

RETIREE NEWS

A Biannual Publication for Retirees of all Chevron UK Companies



ISSUE 82 NOVEMBER 2022

Editor's Chat

What a summer we have had this year a season that Maurice and I so enjoy. However, there were two days in July and again, two in August that were even too hot for us and kept us in the shade under the parasols. Crops were brought in early, cattle and sheep happy to be outside rather than in the barns and a joy to see. Now we are crying out for rain to restore low reservoirs and other storage areas. At least we have had some rain now. It really is a commodity that we take for granted, just turn on the tap and there it is. Perhaps we should all try to conserve water all year round.

Autumn is now here and the colours of the trees are lovely to behold, a season to enjoy prior to the cold of winter, not my favourite season. The shops are enticing us to buy for Christmas even though there are many with money worries. Being in towns with lights will hopefully bring some joy to us all.

However you will be spending Christmas and the New Year, Maurice and I wish you a peaceful time and good health in the New Year. Take Care!

My Experiences

Graham Batcheler

It has been very enlightening to scan the pages of Retiree News and find a number of Texaco survivors, some of who have rattled my memory cells and have memorialised their experiences with the Company. For what it is worth, I made a decision to share some of my adventures over nearly thirty years. From experiences over this time frame, I would have to say that Texaco was a very different company to our peers and while expectations were high, the pound of flesh was duly removed, but in retrospect, we had the opportunity to accomplish many things without excessive bureaucracy getting in the way. Probably not the same for everybody, but I would have to say it was quite an adventure across many facets of the company. There were incredible successes, some disappointments but in general, the attitude was to do it right and fast, then fix it if you had to!!

The years in question commenced during the early days of North Sea development. After spending a number of years in the Merchant Navy, the light finally dawned that personal progress could only be the result of further education. Four years later,

this newly anointed Automotive Engineer figured out the car industry was heading for the doldrums, so applied for a Drilling Engineers job with Texaco Limited, which I got and headed for Aberdeen to join a small staff of very interesting people running between one and four offshore exploration rigs – the rig numbers went up and down, but the number of Texaco people curiously remained pretty constant. The consequence was the opportunity to learn a lot about my new trade very quickly – an auto engine design is somewhat different from drill bits, drill pipe and the like, though the accumulated marine experience did help. US-based drilling supervisors really appreciated the knowledge attached to big things that float in the middle of a usually angry ocean!

All this early exploration eventually resulted in the development of Tartan and later Highlander. After a few years of spending multiple days and weeks offshore, the company made the decision to go ahead with a development; this was Tartan and for me meant a move back to London to the task of overseeing the design of the drilling facilities.

For reasons that really escape me to this day, I took some time off from Texaco to design and build offshore drilling rigs; a great experience but dissatisfaction with the scope of the job eventually brought me back to my roots and an almost immediate assignment to the Burntisland fabrication facility on the Firth of Forth. Schedules had fallen behind and the task was to try and persuade the local workforce to up their productivity and get fabrication of the drilling facilities and two process modules out of the door on time. The whole project had slipped somewhat, which gave us a bit of time, but nevertheless, all modules got to the offshore site and were lifted in place, though much unfinished yard work had to be accomplished offshore. In the middle of all this, we suffered a major and rare storm from the east, which resulted in the crane barge anchored alongside the platform losing every anchor and head off with around 600 people still on-board. Believe the evacuation of these people was the largest helicopter evacuation from an offshore facility ever attempted – I seem to remember 18 helicopters were called in to help.

With much work from a dedicated group of people, Tartan did become a reality albeit saddled with some early production problems. For me, I ended up in Aberdeen firstly as Engineering Manager for completion of the construction work on Tartan, then Operations Superintendent as the platform came online and then Assistant District Manager. Headly times that involved major supplemental work for a sour gas plant, the installation of sub-sea wells to improve production and the creation of a group of knowledgeable people that could operate and maintain a complete production facility in a safe and efficient manner.

My focus changed very abruptly when I returned to London to act as Assistant to the Chairman of Texaco Limited; a real but interesting change from prior activities. I got exposed to many unknowns like the downstream, refining, finance, planning, corporate activities and the opportunity to liaise with a completely different range of expertise and knowledge.

Yet another opportunity to figure out just what this company was all about. After a few months it was on to another assignment where my knowledge was somewhat lacking; Manager of Finance and Economics. Another group of talented people, that supported my lack of knowledge, worked together to attain our mutual objectives. In the meantime, exploration had continued in the North Sea resulting in a significant discovery close to the existing Tartan platform. This discovery became Highlander, designed to be a ground breaking sub-sea development some eight miles from Tartan. I moved on to be Project Manager for this project with the remit to get it online soonest in order to support the less-than-expected production levels from Tartan. Once again, a small group of highly knowledgeable people got to work on a design that was to be the first of its kind, involving a sub-sea template feeding revised production facilities on Tartan. Lots of unknowns were analysed and solutions were created all within a time frame that effectively reduced the design and construction time by one year. Quite incredibly, it all worked first time and more than fulfilled its objective of supplementing Tartan production levels.

