

RETIREE NEWS

A Biannual Publication for Retirees of all Chevron UK Companies



ISSUE 87 MAY 2025

Editor's Chat

The first thing I must do is apologise to John Clark that I inadvertently gave the wrong surname to his article in the November 2024 issue on the Pembroke Fire. Maybe I had a brain fade, no excuse, sorry John.

In December, I received a telephone call from a retiree telling me she had received an email seeking a subscription for Retiree News. Please be advised you do NOT have to pay any subscription for Retiree News, as it is provided free of charge by Chevron. Do not be taken in by scams such as this.

I have to go on about how special the spring has been and the lovely weather we have had to be able to enjoy first Crocus and Snowdrops, then Daffodils with their lovely trumpets, which for me herald in the spring. Next we have Forsythia and wonderful blossom trees, plus the development of fresh leaves on trees and bushes. How wonderful to enjoy our seasons and especially spring after a long winter.

It has been great to hear from some of you and hopefully you will enjoy the articles from those retirees in this issue. I certainly enjoy reading all articles sent in and including them for you all to enjoy. Well done to all those who contribute to Retiree News.

Have a good summer and take care of yourselves.

Historic Texaco Encounter

Sue Pesch

Rod and I along with Colin and Judy Bayliss toured the Mid-West of the USA in October last year.

A brilliant coach tour that visited nine National Parks and seven states.

Whilst we were travelling, we stopped over for dinner at an unexpected transformed Texaco Service Station in Utah. What a complete surprise to see it as a Diner and Music venue. We were entertained by a live band with dancing.

A great tour travelling seven US States and nine National Parks. From Denver, Rapid City, Salt Lake City, finishing at Las Vegas. We went to Yellowstone, Mount Rushmore, Little Big Horn, Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, Bryce Canyon to name some of the spectacular sights we saw along the way.



Diner and band area



Rod and Colin with a period petrol (gas) pump.

Clothes Peg

Simon Moffett

I once attended a class where the tutor invited us to bring a small piece of wood that was important in our everyday lives. I had to think hard about that, but in the end, I took a clothes peg, but not any ordinary clothes peg.

Looking at it closely you would see that it is polished and also has some paint stains. This peg lives in *Jemima*. *Jemima* was my first car and she's nearly 90 years old. She's a Morris 8 which I am still driving although I have another car for longer distances. She's called *Jemima* by my family as she leaves little puddles of oil everywhere she goes.

Driving *Jemima* is a pleasure as when you pass people they smile. Indeed, one day I was in a queue driving slowly through town when a group of teenagers applauded. It's a lovely feeling.

This peg is special as I use it to keep the choke out just a little bit when the car is cold. Maybe the choke had enough friction to stay where it was put many years ago, but not anymore. I've used this same peg for the more than 50 years I've been driving *Jemima*. The shine has come from the countless times I've done a job on the car and then started the engine to check that all is well. My oily fingers have rubbed the peg so often that it now appears polished.



After a couple of miles, *Jemima* usually settles to her happy beat and doesn't need the peg anymore till the next cold start.

Passengers who ride in *Jemima* usually comment on the peg. In these days of mobile phones, the younger ones will take a picture. Often, they have no idea what a choke is and how it works. But you have to wonder about modern cars with all their complexity and computers. You can open the bonnet, but do you dare to touch anything? *Jemima*, with her clothes peg is simple. Sometimes I think her simplicity is better.



Jemima, Morris 8hp, 4 door, Registered June 1936.

Life in France

Brenda Ives

Our life in France was wonderful. We lived in Sainte Maxime in the South of France and our house overlooked the sea across to Saint Tropez - just beautiful views. We had a great social life there as we had a motor boat and so we were out with friends very often around the bay. It is such a beautiful coastline and easy to navigate. We lived there for fifteen years but unfortunately, I got cancer and had a difficult time in hospital as I did not have a good command of the language. Fortunately, the medical system is first class and I am grateful for the way I was looked after. One of the reasons for returning home was the fear of having to go through all that again and I did not want to die in France. Since Brexit, many rules have changed as well.

