



The Probus Club of Berwick-upon-Tweed

Welcome to our 'It's Good to stay in touch' Newsletter –

Issue 9 – 7th October 2020

Edited by Homer Lindsay, homer@thelindsays.info Mobile 07749 458484, 17 Cornwall Avenue, Berwick, TD15 2NX

Dear Member,

I hope you are all keeping safe and well. Although we are under special restrictions it is gratifying to know that Berwick's incidence of coronavirus is too small to appear on Northumberland's official statistics. Morpeth and Cramlington seem to have been worst hit in the last seven days.

It seems clear now that we will not be able to meet in person this year. I have mooted the idea of a Zoom virtual meeting, but I received only 6 yesses and 2 noes out of a membership of 38! A disappointing response. Would anyone be willing to record a video talk?

Our Newsletter number 9 has something of a 1940's flavour and is graced by **William Hall's** tea towel, the story of a Shetland spitfire suggested by **John Harper**, a trip to Wales by **Ian Hannah** and an appeal by The Fisherman's Mission of Northumberland & Eyemouth. A big thank you to all our contributors over the past six months.

I have just about managed to fill the pages of this edition but the cupboard is bare for the tenth edition; **copy is needed from members**. It can be large or small, photographic, about you, your interests, a memorable trip. If you need help putting 'it' together then I am happy to assist. *Homer*

Who Said?

"Peace comes when you talk to the guy you most hate. And that's where the courage of a leader comes, because when you sit down with your enemy, you as a leader must already have very considerable confidence from your own constituency."

Answer on last page of the newsletter

HL

Who is This?

This is a photograph of a Probus member some time before he was allowed to join.



Suggested answers by email, text or phone to the editor

Members have not been very forthcoming with possible identities for any of the youngsters featured in this column to date. Surely this one is more obvious! Have a go!

We are Survivors

(For those born before 1940...)

We were born before television, before penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, videos and the pill. We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ball-point pens, before dishwashers, tumble driers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes...and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together (how quaint can you be?). We thought 'fast food' was what you ate in Lent, a 'Big Mac' was an oversized raincoat and 'crumpet' we had for tea. We existed before househusbands, computer dating and 'sheltered accommodation' was where you waited for a bus.

We were before day care centres, group homes and disposable nappies. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, artificial hearts, word processors, or young men wearing earrings. For us, 'time sharing' meant togetherness, a 'chip' was a piece of wood or fried potato, 'hardware' meant nuts and bolts and 'software' wasn't a word.

Before 1940 'made in Japan' meant junk. The term 'making out' referred to how you did in your exams, 'stud' was something that fastened a collar to a shirt and 'going all the way' meant staying on a double-decker bus to the terminus. In our day, cigarette smoking was 'fashionable', 'grass' was mown, 'coke' was kept in the coalhouse, a 'joint' was a piece of meat you ate on Sundays and 'pot' was something you cooked in. 'Rock music' was a fond mother's lullaby, 'Eldorado' was an ice cream, a 'gay person' was the life and soul of the party, while 'aids' just meant beauty treatment or help for someone in trouble.

We who were born before 1940 must be a hardy bunch when you think of the way in which the world has changed and the adjustments we have had to make. No wonder there is a generation gap today.... BUT

By the grace of God... we have survived.

Transcribed from a tea towel offered by William Hall, printed by ©Mr Bridge, Ryden Grange, Bisley, GU21 2TH; 01483 489961

The Fisherman's Mission Northumberland and Eyemouth

George Martin received the following email from Claire McIntosh of



Dear George,

I hope that you and your members at Berwick Probus are well during these difficult times. It's so hard to think of 'getting back to normal' whatever that means for us all individually or as a family. Here at the Fishermen's Mission we are also thinking daily about how we deliver our services. The team continue to work from home, offering full support to our fishermen and their families. Our fundraisers have tried to keep some money coming in to our ever-decreasing bank account as we continue to distribute more than we have coming in.

Life for fishermen and their families is also a struggle. While happily some fishermen have found news ways of selling their fish, which is wonderful, most have not. For many fishing is facing another of its most challenging periods. The fishing catch in 2019 was at one of its lowest points, especially for the small boats, even before Covid-19 arrived on our shores. We continue to be vigilant as we fear that, for our fishermen, more debt and uncertainty are on the horizon.

