

RETIREE NEWS

A Biannual Publication for Retirees of all Chevron UK Companies



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Editor's Chat

Hello everyone, I hope this finds you all well and coping with the endless rain, although, we have made the most of the good weather throughout the summer. Now well into autumn, the worst season to come. I know we have to have winter, but not my favourite season. Maurice and I have a static caravan in Sandwich, Kent and have enjoyed our garden there. Great to be able to sit outside, hear the birds singing, have a Barbecue now and then and just enjoy being! I do hope you have avoided the floods, my sympathies with anyone who did not miss them.

On a lighter note, it is some years since I became Editor of Retiree News and it is becoming harder to put this together. I cannot get news from Chevron as advised in the past as details are for current staff only so I have to input items that I have gained over the years. I do hope they bring a smile to your faces, or bring back memories. I would love to hear from any of you as to whether you consider the contents interesting or not. As I say every time, stories and tales are always welcome from any of you, not just the few!!

All that is left for me to say is every good wish for the coming Christmas season and to say keep well and warm over the next few months. Take care. Ed!

Twenty Happy Years

Anthony Pilling

Just a bit of background. I joined Texaco as a Real Estate Agent at what was just the right time for me, and soon after the brand change from Regent. It was also the start of North Sea Oil Exploration where I was fortunate to work on acquiring and sorting out many of the shore-based facilities in Aberdeen. But my day job was managing the property side of the Petrol Filling Stations and various other things in the Northern Region and from time to time, Scotland and Northern Ireland, as we never seemed to be able to keep a local person in the job. I also worked on a number of major projects in Central Office as it was then called. All in all, a very interesting and happy twenty years of my life.

A Pressing Engagement

Peter Franklin

It was a beautiful Spring morning ideal flying weather and the Hawker Hunters of 74F Squadron R.A.F were neatly lined up on the flight line (Officially called the Aircraft Service Platform or ASP) at RAF Horsham St Faiths now Norwich Airport.

The ground crew had an Office, a shed on wheels, connected by phone to the pilot's crew room or Flight Office. A call would tell us what aircraft to prepare for flight and which pilot was to fly it. An experienced NCO (Tug) ran the show, answered the phone, relayed the information and which bods were to attend the pilot and prepared the Form 700 for the pilot to sign to take over the aircraft. "C/O to take J Jig take-off at noon" It was 11.30 so plenty of time, in fact, our C/O would be ready for take-off in 15 minutes max so a bit of a puzzle there. Two bods wheeled out the engine starter battery and plugged it into J Jig. Our C/O was a slim active man and a very good squash player. The figure that appeared from the pilot's room was nothing like him. Tug phoned the Flight Office to clarify the situation and was amazed to be told it was the Station C/O, the highest-ranking Officer on camp. A buzz of conversation revealed that no one even knew that Sir was a pilot and had definitely not flown a 74 Squadron Hunter. Ground crew silently melted away like snow in the Sahara leaving just Tug and me.

Given the job of seeing the C/O safely tucked in the cockpit there followed one of the most embarrassing sagas of my RAF career. It became obvious that Sir was not familiar with the Hunter's cockpit and having to instruct him every step of the way tested my tact to the limit. That is a saga for later. It had been arranged for Air Traffic Control to fit Sir's takeoff in between other traffic. Suitable slots would be signalled from the tower by coloured lamps. We missed three. At last, I got the C/O settled in and the engine started ready for taxiing. I marshalled him forward so that the Hunter was clear of the others and signalled him to turn to port. He came forward 10 or 12 yards but did not turn. STOP!! (both arms straight up in the surrender position) "Turn to port" forward again "STOP" He was twisting his head round as if checking he was clear of the others. "Turn to port" forward again. "STOP turn to port" I was back pedalling frantically as the hunter was now only a few feet from me. As I signalled "Turn to port" there was a burst of full power, forwards again and I stepped backwards and fortunately slipped off the edge of the concrete.

