



DALGETY BAY PROBUS CLUB



Issue 7

7th July 2020



FROM THE PRESIDENT – Michael Hamilton

Good morning Gentlemen and welcome to our seventh newsletter.

‘Enjoying Nature’

Construction has restarted! Lesley and I have been observing and admiring a pair of blackbirds building their nest in our garden hedge. Not sure if it is the same pair that nested in this hedge two years ago. The amount of toing and froing by the female with nesting material in her beak has been quite remarkable and somewhat ‘dazzling’ to watch. It is also interesting how she approaches and enters the hedge, not always in the same way although she has several different but particular routes. The male is always standing guard nearby on one of his selected perches. Neither is put out or deterred by our presence as we sit within a metre of the hedge *sipping* our coffee.

This apparent trust of we humans reminded us of two most fascinating and wonderful experiences while we were in Abu Dhabi. Friday was the weekend there and we nearly always ventured out in our small open powerboat (21 feet with a 175HP Mercury outboard) to Saadiyat Island for a barbecue and to wallow in the warm water. Dolphins were often about but generally kept their distance. However, on one occasion we noticed a pod just out from where we were relaxing on the beach. I jumped into the boat and this time they wanted to play. With the steering locked straight ahead and speed set at 5/6 knots, I lay on my front with my head over the bow and enjoyed 15 to 20 minutes of ‘swimming’ with dolphins. Just remembering that time brings back wonderful emotions. On the other occasion our main engine failed to start for our return to the marina (normally about forty-five minutes away) and we had to resort to the auxiliary 9HP outboard. As we ‘putt-putted’ along, out of nowhere a lone dolphin appeared at the bow and seemed to offer comfort and guided us through the narrow cut, leaving us when we reached the main channel. We watched the sun setting as we entered harbour. (Please note these adventures were during the 1990s before Saadiyat Island was transformed into a world class leisure, residential, business and cultural hub)

‘Sailing with Dolphins’

‘Winning the fight’

Things seem to be moving in the right direction! Suppressing the virus is going well here at the moment, indeed maybe with more and earlier success than anticipated. It will be a relief when hairdressers reopen – Lesley is getting desperate and looking forward to an early appointment! The clippers cope with what I have left. Although we continue with online shopping, since writing in the previous newsletter we have ventured twice to M&S and once to our local Screwfix ‘click and collect’. Very straightforward and well organised. However, as the virus has not gone away, we can’t let things slip and open the door for a second wave.

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

Michael Hamilton



JULY BIRTHDAYS

- Duncan Taylor - 70 this month.
- Derek Bishop
- James Morris
- Malcolm Valiant
- Bill Millar - 80 this month.



EDITOR THOUGHTS – Ian Dickson

Welcome again to our Probus Newsletter now the 7th to be published.

Easing of lockdown continues, shops are opening, the 5 mile travel restriction is gone and foreign travel to many countries is allowed for those south of the border and we will follow soon. Unless there is a dramatic increase in infections across the whole country the control measures now in place are designed to contain any outbreaks in a local area so we all hope a full national lockdown will not be repeated.

You will be delighted to know our foreign correspondent, David Brown, has been repatriated, he is back in Dalgety and has returned to his true role of bowls convenor. I had an e mail from him the day the weather turned saying how nice it was to be back in good true Scottish weather. Do we blame him for the turn in the weather?

We are still a little way off organising full Probus meetings although with the current pace of easing we may well be able to have meetings before the end of the year.

I mentioned in the editor comments for the last newsletter Flora and I are off for a couple of weeks from the 18th July. Having spoken with President Michael and unlike Probus meetings, the newsletter will be having a summer break, the next full edition is planned for the 18th August.

This edition again brings a new contributor, Jim Morris. The recent newsletters have had a nautical flavour so the balance is redressed with Jim giving us a brief insight into a very successful career in the RAF. Willie Allan has a very interesting story of a ship that sank in the Forth, followed by the next instalment of `Just in Case`, then my rugby trip to South Africa.

We end with more family history from Tommy Bryson where he tells us of more family connections. Finally, Digipix, Bowls and Golf with good news on the bowls and golf where both activities are returning to normal.

