

Retiree News



A Biannual Publication for Retirees of all
Chevron UK Companies



Editor's Chat

Issue 70, November 2016

Hello everyone. We are now in the season of 'mists and mellow fruitfulness' which is fine except for fog! It is lovely to see the various colours as the trees change ready for their winter rest. Yuletide will be here soon and the shops are full of Christmas items, it seems to get earlier each year. Before that we have Remembrance Day which brings home to us all the many conflicts that still are happening in the world. A peaceful world seems a long way off.

Did you enjoy the Olympics this year? Didn't our teams do well, both the Olympians and Paralympians. They train so hard to enable them to achieve their dreams and to make us proud of the UK.

Have any of you been on a special holiday this year? I would love to hear about your travels. Perhaps you do volunteering or have a hobby that you enjoy, do let me have your stories. We have enjoyed our holiday home in Sandwich more this year and yes, I am still gardening and have wonderful people to work with. Maurice says I am out with my chums and he is probably right as they are all so pleasant and it is great to sit and have a natter over a cup of coffee.

A note to LCP's! I have received very little information about 80, 90 and 100 birthdays and wedding anniversaries. As we do not have Co-ordinators now to get the information to me, I rely on you all to send this information to me. You don't have to wait until an issue of Retiree News is due, you can send details to me at any time, which I will always be glad to receive.

Alternatively, any retiree who would like to see their name in print, send details to me, preferably by email, but letters are welcome too.

That's all from me for now. Have a lovely, peaceful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

News From Chevron

Cape Town celebrates its golden years

Half a century ago, we built the Cape Town Refinery in a rural area dominated by South Africa's imposing Table Mountain. With a capacity of 30,300 barrels per day, the refinery was a modest venture, much like the rural community of Milnerton in which it was located. And yet, with its proximity to the city of Cape Town and the water routes provided by nearby Table Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, the refinery quickly established its value and made a lasting connection to the local community.

Chevron recognized for its social and economic impact on Africa

During the Africa-America Institute's annual gala, President Ellen Johnson Sirleaf of Liberia, the first-ever freely elected female president on the African continent and a Nobel Laureate, commended Chevron for its support for her country, in particular, over the last five years. In addition to the 80 projects that have been implemented under the Chevron-Liberia Economic Development Initiative, Chevron has been instrumental in helping combat the deadly Ebola epidemic and, as Sirleaf said, "For stepping in when other companies were leaving out of fear."

Building a nation of makers, young scientists in Thailand

After its first year, our Thailand Partnership Initiative is on target toward its goal of strengthening the country's competitiveness and innovation by improving students' science, technology, engineering and math (STEM) and vocational education. Known locally as Enjoy Science, the initiative has reached more than 200 schools and some 30,000 students, and established five training hubs. STEM education is particularly important for Thailand, especially as the country enters the newly formed Association of Southeast Asian Nations Economic Community

Petrobots: droids on a mission to keep humans safe

Who can inspect the floor of a storage tank while it still contains a highly flammable and toxic petroleum product? No person, of course. But "Tank," a robot, could be up to the challenge. Tank is part of a new breed of robots being created to work alongside people in the oil and gas and petrochemical industries with the mission to keep us safe. "Petrobots" will soon be doing jobs that are either too risky or impossible for humans to achieve.



News From Chevron

Idea sharing yields major gains for JV refineries

Several years ago, Chevron identified an opportunity to improve refinery performance through a structured network that facilitated the sharing of expertise to improve safety, reliability, efficiency and cost management. As a result, the Joint Venture Refining Operating Committee – an alliance between Chevron’s manufacturing organization, our joint-venture (JV) refineries, and other process facilities where we have significant business interests – was formed. This systematic approach to idea sharing is yielding major financial benefits for Chevron’s JV plants.

Full steam ahead for academy’s first graduates

The inaugural graduation ceremony at the Kazakhstan Maritime Academy in Almaty launched the professional seafaring careers of 15 cadets. The cohort is the first to complete the four-year Bachelor of Science degree course at the academy, which opened with support from Chevron in 2012. Some of the graduating cadets gained practical experience during internships with Chevron Shipping Company.