The next move was to Manager of Petroleum Engineering in Knightsbridge Green. Field appraisals and reservoir engineering became the order of the day until one bright and sunny Saturday morning the phone rang and before I knew it, I was on an airplane to Toronto and subsequently Calgary, Alberta. This was the start of about two years in Western Canada, where I had spent my childhood years, as Assistant to the VP of Production for Texaco Canada. I can never get over looking out of the office window to the vista of the Rocky Mountains. A great place to live and a company that was humming along at around 100,000 barrels per day with more than enough opportunities from heavy oil, natural gas, offshore developments off the Grand Banks and the ability to spend tax-efficient money on foreign exploration. It was great until the Canadian assets were sold to Imperial (Exxon in Canada) as part of extracting ourselves from the Getty bankruptcy.



Since I was an expatriate, I was surplus to requirements so we put all our worldly possessions into a container truck and headed for Connecticut. The job was Manager of Producing for Texaco Europe, later to become VP Upstream in the Harrison headquarters. This is when the real corporate experience went into high gear with major operations in the UK plus exploration in Italy, Yugoslavia, Denmark and with links to other global activities through European entities. The assignment was to leave the operating entities to do their thing while providing air cover in matters of budget, approvals, corporate administration and the like; rather like being the meat in the sandwich. A good example would be the consequences of the Piper Alpha explosion and destruction; since we were not only partners but physically attached through a gas pipeline. The finance and taxation issues were extraordinary, much of which was executed at the corporate level but enacted within the UK subsidiary.

Once again the phone rang and within a short time the container truck turned up and it was off to Houston as General Manager of Texaco USA and President of Texaco Natural Gas (TNG). This was more than a little challenging – TNG was the fourth largest natural gas company in the USA and completely different from the production environment. This was a marketing company for natural gas and LPG with a pipeline, storage and gas hub assets. The one thing that was missing was any involvement in the international gas business, which was in the early days of expansion. When reorganization came along, the road for me was to establish and grow an independent international natural gas company with business development activities that incorporated global power opportunities. From a small start, the group quickly expanded with entrepreneurial people, mostly with a technical background, but with a passion for business development and deal-making. The focus was to create markets for our gas production around the world or alternatively find ways to market other producers' gas output.

The range covered much of the globe with a focus on South America, Europe, SE Asia, West Africa and Australia.

Global gas projects are by definition long-term, as evidenced by today's significant involvement in the LNG business. Much of the early work of this organization is now reflected within the current corporation. Along comes another reorganization and one of the decisions was to incorporate the international group into the scope of Upstream Business Development in Houston. My decision was to try something new and concentrate on forming an entity that focused on alternative technology and the potential for energy production from future sources. This is the basic building block for an energy company outside of the traditional roles of oil and gas companies. Once again, there was the need for a core of technical excellence, many out of Texaco's research background, together with expertise in business development, the energy business and the will to create new opportunities. This group formed Texaco Energy Systems (TESI) that got its teeth into the new complexities of heavy oil processing, gas to liquids, hydrogen production, hydrogen storage, fuel cells, batteries, distributed power and the application of these new age technologies to create another leg for the company to compete in the inevitable resetting of the fossil fuel business.

Then the Texaco-Chevron amalgamation came along. As part of the transition team, the role of TESI was largely accepted and those who wanted to remain in the new company were offered positions. For me, it was the end of the road for a significant number of reasons, so with a retirement package on offer the decision was taken. Consultancy work in the oil and gas conversion business was mixed with house building in the high country of Arizona. Personal circumstances changed and eventually, the reward was happiness with an extended family, successful offspring and a hoard of grand kids.



It was quite a ride! It is interesting to observe that strategies established twenty years ago around international gas and new energy sources with new technologies, which had taken a back seat, have now become part of the mainstream business. Undertaking assignments at a number of levels, highly visible projects and creating new opportunities were exciting but without a doubt, the highlight of nearly thirty years was the people I got to work with – Texaco people just seemed to be different from other companies. Whatever the reasons, I would like to take this opportunity to thank those who touched my time with the Company.

More Regent Pumps

Roger Tagg

I visit an old pal from time to time in Hay on Wye, Hereford to play tennis and golf. I came across these Regent pumps about six years ago. I don't know if they are still there but they were way out of their time zone in 2016.



From time to time, I meet up (or did pre-pandemic) with a few of my old Texaco colleagues in a hostelry just off Regent Street. It takes a bit of arranging as we're based all over the country from West Wales to North Lancashire with Kent, Nottinghamshire and recently the Cotswolds thrown in for good measure.

Our Life in France

Anthony Rigby

June asked me to write a few words about life here in the countryside of SW France 40 km south of the ancient city of Bordeaux. First I should say that I joined Chevron as a Production Supervisor for the Ninian Central platform. I started at Kishorn construction site as a night-shift Company Man, had the impressive experience of being on the tow-out up the Inner Sound between Skye and the mainland, and around the North of Scotland and the set-down in the North Sea. 875,000 tonnes of steel and concrete. Wow!