Again, many thanks to all

i.dickson@tiscali.co.uk.

WORK OR PLAY? - Jim Morris



When asked to write a short article on some aspect of my career in the RAF I discovered that there was an endless supply but that most things that I found entertaining would never be released to a public audience. Therefore I chose a couple of incidents in which I was personally involved that I thought might amuse or shock you. The most important thing is to demonstrate that life in Coastal Command was not always as dreary as some other branches of the RAF might have thought.

Flying had always interested me and during my time at Kirkcaldy High I was a member of the ATC and gained a gliding licence. When I moved to Edinburgh University to study Maths and Physics I applied to join the University Air Squadron but was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, I reapplied at the start of my second year and made it. Just as well as my interest in my course studies waned and the thought of a future tied to theoretical matters became much less appealing. I decided to restrict my academic studies to an ordinary degree and swept up Meteorology and Geology as more practical subjects. I also managed to gain my PFB (a midway wings qualification) which might accelerate any promotion if I gained entry to the RAF and decided to make a career of it.

After a fairly uneventful period of training on Piston Provosts and then Vampire jets most of my very small course of graduates was moved to Wales to hold, whilst the RAF could work out what to do with us. Following an interview in London those of us who were on short service commissions were told to expect to wait a considerable time in Wales so we then returned to our base to enjoy our flying. Only four weeks later I was moved to RAF Kinloss in Moray to hold on No 120 Squadron, flying casually whenever I could beg a trip. So much for planning ahead. However, while waiting for my flying future to be resolved Anna and I decided we should marry, settle down and wait. This led me to discuss my future with the adjutant of the conversion unit to ensure I did not create a clash between the course and our wedding. He was very helpful and put me on the next but one conversion course, which consequently moved me almost a year ahead of my contemporaries. They were quite shocked when they subsequently showed up at Kinloss to find me already established on an operational squadron.

Enough of that, If I move on about two years I was flying as a captain on a sortie to the far north working, or at least acting as a safety link, with two of our submarines operating below the icecap. There was a period of a few hours when we were left with nothing to do except maintain a listening watch so we decided to fly over the Icecap at low level for general interest. Lo and behold we sighted a polar bear out on the ice. A wonderful opportunity for an unusual picture but he or she did not want to play and following a display of his power when he stood up at full height to face up to the aircraft he raced off to the edge of the icecap and executed a lovely dive. We waited for a bit but never regained contact. However, he had given us something to talk about. We subsequently completed our task and started the long haul south heading back to base.

The statement 'the long haul south' reminded me of another event which was of a much more serious nature and although it related to a long flight to the north, the excitement or fear was generated much nearer home, indeed centred on RAF Kinloss our home, where I commanded No 201 Squadron flying Nimrods. Following a special operation around North Cape, conducted without radio communications with the UK we were flying home and when we opened radio contact with our Operational HQ we discovered that the airfield was closed and we were to divert to Iceland. Unfortunately the HQ staff had not transmitted the message to us earlier because our undercover role. This resulted in us having insufficient fuel to divert to any open airfield within our range. A worrying situation. As fortune would have it my co-pilot for the sortie was a very experienced operator, indeed a test pilot, who had participated in the acceptance of the Nimrod aircraft. I could not have had better support. We decided that we would attempt a radar approach and landing at Kinloss, despite the weather, with my co-pilot flying the approach and myself making the decision on landing, if I could see the runway in time. It was

a very quiet approach but at 200 feet I had to order the co-pilot to overshoot. Nevertheless we decided we would try again, but now with a very low fuel load, but at least having seen the conditions in detail. On this occasion I saw enough to say continue as we passed our break off height but then took control for the last few feet and managed to stay on the runway. The noise from our crew on board was excessive but things quietened down by the time we shut down and left the aircraft. I think I may have been rather short with the controllers at Kinloss but we all survived so I could not get too excited only very angry. It was the closest I have ever been to death and thankfully never approached it again. It is one event I will never forget.