Even as I fell backwards, it seemed as if in slow motion. I saw the rudder go hard to port and with brakes full on the port wheel locked solid and the Hunter spun viciously to port. The starboard wing tip sliced through the air where my head had been a split second earlier. I landed on my backside and watched in horror as the starboard wheel also slipped off the edge of the concrete and began to sink towards my feet. I quickly drew my legs up and went to turn over onto my hands and knees to crawl out but found I couldn't bend my arms or legs as the starboard wing was pressing on my back. Fortunately, the wing tip touched the ground and the pressure didn't get any worse. The wing of an aircraft is designed to take enormous loading but spread evenly across the surface not all at the tip. There was now the possibility that if the wing bent a fuel tank might rupture and drench the area and me with inflammable

fuel. Tug and two or three mates grabbed my hands and feet and dragged me sideways and then out from under the wing. "Are you OK?" he had to shout as Sir was giving blasts of full throttle vainly trying to lift the wheel back onto the concrete. "Yes" I replied. The priority now was to get Sir to cut the engine and get out of the cockpit to prevent further damage.

When peace was restored Sir took off his helmet and started to unbuckle the straps then he would stand on the seat to exit the cockpit. I suddenly realised in horror that the ejector seat would still be armed. In view of previous events I dashed over to the plane, leapt up the steps and placed a heavy hand on his shoulder and told him not to move until I had disarmed the seat. I showed him the safety pin and then drove it into place rendering the seat safe. He actually said "Thank you". The next couple of hours were very busy as we reorganised around the stricken plane. Chiefy rode up on his bike and said to Tug and me "C/O would like to have a word with you two in his office" I choked out "Is he very annoyed?" "Annoyed," said Chief "He is absolutely furious" I felt myself go pale and looked at Tug in horror. "No not with you two," said Chiefy much to our relief. "You did very well in the circumstances".

C/O was waiting for us at the hangar doors led us to his office and told us to take a seat at his desk. He looked at me and asked if I was sure I had suffered no injuries. He said "We want you fit and well for the inter-group competitions" I was Captain of the Station Rugby Team and Anchor man of the Station Tug-of-War team. "If things develop and you feel at all unwell this evening take this note to the Guardroom and the Duty Officer will call the M/O who will take you to Sick Quarters" Criekey I thought I had no idea I was considered so valuable." Now I want you to tell me exactly what happened this morning," said the C/O" and don't pull any punches" Our Squadron Adjutant sat next to the C/O and they both took notes as Tug and I went through the events. "Good" said the



C/O “Four accounts and they all agree” Apparently the Tower staff were observing proceedings for timing purposes.

After tea, my back felt as if it was on fire so I decided to take a shower to ease it but my shirt wouldn't move it felt stuck. Tug took one look and said “Sick Quarters now I'll walk with you to the Guardroom” As we approached our Adj appeared “I'm Duty Officer I saw you coming so I've called the M/O” he said. A car pulled up beside us and the M/O a WAAF Officer took me to Sick Quarters. She looked at my shirt and told an orderly to get the Polaroid Camera. These printed a photo while you waited. A warm soothing liquid was sprayed onto my back it was quite heady and very nice. After a few minutes, she said “This may hurt” and peeled my shirt off but I didn't feel a thing. The same treatment and my singlet was removed. A long pause, a couple of tablets and then an even more powerful spray really made me feel quite drunk. I had completely forgotten that I was wearing ground crew standard winter-issue String Vest which was now firmly embedded in my skin. The knots, which prevent the diamond mesh from tightening like a monkey trap when pulled, had drawn blood which had dried and stuck my clothes to my back. “This will hurt,” said the M/O “Take a deep breath”. She peeled the vest off with a noise like a zip. A young WAAF orderly choked, coughed and hurried out of the room.

The photo was quite interesting as all the knot holes started to bleed again. Hurriedly applied field dressings soon dealt with that. After a week of treatment I had no lasting ill effects and was soon back in training much to the relief of the Rugby Officer and Tug-of-War trainer. The photos did the rounds of the Officer's Mess apparently but I never got a copy. It seems that Sir was so impressed that he wrote to our C/O apologising for damaging one of his aircraft and ground crew and commending their performance in stressful circumstances and ensuring his safety. I didn't get a copy of that either.

The Building thought to be the last of its kind set to be demolished

From The Mail on Line 3 July 2024

My thanks to Peter Brockett for bringing this to my attention and his poem. Ed!