Fuelling learning for local schools

Our company’s Fuel Your School programme returns for its seventh year this fall. This innovative collaboration with [DonorsChoose.org](#) supports K-12 public education, including education in science, technology, engineering and maths

(STEM), in 18 U.S. communities and one community in Canada. This year, nearly \$6 million is available to help fund classroom projects with the help of local Chevron and Texaco marketers and retailers in seven markets.

Introducing Texaco’s higher-performing website“

“Performance is what we do” proclaims the home page of Texaco’s revamped website, which recently launched. And the new site helps demonstrate that point by performing better for users through its seamless navigation, appealing graphics and videos, and its strong messaging geared to the performance advantages of Texaco with Techron

Aquamen at work

Saturation diving allows divers to work at great depths for long periods of time. The divers live in a pressurized system on a specialized dive support vessel for up to 28 days, travelling to the seabed in diving bells – separate chambers that are lowered deeper into the water to the work site. Several three-person dive teams live in this pressurized system. The Wheatstone Project, offshore Northwest Australia, and Mafumeira Sul Project, offshore Angola, have both achieved outstanding safety performance on these high-risk activities, enabling the projects to progress towards delivery of first oil and gas. Inside takes a look at our company’s real-life “aquamen.”

Dwile Flonking

From Peter Brockett

Looking at the ‘Nine Questions’ on page 6 of the May edition of ‘Retiree News’ and in particular question 6 brought to mind another word starting ‘dw’ namely DWILE, particularly when associated with FLONKING. The game of Dwile Flonking, or is it sport (although cannot see it ever being included in the Olympic Games) was revived in Suffolk in the early 1960’s.

It is recorded that in 1966 George High of Bungay was clearing out his late grandfather’s attic when he came across a parchment document entitled: “Ye Olde Booke of Suffolk Harvest Rituels”. The only text that could be deciphered was the one giving a set of rules for dwile-flonking. They were shown to Andrew Leverett and Robert Devereux, printing apprentices at Clay’s of Bungay and Clowes of Beccles, respectively. The two men thought it would be fun to play so teams were formed at the two factories and the match played at Beccles Festival of Sport in 1966.

Rules are that the team which is not flonking holds hands and dances around in a circle - known as “girting”. A member of the opposing team stands in the middle of the circle holding a “driveller” (a pole 2-3 ft long and made from hazel or yew), on the end of which is a beer-soaked dwile. The flonker then turns in an anti-clockwise direction and flonks his dwile at the opposing circling team. If the dwile misses completely it is known as a “swadger”. When this happens the team



Follow up

From Geoff Lonsdale

Just to say I always enjoy reading the newsletter with its news from our past life. The recent production certainly took me back a “few weeks”. One minute you are busy in the garden defending your runner beans from the invasion of the giant slugs then you come in to read the post and find your name in print – for this I have to thank Mr Alan Jones. I certainly recall the weather mentioned plus other events. It was certainly a very busy and interesting time.



I was surprised to discover that the “mighty Zephyr” is still operational – though under a slightly different name. The picture above is a black and white picture which I quickly scanned from a 1975 black and white photo. This was actually in the Aberdeen Press and Journal and shows two Buccaneer RAF jets on “close patrol at around 500 mph over the Zephyr. Back in those days the Russians were being somewhat of a nuisance with trawlers bristling with antenna plus some warships so the RAF was particularly interested. One thing Alan forgot to mention was the challenge of our crew change flights trying to land on that heaving wet deck – sometimes around 14 feet. I think most of the pilots at the time were ex-military so they at least had some essential prior experience!! In those days survival briefings/equipment etc were non-existent. . The only survival kit you had was a cloth bag containing a life jacket tied with a bit of tape round your waist. Not quite sure of its value as North Sea survival is estimated at around 20 mins – that’s *if you are lucky!*

Thanks for your kind words Geoff. Ed!

Looking Back

From S Andrew Wood

At the age of 24, following the war years and working in an aircraft factory plus a stint in the army, I was looking for a new career. My then girlfriend Rob, now my wife of 64 years, worked for Shell and mentioned that Simon Vos was amalgamating two pre-war businesses, Russian Oil Products and Trinidad Leaseholds forming Regent Oil Company. I went for an interview and was offered a position as a Junior Draughtsman in the new Head Office at Marble Arch. Our main purpose at that time was amalgamating the plans of the various depots as there were many depots of both companies in several locations.