Although I have noted only two of the incidents I remember from my flying career I should perhaps stress that in general I was exceptionally lucky in having total trust, for at least most of the time, that the team above and below me were extremely professional and trust worthy. They knew their jobs and were always prepared to listen to me. I never felt overruled on any issue whether technical or disciplinary. I rarely disobeyed orders but when I wanted to visit my crews in Ascension during the Falklands war I did bend the rule to stay at Kinloss and spent a day flying nonstop to deliver an aircraft to Ascension, using Air to Air refuelling and then bring an aircraft back for servicing. My defence would have been that I was airborne for most of the two days I was out of office. However, no questions, no problems and a successful conclusion to the conflict. I could only thank my staff and the hard-working crews for their efforts. It was a great end to a splendid experience and set me up for three more enjoyable tours of duty before my retirement



JUST IN CASE : PART TWO – John Simons

Back to drenched passengers, the next job was for each of them to identify their own particular luggage from the row of cases laid out a short distance in front of them. They were instructed that they must only pick out their own case and none belonging to anyone else. I repeated this instruction so that each passenger was clear on what was required of them. “Your own case/s ONLY,” I shouted above the spattering rain, hoping to get this simple task over as quickly as possible. Comprehending nods from all the passengers was the response. One by one they proceeded indicating to my staff their individual items of luggage.

All went well and timely until one solitary case was left on the tarmac. Getting slightly edgy I asked the assembled company. “Does anyone here own this case?” Silence, no reply. Again I repeated “Does anyone here own this case?” No response. “It must belong to one of you” I pleaded. No joy.

I was preparing for the next procedural step, testing with the technical equipment we had used inside the aircraft or maybe consider sterile removal of the case to a safe environment where it would be carefully dissected to reveal the contents. As a last resort an Army Bomb Disposal unit could be called. The last option a bit extreme and time consuming. The airport authorities were getting a bit edgy now. The airport had been closed down with nothing moving until this situation had been resolved. As we all know time costs money.

Before I had decided on the next step a member of my team approached me to draw my attention to a male passenger somewhat segregated from the others who had no luggage whatsoever.

A member of the team had checked his boarding card and extra documentation which included his name, date of birth - early thirties, single and address in Lurgan N.I. in a district I knew to be close to “Bandit Country” Obviously he needed closer attention. On approaching him he seemed somewhat nervous perhaps dodgy or just completely soaked and fed up.

Pointing to the solitary case I asked him "Is that your case?" "No sir" he replied in an abroad Northern Irish accent. "Do you have any luggage?" I enquired

"Yes sir" was the response. "Where is it?" seemed a reasonable question. "In that case" he said nodding and pointing to the lone suitcase. Perplexed but more annoyed "I told you along with every other passenger to identify their own case. Did you not hear me?" I demanded.

Looking at me as if I was in the wrong and had mishandled the situation he replied in a matter of fact way "Yes I heard you. You said to only identify our own luggage. I don't own it! I borrowed from my brother it belongs to his wife, he said I could use it whilst visiting a pal in Manchester. I don't have a case of my own!"

With mixed feelings of temper and relief I got him to open the suitcase which sure enough contained his dirty laundry.

It was only later back in my office dried out and ribbed by members of my team that I saw the funny side of things.

I also resolved that in future similar situations I would make any instructions to disembarked passengers much clearer and to the point.

JUST IN CASE.



HOW ABOUT AN AWAY MATCH THIS SUMMER? - Ian Dickson

It was Christmas 1996. I was looking after the finances of an Edinburgh Life Assurance business, Scottish Provident.

Over the previous 4 years we had sponsored various sports events to achieve improved name awareness for our business. The main sponsorship had been cycling where we ran an annual series of city centre races each summer. Every two weeks or so there was an evening of cycle racing in a different city, with professional teams, a league system and overall winners each week. These were televised. The Scottish Provident name was on everything.

The driving force behind these events was a retired athlete, Alan Pascoe. A man with very interesting ideas, he was developing a range of sporting sponsorships just at the time when Rugby Union was evolving into a professional sport. As one of his favoured clients who had given him early support in his new business, he came to us with two ideas, both of which appealed to our Yorkshire Managing Director. The first was to be lead sponsor for the first Lions tour in the professional era, the 1997 tour to South Africa. The second, which appealed even more to our Yorkshire MD was to be shirt sponsor to the English Rugby team, the Scottish Provident name on the English team shirt. We did both.