After a period as production super, then OIM, I left to return to uni studying for an M.Sc. in hydraulics with reference to sub-sea control systems. As a bonus, I found a wonderful wife there without whom I wouldn't be here today! After uni I became the cliché North sea and worldwide oil/gas mercenary (contractor) based in France travelling extensively or working by VPN with an office in Aberdeen.

René (who used to be my near neighbour) and the *toubib* (*doctor*). Pssss the pneumatics of the armband hissed as the “toubib” yet again checked the blood pressure of this curiously shaped, red-faced peasant. René had complained of feeling “unwell” gesturing vaguely in the region of the stomach, the heart, and



perhaps the head. Now the indication was 190 over 130, almost dangerously high, but not uncommon for René. The doc studied the too familiar, dog-eared, chaotic medical notes of his patient, wrote out a prescription for some shiny blue pills, shook hands, and sent him on his way. He would be back again soon with a further twenty Euro (60% reimbursable), for the doctor's wallet. Of course, there was very little wrong with René that a bit of starving wouldn't cure.

He could never make the connection between eating and health. Yesterday, mid-morning he was at the fire station for a little lunch with the hunting crowd and he'd started with a glass or two of white wine and twenty-four oysters. Following that he'd eaten six slices of wild boar, shot only the previous day, some sheep cheese from the Pyrenees, two small dishes of Crème Brûlée, and of course lots of bread. Some red wine from St Emilion and strong black coffee, a small cognac and a couple of rather rich chocolates. How could that affect his health? Well only in a beneficial way of course.

It has to be said with pride and admiration, that the French medical system is the best in the world. No matter the age of the patient every effort is made in achieving the target of eternal life. Those shameful words "Do not resuscitate" will never be seen on the hospital notes of a patient in this country. Of course, a patient may still die in hospital because of a poor or incorrect diagnosis, because of an inadvertently punctured lung, or by catching a virus from the cutlery, but that can happen anywhere. *"Mais oui, c'est normal monsieur"*.

So, we bought the old farmhouse and 5000 sqm of land in 1985 and have been busy ever since. We're in a small village of about 200 people, though when we bought, maybe about 100 people. At that time, it would have been termed a traditional peasant community. Most people worked at the local paper factory but had a small house, land and a few cows, or pigs and hens. They wore the

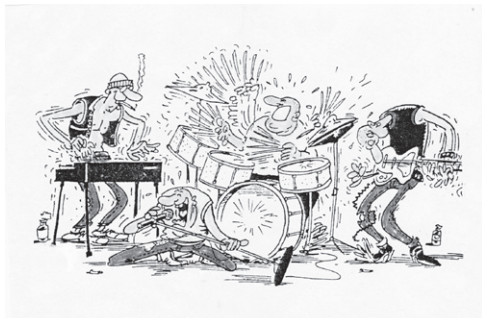
traditional blue overalls, had wooden clogs (sabots) and the traditional black beret. Very superstitious, only plant seeds at a certain phase of the moon, etc. Today, only two locals wear the beret, a nearby farmer and a retired army colonel. The colonel wears it all day, outdoors and indoors and probably in bed to hide his bald egg head! When he comes to drink our whiskey his favourite English word is "more".

The American baseball cap has replaced the beret, trainers the sabots, and jeans the blue overalls.

We found the people to be friendly and helpful and not at all resentful that the English who at one time ruled this region. My next-door neighbour worked as a pipe-work inspector in oil and gas, so we got along well. He died about three years ago and I really miss him. He was a good friend.

Another coincidence was that he had a friend who worked as a welder on a Brown and Root pipe-lay barge on which I worked at the same time around the Ekofisk field. Now the village has changed with many new houses and in-comers from the north and it's more middle class than peasant. Most people are commuters. Like everywhere these days, house prices, once so cheap, have soared to insane levels.

Once a year the road in front of our house is closed off and we lay out tables and benches and everyone brings food and drink for the "repas du coin". One neighbour brings his trumpet, another her guitar, another a drum, etc. This year will be the first since Covid regulations. Last time towards the end one man introduced a small bottle of Armagnac which was soon gone. The second, a smaller one, was gone in a gulp. I went into the house and brought out a three-litre bottle that had been given to me by a service company running down-hole pressure tests at the local oilfield where I was working at the time. I was very popular! We had to be very determined and serious to finish the bottle.



Yes, we have a local oilfield! Some of the wells are on land, others on a huge lake. It began production in 1955. I worked there for about three years, first designing a power generation system to use flared gas, then later redesigning the pipe-work and pumping systems for produced water injection. The company had no computer programme for the calcs so they had to be done by classical formulas and calculators. Very time consuming but accurate. The power gen project was unfortunately abandoned as the oil company wanted a seven-year contract, but the state electricity company would only agree to two years. We had found a nearby enterprise building portable 2 MW generators driven by reconditioned gas turbine engines from retired military helicopters. Sometime later, following a commercial approach, the gas was used to heat large greenhouses constructed nearby and impressive crops of tomatoes are harvested.

