



DALGETY BAY PROBUS CLUB



Issue 8

18th August 2020



FROM THE PRESIDENT

Good morning Gentlemen and welcome to our eighth newsletter. I am sure you have been looking forward to this issue after a summer break.

The committee enjoyed a 'virtual' meeting on the 4th August to discuss the way forward and I refer you to our Secretary's report for more information. I am sure all of you are aware of Zoom and many will have used it to communicate with family, friends and other community groups. As a start to Phase 4 easing of restrictions could be a long way off, the committee concluded that the Club should 'give Zoom a try'. I hope you will support this initiative and be able and keen to join in.

'Moving on'

'Thank you'

On your behalf I would like to extend SINCERE thanks to Editor and Vice President Ian and his wife, Flora, for all the time and work they have both willingly devoted to producing such excellent newsletters. And a thank you to all members who have contributed by divulging their experiences which have been very interesting and informative. The newsletters have maintained Club communication which is most important under current restrictions.

'Family reunion'

Since our previous issue on July 7th, lockdown easing has progressed generally and has enabled families to meet up again. It is amazing how pergolas and social distancing can be very enjoyable when you haven't been in one another's company for so long.

Before I close, I thought I would update you on my bird life. You may recall I mentioned in the previous newsletter there was a blackbird's nest in our garden hedge. Egg laying, hatching and noisy feeding progressed with even more intensity than nest building. Fledging was so sudden and quick that we unfortunately missed it and do not know how many young had made it. There is now a common wood pigeon's nest in the same hedge but on our neighbour's side. All is quiet at the moment but there was a lot of cooing during building their simple 'platform' nest.

'Back to nature'

Remember, always, to stay safe and with very best wishes,

Michael Hamilton



EDITOR THOUGHTS – Ian Dickson

Welcome again to our Probus Newsletter after a summer break.

Flora and I managed a couple of weeks in our old caravan in the Mull of Galloway. It was typical Scottish weather, a mix of reasonably good, tempered by heavy rain and gale force winds that tested even the most experienced of travellers. It was a delight, some fine golf courses, a visit to the RSPB viewing and visitor centres at the lighthouse on the Mull and two delightful gardens. I would recommend Logan gardens, one of the 4 gardens managed by Royal Botanic Gardens. We saw it at its summer best a garden well worth a visit.

With easing of lockdown new pockets of infection are unsurprisingly arising with testing and tracing now becoming the prime means of control. With some travel restrictions being reimposed I suspect most of our members will be very wary of any travel either abroad or in this country. It does seem we are fortunate to live in a country which currently has a low infection rate. The downside is the effect lockdown is having on the economy and on employment. Quite worrying.

Your committee had a `Zoom` meeting earlier this month, President Mike and Secretary Iain both talk about plans to use this technology during the autumn to allow us to meet over the next few months.

In this edition the first article from John Simons shows the grittier side of policing and why we all have such a high regard for their work. Willie Allan has another fascinating article on local Naval history telling us about the most serious submarine accident in UK naval history and it was in the Forth.

Alan McQuaker has 50 years of flying in everything from a Tiger Moth to Concorde and his story is followed by Peter Franklin adding his early experience in tackling health issues after the second war.

After hearing about Tommy Bryson`s relations overseas he has a very interesting article which explains the more technical aspects of how DNA is matched.

Finally, the regular updates from Digipix, Bowls and Golf with news on the gradual return of both sports to normal.

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

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

Willie Allan

Bill Blanche

Ian Clifton

Allen Cochran

Reg Davis

Neil Dryden

Ken Edwards

Michael Hamilton

John Leathem

Gordon McKillop

Keith Miller

George Owenson

David Robinson

John Scott

George H Taylor



REPORT FROM SECRETARY – Iain Grant

It seems a long time since our last Club meeting on 3rd March. Your committee has not been idle in this time as best illustrated by Vice President Ian Dickson`s production of twice monthly Newsletters. A

committee meeting scheduled for 24th March was cancelled but it was agreed by email that the 2019/2020 committee would continue until the 37th AGM was held.

A committee meeting was held by Zoom on Tuesday 4th August to consider the Club's situation and to look for a way forward. We are currently in Phase 3 of the Route Map for the easing of lockdown and there is no date for movement to Phase 4 (which includes gatherings such as our Club). I understand that October is the earliest prediction but with present virus trends this seems optimistic. We agree that it would be most desirable to maintain the belief that the Club remains "alive and kicking". With this in mind the committee agreed the following.

ZOOM. As this is a relatively new and quite convenient way of interaction and communication we considered it might be appropriate in the circumstances and decided we would give it a try. A host will need to be appointed and certain protocols established. Watch this space.

37th AGM It was previously agreed to defer this meeting until the crisis is over and members can meet again normally. However, during these unprecedented times there should be no objection to deviating from the Constitution. "Strict" adherence in these unprecedented circumstances should not be necessary. We would therefore propose carrying out the AGM by Zoom, all necessary papers being emailed to members in good time. The principal matters for the AGM:-

Approval of the Minutes of the 36th AGM,

Acceptance of the Accounts,

President changeover,

Election of Committee members and Office Bearers.