I am hoping to raise some vital funds from this and hope that you would consider supporting us by purchasing either cards or calendars to give to your clients and customers. I have attached our latest range of Fishermen's Mission Christmas Cards and 2021 Calendar we have for sale this year. The Christmas cards cost £5.00per pack (all the same design and 10 cards per pack).

The calendar is £7.50 including a postal envelope. Each calendar month features stunning and unique artwork themed with an accompanying seafood recipe by well-known chefs including Nathan Outlaw, Mitch Tonks, the Tanner Brothers, Tom Brown and Nigel Bloxham to name a few.





The Fishermen's Mission is the only national charity that solely supports both active and retired fishermen and their families. We provide a range of services that includes financial, practical and pastoral support. For every £1 donated, 88p is spent on providing those services and we receive no government or lottery funding but rely entirely on donations.

If you or any members of Berwick Probus would like to show your support for UK fishermen and their families by sending your



Fund Raising 1 Christmas Card A

Christmas wishes through our wonderful Christmas Cards and 2021 Calendar, please email me back with the quantities you would like and to discuss postage and packaging. If appropriate I will be happy to hand deliver your order for free.

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Fund Raising 2 Christmas Card B</i></p> 	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Fund Raising 3 Christmas Card C</i></p> 	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Fund Raising 4 2021 Calendar July</i></p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 60%;"> <p>BAKED SPIDER CRABS AS COOKED IN SPAIN</p> <p>Method</p> <p>Pre-heat the oven to 170°C, season the crabs with salt and pepper, brush with olive oil and bake for 10-12 minutes. Add the cheese and bake for a further 5-10 minutes until the cheese is melted and golden brown.</p> <p>Ingredients</p> <p>1kg spider crabs Salt and pepper Olive oil 100g cheddar cheese, grated 100g mozzarella cheese, grated 1 tsp dried oregano 1 tsp dried basil 1 tsp dried thyme 1 tsp dried rosemary 1 tsp dried sage 1 tsp dried marjoram 1 tsp dried fennel 1 tsp dried dill 1 tsp dried tarragon 1 tsp dried chives 1 tsp dried parsley 1 tsp dried basil 1 tsp dried oregano 1 tsp dried thyme 1 tsp dried rosemary 1 tsp dried sage 1 tsp dried marjoram 1 tsp dried fennel 1 tsp dried dill 1 tsp dried tarragon 1 tsp dried chives 1 tsp dried parsley</p> </div> <div style="width: 35%;"> <p style="text-align: center;">JULY</p> <table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr><td>1 Thu</td><td>17 Sat</td></tr> <tr><td>2 Fri</td><td>18 Sun</td></tr> <tr><td>3 Sat</td><td>19 Mon</td></tr> <tr><td>4 Sun</td><td>20 Tue</td></tr> <tr><td>5 Mon</td><td>21 Wed</td></tr> <tr><td>6 Tue</td><td>22 Thu</td></tr> <tr><td>7 Wed</td><td>23 Fri</td></tr> <tr><td>8 Thu</td><td>24 Sat</td></tr> <tr><td>9 Fri</td><td>25 Sun</td></tr> <tr><td>10 Sat</td><td>26 Mon</td></tr> <tr><td>11 Sun</td><td>27 Tue</td></tr> <tr><td>12 Mon</td><td>28 Wed</td></tr> <tr><td>13 Tue</td><td>29 Thu</td></tr> <tr><td>14 Wed</td><td>30 Fri</td></tr> <tr><td>15 Thu</td><td>31 Sat</td></tr> <tr><td>16 Fri</td><td></td></tr> </table> </div> </div>	1 Thu	17 Sat	2 Fri	18 Sun	3 Sat	19 Mon	4 Sun	20 Tue	5 Mon	21 Wed	6 Tue	22 Thu	7 Wed	23 Fri	8 Thu	24 Sat	9 Fri	25 Sun	10 Sat	26 Mon	11 Sun	27 Tue	12 Mon	28 Wed	13 Tue	29 Thu	14 Wed	30 Fri	15 Thu	31 Sat	16 Fri	
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The editor is prepared to collect members' requirements and email a composite order to Claire, avoiding post and packing costs. I can take your payment via online banking, PayPal or cheque. My contact details are on page 1. Alternatively, email Claire direct on Eymouthcentre@fishermensmission.org.uk