An office building opposite Harrods, thought to be the last of its kind, is set to be demolished and replaced with an 11-storey new build block. One Knightsbridge Green, known as Caltex House, is a 1950s modernist office block on central shopping strip Brompton Road, west London. Architect firm Allford Hall Monaghan Morris (AHMM) has submitted plans to Westminster Council to partially demolish and replace the building.

The proposals were drawn up for developer Berkeley Estate Asset Management (BERM) and would see 51% of the existing structure retained whilst part of the building on Raphael Street would be refurbished. An 11-storey newbuild block would be built facing Knightsbridge Green and Brompton Road providing a total of around 19,000 square metres of office space. A pub called Tattersall's Tavern on Raphael Street, one of only two pubs left in Knightsbridge, would also be replaced.

BERM said the existing 1957 building, which underwent a refurbishment in the early 2000s, is dated and difficult to let to the ‘quality of tenants that support Knightsbridge as an international retail destination.’ They said the modernist building's appearance was not ‘befitting to its prestigious location’ and a ‘product of its time’ which doesn't reflect the area's traditional architecture.

Changes to the plans were made in April, after a consultation, that will see a setting back of the massing on Knightsbridge Green and Raphael Street due to complaints about the height of the proposed building. The colour of the facade has been switched from the original green colour to a terracotta shade to blend in with neighbouring buildings.

Pembroke Refinery Fire

John Cooke. Report from Western Telegraph

At around 13:00 on 24 July 1994, twenty-six people were injured when a large explosion ripped through the plant. The blast's shockwave shook windows and doors and damaged properties within a 10-mile radius and was heard up to 40 miles away. Shortly before the explosion, a dry lightning storm in the area had caused disturbances at the plant.

About 130 firefighters tackled flames 100ft high after an explosion heard ten miles away hit the Texaco plant at Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire. They were pulled back last night because of fear of further explosions, while Texaco said the fire was to be allowed to burn itself out 'in a controlled manner'.

Houses shook and windows were smashed across the Cleddau estuary after the first blast, at about 1 pm, in a crude oil processing unit which was earlier struck by lightning, causing a small fire. Lightning also started fires at the nearby Elf and Gulf refineries. The injuries were described as 'cuts and bruises'. Texaco said the blast could be connected with earlier damage caused by lightning.

Wales was the worst hit, as weather extremes hit the whole of Britain. Rhyl in Clwyd was flooded yesterday after being hit by storms and torrential rain.

After this, I wrote a poem which follows.

Thank God it happened on a Sunday!

It was another Sunday morning
The storm grew worse than the given warning
The lightning flashed and struck with power
Its target being the crown of a tower
Flames and smoke began to rise
And blackened the morning cloudy skies
The siren sounded, all hands to be had
This was for real, not the Fire Pad

Steps were taken and working to plan
Tasks were issued to every man
Soon enough we were in control
Each performing his given role
It seemed an age before the 'All Clear' came
The storm that had passed was the culprit to blame
It was a frightening time in what we had met
But what was to come, we'll never forget

The blast could be heard from miles around
Airwaves filled with the sickening sound
Control Room in chaos, disarray was thrown
Men started running towards the unknown
Smoke filled the air, flames were on high
Licking and feeding at a clear blue sky
Vessels and towers were all aflame
Flare lines that ruptured were much the same
Windows shattered from force of gas
Buildings filled with broken glass
It's thankful the staff were all on leave
Or else there could have been deaths to grieve

I saw the tale on everyone's face
Wishing to be in another place
My thoughts wander home to my children and wife
Was this to be the last day of my life?
I could never think or remember when
A day in my life when men became men
Heroes and Heroines were each that day
Toiling against what stood in their way

We fought the Battle, we won that War
But the memory will haunt us forever more
Though time has passed, we'll never discard
That day of days when minds were scarred
The Lord was with us, he showed his love
For no one was taken to Heaven above
It could have been Tuesday, Friday or Monday
It happened! – Thank God, it Happened on Sunday.