WAY FORWARD The following was agreed:

Move to Zoom meetings twice a month, Zoom host to be appointed. Newsletter to be the option if Zoom is not suitable.

Club to sign up to Zoom pro at cost of £12 per month

£40 speaker budget

AGM by Zoom, provisional date 15th September

Zoom speaker meetings to start in October



EARLY DAYS IN MANCHESTER – John Simons

I joined the Manchester City Police in the very early sixties. Probationer Training was at Bruche Training school formerly R.A.F Paddington near Warrington. Attendees were from North West Forces comprising many Borough Forces and a few City Forces with recruits drawn from various areas of the U.K.

After training I was posted to a Division in a heavily industrialised area of Manchester with many more public houses than shops. Unruly behaviour and crime amongst the population was not hard to find. Most of the officers of that division were much older than I, many with long service and had seen War Service. For a young keen officer a record of being a good thief taker was not hard to achieve. Within three years I was transferred to C.I.D. and was probably seen as a high flyer, not a reputation that endears one to other colleagues of lesser enthusiasm. I was also transferred to another Division based at Platt Lane which along with other highly populated areas included Moss Side were known for violent street crime. At that time some of the worst slum areas were being demolished and replaced with high rise flats. Not really an

improvement as this type of accommodation produced no go areas for the police and have since been demolished. Sixties city planners have a lot to answer for.

On my new Division brand new detective arresting offenders for the most serious crimes including murder were not uncommon although the ongoing prosecution and court file preparations were usually taken over by more experienced officers mainly of the rank of Detective Inspector.

One such arrest involved a boy of 14 years of age with a previous conviction some 4 years earlier for murdering his two year old sister. On that occasion he had been left to baby sit her whilst his mother was out supplementing her welfare benefit income with prostitution. The young boy unable to tolerate his sister's persistent crying and unable to understand the reason for it took her out to the rear of the house to the ginnel separating his house from the opposing terraced houses. There he grasped his baby sister by her ankles and swung her from side to side crashing her head against the adjoining brick walls until the crying ceased. Leaving her lifeless body in the ginnel he made off to find satisfying amusement elsewhere. When arrested he readily admitted his guilt.

He was put into juvenile detention and a few years later released and returned to the "care" of his mother. Her parenting skills had not improved one iota continuing to seek the company of several different men some of whom at periods lived with her and introduced to her son as an "uncle". The then current "uncle" had a serious alcohol problem and would regularly beat her son without any protection or intervention from his mother. One afternoon when the mother was away from the home the "uncle" was upstairs lying on the bed half clothed asleep in a drunken stupor. The young boy seized his opportunity took a bread knife from the kitchen, climbed the stairs and unchallenged plunged the knife through the man's shirt into his chest piercing his heart causing almost instant death. The mother returned later that day to discover the corpse of her partner, ran for a neighbour to ring for the emergency services. I was the first of the emergency services to attend the scene. The body was still in situ with the knife still embedded in his chest. The mother confirmed that on realising her partner was obviously dead she had not touched anything. I accompanied the body to Manchester Royal Infirmary where death was confirmed and subsequently on to the city mortuary where a post mortem not unexpectedly confirmed that death had been caused by a single deep stab wound to the heart of an otherwise healthy male victim. I seized and separately bagged the man's clothing and the knife.

The young boy was soon arrested and readily admitted that he had killed his mother's partner but expressed no remorse. Back at the station the on duty Detective Inspector Griffiths took charge of subsequent interviews and further preparation of the file for a later trial at Manchester Crown Court. As first on the scene and the arresting officer I was appointed as the exhibits officer. What appeared to be an open and shut case was to develop serious compromising problems.

I had delivered all the exhibits including the blood stained shirt and the knife in sterile condition to the country's finest scientists at the newly established forensic laboratory at Chorley, Lancs. All very straight forward until some days later D.I Griffiths received something of a bombshell lab report from Chorley. It stated that the blood group on the shirt resembled that of a sample taken from the deceased but the knife could not be the one that had penetrated the shirt. Under forensic tests the knife was too large to have caused the hole in the shirt and therefore was not the knife that had caused the fatal injury. The report concluded that a copy would be made available to any defence solicitors on request.

To say that D.I. Griffiths was not impressed with his exhibits officer would be to grossly underestimate the situation. Called to his office he sat behind his desk with me stood to attention in front of him. The report open on the desk with the relevant sentence being repeatedly and forcibly prodded with his index finger He set about a very loud character assassination. I quickly realised that this was not directed at the forensic scientist but emphatically at yours truly. With his face getting redder by the second I was exposed to the worst verbal lashing I had ever experienced leaving me to marvel that he never once repeated the same expletive. He ranted that I had no talent or abilities to ever darken the doorstep of any C.I.D. office again and as soon as he could he would return me to uniform. He then ordered me to retrieve the exhibits from

the Lab and to tell the scientist not to release his report to any other person without his approval. That done and back in possession of the knife and shirt I was wondering what I should do with them. Some not very nice thoughts entered my mind. Satisfied despite so called evidence to the contrary I knew beyond doubt I had obtained the correct items from the murder scene. A day or so later I recalled that I had recently attended a break in at the nearby Courtaulds textile company where a talkative receptionist had claimed that her company was the leading manmade fibre production company and the building housed a well renowned laboratory. The shirt in question was made of cheap nylon and I began to wonder if further tests by them were possible.