My wedding on 8 September was preceded by a catastrophic explosion at Avonmouth which destroyed our largest terminal. Rob and I spent our honeymoon in Penzance and the Scilly Isles and we made our own headline news by being shipwrecked in the fog and rescued by the RNLI. A year or so later the Company was asked by the MOD to construct strategic storage on the East Coast and we had to sign the Official Secrets Act. I wonder if that is still applicable now? About four engineers were engaged together with a number of Draughtsmen in the new office and I was made Section Leader. When most of the design work had been completed we visited the site in a bleak part of Lincolnshire. After looking round the underground tunnels and pump chambers, I went to see the Tanker Jetty. This consisted of a very long and narrow concrete walkway with outriggers for the pipes. I decided that although there were no hand rails I would carry on to look at the Head. At some point I noticed that in the walkway were narrow gauge rails. Halfway to the Head I was horrified to see a powered trolley coming towards me. There was no option but to sit astride an outrigger with the cruel North Sea pounding below and the Contractors on the trolley laughing at the Head Office twit.

Fond memories are of the Sports and Social Club, Christmas parties for the children of the staff, a ramblers group and also Dinner Dances at the Grosvenor House Hotel. These were glittering affairs with us all dressed up in black tie and ladies in lovely gowns. Times changed, we became Texaco with an American Chairman and CEO. Contractors were building Milford Haven Refinery and the focus for us was building service stations. I was posted to Brighton as Branch Engineer and spent time tearing around Kent, Surrey and Sussex looking for possible sites, viewing houses and schools for my family. However out of the blue came a telephone call to attend an interview as a result of an advertisement some months earlier. The offer was very tempting and I took the plunge and changed companies. Would you believe it, the new office was just a stroll across the park to Knightsbridge and there was no need to change home and school.

Some twenty five years later I received a letter advising that I would be receiving a Chevron pension. Together with Tony Nicholls who brings us Christmas Cheer and the Pensioners Association Annual Lunch, we have every reason to look back on twelve great years with the old company.



Mole

I never knew this. A grandson of slaves, a boy was born in a poor neighbourhood of New Orleans known as the “Back of Town.” His father abandoned the family when the child was an infant. His mother became a prostitute and the boy and his sister had to live with their grandmother. Early in life he proved to be gifted for music and with three other kids sang in the streets of New Orleans. Their first gains were coins that were thrown to them. A Jewish family, Karnofsky, who had migrated from Lithuania to the USA, had pity for the seven year-old boy and brought him into their home. Initially he did ‘work’ in the house, to feed him. There he remained and slept in this Jewish family’s home where, for the first time, he was treated with kindness and tenderness. When he went to bed, Mrs. Karnovsky sang him a Russian Lullaby that he would sing with her. Later, he learned to sing and play several Russian and Jewish songs. Over time, this boy became the adopted son of this family.

The Karnofskys gave him money to buy his first musical instrument; as was the custom in the Jewish families. They sincerely admired his musical talent. Later, when he became a professional musician, he used these Jewish melodies in compositions, such as St. James infirmary and Go Down Moses. The little black boy grew up and wrote a book about this Jewish family who had adopted him in 1907. In memory of this family until the end of his life, he wore a Star of David and said that in his family, he had learned “how to live real life and have determination.” You might recognise his name. This little boy was Louis “Satchmo” Armstrong. Louis Armstrong proudly spoke fluent Yiddish! And “Satchmo” is Yiddish for “Big Cheeks”!!!

For English Language Lovers. Can anyone tell the difference between ‘Completed’ and ‘Finished.

No dictionary has ever been able to define the difference between the two words. However, at a linguistic conference held in London, Sammsundar Balgobin, a Guyanese, was a clever winner. His final challenge was this. Some say there is no difference between ‘Complete’ and ‘Finished.’ Please explain the difference in a way that is easy to understand. His response was: When you marry the right woman, you are ‘Complete.’ If you marry the wrong woman you are ‘Finished.’ And, when the right woman catches you with the wrong woman, you are ‘Completely Finished.’ His answer received a five minute standing ovation.

And then it’s Winter.

I am not sure where this came from, but thought you could relate to it. Ed!

You know time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years. It seems just yesterday that I was young, just married and embarking on my new life with my mate. Yet in a way, it seems like eons ago and I wonder where all the years went. I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is - the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise. How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go? I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like.