We had a holiday home in France since I was in my late thirties. The first was in Val Thorens the ski area in the Three Valleys, which we had for ten years, and then we bought a little terraced house in a little village called Cogolin, which is ten minutes from St. Tropez. After retirement, we were spending more time at our little place in Cogolin and eventually

decided that sunshine made such a difference to our lives so we made the move permanently. My husband Paul would not have returned to the UK as he loved it there. It took me five years to get him back here and we finally returned four years ago and now live in a beautiful village, Broadway in the Cotswolds and I have no regrets.

I may add that at 81 and 82 we are still golfing two or three times a week and skiing too.

The Making of an Oilman

Martin Linnette

When you have spent most of your working life working for an International oil company, it is a sobering thought as to how you got there in the first place, especially if, like me, you have been retired almost as long as you worked for the Chevron group - 28 years 'in', now 26 yrs 'out' and happily eking out my modest pension in Africa. More of that later.

My introduction to the oil and fuel business began in late 1968, in Zambia, where after serving for ten years as a colonial police officer in Northern Rhodesia, becoming Zambia after Independence in 1964, it became amply apparent I had no long-term future due to the new government's understandable desire to Africanise their government departments, including the police. A local friend, working as a manager for Caltex oil company was being promoted to Malawi and they needed a rapid replacement, not easy to find. "Don't suppose you fancy my job do you Martin? Comes with a large company house with a pool, new car, twice your lousy money, unlimited authority, expense account - interested?" I was, very much. After a successful interview at HQ I was taken on immediately, though I had to serve three months' notice to get out of the police.



Caltex customers were bemused to be visited by a cop in uniform riding a large traffic motorcycle.

Steep learning curve, zero training or mentoring, just two days in the Head Office, here are some technical books and product literature, a price list, a list of existing customers, ongoing contracts, list of current fuel stations - the keys to the fancy house, a credit card, go buy yourself a car, send us the bill and get out there and double the business! Life was instantly and manically busy but hugely exciting. With civil wars going on in nearby Zimbabwe and the Congo, and later also Mozambique, South Africa, which supplied Zambia's fuels by rail and pipeline, there being no refinery, cut off supplies as the 'Winds of Change' swept across colonial Africa. As an emergency measure, hundreds of trucks brought fuel in drums overland 2000 miles from Tanzania on rough roads, as unsurprisingly 20 per cent leaked or evaporated or never made it from crashes and breakdowns. Meanwhile the Chinese frantically constructed a new pipeline and processing plant. Fuel rationing was brought in.

With very little experience or training myself, I had to hire and fire retail outlet staff, merchandise shops, stem rampant fiddles, renew contracts, find and buy new sites for filling stations then supervise building them, poach competitive dealers, appoint agents, supply fuel and oils to wholesalers and farms - huge fun and responsibility with very little specialist help. A fast learning curve indeed.

One day later my classy company car was stolen from outside a cinema. On reporting this to the HQ, it was not a problem - "you'll not get that back, go and buy another one tomorrow, send in the invoice." Although employed on local terms and pension, I was anxious to get onto International

terms and pension, but being relatively new and junior with four years' experience this, was somehow not possible, so I was offered a transfer to Caltex South Africa where I went for an interview and was offered a job in Durban. However, with a young family and used to a multi-racial society, I did not fancy living in that then weird apartheid regime, so declined, and decided to seek a transfer back to the UK.

I was offered a sales position with both Texaco and Chevron, but as Chevron's UK presence was quite small, I chose Texaco. I was later furious that my over four years' service with Caltex in Zambia was not recognized towards my pensionable service, which would have made a significant difference. Water under the bridge.

A rude awakening awaited with the vastly different UK operation. Less than half the money for a start, a Cortina leased car, no credit card, limited expenses, almost zero authority to do the obvious without reams of paperwork, multiple signatures, limited budgets, strange and mostly unhelpful sales conferences and training sessions. Still, self-inflicted pain, soon more fuel rationing with the Middle East crisis. My general experience best suited me to the Distributor agent trade, which I enjoyed for several years around East Anglia, before moving on to both company owned and dealer retail sales, training tenants, merchandising shops, grand openings, contacting and sometimes poaching competitive dealers, defending our own, refurbishing sites. Great fun and satisfying.