Nothing ventured nothing gained. Following a phone call to them and being put through to their lab I explained my dilemma. A leading scientist and expert in manmade fibres and textiles confirmed he would be willing to examine the exhibits of knife and shirt. I delivered them to him explaining that a criminal trial was in jeopardy and would be grateful if the forensic conclusions could be challenged. He promised a thorough testing of the articles and would get back to me A.S.A.P.

A few days later I was asked to attend the Courtaulds lab where a scientist presented me with multiple diagrams, blown up microscopic photographs and x rays of the shirt and knife. He stated, to use his words, he had found irrefutable and harmonizing evidence that not only would the knife penetrate the hole in the shirt but this was the exact knife that had done so. He also produced a written report of his findings and said he would be prepared to attend court as a witness if required. You bet you are required I thought. Those of you with some knowledge of firearms will probably have seen when you fire a bullet into and through a piece of timber the retrieved bullet will no longer pass through the hole it has made. Simply put the velocity of the bullet and the compositeness of the wood contribute to a hole that shrinks. The fibres of nylon react in a similar way, after penetration the hole narrows. His diagrams also showed that the serrated edge of the bread knife had left striation marks on the fibres of the nylon shirt peculiar only to that particular knife. Job done that knife that shirt. D.I. Griffiths was now satisfied that we had a bomb-proof case. No apologies for his earlier castigations or threats but sage advice that I should never believe, trust or take at face value the findings of so called "experts" (Or bad tempered D.I's passed their sell-by date) I remained in his C.I.D office until he retired later that year.

The young prisoner's trial went ahead without further ado finalising with another sentence of Youth Custody. Sadly that was not the end of my dealings with this young offender. Only a few years later I was to arrest him again for another serious assault involving a knife warranting an appropriate charge of attempted murder. This time he was sentenced to a very lengthy term of imprisonment. What a waste of a life, I have not come across him since.

Years later I did come across a now more experienced Senior Forensic Scientist, the one who had caused me such problems in our earlier encounter and to whom I had sent a copy of the Courtaulds report. We sat alongside each other at the top table at a function in the Senior Officers Mess at Greater Manchester Police Headquarters.

A splendid evening, we enjoyed an interesting and convivial conversation.

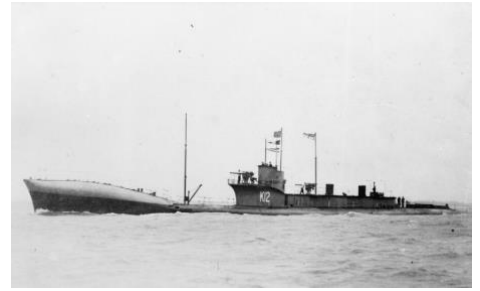


THE BATTLE OF THE ISLE OF MAY – Willie Allan

In the evening of 31st January 1918, the Royal Navy planned to conduct an exercise codenamed EC1 starting from Rosyth. The plan involved around 40 battleships, cruisers and destroyers in two groups sailing out towards the North Sea. Nine K-class submarines were included in the plan and when the whole fleet was at sea, it would stretch out over twenty miles.

U-Boat activity was suspected in the area so orders had been issued to extinguish external lights and maintain radio silence. It should have been a fairly routine training exercise but it didn't turn out that way.

The K-class submarines were about 320 feet long and as the first flotilla of K-boats approached the mouth of the estuary, near the Isle of May, the Captain of K11, sailing with this first group, spotted several small minesweepers sailing out from Anstruther as fog descended and ordered a reduction in speed and a turn to port. K17 did likewise but K14 only became aware of the danger when two of the minesweepers emerged from fog and were seen to be heading across his bow.



Only then did the captain of the K14 realise that the two submarines ahead had turned and in order to avoid a collision he ordered full starboard rudder. This action took the vessel clear of both minesweepers and the nearby K12 but the helm of K14 then jammed in the full starboard rudder position. K14 was thus forced into the path of K22 which was still running ahead at 22 knots. Collision was unavoidable and K22 sliced into K14 just aft of the forward torpedo room.

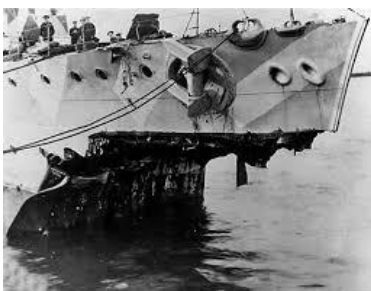
Immediate disaster was averted by the rapid closure of watertight doors but both vessels were now locked together and stationary in the path of the following warships, which, although unseen, were now bearing down on them. Navigation lights were quickly switched on and flares fired. The radio silence order was disregarded and requests for help transmitted.

