



“ proBITS ”

an occasional publication
from the

PROBUS CLUB
HORLEY & DISTRICT

issue 7
13th October 2020

INTRODUCTION

This epistle is seeing the light of day in response to the Covid-19, or Corona Virus, being the cause to postpone our lunch meetings until further notice. The ProBus Club Horley & District's Committee wants to stay in touch with the Members and the Members to stay in touch with each other. It is very important, in the situation we find ourselves in, to be "connected". Complete isolation from our friends/family is a dangerous thing. The majority of our Members have access to email - only 4 don't - and those 4 will receive "proBITS" in printed form. Hopefully, they'll relay their words of wisdom in a more traditional manner, like snailmail or even pigeonpost !

The "proBITS" newsletter can only exist successfully with the cooperation of all Members concerned, that must be obvious to everybody. I plead therefore with all Members to make a contribution, however small.

The email address for "proBITS" contributions is :

jpdل.probus@icloud.com

this is a change of address

As a guideline : maximum about 850 words.

If pics included, deduct 30 words per pic.

Text in plain A4 Word document/email.

Pics separately attached, in JPG or JPEG format.

Please note : your copy may be edited !

If you submit early enough you'll receive a proof print.

Please email or mail your contribution for the 8th issue, to be received at the latest on Tuesday the 3rd of November - as always : a week before issue.

Each issue will land in your mailbox on the second Tuesday of the month, the same day we would have had lunch.

Many organisations have a newsletter of some sort. Virtually all of them struggle to get pages filled. I really hope that the ProBus Club of Horley & District, with all its Members having (had) interesting professional lives and interests, will prove to be an exception to the rule.

And no, you can't use the excuse that you don't have the time

John De Lang, editor

What are the Chances ?

In the mid-1960s, living in North Yorkshire, I was an articled clerk with only two weeks summer holiday. As an enthusiastic youth hosteller, with my best friend Roy, each year we went youth-hostelling. Initially in England but, after a few years experience, abroad, hitch-hiking where possible to save on travel costs and see as much as we could in the two weeks.

We were both members of our local church youth club, which had about 15 members meeting every Sunday evening. Three of the regular members, Sue, Susan and Linda were best friends and always went around together.

Off went Roy and I this particular year, 1969, journeying by train and thumb, visiting Milan, Florence, Rome and Sienna (where we were lucky enough to be there on the day of the Palio and in time to get into the centre crowd – but that’s a story for another time) where we got a train to Munich.

Arriving at the station, we went looking for the left luggage lockers to deposit our rucksacks while we explored the city. Like any major station, it was very busy and had the usual clutter of cases and baggage carts scattered around.

As we walked towards the lockers, ahead of us was another baggage cart. Empty, except for three persons sitting on the far side facing away from us.

As we got nearer we could see they were females and I said to Roy “Those three, from the back, look just like Sue and co.” “OK”, he said, “let’s walk round the other side at a distance and check so we don’t make fools of ourselves if it isn’t them.”

So we did and..... it was them !

They were on their way to a holiday camp and had only just arrived in Munich. Their connecting train was not due for a couple of hours so, finding an Imbiss (short for snack-bar), we enjoyed a convivial lunch before having to say goodbye. Again, what are the chances ?

contributed by Mike Livesey

What&Where ?

Again an every day subject that should be familiar to all of us. Too easy is it ?!



What you see, but don't see.

For several years I presented a course at the SE U3As Summer School at Chichester. This is from that course. There are many Georgian buildings in Chichester and this is a good example. What can be deduced about it ?

It conforms to the rules set out by Palladio – symmetry, sash windows, window sizes and position, triangular pediment over the door. These features became common from about 1690. Following an event in London in 1666, Building Regulations were introduced for London from 1707 and later also in the rest of England. They stipulated that wooden eaves must not be used and windows should be inset by 4 inches. It is difficult to see whether the eaves are of wood or stone and the windows are not inset so it is probable that what we see was built around 1700.