Travel Report *by @ Ian Hannah*

A few weeks ago I travelled to Newtown in Wales to visit a friend. I travelled by train, requesting assistance, and had to change at Newcastle and Birmingham. A young lady helped me to board the train at Berwick. I had 3/4 of an hour to wait for my connection at Newcastle and the young lady, who assisted me off the train at Newcastle, showed me to the first-class lounge (I only had a standard class ticket) and brought me a bottle of water. She returned for me about 5 minutes before the train was due, showed me to a seat and said she would phone Birmingham to let them know which carriage I was in. At Birmingham, a man assisted me and took me to the first-class lounge, which was really a waste of time, as I only had 20 minutes to wait. He returned 5 minutes before the train was due, showed me to a forward-facing seat and left. There are a number of notices on the train, requesting passengers to sit at the window seat and leave the aisle seat vacant in order to keep

social distancing. Newtown was a very small station and unmanned, so a fellow passenger helped me off the train. I had to use a footbridge to cross the railway track but I managed. I left Berwick at 13.13 and arrived Newtown at 20.05.

Irene and her daughter Ann met me at the station and drove me to their house in the middle of the mountains. The scenery was very picturesque and in the distance I saw a few wild Welsh ponies and there were sheep everywhere, hundreds of them. The rooms in their house are very small and their nearest neighbour is 1/2 a mile away. Irene has a dog called Stella and she is 19 years old. Ann has 2 rescue dogs and a pup. One of the rescue dogs is called Ruby and is 7 years old, the other is blind and has diabetes and the pup is called Evie. I had something to eat and then toddled off to bed. Irene showed me the way and showed me how to work the table lamp. You tapped the shade once and the light

came on, tapped it again and it got brighter, tapped it again and it was full on and to switch it off you tapped the shade again. The room would probably be about 10'x7'. Luckily the bathroom was directly opposite my room and was nearly the same size as the bedroom, originally it would most likely have been a bedroom.

In the morning, I was introduced to some of her ponies, mainly Welsh ponies, although she does have a Shetland pony and a wild pony.



Ann offered the wild pony a carrot and it didn't know what to do with it until he saw one of the other ponies eating one. She also had one in a stable. In the afternoon, we drove into Newtown for horse food and to do some shopping at Tesco. On the way back we stopped at a general store to buy ice creams. We had nearly reached the house, when a jet streaked over the car skimming the tops of the mountains. I asked if there was a RAF base nearby and was told that there wasn't but they used the area as a low flying test area and sometimes you could see the pilot's face. Ann's partner Chris works for the local farmer looking after bullocks. There are also a number of goats and horses in the surrounding area. It was a lovely afternoon and Irene and I spent some time on the swingseat in the garden watching the ponies; very relaxing but of course the pup was always wanting attention. After dinner Irene and I went to her room, which wasn't

much bigger than mine and watched TV until about 10pm when I went to my room.

Saturday morning, Ann said she was going to take the pony from the stable to a field about 4 miles away and asked Irene and I to accompany her. It was the first time I had travelled in a horse box, but I must say you got a much better view than you do from a car. The track was slightly wider than the horse box and there were many potholes so it was a very bumpy ride. On arriving at the field, Ann led the pony from the horse box into the field and made sure it was settled before leaving it. On the return journey, Ann stopped at a field with about 16 ponies in it and all of us alighted from the horse box and entered the field. Only 2 of the ponies were Ann's but most of them came running to meet us and I was surrounded by them. Irene said that one of them would undo the fastening on my shoe and right enough it did. All of them wanted petting and I found it very calming. All too soon it was time to go and we made our way back to the house.

Sunday morning Ann received a phone call saying that the pony she had taken yesterday had jumped a fence, was among other ponies and she would have to collect it. Off we went in the horse box again. The pony was not very cooperative, and Ann had a bit of a struggle before she got it back in the horse box but we were soon back at the house and the pony safely enclosed in the stable. Irene and I spent the rest of the day sitting on the swing seat and playing with the dogs.