We have a Sunday morning market in the next village and that's a good opportunity to meet friends and neighbours and share a convivial café or glass of wine or pastis. We're just a few miles from the coast if you want sailing or water ski, or just the beach. The hang-glider boys and girls leap from the tops of the sand dunes, the highest in Europe. There are three golf courses, a small private airport and a larger military airport flying very noisy Euro-Fighters and Mirage jets. Lots of entertainment with three local cinemas showing films in English as well as other languages.

Four nearby theatres, with plays or classical or jazz concerts, and in summer every village has outdoor weekend rock concerts and dances. Restaurants of course, though food is not as it used to be, frozen food and microwaves now. We really miss the English pub scene, as the French can be a bit isolationist behind the big hedges and automatic garden gates.

In the hunting season (*la chasse*) we have shooting at least twice a week in order to limit the wild boar population. One night I had nineteen in the garden, a big incentive to improve the fences as they really can make a mess. We also have deer. A small one like Bambi appeared in the garden one morning, seemed to be very tame, allowed us to touch it, but had to go back to the forest after three weeks as it had eaten all our flowers!

Well, I've run out of space, but I hope I've provided a glimpse of life here. Not too bad really, we don't regret the move and after all, on a philosophical note and quoting a Scottish friend, things are never as good as hoped, but never as bad as feared.

Gulf Get Togethers

Nick Burrell

Former Gulf employees meet up twice a year at a West End pub. Entertainment was very much a feature of life in those days, and not just in pubs and wine bars. Gulf and a number of other oil companies held meetings at racecourses, such as Cheltenham, Ascot, York and Goodwood. Agip was a major counterparty in our transactions of crude oil cargoes, mostly from the Middle East, and a wide range of grades from West Africa. I took my Agip trading counterpart to the Playboy Club in Park Lane. The food wasn't brilliant, but the customer greatly enjoyed the experience and business continued to thrive.

On another occasion, I took a group of Romanians to Wembley to see the Rolling Stones.



Romania and East Germany sold 'heavy machinery' to Russia, which was paid for in crude oil. This was then processed and some of the products were sold for real money, i.e., US dollars. Russian and Romanian crudes were naphthenic, and the resulting products had some interesting properties.

For many, life in Romania and East Germany was a bit grim. Whilst on the overnight train from Romania to Bulgaria there was quite a wait at the Danube border as guards scurried between the inner and outer carriage roofs looking for illegal immigrants. By contrast, leaving East Germany was comparatively easy, a mere stroll through Checkpoint Charlie.

The next Gulf get-together will probably be in April after Easter. For further details contact Nick at rnbu@hotmail.co.uk.

My Prostate Story

Dave Dobbs

Having read Ronnie William's account of Prostate Cancer, reminded me of my personal experience of the problem. Similarly, I too was in good health and showing no signs or symptoms of Prostate Cancer. In August 2015, (when I was 74), the local doctor asked me if I would go for a full medical M.O.T. I agreed and had a full "shakedown". A few days later I had a call telling me that my P.S.A. reading was 11.7. The reading of course meant nothing to me, but I was told that I needed to report to the Oncology department at Lincoln County Hospital as soon as possible. After undergoing an examination, taking the usual flow test and having the biopsy, twelve samples were taken from the Prostate Gland.

As in Ronnie's case, I was told that I had Cancer and that treatment was needed. The operation took place on 4 January 2016 when seventeen gold implants were inserted into the problem area.

Following this procedure, I opted for high-dose radiation Brachytherapy which involved fifteen daily trips to Lincoln, (approximately 35 miles away). At the end of the period, I saw a consultant regularly with the P.S.A. gradually reducing to 0.2%. The final clearance from Oncology came early last year.

My Grandad

Chris Driscoll

My grandad's name was Thomas Peters, he was married to Dolly and they had three children, Jean (my mum) Maureen and Michael. He worked for Regent Oil Co. In the 1950s. He was born 23 October 1912 and served in the Royal Artillery in WW2 where he did his National Service.



Having a crafty pint after work in his Regent hat and overalls. This was around the 1960s.

Safety Message

John Clark (ex Chevron)

He passed a Jag, he passed a Merc along the motorway. He tried to text on his mobile phone and then he passed away.



Rugby Stories

The article in the May issue with no name attached has produced the author, none other than Tony Brearton. Thanks for the article and maybe there will be more stories coming Tony?

The Best Prize

Imagine that you had won the Following *PRIZE* in a contest: Each morning your bank would deposit £86,400 In your private account for your use. However, this prize has Rules:

These are the set of Rules:

1. Everything that you didn't spend during each day would be taken away from you.
2. You may not simply transfer money into some other account.
3. You may only spend it.
4. Each morning upon awakening, the bank opens your account with another £86,400 for that Day.
5. The bank can end the game without warning; at any time, it can say, Game Over!" It can close the account and you will not receive a new one.