Chevron Memories

Brian Stanley

I was recently doing some clearing out and came across Chevron News from January 1975 – nearly 50 years old! It contained some interesting articles, in particular, one entitled 'Chevron Chosen for the Concorde' in which it stated Chevron was the exclusive supplier of the hydraulic fluid for the Anglo/French Concorde.

I joined Chevron International in 1972 with responsibility for sales and marketing of Aviation engine oils and hydraulic fluid throughout the Eastern Hemisphere (i.e. Europe, Middle East, Africa and near Asia). In due course I moved on to sales of Aviation Jet Fuel for the same areas continuing the opportunity to set my own schedule and itinerary for customer visits throughout the region.

Chevron International was headquartered at Market Street, San Francisco and was responsible for worldwide sales and supply outside the USA, of Aviation and Marine fuels and lubricants. The Eastern Hemisphere office was in Croydon sharing offices with Chevron UK. Aviation Jet Fuel was supplied to international and domestic airlines at most European airports by Chevron Europe affiliates and elsewhere worldwide by Chevron USA and Caltex. Similarly. Sales of marine fuels and lubricants were managed from the Croydon office and supplied to international shipping companies worldwide. Chevron hydraulic fluid, not actually a hydrocarbon based product but a chemical fluids, was the factory fill for Boeing aircraft and of course, Concorde.

During my time, both the international operation and the domestic UK company saw many senior roles occupied by American managers on foreign assignment. I am sure it was seen as a choice posting for a few years to experience the business practices and delights of Europe. In return I had the pleasure of working in San Francisco on a couple of occasions.

I left Chevron in 1983 to join Kuwait Petroleum International to set up their International Aviation fuel operation, which was helped on its way when Kuwait Petroleum acquired the European operations of Gulf. The beginning of the period when other oil companies- Mobil, Texaco, BP and others like Gulf – were restructuring their domestic and international operations.

I am now long retired, but occasionally bump into other Chevron retirees still living around the area of the Croydon office. My time at Chevron took me from Finland to South Africa, Iceland to India as well as the USA, with many fond memories of the people and places, an opportunity not given to many 30 to 40 year olds at the time! However, many of the places in Africa and the Middle East were not as idyllic in the 1970s as they are today.



Tales of the Unexpected.

Anthony Rigby

The Ukraine is unfortunately and sadly, in the news every day, but here's a story from more peaceful times. I was there when men had polished leather shoes and I worked as a contractor on a "call off" basis as the oil field process plant developed over the years. The site is, (or was, maybe no longer) close to the old town of Poltova which has a history of fighting battles with Sweden in another age. The UK company had a commercial 50/50 agreement, not really a good idea at any time and certainly not in a country where the legal force is elastic.

The site had storage tanks for crude and an 8 inch overground pipeline feeding additional storage tanks at the rail station about 15 km distant. Metered on leaving the tanks and on arrival at the rail station, the two figures would normally agree. We started to see discrepancies and we were going crazy checking the metering system which always seemed correct. The mystery was solved when a local gangster complained to our management that oil was being stolen from our pipeline and this was disrupting the sales of oil that he was stealing from another producer, so fix it! We walked the line revealing that his competitors had hot-tapped the pipeline with an isolation valve and a flexible hose for nocturnal connection to a tanker truck. Our security team of heavies, "men in black" cruised out one night and gave them a dose of AK47's. End of.

On a lighter note, we were on our way to some well testing several kilometres from the process plant. Driving carefully in a Toyota Land Cruiser down a narrow, wild-flowered, unkempt country lane, a hare ran out and crashed straight onto the bumper bar. We don't often see hares and then usually from a distance, so it can be a surprise as to how big they can be. This was a big boy, a fully grown adult, so several kilogrammes. We discussed taking it back to the camp so that the cook could pop it in the

pot for a wonderful Sunday lunch, when a peasant lady trotted along from a cottage nearby, more of a wooden shack than a cottage, the countryside of Ukraine is not full of the materially fortunate.

A typical peasant lady with a rosy red complexion and bright sparkling eyes, a bright blue headscarf and a yellow apron. She carefully examined the hare and said "Wait a moment" went to the shack and returned with an aerosol spray. She turned the head (of the hare) and gave it a few seconds of spray. We waited and shortly the hare began to move, got to its white-socked feet, shook its head and then slowly limped away down the road. From time to time, it paused, turned and lifted a paw as though waving a "thanks" and farewell. A little further on it jumped through the hedge and hared off through the long grass.