But, here it is, my friends are retired and getting grey, they move slower and I see an older person now. Some are in better and some worse shape than me, but, I see the great change. Not like the ones that I remember who were young and vibrant, but like me, their age is

beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we

used to see and never thought we’d be. Each day now I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day. And taking a nap is not a treat anymore, it’s mandatory, because if I don’t of my own free will, I just fall asleep where I sit. I now enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did. At least I know that though the winter has come, and I’m not sure how long it will last, that when it’s over on this earth, it’s over. A new adventure will begin. Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn’t done, things I should have done, but indeed, there are many things I’m happy to have done. It’s all in a lifetime.

So, if you’re not in your winter yet, be reminded, you will be here faster than you think. Whatever you would like to accomplish in your life please do it quickly. Don’t put things off too long. Life goes by quickly. Do what you can today as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not. You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life, so live for today and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember and hope that they appreciate and love you for all the things that you have done for them in all the years past. Life is a gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one. Live it well, enjoy today, do something fun, be happy, have a great day. Remember, it is health that is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver. Also remember each morning that today is the first day of the rest of your life.

QUIZ ? ? ?

Answers to the quiz in the May 2016 issue are as follows:

1 Butterflies, 2 Lactic acid, 3 Alexander Fleming, 4 Colony, 5 Radiation, 6 Nose, 7 Kangaroo and Emu, 8 Black eye, 9 Momentum, 10 South America, 11 Flotsam, 12 41, 13 Tunnel vision, 14 Prognosis, 15 Taxidermist, 16 The Great Barrier Reef, 17 Mongooses, 18 Omega, 19 Lead, 20 Toad.

The winners were:
Rob Cooper, Adelaide Australia. Dave Dobbs, Grimsby. Tony Shapcott, Newport. Gerald Tomson, Tamworth. Derek Wenzerul, St. Albans.

Here is a brain teaser for you, the answers to the clues are names of chocolate, for instance: Sly giggles - the answer is Snickers! Give it a go and send your answers to the Editor, details at the foot of this newsletter. Answers to be received either by email or post by 15 March 2017 together with your address in case you are a winner! Good luck! The Editor’s decision is final.

1 High class thoroughfare,
2 Money making royalty,
3 Dark occult,
4 Mother’s local,
5 Clever folk,
6 Various black items,
7 Frankie Vaughan wanted it,
8 Good children get these,
9 Feline equipment,
10 Garden flowers,
11 Dairy holder,
12 Arrange marriage partners,
13 Edible fasteners,
14 Talk quietly,
15 Big bus,



16 Spin around,
17 Lorry driver’s snack,
18 100 percent Au,
19 Istanbul harem,
20 Up out there,
21 Even more up out there,
22 Big cat’s pub,
23 Musical bard,
24 It’s a party,
25 Outside meal,
26 Locals from Malta.

BIRTHDAYS

80

Peter Doling
Alan Drage, Andover
Jarrold Leonard, Stanford-le-Hope
Edith Leiper, Aberdeen
Hilary Morgan, Tenby
Derek Stoneham, Hampshire

90

June Batchelor, Henley on Thames
Pam Patrick.

100

Vera Bacon, High Wycombe

Golden Wedding Anniversaries

Bill and Mary Duncan of Peterculter, Aberdeen celebrated their Golden Wedding on 11 June 2016 with a family party at the Banchory Lodge Hotel. Both originated in Aberdeenshire, Bill at Old Meldrum and Mary at nearby Fyvie. They were married at the Church of Scotland in Bill’s home town followed by a reception at the Meldrum Arms Hotel. They recall that the wedding breakfast cost 7/6 (37.5 pence) per head, the meal celebrating the 50th Anniversary was slightly more. Bill was Senior Electrician offshore North Sea, mainly on Ninian Central and Alba. He and Mary continue active and playing golf, with their family nearby.

John and Avril Searle celebrated their golden wedding on 19 March. They were joined by their daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren sailing with them around Corfu and Paxos.

Diamond Wedding Anniversary

John and Adrienne Hale celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 15 October. They live in Barry, Vale of Glamorgan.