Then, in late 1995, quietly rowing for shore in my mid 50s' as a senior sales manager, came a strange American Head Office lady executive who proceeded to rapidly make redundant half the commercial and industrial sales force for no



apparent reason, then moved on to retail sales, got rid of most dealer owned sites, many with us for decades, then made half of us redundant, including me. Ironical that shortly after another Head Office mastermind sold off most company owned and Star sites and majored back onto dealer forecourts. Such is life. Amusing still later, that Texaco having swallowed Chevron, was itself re-swallowed by Chevron following the disastrous USA court case which crippled them financially.

Meanwhile, out on my backside, for several years I made pleasant money as a free-lance consultant advising dealer owned sites in Eastern England how to maximum the renewal deal from their supplying company or competitive quote to gain their contract. Then, on a whim, sold off a lovely old cottage we had restored near Cambridge and moved to Cornwall, where we also restored a wrecked old Methodist Manse and opened a B&B and fostered children. But, the British weather is dismal, life is expensive, so after several great holidays in South Africa, Africa called again, and in my late 60s' we sold up and moved, super weather, low cost of houses and living, we have been here happily for 17 years, then up again and emigrated to Somerset West in The Cape. Great now. Strangely met my old Texaco boss Colin Lines also living down the road, we enjoyed frequent beers before he sadly passed on a few years ago.

Back to filling up at my local Caltex sites! - the UK could learn a lot from the South African way of operating service stations. Almost entirely company owned, the Government controls pricing so all have the same pump price adjusted monthly, modern franchised shops, no workshops or dealerships, no supermarkets allowed on sites, no self-service allowed to boost employment, so you get filled up, windows cleaned, oil and

tyres checked by smiling staff, service is king, not to mention fuel is half the Europe price. So, started with Caltex, finishing with them too. It has been a satisfying career.

Time Marches On

Alan Stanbrook

Again, I read the "Retiree News" with great interest not only for the content, but to see the names of those I worked with. Sadly, as time marches on the names are getting less recognizable and so are the contributors that make the magazine and articles meaningful.

I had read the article on the demise of No. 1 Knightsbridge Green. (KG). Funnily the news was passed on to me by my boy, who is now a senior Geologist in the US. It stirred up a lot of memories, for him and me, he reminded me that when I was in "Property Services" under Peter Mitchinson, if I worked on a Saturday, he used to look forward to coming to Knightsbridge Green (KG) with me, not only to have a wander around Harrods but more for going to the sandwich bar up the lane to get their wonderful bacon rolls and Custard doughnuts. He also reminded me that it was there at KG in 1994, he had a week's work experience in the Exploration department. He decided that Geology was what he wanted to do. At that time, he said he was only going to take his HND in geology, he ended up going to Harriot Watt University and gained his Doctorate. "Round peg into a round hole"! comes to mind.

However, it is sad that the old KG will be longer be as I remember it. Occasionally I allow myself the time from building my model boats, to let my mind wander on my time at KG. The long walks along the corridors, having to walk between buildings, the number of desks and chairs moved from one

floor to another. The setting up of new offices, getting repairs done and attending to the demands of the general managers, which to me at the time was extraordinary but that was TEXACO and going on the hallowed “7th floor” daily to make sure all was well.

There were many meetings about the move to Canary Wharf. At that time I was in Retail Sales, boy that was some operation. It went off without much trouble. A video was made and I think I still have a copy about the move transferred from tape to disk.

Now my hobby is making radio-controlled boats. Since I last wrote to “the Editor” I think I have made about four boats. I can’t store any more boats in my garage and have had to put shelving up in my Shed to accommodate more. Each one takes about four to six months to make and costs a lot of money. My latest project is an Oil Rig Supply Vessel, it’s about 1.3 meters long and is likely not to be completed till Sept 2026.



I belong to a model boat club and we meet up and sail twice a week. Not sure which is more important the sailing or the hot air that’s expended talking about boats and many other things.

The morning of 12 January, it was minus one and there were about six or seven idiots standing round a FROZEN lake sailing what we call “Air Boats” as you see in the Everglades. It’s very exciting in as much as they have no reverse on the boat and virtually no control on ice, very funny at times.



Normally, we are very sensible sailing conventional yachts or motor boats. I say sensible as these finished models will have cost anything from a hundred to four or five hundred pounds and taken many months to build. Great fun though.

