by Mayor Bilsden.

MY HUSBAND AND I
DECIDED WE DON'T WANT
TO HAVE CHILDREN.

WE WILL BE TELLING THEM
TONIGHT AT DINNER.

I'm so over
being part of a
major historical
event right
about now.

aunty acid



THE NEWCASTLE 1000 FAMILIES – Mike Hudspeth

Eight years ago in 2012 I told Probus members about the 1,000 families from Newcastle. This family study concerned infant mortality in the mid 1930s. At the time the average infant mortality rate in the U.K. was 62 per 1,000 births i.e. 1:16. Much lower in rural area but in the inner cities it was as bad as 1:10 with Newcastle-upon-Tyne having the worst mortality rate of any U.K. city. It was even worse in city centre slum conditions where mortality could be as much as 30%. Doctors identified that the babies were dying from acute infections such as Croup, T.B., Diphtheria, Scarlatina etc. The medical profession concluded that disadvantaged housing along with social and material deprivation (poverty) were the cause – both were the responsibility of the authorities but the authorities refused to accept their responsibility saying it was the families themselves, particularly the mothers, who were to blame labelling them “Feckless, Sullen and Vicious” concluding that the families were the lowest level of family life. The fathers, although branded as lazy and workshy were not at home during the day and therefore not responsible. Every town and city had slum areas: - Kirkcaldy – Bute Wynd. Dunfermline – Baldrigeburn and Dalgety Bay – Glamis Place! In fairness local authorities had started programmes of slum clearance and new affordable housing following the 1924 Housing Act. Several large modern housing estates were being built but slum conditions continued to exist.

Let me now introduce the hero of the time. He was James Calvert Spence. Born in Northumberland and qualified at Durham College of Medicine. He was installed as Professor of child health based at Newcastle Royal Victoria Infirmary. This was the first such appointment in England. He had conducted a few small studies involving 5 or 6 families to try to prove that slums and poverty were the cause but the authorities insisted that mothers were to blame and that his studies were “insignificant”. He then contacted Chamberlain’s government of the day and secured resources to study 1,000 families throughout Newcastle. An average of 500 babies a month were born in Newcastle and his plan was to include families of all babies born in a two month period. All set up and ready to go but war was declared and the whole study was put on hold. After the war the study was resumed due to take place in May/June 1947. Families from all walks of life were included. The idea was to look at what circumstances lead to the high level of ill-health which was revolutionary in the history of epidemiological study of child health. Several things of note in 1947 were the coal mines being nationalised, the worst winter in living memory and the now famous “Baby Boom” which meant that instead of the 1,000 babies expected 1142 were born in the period and all 1132 families were included in the study which included just about everything connected with families’ lifestyle including diet, income, housing conditions, medical history and much



more. The study revealed that 14% of houses were unfit, 33% were overcrowded, 1 in 4 did not have their own toilet and 40% had no bath. The medical record of all 1142 babies had a red spot on them to identify the baby as being part of the study. This is how they became affectionately known as “Red Spot Babies”.

The original conclusion of the study in 1948 showed that 1625 respiratory tract illnesses had been worthy of reporting, 44 babies had died and every one of them lived in slum dwellings. There were only 967 families still involved due to many families moving out of Newcastle seeking work. Incidentally in 1948 the N.H.S. and Pensions and National Insurance were inaugurated. As far as the study was concerned what had to be proved had been proved, (Q.E.D.), and the authorities accelerated slum clearance. However, the significance of the data collected was realised and the study was extended until the children were 15 after which they would be difficult to track. However at 15 it was shown that children from non-disadvantaged families were on average more than 1 inch taller, 10lb heavier and had fewer infections. Sadly Sir James died in May 1954 after a long illness not helped by his habit of chain smoking Capstan Full Strength cigarettes.

All of the records, mostly hand written, were kept, at Newcastle University library and in the 1980; s with the dawn of the computer age they set about putting the whole red spot library onto a computer and a whole new set of charts and graphs began to emerge and in 1997 the study group decided to try and track down the “Red Spots” through the media. 854 of the original 967 were traced as far afield as Canada, Australia, South Africa – and Fife! They were sent a lengthy questionnaire invited to a medical assessment. 412 took part and the results showed that over 80% smoked, 18 million units of alcohol had been consumed over 50% were classified obese. They also discovered initial signs of serious illnesses which were nipped in the bud. By now “Red Spotters” were a sort of club and joined in several social activities becoming firm friends. There was a 60th birthday civic reception and a 65th birthday reunion. All the information gained in the study is still being used today worldwide in the training of medical professionals and reduction of infant mortality.

If any of you were to meet a “Red Spotter” I’m certain you would want to ask them about their experiences. You can do this because Dalgety Bay has its own Red Spot baby – my wonderful wife Pauline. Not sure if she will be too pleased at me telling you her age and I’m pleased to report that she was not born to a disadvantaged family - far from it.



ZAMBIA PART 1 – Allen Cochrane

In January 1977 I flew for the first time on a commercial jet. My destination was Zambia which lies south



of the equator in East and Southern Africa. I was recruited by the Overseas Development Administration (ODA) as a Quantity Surveyor to work in the Building Branch of the Ministry of Works and Supply.