Hector and Amy Milne celebrated their Diamond Wedding in August with a family get-together at their home in Aberdeen. When they met Hector was already in the police and living in “digs” (lodgings) in Balmoral Road. Amy, then a secretary with the Aberdeen Lads Club, lived in the same street. Apparently Hector’s landlady told her parents that she was concerned that “it wouldna last”. Anyway they were married at Ferry Hill Parish Church on August 25th 1956 followed by a reception at the Caledonian Hotel on Union Terrace. After retiring from the police, Hector joined Chevron at Ninian House in a security role. Both have been leading lights in the bowls scene around Aberdeen, both outdoor and indoor. Congratulations to them for proving the landlady wrong.

Victor (T) and Daphne Smith celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 2 April 2016 at the wonderful and luxurious ‘Jamaica Inn’ Ocho Rios. This small hotel had retained a gracious air of colonial Jamaica and attracts individuals and couples who return on a regular basis. In this our ‘Diamond Year’, we look upon our life generally and think to ourselves, how lucky we are despite our age, to enjoy reasonable health with the very good fortune of being together for over sixty years. Our daughter Joanne, arranged a family ‘Diamond Year Dinner’ on the 27th July at the Heacham Manor Hotel in their Mulberry Restaurant, which has views over their 18 hole golf course.

Poetry Corner

A would-be poem/poet Brian Cox

I would like to write a poem
Surely not so hard to do
One that rhymes with eleven lines
Enchanting through and through
Right, here we go - nice and slow
But what will be the theme?
The more I think about it now
The less easier it seems

The day goes by I muse and try
No magic words appear
Inspiration gone, can’t carry on
I need a break that’s clear
I’m still here to write a poem
And when I find words that rhyme
I intend to write that poem
Though, perhaps another time.

Ten Questions

Read the question properly and Guess before you see it.

1. Some months have 30 days, some months have 31 days. How many months have 28 days?
2. If a doctor gives you 3 pills and tells you to talk one pill every half hour, how long would it be before all the pills have been taken?
3. Divide 30 by half and add ten. What do you get?
4. A farmer had 17 sheep. All but 9 died. How many sheep were left?
5. If you had only one match and entered a COLD and DARK room, where there was an old heater, an oil lamp, and a candle, which would you light first?
6. What was the President’s name in 1970?
7. Take 2 apples from 3 apples. What do you have?
8. How many animals of each species did Moses take with him in the Ark?
9. A clerk in a butcher shop is 5’10”. What does he weigh?
10. Bonus question:

If you drove a bus with 43 people down the San Diego freeway and stopped at Escondido to pick up 7 more people and drop off 5 passengers, and then stopped at Oceanside to drop off 8 passengers and pick up 4 more, and eventually arrive in San Diego 10 hours later, what’s the name of the driver?



Worry. *Anon*

Is there a magic cut off period when offspring become accountable for their own actions? Is there a wonderful moment when parents can become detached spectators in the lives of their children and shrug, 'It's their life,' and feel nothing?

When I was in my twenties I stood in a hospital corridor waiting for doctors to put a few stitches in my daughter's head. I asked, 'When do you stop worrying?' The nurse said, 'When they get out of the accident stage.' My Dad just smiled faintly and said nothing.

When I was in my thirties I sat on a little chair in a classroom and heard how one of my children talked incessantly, disrupted the class and was headed for a career making license plates. As if to read my mind, a teacher said, 'Don't worry, they all go through this stage and then you can sit back, relax and enjoy them.' My dad just smiled faintly and said nothing.

When I was in my forties I spent a lifetime waiting for the phone to ring, the cars to come home, the front door to open. A friend said, 'they're trying to find themselves. Don't worry, in a few years, you can stop worrying. They'll be adults.' My dad just smiled faintly and said nothing.

By the time I was 50, I was sick and tired of being vulnerable. I was still worrying over my children, but there was a new wrinkle. There was nothing I could do about it. My Dad just smiled faintly and said nothing. I continued to anguish over their failures, be tormented by their frustrations and absorbed in their disappointments.

My friends said that when my kids got married I could stop worrying and lead my own life. I wanted to believe that, but I was haunted by my dad's warm smile and his occasional, 'You look pale. Are you all right? Call me the minute you get home. Are you depressed about something?' Can it be that parents are sentenced to a lifetime of worry? Is concern for one another handed down like a torch to blaze the trail of human frailties and the fears of the unknown? Is concern a curse or is it a virtue that elevates us to the highest form of life?