There it was – GONE!

Peter Franklin

It was 1960 or thereabouts and I was working as a test engineer in a high-security establishment in the heart of the Industrial Midlands. We were designing and testing an anti-aircraft-guided missile for the Royal Navy. It was to be fitted to the new County Class Destroyers or Frigates as Fleet Support and Protection. The missile body was basically a 20ft long 2ft diameter steel tube with compartments for various support and



control gear and filled with solid rocket fuel. It had four stub wings amidships and four control fins at the back. To get it out of the launcher as fast as possible it had four booster rockets fitted in between the wings.

We would build six, five would be test missiles the 6th would have an armed warhead and guided by radar would be fired at a drone plane target. We worked in the lab for four weeks and then for two weeks took the six missiles to a Royal Navy firing range in South Wales and fired them out into Cardigan Bay. During the four weeks at base, we alternated between testing systems and scanning flight data recordings of the previous flights. This latter was very boring and we looked forward to the visit to Wales. Having watched thousands of feet of film I wanted to witness a live firing at reasonably close quarters. The launch pad was at the bottom of a cliff that had 330 steps. The missiles went down in a lift, but we had to walk, even going down was exhausting. The plan was to get me up on top of a huge searchlight used to scan the bay for trawlers when a night firing was imminent. This was about half a mile from the launcher and out of sight of the Range Control Office. Any interference near the launch pad within sight of the Office would cause the launch to be cancelled.

An experienced colleague came with me and helped me up the ladder and on top of the searchlight then retreated out of the way. Lying flat I could see the missile in the launcher about half a mile away. Waiting patiently a loudspeaker crackled and I heard the countdown start. Various plumes of smoke signalled ancillary systems starting up to be followed by the launch. Lots of smoke and flames and then a deafening explosion. The concrete launch pad glowed red hot and disappeared in a huge cloud of dust and smoke.

It started to rain lumps of burning debris and chunks of red hot metal and I thought this was not a very healthy place to be just now so I decided to vacate my position pronto. Then the first shock wave rattled my ribs and was quickly followed by the blast wave which hit me and helped me off the searchlight much quicker than I had planned.

Fortunately, I landed on my backside shaken and stirred but comparatively unharmed. My colleague came running over and I said "What happened did it blow up?" I realised I was completely deaf, and he knew I would be so shook his head and pointed skywards behind me. I turned to look and saw a white vapour trail about twenty miles long and just in time to see right at the tip a bright flash as the missile found and destroyed its target. I was very confused but couldn't hear anything so explanations would have to wait.

Then began the long climb back up the 330 steps. It took me nearly an hour with frequent stops as the effects of the explosion shock waves made themselves known. Exhausted I barely crawled into the lab and found a place to sit and recover while many smirking faces revealed they knew exactly what I had experienced. When I could hear, my colleague explained that the films and recordings I had scanned were in fact at 48 or 96 times slower than real time. When the booster rockets fired the missile was supersonic in a couple of feet and was doing Mach 2 by the time it left the launcher. Obviously, the recordings had to be played back at a very slow speed so we could examine the details closely. It seemed that all the staff had gone through the same ordeal as myself in a traditional welcoming ceremony.



My Time in TOT and Beyond

John Donaldson

I started my career in Texaco via TOT, joining in September 1978 on the Engineering Apprentice scheme, aka Engineer Cadetship. I was 'recommended' to apply for a cadetship by the illustrious Capt. Wallace (Wally) McCullough. He and my father were both founding members of a local lodge in Crawfordsburn; say no more!

I transferred shoreside in 1983 to the role of Shift Supervisor in Carrickfergus (*Maurice (my other half, will remember the depot well Ed!)* under the direction of Ken Hewitt. I do recall at one stage being called late one evening by the local constabulary to inform me that one of our company vehicles, i.e. a company car, had been stolen and was available for collection in Davis Flats. I believe Maurice had the pleasurable duty of collecting his car that evening!