Three large battlecruisers sailed safely past, their near proximity creating a wash which rocked the stricken submarines violently. HMS Inflexible, however, was sailing closely behind and rode over the stricken K22, her weight pushing the submarine underneath her hull. As Inflexible continued on her way, K22 resurfaced with thirty feet of her already damaged bow now twisted at right angles to the remainder of the hull and one of her ballast tanks completely sheared off.

The calls for help were acted on by other ships of the first flotilla with several reversing course and heading back into the Firth of Forth. In doing so, their actions created a new hazard in that ships from the first flotilla were now heading westwards on a collision course with ships from the second flotilla sailing eastwards.

The leading ship of the second flotilla was HMS Fearless. She had passed clear of the Isle of May at 7.54pm and her captain believed that he was past the danger area and ordered an increase in speed to twenty-one knots. He remained unaware that ships from the first group had reversed course and were headed directly towards the second group.

Both fleets met head-on at a point some thirteen miles east of the Isle of May at 8.32pm. HMS Fearless collided with K17, the bows slicing into the submarine's hull just forward of the conning tower. K17 began to sink and the crew abandoned her. Eight minutes later, K17 submerged for the last time.



Under normal circumstances, the crew had every chance of being rescued since they were surrounded by many ships but things were far from normal. K4, which had been sailing closely behind HMS Fearless, now turned to port with a view to picking up survivors. K3, sailing just behind K4 attempted to emulate this manoeuvre, turned to port and stopped some distance further on. K12 now entered the arena. She had been part of the first flotilla which had reversed course and, at one point in time, had narrowly averted collision with the outbound cruiser Australia.

K6 swerved to avoid colliding with K12 but collided with K4 instead and almost sliced her in half. K6 was impaled and stuck firm on the rapidly sinking wreck of K4 and it seemed that K6 would be dragged down by K4. Mercifully, the application of engines running full astern caused the vessels to separate just a few seconds before K4 rolled over and sank with no survivors.

While all this was happening, the destroyers and escorts of the second flotilla were still rushing past and maintaining speeds of twenty-one knots. Two of these vessels narrowly missed K3 but their wash spread outwards and swept across the casing of K7 where would-be rescuers were suddenly washed into the sea. Worse still, some ships were passing over the spot where K17 had sunk where crewmen were struggling in the water. Many were pushed under and drowned while others were cut to pieces by propellers. Only nine men from K17 were picked up and one of these, picked up by K7, died later.

Exercise EC1 concluded with the loss of two K-Boats and left three more in a crippled condition. One light cruiser had been damaged. A total of 104 lives were lost. Despite this, the Admiralty strove to conceal the entire matter from public scrutiny and much of the information was not released until 1994. A memorial cairn was finally erected 84 years later, on 31 January 2002 at Anstruther harbour at which the Submariners' Association holds an annual commemorative service to honour those lost.



FROM A TIGER MOTH TO CONCORDE – FIFTY YEARS OF FLIGHT

Alan McQuaker

Some of you will remember Biggles, a pilot who flew from adventure to adventure beating the baddies and overcoming all the obstacles in his way? His exploits were reported by Captain W.E. Johns in many books for boys. I was given my first Biggles book as a prize at school when I was nine. I devoured all the others I could find in the library. The stories were thrilling and then of course I wanted to fly. The first opportunity arose nine years later with the RAF during National Service.

At 18, kitted up with a helmet and goggles I climbed into a De Havilland biplane Tiger Moth for my first time sitting in a plane and was I excited? My seat was in the open cockpit in front of the pilot. An air craftsman started the engine turning the propeller and we started to move. What an experience, bouncing along the grass, then aware that you are leaving the ground, looking down on the field as we climb slowly and the air blows over you face! This is flying, truly exhilarating.

Well, there were ten hours of learning to pilot the Tiger Moth and loop the loop, and one or two of our group were allowed to fly solo before we finished, but not me. My next flight was on board an RAF four engine Handley Page Hasting troop carrier of RAF Transport Command capable of carrying 50 and we were going to Canada. The route took us to Keflavik, refuelled, Goosebay in Labrador, refuelled, then Montreal, Quebec.

After acclimatization we took the train to Winnipeg for navigation training. The Canadian Government trained pilots and navigators as a contribution to NATO and Winnipeg in Manitoba is surrounded by prairie and enjoys good weather for flying. The RCAF used American two engine Beechcraft Expeditors for navigation training, taking two navigators on each plane, one helping the other. The trainee navigators included Canadians, British, French and Portuguese. (I learned naughty French words from an excitable Moroccan lad who would throw his charts in the air in disgust.)

During the winter when the temperature could fall to -30F wearing earmuffs was essential. For flying, the weather rarely affected us. On one occasion, after taking off at night, the pilot reported that none of the other planes had left the ground because of ice on the wings. Winnipeg was now closed and we would have to divert to the east to an airport on Lake Superior. We returned the next day and they asked, what happened to you? And once, after taking off the pilot said we were the only plane still flying because of strong turbulence. On exercises, the navigators are very busy and there is no time to feel unwell, but after

three hours bouncing around we finished our tasks with difficulty and as Winnipeg appeared again below us I was sick. This has never happened again, either in a plane or at sea, touch wood.