Over the Christmas period we were still talking about the details of the arrangement so I was not able to give any more detail to my rugby chum, John Hicks. Would you like tickets for an away match in the summer? His answer was yes.

The business logic for this sponsorship was simple. Our international business had developed excellent opportunities in some of the African countries around South Africa, the most interesting was Namibia. With the political and economic changes in the country after the release of Nelson Mandela the country was expected to develop very quickly. If we were to take part in this development we needed to develop our business relationships in the country. We had applied for an insurance licence to allow our International business sell finance products in the country. What better way to develop our name and reputation than to sponsor the Lions in a country where rugby is not just a passion it is more important than that. What could go wrong?

By mid-January 1997 the sponsorship was signed and we were the main sponsor for the tour. Having an interest in Rugby I was able to arrange tickets for the First Test in Cape Town and also managed tickets for the final warm up match for the test team on the previous Saturday against Natal in Durban. I had the tickets, the Hicks and Dicksons were off to South Africa for 3 weeks, 10 days in Durban then 10 days in Cape Town travelling home a couple of days after the first test.

The previous year 1996, and shortly after Mandela became President, South Africa were permitted to play in the Rugby World Cup for the first time in many years. At their first time back in the rugby fold they won the World Cup, so achieving what many rugby followers in the country had long believed, they were the best in the world. The iconic picture of Mandela in Springbok jersey and Captain Francois Pinaar with the World Cup was a symbol of the new united South Africa. The Lions with their Scottish management, Ian McGeechan and Jim Telfer were the guys to change this view.



In mid-June we were off, attired in our Lions jerseys, travelling Sabena from Edinburgh to Brussels, on from there to Johannesburg and then on to Durban in a plane I recognised as a very old BAC 111, the planes that flew in the 60,s from Edinburgh to Gatwick. It must have been about 40 years old.

Durban was a wonderful introduction to the country. The hotel was on the shore, there were beach areas which were safe for swimming, and these areas were surrounded by nets which were constantly checked so make sure they were not breached by the local sharks. The coastline was wonderful, the city had an old world colonial feel with many buildings from their colonial time. It was already clear that life was changing, the old money and the old Mercedes were the preserve of the whites, the new money and the new Mercedes were the preserve of the mixed race folks mostly Indians, the local folks mainly Zulu were still at the bottom of the economic ladder. The Indians were the new entrepreneurs. The main local ethnic folks were the Zulus. Our introduction to the culture of these folks was when we had a meal at a restaurant called `Cafe Fish`, built on stilts in the harbour at Durban. Fellow diners were a group of Welsh rugby tourists who as you expect from travelling Welsh rugby folks they had brought their own singers. They were magical. They obviously knew this restaurant, part way through the evening they persuaded the restaurant to allow one of their Zulu cooks to join us to sing their new national song. What a voice and an introduction to local music.

Saturday arrived, we had seen the Lions in training and there was a big crowd. As we entered the ground the South African supporters were in good voice. This was the Lions big final test before they met the full Springbok team. Natal was the best regional team in the country. The Lions played a great game, they won 42 to 12. Leaving the ground the locals were a little subdued but the real test would be at Cape Town the following Saturday.

Our hotel in Cape Town was in the harbour area, the Victoria and Albert Dock. A wonderful place to visit, we enjoyed it so much we have been back twice to this area, once on a golfing trip and again when we picked up a cruise ship in Cape Town.

We had a trip into wine country to Stellenbosch which was close to the city. One stop was at the road entrance where Nelson Mandela walked to freedom, a picture I remember. Later in the trip we heard he had been at the Durban cricket ground which was behind our hotel in Durban to present medals at an athletic event. If only we had known.





The following Saturday was the First Test at Newlands. We had clients at a pre match meal at the ground. As you can see in the photo my guest John Hicks was immaculate in blazer and his Scottish Provident Lions tie.