One of my children became quite irritable recently, saying to me, 'Where were you? I've been calling for three days, and no one answered I was worried.'

I smiled a warm smile. The torch had been passed.

Senior Citizens

Senior citizens are constantly being criticised for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not blame others. However, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was NOT the senior citizens who took.....

The melody out of music, pride out of appearance, courtesy out of driving, romance out of love, commitment out of marriage, responsibility out of parenthood, togetherness out of the family, learning out of education, service out of patriotism, Golden Rule from rulers, civility out of behaviour, refinement out of language, dedication out of employment, prudence out of spending, ambition out of achievement. And we certainly are NOT the ones who eliminated patience and tolerance from personal relationships and interactions with others, plus we do understand the meaning of patriotism and remember those who have fought and died for our country.

Just look at the seniors with tears in their eyes and pride in their hearts as they show respect on Remembrance Sunday!

Yes, I'm a Senior Citizen. I'm the life of the party, even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

I'm very good at opening childproof caps, with a hammer.

I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.

I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.

I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

Yes, I'm a Senior Citizen and I think I am having the time of my life!

Now if I could only remember who sent this to me, I wouldn't send it back to them.

This reminds me of a book my Sister in Law in Seattle showed to Maurice and me on a visit there, it was called 'Growing old ain't for cissies', how true. Maurice says we learnt much at school, teach our children to learn right from wrong, but no one teaches us how to age! Ed!

THE 12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS TURKEY

(or the everlasting turkey) by Anon E Mouse

On the first day of Christmas my true love said to me:
I've bought a big, fresh Turkey and a proper Christmas tree.
On the second day of Christmas much laughter could be heard
As we tucked into our Turkey - a most delicious bird.
On the third day of Christmas came the people from next door
The Turkey tasted just as good as it had done before
On the fourth day of Christmas came relations, young and old,
We finished up the Christmas Pud and had the Turkey cold
On the fifth day of Christmas, outside the snowflakes scurried
But we were nice and warm inside - we had the Turkey curried
On the sixth day of Christmas, the Christmas spirit died
As the children fought and bickered - we had Turkey rissoles fried
On the seventh day of Christmas my true love he did wince
When we sat down at the table and was offered Turkey mince
On the eighth day of Christmas the dog had run for shelter
He'd seen our turkey pancakes and the glass of Alka Seltzer
On the ninth day of Christmas by lunchtime Dad was blotto
He knew that bird was back again, this time as a Risotto.
On the tenth day of Christmas we were drinking home-made brew
As if that wasn't bad enough, we were eating turkey stew.
On the eleventh day of Christmas the Christmas tree was moulting
With chilli, soy and oyster sauce the Turkey was revolting.
On the twelfth day of Christmas we had smiles upon our lips
The guests had gone, the Turkey too - we dined on Fish and Chips.



TIME FOR A CHUCKLE 😄

A plumber dies in a car accident on his 40th birthday and finds himself standing outside the Pearly Gates. A brass band is playing, the angels are singing a majestic hymn, there is a huge crowd cheering, shouting and honouring his name; absolutely everyone wants to shake his hand. Just when he thinks things can't possibly get any better, Saint Peter himself runs over, apologises for not greeting him personally at the Pearly Gates, also shakes his hand and says, "Congratulations son, we've been waiting a long time for you." Totally confused and a little embarrassed, the plumber sheepishly looks at Saint Peter and says "Saint Peter, I tried to lead a God-fearing life, I loved my family, I tried to obey the Ten Commandments, but congratulations for what? I honestly don't remember doing anything really special when I was alive. Is it because I'm a plumber - the elite among many, royalty of all construction trades?" "Congratulations for what?" says Saint Peter, amazed at the man's modesty. "We're celebrating the fact that you lived to be 160 years old! God himself wants to see you!" The plumber is dumbstruck and can only look at Saint Peter, mouth wide open. When he regains his speech, he looks up at Saint Peter and says "I lived my life in the eternal hope that when I died I would be judged by God and be found to be worthy, but I only lived to be forty."

"That's simply impossible son," frowned bewildered Saint Peter, "We've added up your time sheets."