What would you personally do? You would buy anything and everything you wanted right? Not only for yourself but for all the people you love and care for. Even for people you don't know, because you couldn't possibly spend it all on yourself, right? You would try to spend every penny, and use it all, because you knew it would be replenished in the morning, right?

Actually, this game is real and each of us is already a winner of this *PRIZE*. We just can't seem to see it.

The PRIZE is *TIME*

1. Each morning we awaken to receive 86,400 seconds as a gift of life.

2. When we go to sleep at night, any remaining time is not credited to us.
3. What we haven't used up that day is forever lost.
4. Yesterday is forever gone.
5. Each morning the account is refilled, but the bank can dissolve your account at any time without warning.

So, what will YOU do with your 86,400 seconds? Those seconds are worth so much more than the same amount in pounds. Think about it and remember to enjoy every second of your life, because time races by so much quicker than you think. Take care of yourself, be happy, love deeply and enjoy life! Here's wishing you a wonderful and beautiful day.

Start spending. Don't complain about growing old, some people don't get the privilege!

Six Little Stories

Anon

Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer, all people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella. That's FAITH.

When you throw babies in the air they laugh because they know you will catch them. That's TRUST.

Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning, but still we set alarms to wake up. That's HOPE.

We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future. That's CONFIDENCE.

We see the world suffering, but we still get married and have children. That's LOVE.

On an old man's shirt was written 'I am not 80 years old; I am sweet sixteen with 64 years experience. That's ATTITUDE.

Have a happy day and live your life like the six stories.

Common Sense

Has anyone seen Common Sense?

Is it me being terribly dense?

I've spent all my life with minimum strife

Now everything's getting quite tense

The things that we thought were OK

Are strictly verboten they say

I used to be 'me' we used to be 'we'

But now I think we are 'they'

We used to have proper debate

That went on terribly late

You could take up a stance whilst taking a chance

And avoiding all feelings of hate

Now we are told what to think

It's enough to drive one to drink

The 'woke' ones are right – Don't put up a fight

Or there'll be the most frightening stink

We could all end up getting some flak

If we start using 'brown', white' or 'black'

But we all surely know it's the person below

That distinguishes one from the pack

Our history is rich and diverse

A joy in which to immerse

Now it seems all this time we're committing a crime

Unless we think the reverse

Has anyone seen common sense?

I don't want to sit on the fence

The corporate view kowtows to this crew

All at the people's expense.

Seventy Five Questions!

An old proverb says 'He that cannot ask cannot live'.

If you want answers you have to ask questions. There are 75 questions you should ask yourself and try to answer. You can ask yourself these questions right now and over the course of your life.

1. Why not me?
2. Am I nice?
3. Am I doing what I really want to do?
4. What am I grateful for?
5. What's missing in my life?
6. Am I honest?
7. Do I listen to others?
8. Do I work hard?
9. Do I help others?
10. What do I need to change about myself?
11. Have I hurt others?
12. Do I complain?
13. What's next for me?
14. Do I have fun?
15. Have I seized opportunities?
16. Do I care about others?
17. Do I spend enough time with my family?
18. Am I open-minded?
19. Have I seen enough of the world?
20. Do I judge others?
21. Do I take risks?
22. What is my purpose?
23. What is my biggest fear?



24. How can I conquer that fear?
25. Do I thank people enough?
26. Am I successful?
27. What am I ashamed of?
28. Do I annoy others?
29. What are my dreams?
30. Am I positive?
31. Am I negative?
32. Is there an afterlife?
33. Does everything happen for a reason?
34. What can I do to change the world?
35. What is the most foolish thing I've ever done?
36. Am I cheap?
37. Am I greedy?
38. Who do I love?
39. Who do I want to meet?
40. Where do I want to go?
41. What am I most proud of?
42. Do I care what others think about me?
43. What are my talents?
44. Do I utilize those talents?
45. What makes me happy?
46. What makes me sad?
47. What makes me angry?
48. Am I satisfied with my appearance?
49. Am I healthy?
50. What was the toughest time in my life?
51. What was the easiest time in my life?
52. Am I selfish?
53. What was the craziest thing I did?
54. What is the craziest thing I want to do?
55. Do I procrastinate?
56. What is my greatest regret?
57. What has had the greatest impact on my life?
58. Who has had the greatest impact on my life?
59. Do I stand up for myself?
60. Have I settled for mediocrity?
61. Do I hold grudges?
62. Do I read enough?
63. Do I listen to my heart?
64. Do I donate enough to the less fortunate?
65. Do I pray only when I want something?
66. Do I constantly dwell on the past?
67. Do I let other people's negativity affect me?
68. Do I forgive myself?
69. When I help someone do I think 'What's in it for me'?
70. Am I aware that someone always has it worse than me?
71. Do I smile more than I frown?
72. Do I surround myself with good people?
73. Do I take time out for myself?
74. Do I ask enough questions?
75. What other questions do I have?