During two weeks leave in the middle of the course two of us decided to try to get to Los Angeles, using MATS (Military Air Transport Service) starting from Minneapolis USAF Air Base in Minnesota. The first plane flying in a western direction was going to Denver (Colorado), a USAF Grumann Albatross seaplane with a crew of two, and now with two RAF passengers on vacation. This was my only flight on a seaplane which took off and landed on the ground. After a week in LA and ready for the return journey we hitched a lift to San Francisco on a trusted and dependable USAF two engine Douglas DC47 Dakota used for passengers and freight. We eventually returned, penniless but on time, at Winnipeg.

Shortly before graduating, a new British De Havilland Comet, the first turbo jet-powered four engine airliner, landed at the airport to a huge welcome. What a stunningly beautiful plane this was. It suffered from structural failure and was soon withdrawn from commercial service, only to be resurrected and modified by Hawker Siddeley for the RAF and then known as the Nimrod, for maritime surveillance flying out of Kinloss. (Sailing back from Norway in 1984 I was photographed by a very low-flying Nimrod 60 miles off the Fife coast, doing surveillance? I now possess a copy).

The flight home to Heathrow from Montreal in 1953 was in comfort on a BOAC Douglas DC4 four engine Argonaut. The Argonaut carried up to 62 passengers and was used by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they flew to and from Kenya at the time of the death of King George VI.

For the last months of National Service in Gutersloh I served on a Communication Flight transporting officers around the British Zone in West Germany. We used a two engine Avro Anson, originally built in 1936 and later given a retractable undercarriage. The Flight also kept a single engine Percival Prentice and a single jet engine De Havilland twin boom Vampire. My New Zealand flight commander, Steve, who took part in the raid on Dresden in 1945, took me up in the Prentice one afternoon and we looked down on what was Bergen Belsen concentration camp –but nothing left to see. (Many years later my boss, an army major, told me he had entered Belsen in 1945; he said he would never forget the horrific sight or the appalling stench.)

Steve badly wanted to fly the Vampire, the RAF's first jet aircraft, (and the first jet aircraft to cross the Atlantic, I'm told). It was filled up and he disappeared in it for a short time and when he returned the wing had rumped and twisted; he denied that he had tried to put the plane through any acrobatics. Flying back from England to Gutersloh in the Anson one engine packed up as we crossed the Dutch coast and Steve nursed the engine to base. Before leaving Germany I was allowed to have a flight on one of the two seater, two engine Gloster Meteor jet fighters on the station – another thrilling feeling and experiencing g-force for the first time. After the Vampire the Meteor was the second jet fighter provided for the RAF.

During the Eighties and Nineties commercial flying was mainly by jet and I was lucky taking part on a trade mission to Japan which took me round the world from west to east on the large, long-range, wide-body airliner, the four engine Boeing 747, the Jumbo jet. Many will have flown in the 747 which has been in service with variations for 60 years. It carries 366 passengers in three classes. Very comfortable. After a week in Tokyo we flew back from Tokyo on the way to Heathrow and after many hours we arrived in Anchorage, Alaska the day before we left Tokyo.

In 1976 BA introduced regular flights with a new plane produced jointly by the British Aerospace Bristol and the French Aerospatiale, the Concorde. It was a technological masterpiece, a delta-winged, four engine, turbojet-powered, supersonic airliner, which carried 100 passengers, hugely attractive and beautiful to look at. It was very expensive to operate, but people were ready to pay high prices for the speed and ability to cross the Atlantic in under four hours.

Cunard advertised a round trip to New York, sailing with the QE2, a week-end in NY, and returning to Glasgow by Concorde, for the cost of a single trip on Concorde. For our ruby wedding anniversary, yes please. The crossing over on the QE2 was delightful, arriving on Saturday morning. The two days in New

York were very full as you can imagine. On the Monday morning we met in the Concorde lounge where breakfast was available and endless drinks (not really wanted). The plane was waiting outside the lounge windows.

Looking back, I recollect my excitement for my first flight on the Tiger Moth. I remembered my excitement flying on a jet fighter in Gutersloh for the first time. Now I was as excited as ever for a flight on Concorde. On board, space is limited. Nevertheless it is cosy. Forward, there are dials recording the speed of the plane and the altitude. As you take off you are aware of the engine noise and the seat pressing hard against your back as the plane goes supersonic over the Atlantic breaking the sound barrier. The afterburners are switched off as you level out at 55,000 feet at Mach2, and looking out of the window you see the curve of the earth below. Unreal. Just time to enjoy a fine lunch with wines and cognac. Suddenly we are descending into Glasgow, and on the ground spectators and airport employees stop and watch this wonderful plane, not a regular visitor to Glasgow. The flight from New York took under three and a half hours, an amazing achievement of aeronautical engineering.

Six weeks later the Concorde crashed in France. Air France stopped its flights immediately and British Airways soon after. Thus came the end in 2003 of a truly outstanding aircraft.