If you can start the day without caffeine,
If you can always be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains,
If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles,
If you can eat the same food every day and be grateful for it,
If you can understand when your loved ones are too busy to give you any time,
If you can take criticism and blame without resentment,
If you can conquer tension without medical help,
If you can relax without alcohol,
If you can sleep without the aid of drugs,
Then You Are Probably The Family Dog!

A married couple is driving along a highway doing a steady 60 miles per hour. The wife is behind the wheel. Her husband suddenly looks across at her and speaks in a clear voice. 'I know we've been married for twenty years, but I want a divorce.'

The wife says nothing, keeps looking at the road ahead but slowly increases her speed to 65 mph. The husband speaks again. 'I don't want you to try and talk me out of it,' He says, 'because I've been having an affair with your best friend and she's a far better lover than you are.' Again the wife stays quiet, but grips the steering wheel more tightly and slowly increases the speed to 75 He pushes his luck. 'I want the house,' he says insistently. The speed went up to 80. 'I want the car, too' he continues. 85 mph. 'And' he says, 'I'll have the bank accounts, all the credit cards and the boat!' The car slowly starts veering towards a massive concrete bridge. This makes him nervous, so he asks her, 'Isn't there anything you want?' The wife at last replies in a quiet and controlled voice. 'No, I've got everything I need,' she says. 'Oh, really,' he inquires, 'so what have you got?' Just before they slam into the wall at 85 mph, the wife turns to him and smiles. 'The airbag.'

An old man lay sprawled across three entire seats at a symphony concert. When the usher came by and noticed this, he whispered to the old man, "Sorry sir, but you're only allowed one seat." The old man didn't budge.

The usher became more impatient. "Sir, if you don't get up from there, I'm going to have to call the manager." Once again, the old man just muttered and did nothing.

The usher marched briskly back up the aisle, and in a moment he returned with the manager. Together the two of them tried repeatedly to move the old dishevelled man, but with no success.

Finally, they summoned the police. The officer surveyed the situation briefly then asked, "All right buddy, what's your name?" "Bob," the old man moaned. "Where you from, Bob?", asked the police officer. With a terrible strain in his voice, and without moving, Bob replied; "The balcony."

The Satnav - A poem by Pam Ayres

I have a little Satnav, it sits there in my car
A Satnav is a driver's friend, it tells you where you are.
I have a little Satnav, I've had it all my life
It's better than the normal ones, my Satnav is my wife.

It gives me full instructions, especially how to drive
"It's sixty miles an hour", it says, "you're doing sixty five".
It tells me when to stop and start and when to use the brake
And tells me that it's never ever, safe to overtake.

It tells me when a light is red and when it goes to green
It seems to know instinctively, just when to intervene.
It lists the vehicles just in front and all those to the rear
And taking this into account, it specifies my gear.

I'm sure no other driver has so helpful a device
For when we leave and lock the car, it still gives its advice.
It fills me up with counselling, each journey's pretty fraught
So why don't I exchange it and get a quieter sort?

Ah well, you see, it cleans the house, makes sure I'm properly fed
It washes all my shirts and things and keeps me warm in bed!
Despite all these advantages and my tendency to scoff,
I only wish that now and then, I could turn the nuisance off.

Make International Money Transfers Easy with OFX

Transferring your money internationally can be expensive and stressful. Chevron UK Pensioners' Association has partnered with OFX to secure preferred low exchange rates and no originating fees on international money transfers. OFX services can be used for transfers such as managing investments and savings, purchasing a home or car, family support, and general relocation expenses.

Any questions? Reach out directly to Ben Winterroth: ben.winterroth@ofx.com

OBITUARIES

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Sadly we record the passing of our colleagues. RIP.