QUIZ

Answers to the quiz in the May 2022 issue of Retiree News were:

1 Ferdinand Magellan, **2** George Robey, **3** Robbie Williams, **4** Radio Five Live, **5** Fountain Pen, **6** Heath Robinson, **7** Bill Clinton, **8** Tony Benn, **9** Taylor, Schilling, **10** Harp, **11** Gnasher, **12** Rothmans, **13** Kris Kristofferson, **14** 18, **15** Francis Durbridge, **16** Sleeping Beauty, **17** Harold Macmillan, **18** Amber, **19** in 2004, **20** April.

As a note of interest re answer 15, Francis Durbridge's grandson Mark formerly worked in London for Texaco then Chevron and is currently working in Houston still for Chevron! Thanks to Jeff Gower for this.

The winners were: Angela Strrowger, Aberdeen. Philip Baker, Shropshire. Gerald Tomson, Tamworth.

Thanks to those who took part. Ed!

The quiz for this edition is:

- 1 What does an arctophile collect?
- 2 Which of Verdi's operas is set in Ancient Egypt?
- 3 What gives blood cells their colour?
- 4 What augmented reality app caused a stir of global excitement in summer 2016?
- 5 On TV, what kind of creature was Flipper?
- 6 Which animals took Hannibal over the Alps?
- 7 How is the Araucaria tree more commonly known?
- 8 In which team game do you try to move backwards all the time?
- 9 Which country won the 2015 Rugby World Cup?
- 10 Who was the first British monarch to visit New Zealand?
- 11 Who recorded the albums 'John Wesley Harding' and 'Nashville Skyline'?
- 12 Who does the Beast fall in love with?
- 13 What is the main ingredient in a brick?
- 14 What hangs down from the roof of the cave?

- 15 What is the body of a penguin covered with?
- 16 How does Saturday's child work for a living?
- 17 Who presented the 2015 series of 'Big Brother' in the UK?
- 18 Which musical direction means at ease, at a slow comfortable pace?
- 19 Which king is said to have burnt the cakes?
- 20 What currency is used in China?

Answers to the Editor by email or letter to be received by 15 January 2023. (Where are the years flying to?) Don't forget to include your address in case you are a winner. Editors' decision is final.

Golden Wedding Anniversaries

Colin and Judy Bayliss celebrated their Golden Wedding on 5 August 2022. Colin started work with Texaco ad Kings Langley Laboratory in September 1968, retiring in 2008 having worked for many years in Texaco's/Chevron's Lubricant Division.

Congratulations and thanks Colin for the 'funnies' you send to us, some of which are used in RN. Ed!

Friends come in all sizes

They will support you and respect your creativity for thinking outside the box. They'll be there when you need a shoulder to lean on or give you a great big hug. A true friend takes interest in understanding what you're all about. They see beyond the black and white to discover your true colours and accept you just the way you are, even when you just wake up in the morning! So make your own kind of music. Follow your heart wherever it takes you and when someone reaches out to you, don't be afraid to love them back. They may just be a friend for life. Practice patience and tolerance. Good friends are hard to find, harder to leave and impossible to forget!

Let it Grow

I found this in the letters page of Nature's Home Autumn/Winter 2021 RSPB magazine. Ed!

It's funny how we are programmed as humans to like everything orderly and neat. I am the opposite of lazy, I never stop. However, I was getting slightly concerned that my neighbours might think us lazy and uncaring as we let nature take over our front garden. We hate to think that we are letting the street down, but hate to mow away those beautiful flowers, and enjoy watching the mini beasts with my children, so I wrote a poem and popped it up at the front of our garden and I just had a lovely card left in by bush as a reply.

Michelle Allmark-West

Our verse

We hope that you don't mind
But we would rather be kind
To the bugs and the bees
So we have encouraged the weeds.
To some it might look unsightly
But if you hang around you might see
Goldfinches feeding on the seeds
And a whole variety of bees

Reply

We don't mind at all
Let them grow tall
Every flower and stem
I am sure will they please
The birds and the bees
And us when we look out at them

We don't mind at all
It isn't a bind
By helping the insects
You're helping mankind

Age Related Living

Don't be worried about your smartphone or TV spying on you. Your vacuum cleaner has been collecting dirt on you for years.

I'm at a place in my life where errands are starting to count as going out.

I'm getting tired of being part of a major historical event.

I don't always go the extra mile, but when I do it's because I missed my exit.

A recent study has found women who carry a little extra weight live longer than men who mention it.

Remember back when we were kids and every time it was below freezing outside, they closed school? Yeah, me neither.

A thief broke into my house last night. He started searching for money, so I got up and searched with him.

Just remember, once you're over the hill, you begin to pick up speed.

It's weird being the same age as old people.

When I was a kid, I wanted to be older. This is not what I expected.