EARLY MEMORIES – Peter Franklin

At 17 years old and about to leave Dunfermline High School with Highers in Engineering (applied mechanics, heat engines and technical drawing), Science (physics, chemistry and biology), English and History, I applied to Edinburgh University to study Technical Chemistry. Having been awarded a student's grant of £110 to cover expenses I was not accepted on the grounds I did not have a certificate in a foreign language, a subject not given priority in my school courses. I would have to return to school to gain a foreign language. This would create quite a strain on the family finances as having two younger brothers and a sister with my father working away from home and only managing to get home at weekends. (life is strange as my son later studied chemistry at Edinburgh gaining an honours BSc and a PhD).

I applied for an apprenticeship with 'The City and Royal Burgh of Dunfermline Sanitary Department' and was accepted. This entailed a 4 year apprenticeship and a compulsory with 4 years of study at Heriot Watt College in Edinburgh.

The Sanitary Dept in those days covered many more disciplines than those of today's Environmental Health Departments. Many of these disciplines are now separate departments in their own right. For example, in later posts in other Councils I had duties such as designing street lighting, building control, water and sewage, weight and measures, and public cleansing services.

The Chief Sanitary Inspector was one of two statutory appointments which at that time had to be approved by the Secretary of State for Scotland, Chief Constables were the other. He had considerable powers of enforcement. The duties were carried out not only under national legislation but by local by-laws which often differed from local authority to local authority. In Scotland at that time there were some 230 Local Authorities, Cities, Large Burghs, Small Burghs and County Councils.

Dunfermline Burgh at that time included Kingseat, Townhill and Rosyth. The office was situated in Queen Anne Street. A more modern building than most of those of the council's offices, it covered the two top storeys above the town's very modern luxury public conveniences. These had full time attendants and public shower facilities. The office transport, however, consisted of an old ARP bike mainly used by the apprentices -2 of us! Most of the inspectors apart from the Chief used public transport or walked except for the youngest one who used his motor bike. Very few people had cars in those days. Many and hair-raising were my trips clinging on to the pillion seat of that bike. No helmets in those days!

While inspectors could be called out to any aspect of the Department's duties, they were each allocated specific specialist roles in such disciplines as housing inspection, food inspection, the taking of official water and food samples, drainage, or building regulations. The apprentices spent time with each of the specialities to gain practical experience. The office was also the main office of the Cleansing Department and controlled all refuse services, snow clearing and public conveniences. The Cleansing Department foreman was a formidable character who dashed about in a small white van in charge of the workforce of scaffies and bin men as they were called. He was always good with the office apprentices and as a follower of the horses was always giving us hot tips to back.

After training on the job the apprentices were given responsible specific jobs to carry out.

This was a time before the era of antibiotics and many infectious diseases were very common. Scotland had a terrible record particularly of TB, others illnesses were scarlet fever, diphtheria and polio. There was legislation which required doctors to notify the Medical Officer of Health of certain diseases. One of my jobs was to collect these notifications from the Medical Officer's office every morning, no e-mail in those days. If a patient had been removed to hospital, a procedure came into play which required a visit to the patient's home. First a questionnaire had to be filled in answering such questions as whether the person worked in the dockyard, was in the armed forces, in which case they had to stay at home for at least two days while their employer was notified, similarly with food workers (sound familiar?). The next action was to fumigate the patient's bedroom and in some cases more than one room. This entailed sealing doors and windows and then a small burner was lit under a small tray of formalin tablets and a rapid retreat to the door out. The fumigation lasted for at least 4 hours. The house holder was given a large bar of carbolic soap to wash the bedclothes. Where TB was concerned the procedure was quite drastic and blankets etc were taken to the local fever hospital to be autoclaved. If the patient had died then the mattress was removed and destroyed. The council did have a supply of replacement mattresses or a set amount of money to buy a replacement.

We had no protective clothing, the illness that scared us was polio. There were no antibiotics and the treatment for severe cases of it was to be put in an iron lung at the fever hospital at Milesmark. One of my friends from school died in one. Another friend died from TB.

One of the strangest jobs I had was to fumigate the children's ward at the old West Fife Hospital on the site now known as Fife House.

Housing legislation was a key area and regular inspections were carried out. I had a spell with the senior inspector in charge. This was when you grew up very quickly, some of the conditions were simply appalling, disgusting and at times unbelievable. A lasting memory was when the office had a request from the police to spray a small attic flat where the occupier had been removed. This operation fell on the youngest in the office. Guess who? This meant taking a powerful sprayer filled with DDT to do the job. I was advised to make sure that I tucked my trousers into my socks or wore bicycle clips. 'Dust your trousers with DDT' said another old hand. I met up with a PC at the top attic flat and as we entered commenced spraying the wooden floors. Fleas can lie dormant for some time and the movement of the two of us activated the On returning to the office I was ordered into the toilet where I had to strip and pick off the fleas and put them into the filled washbasin. Thankful for the DDT dusting they were dopey and my count in the basin was 125+. I never did hear the PCs count!!

The officer in charge of housing inspections had a black book of the worst dirty house cases. In some cases a note or asterisk where a house was a known brothel. There were quite a number around the naval base in Rosyth. You quickly learned about many aspects of life.