Carrickfergus was doomed once a new security fence was constructed around the site; as happened to many corporate businesses in Carrickfergus; Courtaulds, to name but one. The RTWs were latterly based in Belfast and Carrick closed. I transferred to Knightsbridge in October 1990 in the role of coastal shipping coordinator. Many years, and many roles, later I received a company car. I was first given a red automatic Ford Mondeo which was previously driven by? YOU! (*He means me, and I remember the car! Ed!*)

Years rolled by and in October 2015 I was made redundant, aka retired, from active service. Deciding not to sit around and do nothing I decided in my infinite wisdom to apply for an HGV licence and after passing my Class 2 (Rigid HGV) in Jan 2016 went on to pass my HGV Class 1 (Articulated) in March 2016. I now work as a driver for a firm based in Tilbury on a zero-hours contract basis, covering holidays and sickness. I enjoy the work, maybe not so much the early starts!

Thanks John, good to pass on memories. Ed!

Clean Air

June McCullough

I recently saw an article about wood burning for heating, something I feel very strongly against. I saw the following in the Kingston Town newsletter and want to share it with you.

'Did you know that for the same amount of heat or energy, burning wood releases more climate changing carbon dioxide (CO₂) than oil or gas? Not only this, but cutting down trees for fuel destroys forests, damages ecosystems and leads to biodiversity loss. It can also take decades for trees to regrow and reabsorb the carbon emitted by burning wood. Domestic burning, which includes wood and a small proportion of coal and smokeless fuels, is the single biggest source of harmful small particle air pollution in the UK. While wood burners may seem cosy, even homes with the newest 'ecodesign' versions are three times more polluted than homes without one'.

The article also said wood burning costs 15% more than other heating, not including the cost of the actual burner. It is also bad for our health, it gives off pollutants that are smaller than a human hair which affects hearts and lungs and they are also not environmentally friendly.

If you would like to learn more, go to the website - cleanairhub.org.uk

Whoever had the daft idea of bringing this in as a possible aid to climate change surely did not do their homework. Trees are vital for many reasons, they help in some areas with flooding, they give shade, are a joy to look at and provide homes for insects, birds, fungus and many other incredible things that help to give us clean air and beauty. *Just saying! Ed!*



Changing Humanity?

Anon

I'm in a strange mood tonight, I have reached the age of 86 and don't know who I am! I have not forgotten, it's not what some people call 'brain fade'. No, it's something different, life seems to have lost all meaning! I have been watching the television, newscast after newscast, I cannot understand humanity, what is the point? What has changed? What progress have we made? We as a species have created beautiful buildings, invented almost unbelievable technology, composed music which seems to link us with, for want of a better word, our soul. Created Art in all of its forms, and yet, we seem to be still in the dark ages, in fact, we are in a place far darker, in spite of all the so called progress that we have made. We are today using that same process to kill each other on a grand scale (precision bombing), Global warming, Mass starvation. To think that I have been part of all this 'Process' for the past 86 years. Little wonder I don't know who I am!

Posers. Answers at the end of this issue

1. Name three of the original five Pottery towns.
2. Where were the famous Wedgwood Potteries?
3. What was there before the Eden Project?
4. What ultra-modern pieces of equipment still use steam in their power systems?

Congratulations to all my friends who were born in the 1930's. 1940's. 1950's and 1960's.

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us and lived in houses made of asbestos.

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese, raw egg products, loads of bacon and processed meat, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes or cervical cancer.

Then after that trauma, our baby cots were covered with bright coloured lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets or shoes, not to mention, the risks we took hitchhiking.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or airbags.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.

Takeaway food was limited to fish and chips, no pizza shops, McDonald's, KFC, Subway or Nandos.

Even though all the shops closed at 6.00pm and didn't open on a Sunday, somehow, we didn't starve to death!

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and no one actually died from this.

We could collect old drink bottles and cash them in at the corner store and buy Toffees, Gobstoppers, Bubble Gum.

We ate cupcakes, white bread and real butter and drank soft drinks with sugar in them, but we weren't overweight because we were always outside playing!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day and we were O.K.



We would spend hours building our go-carts out of old prams and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes.

We built tree houses and dens and played in river beds with matchbox cars.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo Wii X-boxes, no video games at all, no 999 channels on SKY, no video/DVD films, no mobile phones, no personal computers, no Internet or Internet chat rooms.

We had friends and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents.

Only girls had pierced ears!