Here is a map of Zambia.

Whilst Zambia was not at war with Ian Smith's illegal government in Rhodesia it harboured the headquarters and military camps of the Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (ZIPRA) the military wing of Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU).

IPRA was supported and supplied by the Russians and had ambitions to fight a modern field war whereas Mugabe, based in Mozambique, was supported by China and employed Maoist guerrilla tactics.

Whilst this situation was pointed out to ODA officers heading to Zambia we, as a family, were young, foolish and happy to take the risks. Once established in Lusaka we started thinking about recreational opportunities beyond the joys of drinking cold Mosi beer in the sunshine. I had always wanted to learn to dive and, unlikely as it may sound in a landlocked country, a branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club existed in Lusaka where I was based.

I started learning to dive in September 1978 passing my "A Test" and progressing through about half of my "3rd Class Diver qualification when, in April 1979, the club planned a trip to Nampamba and Kashiba lakes. These lakes were over 300 Kilometres North of Lusaka much of this on poor dirt roads. This would take a bit of planning especially as my parents had flown out the week before. Transport for four adults and two children were required. My transport for such a trip comprised one ancient landrover (see pic).



A friend, John, an engineer with Ove Arrup, had a Fiat 132 which was a much envied vehicle in Zambia at that time. I managed to convince him that, even as a non-diver, he would thoroughly enjoy the bush camping experience. He agreed to take my mum,

my wife and the two kids. Dad and I would travel in the Land Rover.

I prepared the Land Rover by removing the hardtop because it made such a racket on dirt roads and also because we would look like more like intrepid, experienced bushbashers.

The morning of Good Friday April 13th dawned not ominously but sunny as usual. We loaded the camping and dive equipment onto the landy and waited for John to arrive. Crack of dawn passed and no sign. He arrived at about 8:30 complaining of a hangover and moaning about a lot of fireworks noise heard after his drive home in the early hours after party.

The two vehicles set off. My dad and I were held up at a red traffic light and, before we could drive off on the green, a truckload of soldiers waving weapons and shouting shot past. Luckily, they didn't seem interested in us. I still wonder to this day why not.



We arrived around 15:00 hours and obtained the services of villagers to transport our gear (referred to as "katundu" in Nyanja) down a path, over a plank bridge and to the camp site (see pic) near the edge of Lake

Kashiba (see pic).

After pitching tents, making a campfire and digging latrines we settled round the fire to eat. Beer, tall tales and songs followed and we headed to our beds fairly early to be up next morning for diving.

The following morning a club member who was a French diplomat, let's call him Pierre, arrived with news that the Rhodesians had attacked Joshua Nkoma's house in Lusaka in the early morning blowing it to bits. This provided an explanation of John's experience as he had driven along President's Way where Nkomo's house was situated at around 2:30 AM. Nkomo had told journalists that he had escaped through a

bathroom window. Given his substantial girth this was widely disbelieved. He had survived but no one knew how.

..... To be Continued



CHILDREN`S POEM – Sent by Alan McQuaker

The Rainbow Children by Gemma Peacock

The history books will talk of now
That time the world stood still.
When every family stayed at home,
Waved out from windowsills -
At those they loved but could not hold,
Because they loved them so.
Yet, whilst they did notice all the flowers start to
grow.

The sun came out, they can recall,
And windows, rainbows filled.
They kicked a football in the yards,
Until the night drew in.
They walked each day but not too close,
That time the world stood still.
When people walked straight down the roads,
That once the cars did fill.

They saw that people became ill,
They knew the world was scared,
But whilst the world stood still they saw,
How much the whole world cared.
They clapped on Thursdays from their doors,
They cheered for the brave.
For people who would risk their lives,
So others would be saved.

The schools closed down, they missed their friends,
They missed their teachers so.
Their Mum's and Dad's helped with their work,
They helped their minds to grow.
The parents used to worry that,
As schools were put on hold,
Their children wouldn't have the tools,
They'd need as they grew old.



SHIELDING & SELF ISOLATING - The Brysons continued!!

DIY is finished, walks continue, rainy days its Ancestry "mode". Thought I would give you an insight into 3 interesting people in my Family Tree. I had no idea they existed till I researched my "tree". I have 2100 or so people in the "tree". My 4 great granddads were all called William, (from Dumfriesshire, Angus and Aberdeenshire), 2 of the great grannies were Isabella's, 10 Tommy Bryson's and 10 Thomas Cooks none were in the travel industry, a few were ships Captains.

The 3 interesting people are James Young Craig, my 3rd great uncle, Sir Alexander Boswell my 13th great granddad, and my great granddad William MacDonald's sister Agnes Taylor MacDonald.

James Young Craig was born in Kirriemuir in 1839 he died in Omaha Nebraska in April 1926. When he was 14 his parents apprenticed him to become a tailor in Edinburgh. After 2 years of sitting cross legged at a table he could stand it no longer, broke his apprenticeship and ran away to Kew Gardens in London where he apprenticed himself to become a landscape gardener. His parents never spoke to him again and considered him dead after he made that decision. His Kew Garden position eventually led to an invitation by the "Ladies of Mount Vernon" in the USA in 1868 to restore the gardens in George Washington's estate. The "Ladies" had purchased the estate which had fallen into ruin in 1853. The Mount Vernon Ladies Association owns and maintains Mount Vernon to this day. The Association purchased Mount Vernon from George

Washington's heirs in 1858 for \$200,000 with the goal of saving the estate and preserving its history.