Dunfermline had quite a large number of public conveniences under the control of the council, some dating back to the large wartime population. One of the jobs I had was to supervise the attendants. Every Friday afternoon I went to the Finance Department in East Port filled a cardboard file with pay-packets,

walked along the High Street to our office, and handed out their wages where they had assembled outside the office. These days it would be done with an armoured car. Changed days!

Food Hygiene was another main area which was carried out and regular inspections and food samples were taken. Main areas of samples were milk, spirits and meat products. These were the items which were often contaminated with added substances and also in the case of milk, bacteriological tests. In respect of meats, preservative was only permitted during the hot months of summer and not at other times. It could hide putrefaction and give mince a nice bright colour. I remember the inspector's opening quip on inspecting a butchers shop and making the butcher grow pale 'How's the old madam today as he patted a side of beef'. Madam being preservative!

A final tale of the apprentice getting the job no one else wanted. I was given a large waterproof coat when it was pouring with rain and instructed to walk the main town centre streets and report all leaking rhones and downpipes. A contravention of the bylaws notice was then sent to the building owner.

The training and study was very thorough and served me well in later life and professions. At the end of 4 years, I passed the college exams and reaching the age of 21 I was eligible to sit the final exams of the Royal Sanitary Association. This was no easy thing and only eight of us passed that year, the others had to resit. One of the benefits of the apprenticeship was that National Service was deferred and I was more mature to face it. Three weeks after the finals I was in the RAF.

*PS Many years later, the University asked me to be an external examiner for a PhD student! I also collaborated with one of the faculties on technical papers, lecturing and ended up giving them a contract for a research project I was conducting. How the wheel had turned!



SHIELDING & SELF ISOLATING - The Brysons continued : 121 Days and Counting!!

Following on from the story of finding my second cousin first removed, Jennifer Spence in British Columbia, Canada, I thought I would give you an understanding of how DNA works. Well how the *Ancestry* version does.

DNA, or deoxyribonucleic (try saying that after a few drinks) acid, is the hereditary material in humans and almost all other organisms. Nearly every cell in a person's body has the same DNA. The information in DNA is stored as a code made up of four chemical bases: adenine (A), guanine (G), cytosine (C), and thymine (T). A centimorgan (abbreviated as "cM") describes the length of a piece of DNA, the length of a segment is reported in centimorgans. When looking at DNA comparisons, the "shared cM" is the total length of the DNA you share with a person. The "shared segments" are how many blocks that matching DNA is broken into. The *CENTIMORGAN* was named in honour of Thomas Hunt Morgan a US geneticist who was awarded a Nobel Prize for his work.

Jennifer Spence's DNA reading linked to mine was 95cM over 4 segments.

I have 14 people linked to my DNA, with cM readings suggesting up to 3rd cousins. The only one I do not recognise and only joined my linkage in May 2020. The closest relation is the son of one of my mother's cousins (my second cousin) at 229cM over 15 segments. The person who is next is 223cM over 14 segments. I am trying to understand who he is as he is linked to around 15 people I recognise!

The last person I traced was Robert Schopp at 141cM over 7 segments and 7th closest relation by DNA numbers. Who is this man? I contacted him via *Ancestry* and he had no knowledge of a connection.

I searched via FamilyTree/Ancestry for weeks and found a Robert Lee Schopp married to Mary Isabel Garden in 1938 in Cleveland Ohio. My great grandmother McDonalds maiden name was Isabella Garden so could that be a link? Having then found the record of the marriage I found Mary's fathers name was

David Gove Garden, born in Scotland. Scottish records gave me David's birth mother as Isabella Garden with no recorded father. This was before she was married to my great grandad. Whether he was brought up by an Aunt and Uncle, as was the case in 1887 in these situations, I don't know, however he used them as his parents on his American Passport application form in 1921 His date of birth was also a year different. David had married a girl from Callander and used her parents address in Callander on 2 of his visits back to Scotland.

The Robert Schopp linked to my DNA is the son of Robert Lee Schopp and Mary Isabel Garden. I was able to contact and update him of our relationship.

The cM readings for siblings would be in the range 1800-2500 cM, parents would be in the middle to high 3000 cM

I have 382 names in the range up to 4th to 6th Cousin, 83cM 5segments to 20cM 1 or 2 segments, many live in the USA, I do have many sailors in my family tree!!



DIGIPIX – Willie Allan

A few may have noticed the new banner photo on the home page of the club website.

While the photo that previously appeared was very good, it was chosen from Google Images and I felt it would be more appropriate to use a photo produced "in-house" but still comprising a scene that would accommodate the graphics in a manner suitable to viewing on PC, tablet or mobile phone. I also wanted a scene that unmistakably portayed the spirit of Dalgety Bay.

The scene I settled on was Donibristle Bay taken from the beach at Bathing House Wood but I was aware from daily visits to the beach with the dog that a standard lens, even with a relatively wide angle, would not be capable of encompassing the scene I wanted. It is, of course, possible to use a panorama function, which many cameras have, or to take a series of photos and stitch them together using Photoshop or similar but for this shot I chose to use my Samyang 7.5mm fisheye lens on my Lumix GX7 camera.