Well, well, how astonishing! What was in the aerosol spray? What mysterious Ukrainian medicine could it be? Of course, the printing on the can was in Russian, but one of our operators easily translated. "Hair Restorer with Permanent Wave"!!! Ho ho ho.

HELP!

I always have space for more of your lovely stories, so come on, don't be shy. Let us hear of your work life, hobbies, travel or whatever you feel would be of interest to all of us retirees. *Ed!*

The Sturdy Oak

by Author Unknown

If the tall, sturdy oak, that all admire so much, could tell us its life story, we should learn the way of life.

This we know, the great oak had its beginning in a little acorn, and its fight for life was a hard one. The little acorn may be dropped in the middle of a field, where, one may think, it could be free to grow to mighty strength without molestation.



But even as a sapling, the little oak wages a battle with the grasses for its existence. And if it succeeds in growing up out of the reach of the grasses, the horse or cow may nibble it off, or trample upon it. If it is fortunate enough to survive, then come the dangers of the elements - extreme heat and drought, the storms, the lightning.

As with the oak, so with humans. Only the fit survive the struggles and attain a ripe old age.

?? QUIZ

Answers to the quiz in the May issue are:

1 On that fails to produce flowers, 2 Mountain Ash, 3 Ash, 4 The degree of fineness of soil particles and its suitability for root growth, 5 c) In a gallery, 6 Asia, 7 Harvesting potatoes, 8 Starch, 9 Pomes (Firethorn is another name for Pyracantha), 10 Delphinium, 11 The mole, 12 A one year old tree, 13 Gravel, 14 Bark, 15 Hairy, 16 Bergamot, 17 Red Maple, 18 Cauliflower, 19 White blister, 20 They are thorny

The winners were:

Paul Culliford, Pontyclun. Arlene Marrs, Aberdeen. Angela Stronger, Aberdeen.

Christmas quiz

- 1 The Little Drummer Boy kept time. Who accompanied him?
- 2 Which country can be credited with the creation of the Christmas beverage, eggnog?
- 3 What two phrases will you always find on Christmas gift tags?
- 4 After leaving Bethlehem, which country did Joseph, Mary, and Jesus travel to?
- 5 How does Santa Claus go back up the chimney to continue his journey of delivering gifts?
- 6 Of all the popular Christmas songs, which is the best selling single of all time?
- 7 Which was the last state in the United States that declared Christmas a legal holiday?
- 8 Red and green are the two colours most associated with Christmas. Which are the two other colours, according to Christmas holiday trivia, that are also extremely popular in this season?
- 9 Everyone is familiar with the mistletoe tradition. What is the colour of the berries of the plant?
- 10 Christmas is celebrated on the 25th of December. Who is the patron saint remembered on the 26th of December?
- 11 Which country gifts the Christmas tree that is placed at the Trafalgar Square in London, according to Christmas tradition?
- 12 Name the eight original Reindeer.
- 13 Which country does St. Nicholas originally belong to?
- 14 How many points does a snowflake traditionally have?
- 15 Which is the most famous Christmas ballet of all time?
- 16 Traditionally, kids leave out snacks for Santa Claus. What are these snacks?
- 17 What is the name of Ebenezer Scrooge's partner, from the play, A Christmas Carol?
- 18 Which is the most popular ornament used to place at the top of the Christmas tree?
- 19 One of the most famous Cola companies in the world used to have advertisements featuring a happy, smiling Santa Claus. Name the company
- 20 Every elf has this ornament on the tip of their shoes. Which ornament are we talking about?

- 21 Two of the reindeers are named after weather phenomenon. Name the reindeer.
- 22 Traditions of Christmas around the world will tell you that Santa Claus is known by many names. What is the French name for Santa Claus?
- 23 Which was the first state in the United States to recognize Christmas as an official holiday?
- 24 What are the gifts that the Three Wise Men gave baby Jesus, according to Christmas history?
- 25 When does the Russian Orthodox Church celebrate Christmas?