Monday morning was spent relaxing and packing. I had plenty of time as the train didn't depart until 14.42 and I only required to change at Birmingham. It had been a very relaxing and enjoyable weekend, meeting Irene again and hoping it wouldn't be too long before she came to

<p>Berwick.</p> <p>A man assisted me at Birmingham and showed me to a table in the carriage facing forward. The train journey was very comfortable as it was only 1/4 full. A young lady assisted me at Berwick and said she</p>	<p>should have been married in Cyprus in May but of course it had to be cancelled but hoped it would happen next year. My grandson, Paul was waiting at the station and drove me home. A perfect end to a perfect holiday.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Ian Hannah</i></p>
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The Shetlander

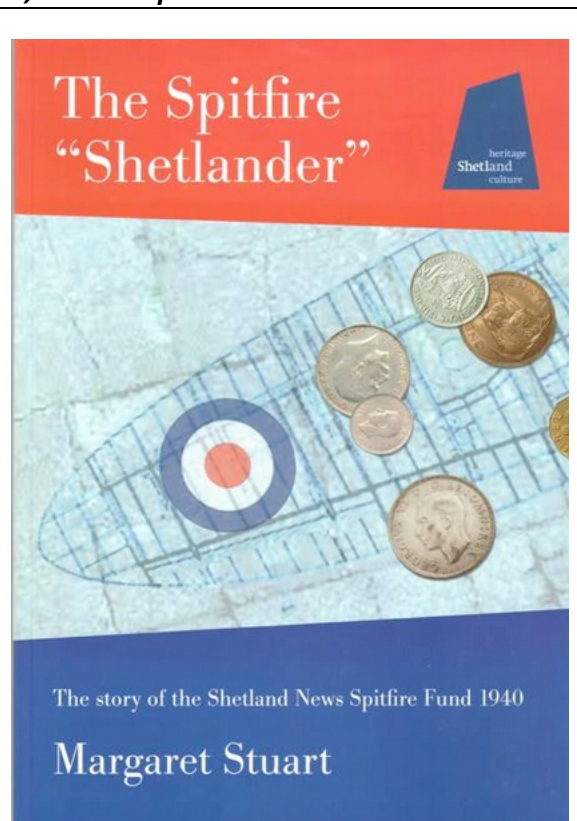
The tale of the ‘Shetlander’ spitfire and its brave American pilot, brought to my attention by Probus member, John Harper

It is August 1940 and the Battle of Britain is at its height. The country desperately needs both planes and pilots and the little island community of Shetland decides, in response to a campaign launched by Lord Beaverbrook, the minister of aircraft supply, to raise £5000 to buy a Spitfire to be called “The Shetlander”. This is the story, as reported week by week in the Shetland News, of the enormous fund-raising effort made by everyone in the islands, from young to old and from rich to poor. It is also the story of a remarkable young American airman who eventually piloted “The Shetlander” and paid the ultimate price for his valour in the skies above the English Channel.

The Shetland community enthusiastically supported the campaign to raise enough to fund the spitfire and they exceeded their target and raised £6000 in ten weeks, an enormous sum of money in 1940. Two shopkeepers in Lerwick opened it with a donation of £500.

Margaret Stuart, who lives in Walls on the west side of the islands, was researching the role of Shetland women in the Second World War when she came upon the story of how islanders raised more than £250,000 in today’s money to fund the aircraft. Her research is told in her book ‘The Spitfire “Shetlander”’. The spitfire was built in 1942.

By then the US had entered the war. On 12th



April 1942, the Shetlander became part of Squadron 133, the American Eagle Squadron, which was formed from American volunteers who had given up their US citizenship to serve with the RAF.

Its pilot was Flight Sergeant Walter Wicker. Margaret tracked down his sister in Chicago, who said he forfeited his American citizenship at the age of 20 and hitchhiked to Canada to join the RAF.

Wicker went on to carry out eight sorties in the Shetlander before being shot down over the English Channel in 1942.

Wicker's body was washed up in Dover and he is buried in nearby Folkestone. His grave bears the words, "He died that democracy may live."



Berwick 1 Sunset from my garden on 23rd September © Homer Lindsay

Letter to the Editor

Hello Homer,

I am beginning to wonder if there will be a Berwick Probus Club after the pandemic. It must have been heart breaking for you, when only six members replied in favour of having Zoom meetings.

Is it because they are simply not interested or because they think the procedure would be too complicated for them? I can assure them that it is quite a simple process and if I can do it, anybody can.