This is a relatively inexpensive lens with a massive 170° field of view. The "downside" is that it is a fully manual lens that does not communicate with the camera but this is easily overcome by using the camera on Aperture Priority. In this mode, with aperture set to match that set on the lens, the camera's meter still automatically sets the shutter speed to give the correct exposure. The lens also requires manual focussing, which is not difficult anyway but even easier on fisheye lenses because due to the very large depth of field obtained in most fisheye shots, certainly landscapes, it is quite safe to simply leave the focal distance set to infinity.

The standard characteristic of a fisheye photograph is the amount of distortion apparent, particularly towards the edges of the frame but to obtain a straight horizon, all that is necessary is to place it in the centre of the frame. Framed higher or lower, the horizon will appear increasingly curved.

In my photograph, there is distortion in the upper and lower areas of the photo. As the top is sky with some clouds, the distortion isn't at all apparent and in the lower portion of the picture, the curvature simply emphasises the curvature of the bay. There is very minor vertical distortion to the left and right, which I could have adjusted but as this would have slightly narrowed the field coverage, I didn't bother.

Apart from lightening the foreground shadows on the beach, the only other post-processing I did was to crop the top and bottom to produce a 16 x 9 image more suitable for use as the website banner.

Many photographers consider fisheye lenses to be highly specialist and not suitable for everyday photography but the reality is that they can be great fun, produce amazingly different photographs and add a totally new dimension to your photography. I am not suggesting that members with interchangeable lens cameras run out and buy fisheye lenses (or those without purchase a GoPro) but they should not be dismissed as gimmicks that would not add to your enjoyment of photography. For a little more on fisheye photography in general, see <https://expertphotography.com/fantastic-fisheye-lens-photography-a-basic-guide/>.



GOLF – Ian Dickson

The Aberdour course has been in wonderful condition, that was until the storms in the past week. The rain has caused more damage to bunkers than any of the members can remember. The one positive to take is the new bunkers have coped much better than the old, and are almost unscathed.

Probus golfers have had regular games at Aberdour in the weeks since courses were opened, however so far no competition golf has been arranged, the skills are merely being developed after the long layoff. This is about to change, Sandy Laing will be booking tees next Monday, the 24th August, for the first Probus golf competition of the season. Please contact him by phone, 8322350, or by e mail if you would like to play.



BOWLS – David Brown

Hi all,

Hope everyone is keeping well and continuing with your exercising and cycling.

As things are starting to get back to some sort of normality I have contacted Jim Conner, DBBC President to ask if we can have two rinks commencing this Friday for those of us who wish to play and am now awaiting confirmation.

I appreciate some of you will have decided not to take any avoidable risks due to the current circumstances and this is fully understandable.

Will be most grateful if those of you who wish to play confirm same and "ALSO" if available for this Friday assuming Jim gives us the thumbs up.

Would very much appreciate all NOT able to play with Probus for the foreseeable future to confirm same with Margaret and then contact her if and when any change to your decision.

IMPORTANT.

By notifying Margaret by email to Margaret.lister@tiscali.co.uk confirms that you have received and read this message thus saving her further time communicating as she has very kindly again agreed to take on this responsibility for remainder of outdoor season.

I have spoken to Margaret and she will ensure a copy is sent to all men and lady members by latest Thursday, confirming if we will have rinks starting this Friday.

Looking forward to meeting up again for the banter which is usually better than the bowls.

Kind regards,

David

VOTE OF THANKS – Maurice Everett

In 2000 I considered it a privilege to be elected president of Dalgety Bay Probus Club and now I consider it in similar vein to be asked to propose in writing, a vote of thanks to our editorial team and our member scribes. Since 6th April nineteen members have contributed to our newsletter, but with enforced idleness, dressed in what's to hand and comes in handy, stuck with no idea what day it is, not eating out, and attempting new skills of no useful value I will concentrate on three contributions of memorable emphasis.

Tommy Bryson whose ancestry is such I am sure he has some genetic connection with the great, Bill Bryson. If Tommy looks up the history of the youthful James Bothwell in London, he might well wish to disinherit him.

My first encounter with Willie Allan was when I attended a horticultural committee meeting at his house. Willie entered about 8pm removed his naval officers hat and deftly guided it James Bond style on to the peg at the coat rack.

Lastly Jim Morris who I had invited to give a talk to our club entitled from Air to Animals. Jim delighted us with his tale of a youthful Jim in the USA being mistaken for a higher rank and also how a guided missile aimed at Port Stanley missed the Falklands landing in the sea.

Finally with regards to the present Covid Pandemic and Public Health restrictions together with the ever changing Government restrictions and guidelines, I can recall from my workplace and the dictum on the corner of my desk. It read, `we trained hard but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form up into teams, we would be reorganised`. I was to learn later in life that we tend to meet any new situation by reorganising and how wonderful it can be for creating the illusion of progress while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralisation (Caius Petronius A.D.66)

To repeat many thanks to all contributors to our news letter, we all look forward to the next issue.