It's probably my age that tricks people into thinking I'm an adult.

Marriage Counsellor: Your wife says you never buy her flowers. Is that true?

Me: To be honest, I never knew she sold flowers.

If a cow doesn't produce milk, is it a milk dud or an udder failure?

You don't realize how old you are until you sit on the floor and then try to get back up.

We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

Poetry Corner

A Little Poem for Seniors, so true it hurts!

Sue Pesch

Another year has passed
And we're all a little older.
Last summer felt hotter
And winter seems much colder.
There was a time not long ago
When life was quite a blast.
Now I fully understand
About 'Living in the Past'
We used to go to weddings,
Football games and lunches.
Now we go to funeral homes
And after-funeral brunches.
We used to go out dining,
And couldn't get our fill.
Now we ask for doggie bags,
Come home and take a pill.
We used to often travel
To places near and far.
Now we get sore asses
From riding in the car.
We used to go to nightclubs
And drink a little booze.
Now we stay home at night
And watch the evening news.
That, my friend is how life is,
And now my tale is told.
So, enjoy each day and live it up...
Before you're too damned old!

Winter's Wonder

Clara Mitchell

The heather sprayed like rich brown velvet
Upon the ground as I look around
The pine trees standing now so proud and tall
Who seem to say 'it's my turn now to stand supreme'
And show winter's touch of magical green.

The large oaks, their branches now bare
Their ivy-clad bodies look sad and forlorn
Yet, they too add to the wonder of this winter's morn
Also, does the holly bush with berries so red
That help to keep the robins fed

Stretches of farmland resting now from the
plough and the sun
Must receive our thanks for its work, well done!
How true to everything there is a season
If we stop to think we will find the reason.

For winter, summer, spring and fall
Are Gods given wonder for us all
Each in their turn bring forth their beauty
Everywhere for every one of us to share.

Are you a REASON, a SEASON, or a LIFETIME?

People come into your life for a reason, a season,
or a lifetime. When you figure out which one it is,
you will know what to do for each person.

REASON:

When someone is in your life for a REASON it
is usually to meet a need you have expressed.
They have come to assist you through a difficulty,
to provide you with guidance and support, to aid
you physically, emotionally, or spiritually. They may
seem like a godsend and they are! They are there
for the reason you need them to be.



Then, without any wrongdoing on your part or at an inconvenient time, this person will say or do something to bring the relationship to an end. Sometimes they die. Sometimes they walk away. Sometimes they act up and force you to take a stand. What we must realize is that our need has been met, our desire fulfilled, their work is done. The prayer you sent up has been answered. And now it is time to move on.

SEASON:

When people come into your life for a SEASON it is because your turn has come to share, grow, or learn. They bring you an experience of peace or make you laugh. They may teach you something you have never done. They usually give you an unbelievable amount of joy. Believe it! It is real! But, only for a season.

LIFETIME:

Lifetime relationships teach you lifetime lessons; things you must build upon in order to have a solid emotional foundation. Your job is to accept the lesson, love the person, and put what you have learned to use in all other relationships and areas of your life. It is said that love is blind but friendship is clairvoyant. Thank you for being a part of my life. Stop here and just SMILE.

Much ado about William Shakespeare's words

Rob McManus writes you might wonder why there's all the fuss about Shakespeare, but if it wasn't for Will you wouldn't be having a Hobnob with your tea. Hobnob is just one of over 1,000 words and phrases invented by the wordy genius, all of them still in common use today.

Puppy dog, bedroom, blushing, luggage, gossip, dawn, champion. label, scuffle and even alligator were all dreamed by The Bard. As well as common words his quill pen also came up from the following expressions:

Mum's the word, catch a cold, eat out of house and home, heart of gold, green-eyed monster, give the devil his due, a sorry sight, a laughing stock, in a pickle, fancy-free, send him packing, too much of a good thing, vanish into thin air.

In his time English was a chaotic language with fewer rules about spelling and grammar, so for a wordsmith like Will, the word was his oyster - yes he invented that term to.

Are There Holes in Your Fence?

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence. The first day, the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally, the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper. The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone.

The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done very well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like the holes in the fence." You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say, "I'm sorry," the wound is still there. A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one.

Please forgive me if I have ever left a hole in your fence.



Time for a Chuckle

Two old ladies, Dolly and Ruby were talking about their grandchildren. Dolly said, "Each year I send each of my grandchildren a card with a generous cheque inside, but I never hear from them - never even receive a thank you message."

Ruby replies, "I too send my grandchildren a very generous cheque, but I always hear from them within a week after they receive it. In fact, they each pay me a personal visit."

"Wow - how come?" enquired Dolly?" I don't sign the cheque!"

When a retired man was asked what he did with his day, his answer was:

I potter around in the morning, wind down in the afternoon and relax in the evening!

OBITUARIES

Sadly, we record the passing of our colleagues. RIP.