Mount Vernon was the plantation owned by George Washington, the first President of the United States, and his wife Martha Washington. The estate is situated on the banks of the Potomac River in Fairfax County, Virginia, near Alexandria. James became the landscape gardener tasked to restore the gardens within the grounds (some 8000 acres) working with the many flower beds, fruit and shade trees George Washington had planted.

James had met his future wife while at Kew, she travelled to the US in 1869 where they married. Their first child born at Mt Vernon was George Washington Craig. After the restoration was complete James took a position with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to beautify their railroad properties. He then moved to Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska where he designed and developed the first Forest Lawn Cemetery in the US. Maybe the real reason for his moving on can be found in the book, *Mount Vernon Is Ours*, The Story of its Preservation, by Elswyth Thane published in 1966.

An excerpt referring to James Craig,

`1869: By mid-January this exceptional fellow named Craig was engaged and unmarried, though he had a girl in England. He had some previous experience at the White House, and he proved to be a treasure`.

`June 1870: Nineteen months had elapsed since the last Council, and many problems and uncertainties had accumulated. Gardener Craig, although apparently a conscientious man, was no Upton Herbert (former manager) to control the help and keep the place up to scratch, and had by now somehow run afoul of the Regent. **These foreign gardeners are notoriously self-willed, and soon become very assuming and very unwilling to receive any directions.**`

Is that a family trait???????

More on the others in the next Newsletter



DIGIPIX

Thanks again to all who have taken part in the May challenge of unusual views of everyday objects and contributed to our website galleries. There have been some great and imaginative photos of the most unlikely of subjects. No gallery is closed and I am happy to continue to receive photos for any of them. The galleries can be seen at <https://www.dalgetybayprobus.club/digipix-members-photos> and new photos are added every day or two.

I did, however, promise a new challenge for June and the new subject is going to be "Contrasts".

There is no restriction on what you can include in this subject as long as the photo illustrates or suggests contrast. Light and shade is an obvious subject but it could also be contrasting colours, black and white or indeed contrasting subjects: boy/girl hot/cold, large/small etc, etc. It is whatever may strike you as an interesting illustration of contrasts.

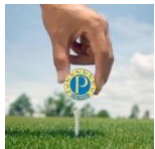
If your camera allows it, you might try out your camera's single colour function, which can give a very different perspective to an ordinary scene like the photo attached. If your camera doesn't have this function, you can achieve the same effect with most photo editing packages.



To get things going I have started off the new Contrasts gallery with a couple of old photos of my own but will be spending June looking for specific subjects depicting contrast and I do hope that you do the same. Like everyday objects, the more you think about it, the more you find appropriate and interesting subjects all around you but have never before considered photographing.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy the challenge and I look forward to receiving and displaying the results.

Willie Allan



GOLF

As we all now know, the golf courses in Scotland have been allowed to open. There are strict rules in place to ensure we stay out of contact with our fellow golfers and do not touch equipment such as flag sticks and bunker rakes.

The main question still to be answered is how far we can travel to get to our golf club. The Scottish government has advised a limit of five miles in stage 1 with the limit being extended in stage 3. Scottish Golf has said it is not up to clubs to manage, it is the responsibility of individual golfers. More advice may be required from Scottish golf.

Aren't we lucky to live in such a wonderful location with Aberdour Golf Club on our doorstep.

Competition golf is not yet permitted it is purely social golf for the present. It is anticipated competitive golf may be allowed in stage 3 of lockdown release, so perhaps Probus golfer can look forward to a full return to our golfing calendar in the autumn.

Enjoy your social golf in this fine weather.

VOTE OF THANKS – George Owenson

Well done to you all, for continuing to support your club through this awkward patch we are all going through. We hear that a number of shops may not re-open and that restaurants may be particularly vulnerable. Well, clubs may also be in that category. Therefore it is particularly important that we keep in touch now so that we are ready to return to our regular meetings as soon as we can.

Now that we have a little more flexibility in our movements, I have been out a little more and have heard the following pearls of wisdom from my peer group (that's you)

'I can hardly believe how old people my age are!'

'My special skill is holding on to junk for years, then throwing it away the week before I could use it!'

'My Wife says I'm good at multi-tasking. I can listen, ignore and forget all at the same time!'

Well done to those of you who manage to keep in touch with other members. And it's just a wee bit easier now too. While we mention member's welfare at meetings, it seems a bit 'personal' to print possibly

sensitive information in this newsletter. We will record anything of particular note on request from members or their families - just contact the secretary.

And a very special well done and thanks, once again to everyone who has made a contribution to this newsletter. Special thanks to Michael and Ian for their initiative and continuing contribution.

Finally, Gentlemen, take care, keep your distance, be careful in the sun, and enjoy the start of summer.