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

You could only buy Easter Eggs and Hot Cross Buns at Easter time.

Boys were given air guns and catapults for their tenth birthdays.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door, rang the bell, or just yelled for them!

Mum didn't have to go to work to help Dad make ends meet because we didn't need to keep up with the Joneses!

Not everyone made the rugby/football/cricket/netball team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!! Getting into the team was based on merit.

Our teachers used to hit us with canes and gym shoes and throw the blackboard rubber at us if they thought we weren't concentrating.

We can string sentences together and spell and have proper conversations because of a good, solid three R's education.

Our parents would tell us to ask a stranger to help us cross the road.

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law!

Our parents didn't invent stupid names for their kids like 'Kiora' and 'Blade' and 'Ridge' and 'Vanilla' and 'Tiger'

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all!

You are one of them! Congratulations!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated our lives for our own good. And while you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave their parents were.

?? QUIZ

Answers to the quiz in the November 2024 issue of Retiree News were:

1 The Ox and Lamb, **2** England, **3** To and From, **4** Egypt, **5** He places his finger on the side of his nose, gives a nod and up he goes, **6** White Christmas, **7** Oklahoma, **8** Gold and Silver, **9** White **10** St. Stephen, **11** Norway, **12** Blitzen Comet, Cupid, Dasher, Dancer, Donner, Prancer and Vixen, **13** Turkey, **14** Six, **15** The Nutcracker, **16** Cookies and milk, **17** Jacob Marley, **18** Angel, **19** Coca Cola, **20** Bells, **21** Donner which translates to thunder in German and Blitzen which means lightning, **22** Pere Noel, **23** Alabama, 24 7 January.



The were no winners and with only three people giving it a try, it was very disappointing not to receive more. Depending on the number of entrants for this quiz will determine whether or not to continue with a quiz in future. It's up to you!

Another Nature Quiz

1. Only one British native tree is named after the month in which it blooms, but it also has another common name. By what two names is it known?
2. What is the common name for *Ilex*?
3. Of which fruit do the leaves of *Melissa officinalis* smell?
4. What flower is named after botanist Dr Leonard Fuchs?
5. What are the leaves of ferns called?
6. True or false? *Asparagus* is a member of the lily family.
7. What are the four ingredients of loam?
8. What is the term for covering soil with a layer of organic or inorganic matter to prevent weeds?
9. When was the RHS Chelsea Flower Show first held? a) 1948, b) 1897, c) 1913, d) 1960.
10. Witch hazel is used in many health and beauty products. What is its botanical name?
11. Which king is traditionally credited with creating the Hanging Gardens of Babylon?
12. Which popular garden tree with hanging yellow flowers has poisonous seeds?
13. In which decade of the 19th century was the Royal Horticultural Society founded as the Horticultural Society of London?
14. The garden of the National Trust's Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire surrounds a property built in the style of a French chateau. Which famous banking family built the house and created the gardens in the 19th century?
15. What is unique about hydrophytic plants?
16. What is made from the dried leaves of *Camelia Sinensis*?
17. Where might you find blanket weed growing?
18. To which fruit does the caterpillar of the codling moth cause damage?
19. Which bird is the most common visitor to the British garden?
20. According to folklore, when should Laurel be planted to bring good luck?

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

Getting Older

Anon

I recently asked a dear friend, who is in his 70s and nearing 80, about the changes he's noticed in himself as he's grown older. His response was so beautiful, I just had to share it with you all.

1. After spending a lifetime loving my parents, siblings, spouse, children, and friends, I've finally started loving myself.



2. I've realized that I am not "Atlas." The world doesn't rest on my shoulders.
3. I no longer haggle with vegetable or fruit vendors. A few extra pennies won't hurt me, but it might help them save for their child's school fees.
4. I always leave my waitress a generous tip. That little extra might bring a smile to her face as she works hard for her living.
5. I've stopped telling the elderly that they've already repeated that story. It allows them to relive their precious memories.
6. I no longer feel the need to correct people, even when I know they're wrong. It's not my job to make everyone perfect, peace is far more valuable than perfection.
7. I freely give compliments. They lift the mood of both the giver and receiver. And remember, if you receive one, never turn it down, just say "Thank you."
8. A crease or spot on my shirt? I don't sweat it anymore. Personality speaks louder than appearances.
9. I've learned to walk away from people who don't value me. They may not know my worth, but I do.
10. I stay calm when others try to outrun me in life's rat race. I am not a rat, and I'm not racing.
11. I'm no longer embarrassed by my emotions, they're what make me human.
12. I've learned that it's better to drop the ego than to break a relationship. Ego isolates, but relationships keep you connected.