The match was wonderful, the Lions won 25 to 16. The highlight was a quite magnificent try scored by the Lions scrum half Matt Dawson who dummied past the defence to score in the corner right underneath our seats. It was a life changing try, remembered and replayed many times, and we were there, in that corner of the ground. His career has moved on these days now being one of the long-time captains in `A question of sport`.

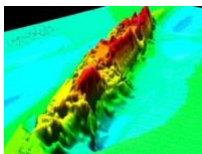
This was a national tragedy for the country. The next morning the front page of the Sunday Times had a black mourning band around the front page.

The Hicks and Dicksons had organised an early trip to the Cape of Good Hope the following morning. The weather was foul, a gale was blowing visibility was poor so we saw very little. However even at that early hour one the lions supporters had been there, graffiti on the sign for the Cape had the previous days score.

The Lions did manage to win the test series although it was a very close call.

From a Scottish provident viewpoint our sponsorship was a wonderful investment for our home audience and customers. The South African regulators were less generous. After much delay and considerable effort we never did get the approvals we wished to sell our products into their market. Perhaps the Lions beating the World Champions in their home territory was not the best way to introduce our company to the South Africans.

Such is life.



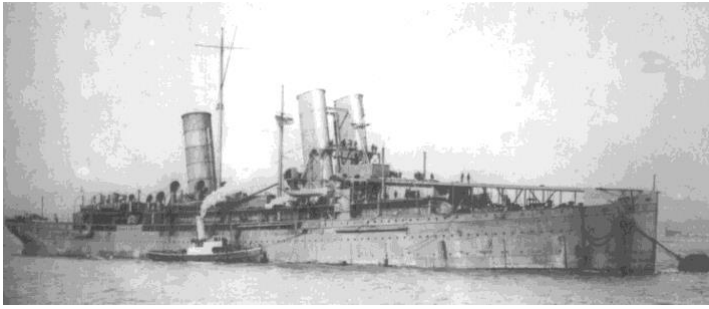
HMS CAMPANIA – Willie Allan

Originally built as an 18,000 ton passenger liner for Cunard Line's service between Liverpool and New York in 1893, RMS Campania was the holder of the Blue Riband award for speed early in her career. In October 1914, after 255 Atlantic crossings, she was sold to the shipbreakers Thomas W Ward.

The Royal Navy purchased Campania from the shipbreakers in November 1914 for £32,500, for conversion to an armed merchant cruiser and seaplane carrier. The ship was converted by Cammell Laird at Birkenhead and fitted with a 160-foot flying-off deck. Two derricks were fitted on each side to transfer seaplanes between the water and the two holds. The amidships hold had the capacity for seven large seaplanes. The forward hold, underneath the flight deck, could fit four small seaplanes, but the flight deck had to be lifted off the hold to access the aircraft. HMS Campania was commissioned on 17 April 1915.

The first takeoff from the flight deck occurred on 6 August 1915 when a Sopwith Schneider floatplane, mounted on a wheeled trolley, used 130 feet of the flight deck while the ship was steaming into the wind at 17 knots. The Sopwith aircraft was the lightest and highest-powered aircraft in service with the Royal Naval Air Service, and the close call in a favourable wind demonstrated that heavier aircraft could not be launched from the flight deck.

Her captain recommended that the flying-off deck be lengthened and given a steeper slope to allow gravity to boost the aircraft's acceleration and the ship was accordingly modified at Cammell Laird between

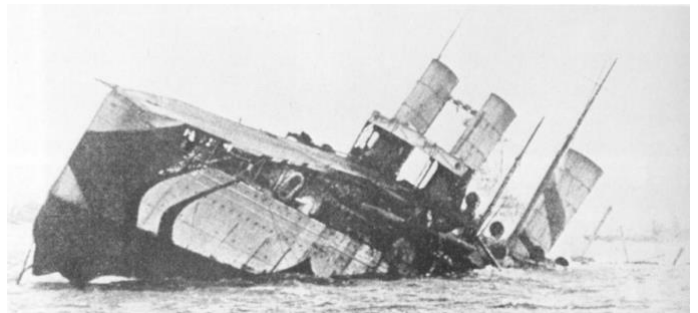


November 1915 and April 1916. The flight deck was extended to a length of 245 feet and Campania now carried seven Short 184 torpedo bombers and three or four smaller fighters or scouts. A Type 184 made its first takeoff from the flight deck on 3 June 1916, also using a wheeled trolley. This success prompted the Admiralty to order the world's first aircraft designed for carrier operations, the Fairey Campania and the

ship received the first of these aircraft in late 1917.