Zoom is the next best thing to having an actual meeting, as you can see and talk to other members. As a point of interest, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was held by Zoom.

Best wishes,
Ian Hannah

New Covid-19 restrictions for our region:

- Venues including pubs, restaurants and cafes to close from 10pm to 5am**
- Venues providing food and drink restricted to table service only**
- You must not meet with those outside your household or support bubble in private homes or gardens; or any indoor setting**

Visit www.northumberland.gov.uk for full restrictions and frequently asked questions

[https://www.northumberland.gov.uk/coronavirus/Latest-information-and-advice-on-Coronavirus.aspx - localcoronaviruscovid-19restrictionsfornorthumberland](https://www.northumberland.gov.uk/coronavirus/Latest-information-and-advice-on-Coronavirus.aspx-localcoronaviruscovid-19restrictionsfornorthumberland)

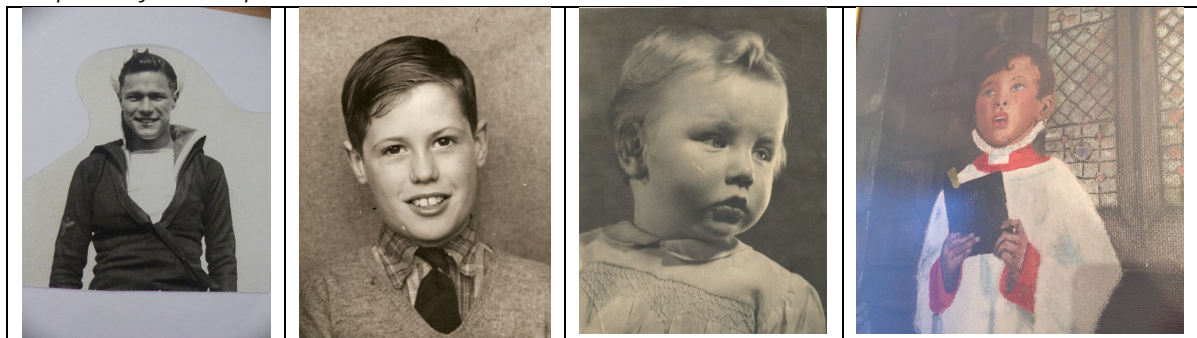
Sex after surgery

A recent article in the Daily Post reported that a man, Dave Harper, has sued St Paul's Hospital, saying that after his wife had surgery there, she lost all interest in sex.

A hospital spokesman replied:

"Mrs Harper was admitted for cataract surgery. All we did was correct her eyesight."

A reprise of all the previous "Who is This?" candidates.



I have received one correct guess and one incorrect guess. Who are these Probus members? Send me your now & then photos to include in this gallery. One day they will all be revealed!

Who Said?

“Peace comes when you talk to the guy you most hate. And that's where the courage of a leader comes, because when you sit down with your enemy, you as a leader must already have very considerable confidence from your own constituency.”

It was Archbishop Desmond Tutu who was born on this day in 1931.

Profession: Anglican Archbishop and Activist

Nationality:

[South African](#)

Why Famous: Tutu is a renowned South African Anglican cleric whose staunch opposition to the policies of apartheid in South Africa earned him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984.

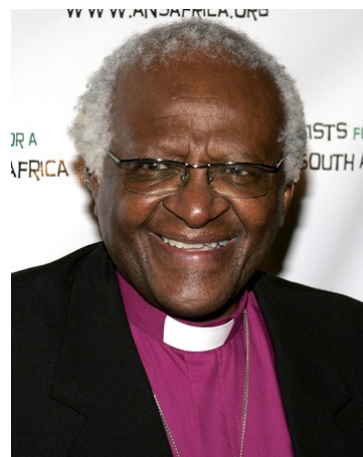
Tutu's rise to prominence began in 1975 when he became the first black person to be appointed the Anglican dean of Johannesburg.

His political activism has endured long after the end of Apartheid, and Tutu has drawn attention to various social justice issues like HIV/AIDS, poverty, and racism over the years.

Born: [October 7, 1931](#)

Birthplace: Klerksdorp, Western Transvaal, South Africa

Age: [89 years old](#)



Was this Newsletter worthwhile? Your feedback would be appreciated, along with suggestions and contributions for future editions during the COVID-19 crisis. Contact details on page 1.