The double door is an oddity and early in its life the building was divided into two houses. The central windows are blanked and in line with the party wall. Look at the upper left of the picture. The brickwork is distorted. Prior to 1700 most houses were wooden framed (East Grinstead has good examples). Some residents of Chichester had their houses built in brick, but this was expensive. Others, to keep up



with the Joneses, had just the front wall built in brick and, usually, following the Palladian style. In this building some of the weight was taken by the wooden frame, and not very effectively. The distortion reveals that it is based on a wooden frame house. A detailed book on the buildings of Chichester states that the wooden framed house was built between 1684 and 1691 and converted to two about 1700. There is no information about the building of the fascia but it must have been soon after 1700. Another point of interest is that the houses have letter boxes. These would not have been added until the mid-19th century because they were not needed until then. Letters were delivered individually and the courier would not get paid until he delivered the letter to the recipient, who paid. This ensured that the delivery was made and that the courier did not throw away the letter and pocket the money.

contributed by Arthur Browne

The Fernhill Disaster

My wife and I returned from The Horley Squash Club Dinner dance at Russ Hill Hotel just after 1 am on January the 5th 1969. It was very cold and foggy. As we got ready for bed there was a series of muffled explosions to the south of our home in Russells Crescent.

Soon after there was the sound of emergency vehicles. It was clear that a plane had crashed and I estimated that it was on or near the Balcombe Road. We tore round to the Cottage Hospital and collected drip sets, IV solutions and dressings. The town seemed full of emergency vehicles rushing around in different directions. It was bitterly cold and visibility was not good. Driving down the Balcombe Road we found the crash site a mile away in Fernhill, illuminated by fires.

A Boeing 727 Ariana Afghan Airlines from Kabul via Kandahar, Istanbul and Frankfurt had crashed. It landed too soon, hitting trees, removing a chimney pot in Peeks Brook Lane and destroying all of a substantial house, breaking in to sections. Horley policemen were there, and one PC Simmonds, from Oxted carrying a baby. Miraculously she had survived but her parents had not.

The plane was burning fiercely and most of the passengers were trapped in their seats. A few survivors (there were 15 in all) were standing on the road. I gave some morphine to one woman who was burnt. In the farmhouse nearby I met the pilot and co-pilot having tea. They were arguing and the co-pilot said that he had advised against landing because of the fog. He was told to shut up. The scene was chaotic and of course truly terrible. Later an ambulance arrived from Redhill General hospital with 2 nurses and a young doctor who decided that he could do nothing useful. They returned soon to the hospital. The injured were sent to various hospitals, especially Queen Victoria at East Grinstead.

When we left the scene 2 hours later having achieved sadly little, fire engines and ambulances were still arriving from other counties and it was difficult to get through the traffic and thankfully return home. 58 passengers and the 2 parents had died.

Next day the gallant policemen and I went back to work. There was no time off nor counselling. Such things did not happen then. Perhaps that was not such a bad thing. With hindsight the plane could easily have returned to Frankfurt. The plane had plenty of fuel on board. Alternatively it could have been diverted to another nearby airport, like Heathrow, where there was no sign of any fog.

contributed by Jim Williamson

We three queens.

At an opening ceremony for one of my early building contracts, I was in a line up to meet the Queen Mother.

The architect, who was a rather hippy character, stood to my right.

He had managed to borrow a suit but was still wearing his normal open toed sandals.

As the great lady approached, I did a practice bow and to my horror saw a bare big toe poking out of a large hole in his socks.

A quick nudge and a gesture to look down made him realise his problem.

He took immediate remedial action by standing on his left leg only and hiding his exposed right toe behind it.

To steady himself he then put his left arm in my right arm, I shrugged him off because I needed the arm free to shake hands.

He wobbled a bit and to steady himself placed his arm around my waist.

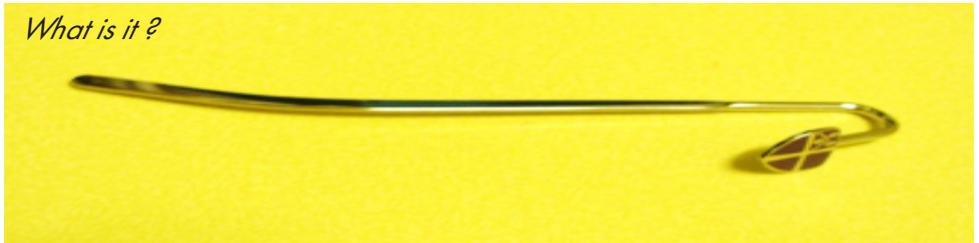
Ma'am shook our hands and passed on down the line.

I thought to myself, did she wonder if we were more than just good friends ?

From the look her two enormous security guards gave us, they certainly did.

contributed by Roy O'Donnell

What is it ?



These were sent as gifts to members of the Durham Circle, a sub-set of the alumni of Durham University. The main section is 140mm long and 4mm by 1mm.