Campania departed Scapa Flow on 30 May 1916 with Charles Lightoller, the senior surviving officer of the Titanic, as her First Lieutenant, en-route to the Battle of Jutland, but she was ordered to return as she lacked an escort and German submarines had been reported in the area. Subsequently, the ship participated in some anti-submarine and anti-Zeppelin patrols, but she was later declared unfit for fleet duty because of her ageing machinery and became a seaplane training and balloon depot ship. In April 1918 Campania, along with the Grand Fleet, was transferred from Scapa Flow to Rosyth.

On the morning of 5 November 1918, as Campania was lying at anchor off Burntisland, a sudden Force 10 squall caused the ship to drag anchor. She collided first with the bow of the nearby battleship Royal Oak and then scraped along the side of the battlecruiser Glorious. Campania's hull was breached by the initial collision with Royal Oak, flooding her engine room and causing loss of all main electrical power. The ship then started to settle by the stern, and sank some five hours later. The ship's crew were all rescued by neighbouring vessels. A Naval Board of Inquiry into the incident held Campania's watch officer largely responsible for her loss, citing specifically the failure to drop a second anchor once the ship started to drift.



Following survey in 2000, the still largely intact wreck of HMS Campania was afforded protection under the Protection of Wrecks Act. This designation was changed in 2013 when the site was re-designated as a Historic Marine Protected Area under the Marine (Scotland) Act 2010. The remains of the four Fairey Campania aircraft and seven Sopwith Strutters that she had on board when she sank are still entombed in her wreck. The full site assessment, prepared for Historic Scotland in 2005, can be seen [here](#).



SHIELDING & SELF ISOLATING - The Brysons : 107 Days and Counting!!

The 3rd. in the series from my family tree relates to my great granddad McDonald's wee sister, Agnes Taylor McDonald born in Aberdeen in 1883. The youngest of 8 known children including 2 sets of twins. Her parents, my great great grandparents, were poor, in various census my great great granddad was shown as a hawker, quay labourer, general labourer, he died in the Poor House in Aberdeen in 1912.

Agnes age 8 is shown in the 1891 census as an "Inmate Scholar", at the Nazareth House and Industrial School, Aberdeen, along with 3 of her sisters. In recent times that Nazareth House has not had a good press. At the age of 18, Agnes had become a "Domestic Servant" in Aberdeen. Agnes missed the 1911

Census because she travelled to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from Liverpool on the ship “Canada” arriving on 9th. February 1911. She had £50 to her name.

The next I find her in British Columbia, how did she cross Canada, by train, and how much of her £50 was left?

By 1st. June 1911 the Canadian census shows she has arrived in Midway, British Columbia, some 300 east of Vancouver very close to the border with USA as Housekeeper to a Cyril Rock, a farmer.

In 1915 she married that same farmer, whose father was an Anglican minister in Orford Suffolk.

The Canadian 1921 census shows 3 children, Phyllis, Edward, Sylvia.

My granddad McDonald obviously had no idea his aunt existed as she was never mentioned.

Then following giving DNA, in June 2019 I had a message from *Ancestry* telling me I had a new “*Shared Match*” to my DNA, a Jennifer Spence. I contacted her, securely via *Ancestry*, and discover she is the granddaughter of Agnes Taylor McDonald, daughter of Sylvia.

The DNA test I took requires you to put 10mm of saliva in a tiny test tube, post it to *Ancestry*, and 5 to 6 weeks later matches are back! More in next newsletter from my matched DNA.

Now is that not amazing?



DIGIPIX – Willie Allan

Thanks once more to all who have submitted photos for the [Digipix Galleries](#) in June. No topic is closed and photos for any category remain very welcome on an ongoing basis.