John Wilfred Baines (T) on 03/09/16 aged 87, Saffron Walden

Cyril James Beer (T) on 02/04/16 aged 88, Exeter

Shirley Berry (T) on 16/06/16 aged 79, London

Robert Birtwistle (T) on 15/08/16 aged 87, Pembroke

Haydn George Cole (T) on 26/08/16 aged 83, Pembroke

Edwin John Erickson (G) on 27/04/16 aged 83, Haverfordwest

John Barry Freean (C) on 11/04/16 aged 81, Cheshire

James Patrick Gaughan (T) on 26/06/16 aged 74, Driffield

Robert Gibson Harrison (T) on 03/08/16 aged 76, Liskeard

Stanley Higginson (G) on 22/06/16 aged 95, Clwyd

Malcolm Hodge (C) on 22/09/16 aged 81, Ditchling, Sussex

Desmond James Hurndall (T) on 05/04/16 aged 96, Oxon

Graham James (T) on 07/05/16 aged 85, Llanelli

Frederick Jones (T) on 02/09/16 aged 76, Walton

Terence Jones (G) on 14/09/16 aged 88, Vale of Glamorgan

Mary Emily Kinghorn (T) on 14/09/16 aged 91, Dagenham

Vincent Paul Kyle (T) on 22/04/16 aged 62, California

Cecil Lee (T) on 12/04/16 aged 67, Airdree

Alan Lesser (T) on 07/07/16 aged 76, Tenby

Iris Lewis (T) on 22/04/16 aged 88, Asheville USA

John Leonard Long (T) on 13/05/16 aged 65, Essex

Norman Charles Maguire (T) on 28/04/16 aged 70, Stoke on Trent

Kathleen Mair (C) on 12/06/16 aged 70, Aberdeen

Peter John Manning (T) on 30/06/16 aged 79, Essex

Simon Roland May (G) on 02/07/16 aged 64, Haverfordwest

Bertram Kenneth McBride (T) on 13/04/16 aged 87, Sunderland

Neville Morton (T) on 22/05/16 aged 91, Kings Lynn

Gary Newell (C) on 27/09/16 aged 82, Wolverhampton

Christopher Norris (T) on 23/06/16 aged 74, Haverfordwest

Thomas Parker (T) on 22/07/16 aged 77, Manchester

Dereck Peck (C) on 24/06/16 aged 86, Wellingborough

Robert Millar Ramsden (T) on 01/05/16 aged 92, Hampshire

Leonard John Riley (G) on 16/07/16 aged 87, Ellesmere Port

James Royan Rose (G) on 23/07/16 aged 92, Saundersfoot

William Walter Ryan (G) on 21/08/16 aged 88, Milford Haven

Robert William Shepherd (T) on 12/09/16 aged 85, Surrey

Ewen Sutherland (C) on 23/05/16 aged 84, Scarborough

Gordon Kenneth Thawley (G) on 15/07/16 aged 84, Leicester

Neil Ashford Hywel Thomas (G) on 06/09/16 aged 80, Milford Haven

John Stephen Turner (G) on 25/09/16 aged 84, Birminham

Cornelis Van Beelen (T) on 04/09/16 aged 89, Portugal

John Raymond Winter (G) on 09/05/16 aged 88, Cardiff

The Weatherman

It was autumn and the Indians on the remote reservation asked their new chief if the winter was going to be cold or mild. Since he was an Indian chief in a modern society he had never been told the old secrets and when he looked at the sky, he couldn't tell what the weather was going to be. Never the less he replied to his tribe that the weather was indeed going to be cold and that the members of the village should collect wood to be prepared.

But also being a practical leader, after several days he got an idea. He went to the 'phone booth, called the National Weather Centre and asked. "Is the coming winter going to be cold?" "Looks like this winter is going to be quite cold indeed" the meteorologist at the weather centre responded. So the Chief went back to his people and told them to collect even more wood in order to be prepared.

A week later, just to be on the safe side, he called the National Weather Centre again. "Is it going to be a very cold winter?" "Yes" the man at the centre replied, "its going to be a very, very cold winter". The Chief went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of wood they could find. Two weeks later he called the centre again. "Are you absolutely sure the winter is going to be very cold?" "Absolutely" the man replied. "It's going to be one of the coldest winters ever". "How can you be so sure?" the Chief asked? The weather man replied. "The Indians are collecting wood like crazy".

Answers to Ten Questions.

- 1) All months have 28 days.
- 2) One hour
- 3) 70
- 4) 9
- 5) The match
- 6) Obama
- 7) 2 apples
- 8) Moses didn't take it. It was NOAH
- 9) Meat
- 10) Bonus Q : Your own name.

Editors Last Word

My aim as Editor is to make Retiree News contain stories, information from Chevron, some advice plus funny stories. Let me know of anything you would like to see included.



Our family of Brands

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