It may be of stainless steel. I thought it might be a letter opener but it is a bit blunt for that. I found the answer in the list of items for sale to members. The answer is "hhuqsgxq", coded so that you do not see it while you are thinking ! Go back six places in the alphabet, i.e. k>e, n>h for the answer. *contributed by Arthur Browne*

Green is the colour in which the human eye can see the most shades.

Photo of the month
will YOURS be here, in the next issue ?



Bryce Canyon.

An American national park located in southwestern Utah. The major feature of the park is Bryce Canyon, which despite its name, is not a canyon, but a collection of giant natural amphitheaters along the eastern side of the Paunsaugunt Plateau. Bryce is distinctive due to geological structures called hoodoos, formed by frost weathering and stream erosion of the river and lake bed sedimentary rocks.

Tale with a twist.

My father was a Police Sergeant in Croydon during the 1941 Blitz and was often involved in rescuing people from their bombed houses. One night an elderly man was trapped under the kitchen table in his wrecked house. The rescuers found it very difficult to extract him safely. Eventually a sort of tunnel was made through the debris and my father helped the man through it to safety. He was unhurt although shaking violently. My father said "you'll be alright old chap, once you have sat down and had a cup of tea." His wife's shrill voice rang out "Don't worry about him officer, he's been shaking like that for the past three years." The man's name was Mr Parkinson.

contributed by Arthur Meaton

Murder on the Aachen Expressway?

December 23rd, 1971, 1 a.m.

My friend Gordon, his girlfriend Denise and I are in his Frankfurt-registered Ford Taunus coupé (red with a black roof) en route from Frankfurt to Calais and the ferry to Dover. Driving home for Christmas.... la la la. All three of us live and work in Frankfurt and are looking forward to getting back to our English homes for the festive season. The drive, however, is not speedy with heavy snow falling as we crawl along the autobahn nearing Aachen. This was where we had to join the E40 to take us east past Aachen, Liege and Brussels and on to the channel ports. In the driving snow, we miss the exit, but not by much more than 30 metres, when we stop on the hard shoulder. With no other traffic on the road at that time, Gordon reverses (unlawfully) and tip-toes round the cloverleaf to the E40. Coming on to the bridge over the road we had just left, we are confronted by a polizist in a long white mac and hard helmet brandishing a large lollipop of a red light showing "Halt". So we do. Gordon opens his window. In German, of course, the cop doesn't beat about the bush: "You reversed on the autobahn. That is illegal. 100 metres after the bridge there is a picnic area. Pull into it and stop." Gordon closes his window. From the rear, Denise says, only half joking, "Should we make a run for it?" Thank goodness we don't.

Gordon crunches into the snow-covered picnic area. Suddenly, there is a police car backing up in front of us, another behind and a large police van alongside, illuminating the area from searchlights mounted on its roof. Being in the front passenger seat of the left-hand drive vehicle, I am looking across Gordon as another cop signals him to lower his window.

"Where are you going?"

"To England, we are English."

"Passports!" We duly hand them over.

"Get out and open the boot." So Gordon does and disappears from sight with the cop. Then Denise taps me on the shoulder and says, in a low voice, "Look to your right."

The picnic area slopes up from where we are parked. In summer, a grassed area dotted with wooden tables and benches. Now, pristine white..... with seven policemen in black riot gear all pointing their sub-machine guns at our car!

What the?

We just sit and wait, saying nothing, not daring to move.

10 minutes later Gordon reappears. As he slides into the driving seat, the cops all troop into the van and it and the police cars are gone.

“What happened? Did you get fined? Why the guns?”

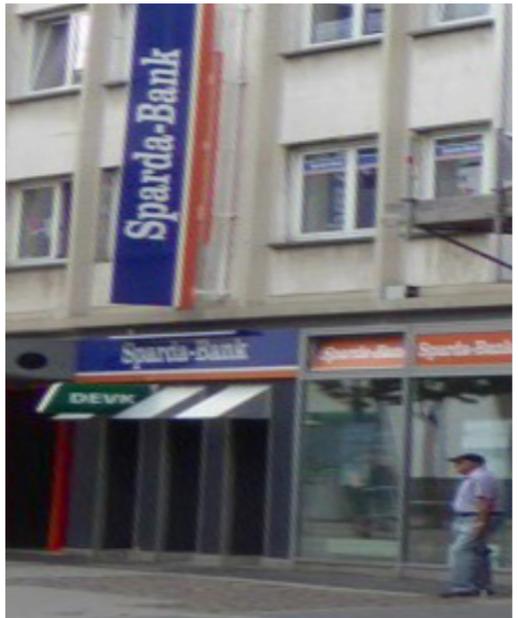
In the van, the cop who had “escorted” Gordon from the car and inspected the contents of our boot had accepted we were genuinely who we had said we were and told Gordon: on the previous morning, December 22, a bank in Kaiserslautern had been robbed and the four robbers had escaped. Three of them, two men and a woman aged around 30, escaped in a red car with black roof and Frankfurt number-plates....after killing a policeman during the getaway. We, and our car, fitted, far too closely for our liking, the description of the criminals, the Baader-Meinhof gang!