Answers please to the Editor, (details at foot of Retiree News) to be received by 15 January 2025 by email or post. Editors' decision is final. Please include your address.

Forward and Backward

Laziness kills Ambition
 Anger kills Wisdom
 Fear kills Dreams
 Ego kills Growth
 Jealousy kills Peace
 Doubt kills Confidence

Now read them right to left!

Grandpa and Grandson conversation

A young man asked his grandfather,
 "Grandpa, how did you live in the past without technology, without computers, Internet connection, TVs, air conditioners, cars, no cell phones?"

Grandpa answered:

"As your generation lives today, there are no prayers, no compassion, no respect, no real education, no personality, no shame at all, no modesty, no honesty. We, the people born between the years 1940-1980, were the blessed ones. Our lives are a living proof."

While playing and riding a bike, we never wore a helmet.

Before school then we played and again after school until dusk and hardly ever watched television.

We played with real friends, not virtual friends.

If we were thirsty, we would drink tap water, or water from the hose, not mineral water.

We never worried even as we shared the same cup of juice with four friends.

We never gained weight by eating plates of pasta every day.

Nothing happened to our feet despite roaming barefoot.

We never used food supplements to stay healthy.

We used to make our own toys and play with them.

Our parents were not rich. They gave love, not stuff.

We never had a cell phone, DVD, game console, Xbox, video game, PC, internet, chat, but we had true friends.

We visited our friends without being invited and shared and enjoyed the food with them.

Parents lived nearby to take advantage of family time.

We may have had black and white photos, but you can find colourful memories in these photos.

We are a unique and the most understanding generation because we are the last generation that listened to their parents.

And we are also the first ones who were forced to listen to their children.

We are a limited edition!

Take advantage of us. Learn from us. We are a treasure destined to disappear soon.

80 Birthday

Tony Nichols, Wokingham

Howard Wood, Warminster

Golden Wedding Anniversaries

Phillip Lucas and his wife Anne celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 26 October 2024. They live in Worthing.

Chris and Glyn Parry celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 31 August. In celebration, they went to Waterford and Midleton in Ireland where they enjoyed whiskey cocktail making and whiskey tasting, including Very Rare and some from 26 year old sherry casks that are still in maturation! They live in Downton near Salisbury on the edge of the New Forest.

Willy and Jacqueline Wells from Northern Ireland celebrated their anniversary on 3 August.

Poetry Corner

Yesteryear

Anon

I knew a place called yesterday
Where once I used to live
Nobody there would turn away
Their time would always give

Everyone looked out for you
As you did the same to them
In that place called yesterday
I still remember when

People never had anything much
What they did have, they shared
They always waved and gave a smile
That's how we knew they cared

They used to call it mucking in
That's what it was all about
It was easy to help each other
When all you had was nowt.

Now I live here in the present
In a street of those unknown

Whose life is so much easier
If they keep it close to home

Yes, I was raised in yesterday
Where we always had respect
Here in this place called Present
I find it suffering from neglect.

Leisure

William Henry Davies

What is this life if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare
No time to stand beneath the boughs
To stare as long as sheep or cows
No time to see when woods we pass
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass
No time to see in broad daylight
Streams full of stars as skies at night
No time to turn at Beauty's glance
And watch her feet how they can dance
No time to wait until her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began
A poor life this if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare.



Time for a Chuckle

A man goes into a pet shop and tells the owner that he wants to buy a pet that can do everything. The shop owner suggests a faithful dog. The man replies, "Come on, a dog?" The owner says, "How about a cat?" The man replies, "No way! A cat certainly can't do everything. I want a pet that can do everything!"