John Addison (G) on 18/04/22 aged 97, Scotland

N C Allen (G) on 04/04/22 aged 83, Clifton

Edward Stanley Anstey (Std) on 09/05/22 aged 79, Essex

John Brian Barnes (T) on 12/05/22 aged 86, Isle of Man

Cyril Henry Bate (T) on 22/06/22 aged 86, Manchester

David Bennington (C) on 13/09/22 aged 84, South Lanarkshire

William Blaylock (G) on 09/05/22 aged 97, Cheshire

Michael Charles Bloodworth (T) on 31/08/22 aged 81, Leicestershire

David Blyth (Std) on 31/07/22 aged 70, Fochabers

David George Bozwell (G) on 24/04/22 aged 83, Gloucestershire

Alan John Broom (G) on 12/05/22 aged 90, Colwyn Bay

Richard Emerson Cammack (C) on 16/06/22 aged 83, London

Patrick Joseph Carragher (T) on 29/06/22 aged 76, West Yorkshire

Brian Barnett Cockram (T) on 29/08/22 aged 90, Surrey

Jon Norman Deakin (G) on 16/07/22 aged 89, Hampshire

Frederick Elfryn Evans (T) on 27/08/22 aged 83, Dyfed

David Wilson Glover (C) on 28/03/22 aged 95, Aberdeen

Aubrey Alan Hadley (G) on 10/10/21 aged 83, Shropshire

Greig Harrison (T) on 26/08/22 aged 84, Glasgow

Kenneth Hassall (G) on 16/11/22 aged 92, Milford Haven

Michael Emerson Heslop (G) on 05/04/22 aged 81, Middlesex

Aidan Patrick Holland (T) on 20/03/22 aged 57, Surrey

Llewellyn Johnson (Std) on 05/05/22 aged 76, Liverpool

John Trevor Jones (T) on 05/08/22 aged 76, Dyfed

Colin Jones (C) on 22/02/22 aged 75, Suffolk

Peter Newall Kershaw (T) on 09/04/22 aged 91, Chalfont St. Peter

Robert William Kimpson (G) on 15/06/22 aged 83, Dyfed

William Lacey (G) on 09/05/22 aged 97, Merseyside

Michael Anthony Lambert (G) on 21/09/22 aged 76, Essex

Brian Lincoln (T) on 19/07/22 aged 77, Cleveland

Alan Richard Lloyd (T) on 10/06/22 aged 88, Dyfed

Peter Alan Lynes (T) on 13/07/22 aged 95, Buckinghamshire

Douglas George Mackay (T) on 17/06/22 aged 96, Scotland

John Ian Murphy (C) on 18/09/22 aged 80, Ayrshire



Glynda Lesley Norbury (T) on 07/05/22 aged 73, Staffordshire

James Leslie Parker (T) on 23/05/22 aged 83, Essex

William Parkes (C) on 05/09/22 aged 92, Anglesey

John Oswald Poole (G) on 08/06/22 aged 91, East Sussex

John Percy Powell (G) on 07/05/22 aged 81, Pembrokeshire

Leslie Redfern (T) on 24/05/22 aged 95, Lancashire

Peter Ruygrok (G) on 26/07/22 aged 75, Surrey

Vincent James Simes (T) on 30/06/22 aged 89, Dyfed

Cyril John Soley (G) on 21/06/22 aged 86, Essex

John Brian Squires (G) on 12/05/22 aged 86, Isle of Man

John Edward Swancott (G) on 09/09/22 aged 59, Pembrokeshire

Kathleen Avid Tettmar (T) on 16/04/22 aged 91, Jersey

Pamela A Turner (G) on 08/02/22 aged 93, Surrey

Arthur Richard Waddingham (T) on 25/09/22 aged 91, Essex

Richard Donald Wall (T) on 24/08/22 aged 95, Radstock

Maurice Henry Ward (T) on 02/08/22 aged 86, London

Thomas David Waring (G) on 21/03/22 aged 90, Cheshire

John S Wilkinson (G) on 09/06/22 aged 90, Surrey

Christine Mary Wilmington (C) on 10/08/22 aged 66, West Sussex

Robert Alfred Wilson (G) on 04/04/22 aged 69, South Wirral

Andrew Zielinski (C) on 16/07/22 aged 77, Stirlingshire



Quotes

Grief is the price we pay for love

HM Queen Elizabeth II

Recently seen on a T Shirt – ‘I am what I am – I don’t need your approval’.

Reading gives us somewhere to go when we have to stay where we are.

A hug is a perfect gift, one size fits all.

Anon

Editors Last Word

It is so enjoyable to receive, read and include in Retiree News all the great articles sent in by retirees. It is interesting to read about careers, hobbies, life in general whether here or abroad. Thank you to past and present contributors and please, keep them coming.

June Parham McCullough

Editor

51 Lakeside, 82 Eaton Drive,
Kingston upon Thames,
Surrey KT2 7RA

Mobile: 07802 711952

Email: jandm-mccullough@tiscali.co.uk



Our Family of Brands