As I said in the last club newsletter, as we are now into summer, rather than stipulate a completely new project for July, the successful “Dalgety Bay in Blossom” project has been altered to “Dalgety Bay in Bloom” to take maximum advantage of the summer floral displays either in our gardens or around the town and the shot from our gallery shows some of the results so far.



No-one should find themselves short of subject matter for this topic but with flowers, that are naturally beautiful anyway, the challenge is to make our photos stand out from the rest; to create something that is just that bit different.

When photographing outside in sunshine, do not discount using your flash. You might think that you should only use flash at night time or indoors, but that’s not the case at all. If it is an extremely bright day outside and the sun is creating harsh shadows on your subject, switch on your flash. By forcing extra light onto your subject, you will be able to fill in those dark shadows and create an even exposure.



BOWLS – David Brown

Just to keep you updated Margaret and I after 7 cancellations managed to get with the assistance of our family earlier flights home and returned last week to a heatwave.

As we are now in quarantine for 2 weeks, was very concerned by rumours that a certain young bowler was playing so regularly that the green was now becoming well-worn with bare patches starting to show.

As you can appreciate having paid my subscription and still not having the opportunity to play this called for drastic action on my behalf. So initially had a wee word with the powers that be and ensured the good old traditional Scottish weather returned and discouraged members from playing. As I subsequently learned that this had still not deterred the main culprit decided even more drastic action was required so managed to get the green closed all day last Friday due to severe weather conditions.

I also heard rumours the committee were considering changing the name of our bowling club to the JK bowling club due to the dedication of this Jolly well Kent gentleman being your two cryptic clues.

As I wish to regain my position as the most regular playing member have persuaded the committee to retain it as the DB bowling club being MY initials thus avoiding extra expenditure in change of name during these very difficult times.

Trust many of you have been exercising by cycling in addition to the ODD game of bowls. Please excuse the pun.

Hope you are all keeping well and look forward to meeting up with you on the green soon and please take extra care as it is becoming more apparent many people in the UK foolishly think things are returning to normal which is clearly far from the case.

Meantime I would very much appreciate one of you offering to take over the position of Bowling Convenor and thus sparing ANY of you having to continue reading this rubbish.

See there is some method in my madness.

Best wishes to all, The Reverend I Am Jolly.



GOLF – Ian Dickson

Slowly golf is returning to normal and with that our golf group is set to have the first competition of the season.

There is gentle easing of restrictions, at Aberdour club competitions have now started in the first weekend in July and the clubhouse is planned to open, with restrictions, on the 15th of July. The course is still very busy, only 3 balls allowed, so tee times are like hen`s teeth. There will have to be some different thinking about how we organise our competitions. Hopefully these arrangements are short term.

Plan is to arrange a date for the first competition, the date will be about 10 days ahead. Sandy will ask all members if they wish to enter, create a draw in 3 balls and then ask each 3 ball to arrange their tee time, at a time suitable to them and depending on when they can get a time. If required this may even be on another day. Scores to be returned to Sandy Laing by e mail, and when all scores are returned, he will e mail the results.

Sandy will contact everyone this week

Good to be back with Probus golf.

VOTE OF THANKS – Alistair McInnes

The Probus Newsletter has been a great success, thanks to the editors and contributors. Each edition brings stories and histories, with interesting and revealing items about members lives of which we have been unaware. We have to thank the present situation for such intriguing tales.

As our meetings are normally held in the Church, I thought members might be amused by some notices that have appeared on Notice Boards in various churches in the U.S.A.

1 - Read The Bible: It's user friendly, plus we offer technical support here on Sundays at 10.30 a.m.

2 - On a Baptist Church Board: Parking for Church Members only. Trespassers will be BAPTISED

3 - Question: What letters are missing in the word CH - - CH? Answer: U R

4 - Can't Sleep? Try counting your blessings!

5 - In a somewhat irreverent note, "Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the snake, The snake didn't have a leg to stand on"

Finally: Never regret growing old. It is a privilege denied to many.

Thanks to all who have brought this latest edition to our screens.

Alistair McInnes