The shop owner thinks for a minute, then says, "I've got it! A centipede!" The man says, "A centipede? I can't imagine a centipede doing everything, but okay. I'll try a centipede." He gets the centipede home and says to the centipede, "Clean the kitchen." Thirty minutes later, he walks into the kitchen and it's immaculate! All the dishes and silverware have



been washed, dried, and put away; the counter tops cleaned; the appliances sparkling; the floor waxed. He's absolutely amazed. He says to the centipede, "Go clean the living room." Twenty minutes later, he walks into the living room. The carpet has been vacuumed; the furniture cleaned and dusted; the pillows on the sofa plumped; and the plants watered. The man thinks to himself, "This is the most amazing thing I've ever seen. This really is a pet that can do everything!" Next he says to the centipede, "Run down to the corner and get me a newspaper." The centipede walks out the door. Ten minutes later, no centipede. Twenty minutes later, no centipede. Thirty minutes later, no centipede. By this point, the man is wondering what's going on. So he goes to the front door, opens it, and there's the centipede sitting right outside. The man says, "Hey! I sent you down to the corner store 45 minutes ago to get me a newspaper. What's the matter?" The centipede says, "I'm going! I'm going! I'm just putting on my shoes!"

Why is it so hard to find a tradesman to do what you want. I had a local tradesmen round to do Six jobs, really good work but only jobs 1,3 and 5 were completed so I confronted him and you know what he said? He only does odd jobs.

Terracotta

I am very fond of the colour of terracotta, it emits a rich, warm colouring in many materials. When travelling to hot countries, there were very special aspects that created eye-popping times. One was the fantastic colour of the sea, rich aquamarine that is rarely seen in the UK. Another was looking across roofs made with terracotta tiles. Below is a little insight into why these tiles are used. *Ed!*

Terracotta roofs are quite popular in several countries for several reasons.

Historical Influence. The use of terracotta tiles dates back to ancient civilizations like the Romans, who

popularized this roofing technique. For example, in Croatia, the tradition of using these tiles was introduced by the Romans and has continued due to its practicality and aesthetic appeal.

Climate Suitability. Terracotta tiles are well-suited for warm sunny climates. The tiles are made from clay that is baked at high temperatures making them durable and waterproof. They also help reflect the sun's rays, keeping buildings cooler in hot weather.

Aesthetic Appeal. The distinctive red or orange colour of terracotta tiles provides a striking contrast to the natural landscape, creating a visually appealing look. This is particularly noticeable in Mediterranean countries where the bright roofs stand out against the blue sky and green surroundings.

Cultural Significance. In many regions, terracotta roofs have become a cultural symbol. For instance, in Croatia, the orange roofs are a source of national pride and a reminder of the country's rich heritage.

Durability and Maintenance. Terracotta tiles are known for their longevity and low maintenance. They can withstand various weather conditions making them a practical choice for many regions.

These factors combined make terracotta roofs a popular choice in countries with suitable climates and a rich historical background.