13. I live each day as if it could be my last, because one day, it just might be.
14. And lastly, I'm doing what makes me happy. I'm responsible for my happiness, and happiness is a choice you can make at any moment.

Why wait until we're 60, 70, or 80 to start living this way? Let's practice these lessons now, at any age. This insightful message was shared by a wise friend, and I'm simply passing along his words of wisdom.

80 Birthday

Tony Malin, Dorset

Golden Wedding Anniversary

Stephen and Diane McGarvie celebrated on 20 April 2024 with a celebration at the Masonic Hall in Milford Haven. Stephen worked for Gulf Oil which was then bought by Chevron. He also continued on site with Petroplus and SemLogistics and finally Valero Pembrokeshire Oil Terminal. A total of 39 years on site.

Diamond Wedding Anniversary

Brenda and Paul Ives celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on 27 March this year with a trip to India.

English is a Crazy Language.

There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.



We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig. And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth beeth? Or, one goose, 2 geese? So, one moose, 2 meese? One index, 2 indices?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend. If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it? If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what other language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship?

Have noses that run and feet that smell? How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which an alarm goes off by going on. English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race (which, of course, isn't a race at all). That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

Poetry Corner

Yesteryear

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.



Time for a Chuckle

A friend was telling me about the present he'd just bought his wife to celebrate their Silver Wedding Anniversary. I asked him what it was. "A table. A really beautiful table. I really hope she likes it - even though she doesn't play snooker."

A pensioner drove his brand new BMW at 100 mph, looking in his rear view mirror, he saw a police car behind him. He floored it to 140, then 150, then 155. Suddenly he thought,



"I'm too old for this nonsense!" So he pulled over to the side of the road and waited for the police car to catch up with him. The officer walked up to him, looked at his watch and said, "Sir, my shift ends in ten minutes. Today is Friday and I'm taking off for the weekend with my family. If you can give me a good reason that I've never heard before, why you were speeding... I'll let you go." The Man looked very seriously at the policeman, and replied:-

"Years ago, my wife ran off with a policeman, I thought you were bringing her back."!

The Cop left saying, " Have a good day, Sir " .