OBITUARIES

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

Douglas Albury (G) on 06/03/24 aged 81, Pembroke Dock

Susan Jennifer Arkell (G) on 11/05/24 aged 76, Gloucestershire

Alan Charles Bailey (G) on 03/07/24 aged 85, Essex

Dennis Barbour (C) on 05/10/23 aged 75, Scotland

Arthur Glyn Bateman (T) on 25/04/24 aged 90, Dyfed

Brian Christopher Bateman (G) on 18/06/24 aged 85, West Midlands

Peter Jackson Bentley (T) on 19/09/24 aged 100, Oxfordshire

Peter Anthony Biddlestone (T) on 25/05/24 aged 74, Southam

John Edwin Bishop (G) on 04/11/20 aged 84, Slough

Charles John M Brew (T) on 20/05/24 aged 82, Dyfed

John Albert Brindle (T) on 28/07/24 aged 85, Staffordshire

Jeremy Robert Butcher (G) on 07/08/24 aged 72, Cheltenham

John Campbell MBE (T) on 31/01/24 aged 88, Scotland

Charles Cawte (G) on 04/08/24 aged 85, Essex

Brian Stanley Clubbe (G) on 10/04/24 aged 76, Merseyside

Frank Cooksley (G) on 29/07/24 aged 79, West Midlands

Lawrence Martin Cooper (C) on 16/09/24 aged 74, Wickford

David Dobbs (G) on 20/06/24 aged 83, North East Lincolnshire

Jennifer Mary Elvin (T) on 19/05/24 aged 70, Reading

Raymond George Foley (C) on 16/03/24 aged 88, Derbyshire

Peter Noel Fowler (T) on 15/07/24 aged 70, Pembrokeshire

James Francis Gaffney (T) on 02/06/24 aged 90, USA

Roger Jeremy Hack (T) on 15/04/24 aged 92, Hampshire

Alexander Brian Hackett (G) on 16/09/24 aged 84, Somerset

David Sime Hall (T) on 02/04/24 aged 91, Musselburgh

Harold William Hawkins (T) on 14/05/24 aged 86, Berkshire

Norman Keith Hawkins (T) on 03/04/24 aged 85, Dyfed

Peter Hodgson (C) on 14/06/24 aged 80, Aberdeen

Alex Paul Hunt (T) on 12/06/24 aged 66, Hertfordshire

John Allan Hunter (T) on 28/05/24 aged 77, Glasgow

Ronald Joseph James (T) on 01/07/24 aged 90, Spain

Alan Douglas Jones (G) on 27/04/24 aged 76, Pembrokeshire

George Leslie Jones (G) on 21/07/24 aged 94, Wrexham

John Michael Kirchner (T) on 16/06/24 aged 72, Richmond

Eric Lawton (T) on 10/07/24 aged 92, Bristol

William John Layton (G) on 14/05/24 aged 91, Dyfed

Gillian Lewis (T) on 02/11/22 aged 60, Sir Benfro

John D Manning (G) on 20/08/24 aged 91, Herefordshire

David Matthewson (C) on 24/06/24 aged 77, Northumberland

Morris Richard Maxwell (T) on 10/05/24 aged 75, Penarth

Walter Henry Mayhew (G) on 01/05/24 aged 89, Milford Haven

Edward Owens McKay (C) on 02/05/24 aged 74, Surrey



Charles James Meade (T) on 11/05/24 aged 91, Avon
Maurice Miller (G) on 18/06/24 aged 72, Pembroke
Peter Leonard Miller (G) on 18/09/24 aged 85, Essex
Kantilal Mistry (C) on 24/04/24 aged 72, London
Kenneth William Mulberry (T) on 01/06/24 aged 94, Warwickshire
Norma Murchie (T) on 22/08/24 aged 96, Stirling
Stanley Mussett (T) on 12/05/24 aged 94, North Yorkshire
Terence O'Halloran (T) on 09/05/24 aged 78, Essex
Ronald Kingsley Parsons (T) on 31/10/22 aged 91, London
David Mercer Poulter (C) on 09/08/24 aged 80, Essex
James Richard Price (T) on 28/08/24 aged 83, Dyfed
Gladys M Riley (C) on 22/07/24 aged 100, Surrey
Sidney Joseph Ritchie (T) on 23/08/24 aged 84, Essex
John Charles Rolph (G) on 06/04/24 aged 88, Bristol
Brian Charles Rogan (C) on 29/03/24 aged 76, Kent
George Russell (C) on 13/04/24 aged 91, Aberdeen
Michael Salaman (Std) on 11/07/24 aged 78, South Wales
Peter Dickson Speed (T) on 26/05/24 aged 86, Austria
Richard Frank Squires (T) on 15/07/24 aged 84, Avon
David Staniforth (G) on 01/02/24 aged 83, Worcs
Janet Margaret Steggie (T) on 23/09/24 aged 75, New Zealand
Gordon Stephen Stewart (T) on 06/04/24 aged 81, Aberdeenshire
Graeme William Street (T) on 27/05/24 aged 65, Scotland

Ronald Thomas Templeman (T) on 27/05/24 aged 93, Essex
James Lawton Tilmouth (G) on 24/09/24 aged 84, Essex
David Ian Ward (Std) on 02/04/24 aged 77, Pembrokeshire
Barry A Webb (G) on 17/04/24 aged 95, Cambridgeshire
Timothy James Wilks (T) on 21/05/24 aged 78, Wales
Alan James Wood (T) on 09/05/24 aged 82, Northants

“ ” Quotes

If you FAIL, never give up because F.A.I.L. means First Attempt in Learning.

End is not the END in fact E.N.D. means Effort Never Dies.

If you get NO as an answer, remember N.O. means Next Opportunity.

So, let's be positive.
APJ Andul Kalam

Editors Last Word

Maurice and I wish you well and hope you get through the winter warm and cosy.

June Parham McCullough Editor

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