OBITUARIES

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

Albert Victor Adams (C) on 01/01/25 aged 79, Aberdeen

Richard Cameron Aitken (G) on 10/10/24 aged 95, Dunblane

Anthony Richard Barlow (T) on 10/12/24 aged 84, Tamworth

Peter Edwin Berriman (T) on 14/01/25 aged 92, Winslow

Cyril Birch (T) on 02/01/25 aged 96, Middleton

Derick Arthur Bond (T) on 07/10/24 aged 94, Worcestershire

Robert Aylmer Brewis (T) on 28/01/25 aged 84, West Sussex

David Roger Brice (T) on 15/02/25 aged 76, Swindon

Marjorie L J Carter (T) on 03/01/25 aged 94, Chelmondiston

Keith Hugh Connor (T) on 16/03/25 aged 90, Dyfed

Alan James Davies (G) on 10/01/25 aged 97, Sir Benfro

David Emlyn Davies (T) on 01/11/24 aged 79, Staffordshire

Ian Stewart Dempster (T) on 22/11/24 aged 89, Edinburgh

Terence John Donnelly (G) on 19/03/25 aged 86, Nr Penarth

Sandra Rosalind Dukelow (G) on 10/08/24 aged 83, Ireland

Paul Gibbons (T) on 14/09/24 aged 91, North Shields

James Hadley (C) on 28/01/25 aged 74, Epsom

Peter Brian Hamilton (G) on 17/06/24 aged 83, Helston

Terence Sidney Hann (G) on 29/11/24 aged 85, Evesham

Charles Robert Harling (T) on 13/10/24 aged 92, London

Christopher John Harris (G) on 15/02/25 aged 80, Surrey

Leslie Smith Hartill (G) on 24/11/24 aged 91, Milford Haven

Barry John Herbert (T) on 29/08/24 aged 74, Pembroke



*George Malcolm Higgs (G) on 08/07/24 aged 91
Burton on Trent*

*Steven Holloway (T) on 31/01/25 aged 67,
West Sussex*

Alex P Hunt (T) on 12/06/24 aged 66. Radcliffe

*John Harries James (G) on 19/12/24 aged 81,
Haverfordwest*

*Russell Kenneth Jones (Std) on 28/08/24 aged 60,
Pembrokeshire*

*Ethel Lena Keevil (T) on 19/12/24 aged 96, East
Sussex*

Richard J Kelly (T) on 30/01/25 aged 76, Dyfed

*Anthony Kennedy (G) on 09/09/23 aged 90,
Worcestershire*

*Grazyna K W Lapczynska (T) on 04/01/24 aged 61,
London*

Mike Madine (T) on 06/05/24 aged 83, Cyprus

William McNab (G) on 13/11/24 aged 88, Liverpool

Ronald McNeill (C) on 22/11/24 aged 77, Perthshire

Heather Miller (T) on 25/08/24 aged 66, Aberdeen

*Marion Thomson Miller (C) on 20/09/24 aged 66,
Melksham*

*John Norbury Milnes (T) on 05/10/24 aged 88,
Harrogate*

*Christopher Morris (T) on 05/11/24 aged 77,
Cornwall*

*Michael Ernest Mothersole (T) on 04/12/24 aged 82,
Berkhamsted*

*Nicola E Owen Kempt (G) on 14/10/24 aged 64,
Cheltenham*

Victor Paterson (G) on 01/05/24 aged 77, London

Nina Popat (G) on 15/05/24 aged 70, London

*Geoffrey Alfred Rowley (G) on 11/03/24 aged 94,
Canada*

*Alan David Saville (T) on 15/03/25 aged 91,
Billericay*

*John Dudley Smith (C) on 05/01/25 aged 86,
Aberdeenshire*

Raymond Smith (C) on 18/12/24 aged 87, York

*Victor Paul Starkey (T) on 05/10/24 aged 83,
Cambridge*

*Ian Stuart Swift (T) on 10/08/24 aged 80, Milford
Haven*

*James Taylor (T) on 24/01/25 aged 88, Greater
Manchester*

Jean Van Den Berg (C) on 17/12/24 aged 93, Surrey

Rekha Vokketur (T) on 27/10/24 aged 90. Harrow

*John Edward Warner (G) on 14/10/24 aged 93,
Kidderminster*

Barry Webb (G) on 18/04/24 aged 95, Suffolk

*Ernest Richard Wheeler (T) on 22/10/24 aged 88,
Ascot*

William Wilson (G) on 27/11/24 aged 97, Berkshire

*Susan Jane Wright (C) on 27/02/25 aged 65,
Lancashire/*



Answers to Posers

1. Tunstall, Hanley. Longton, Burslem, Stoke on Trent.
2. Etruria; and Barlaston
3. An English China Clay quarry. (A very good Texaco customer)
4. Nuclear Submarines and Nuclear Power Stations.



Quotes

A happy person is not a person in a certain set of circumstances but rather a person with a certain set of attitudes. *Hugh Downs Veteran Journalist*

Kindness doesn't cost a thing, but it is the richest gift you can give. *Anon*

You can tell more about a person by what he says about others than you can by what others say about him. *Leo Aikman Writer and Newspaper Editor*

A bin man gave this to my mother in the 1950s
Roger Willmott

'Life is mostly froth and bubble Two things stand alone Kindness in another's trouble
Courage in your own'.

Always remember – Yesterday is history
Tomorrow is a mystery Today is a gift, that is why
it is called the Present So, don't dwell on the past
(except happy memories) Or worry about the
future (it will take care of itself)

If a man marries the right woman he is complete.

If a man marries the wrong woman he is finished.

And if the right woman finds the man with the
wrong woman he is completely finished.

Editors Last Word

If you are planning journeys and holidays during the coming months, may you have trouble free transport and a time for making happy memories.

June Parham McCullough
Editor

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