Had we “made a run for it”, the trigger happy cops would certainly have made it a “Murder on the Aachen Expressway” and you would never have known me or my story.

written by Mike Livesey

Überfall auf die Bayerische Hypotheken- und Wechsel-Bank

Beim Überfall auf die Bayerische Hypotheken- und Wechsel-Bank am 22.12.1971 um 08.05 Uhr in der Fackelstraße 29 in Kaiserslautern erbeuteten die Täter 133.986,82 DM. Der Polizeiobermeister Herbert Schoner wurde dabei erschossen. Er wurde so das zweite Todesopfer der RAF. Drei Täter stürmten mit Maschinenpistole, Karabiner und Pistole bewaffnet und Wollmützen getarnt den Schalterraum und schüchtern die zwanzig anwesenden Personen mit Waffengewalt ein. Während der Überfall andauerte, entdeckte der 32jährige Polizeiobermeister Herbert Schoner, der einen Angestellten der pfälzischen Regierungskasse zu Fuß bei einem Geldtransport begleitete, einen im Haltverbot stehenden weinroten VW Bus mit gefälschten Neunkircher Kennzeichen (NK-N 728). Als er



den im Wagen sitzenden Fahrer zum Vorzeigen seiner Fahrzeugpapiere auffordern wollte, setzte der Bus zurück und riß ein Haltverbotsschild um. Dann fuhr er ein Stück nach vorne und wieder zurück. Als Schoner zur Wagentür trat, gab der Fahrer mehrere Schüsse durch das rechte Seitenfenster auf ihn ab und Schoner wurde von (mindestens) einem Schuß getroffen. Er schleppte sich schwerverletzt in die Bankfiliale und wurde dort dann von den überraschten Räufern mit mehreren Schüssen getötet.

additional copy from German newspaper - editor

Page Ten Teaser

1		2		3			4	5		6		7
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Across :

- 1 - US cash for deer, perhaps ? (5)
- 4 - Natural bravery, or Dutch courage ? (6)
- 9 - Swimmer ran back to tailless cetacean (7)
- 10 - High flier is under par on the golf course (5)
- 11 - A stake in German technology (4)
- 12 - Stick-in-the-mud star is hot stuff ! (7)
- 13 - Youngster born after 17 Down (3)
- 14 - Being impetuous can get you spotted ! (4)

- 16 - May leave you scratching your head (4)
- 18 - Imaginative skill of molecular transposition (3)
- 20 - Go past the end of Andover runway (7)
- 21 - Take a quick look at a small container (4)
- 24 - Cuts back fruit in twos, we hear (5)
- 25 - On the beat like Le Carre's little girl (7)
- 26 - Try again with correct real id (6)
- 27 - Initially kneel on a large Antipode-an animal (5)

Down :

- 1 - Prohibit volunteer's medium to small bird (6)
- 2 - The weight of a Californian rodent (5)
- 3 - Oh ! So trendy in London (4)
- 5 - Ant heaps ruined game (8)
- 6 - Gravid truncation is dominant (7)
- 7 - Kinky dry net is the height of fashion (6)
- 8 - Exploring the depths fruitfully, we hear (5)
- 13 - Cleaner is married to a personality of compelling charm (8)
- 15 - Dear Rev surprisingly proclaimed (7)
- 17 - Small change in CID perhaps (6)
- 18 - Positively charged poetry ! (5)
- 19 - Name of a Thailand realignment (6)
- 22 - Pause for a colourful insect (5)
- 23 - Goodfellow with an interest in ice hockey ? (4)

SOLUTION for Issue 6 :

Across : 1 & 9 Little Grebe, 4 Free, 10 Wagtail, 11 Retreat, 12 Later, 13 Treaty, 15 Trivet, 18 Holly, 20 Acolyte, 23 Tremors, 24 Angle, 25 Hide, 26 Ferret.
 Down : 1 Lager, 2 Theatre, 3 Liege, 5 Regular, 6 Enact, 7 Twite, 8 Floret, 13 Tahiti, 14 Thyroid, 16 Voyager, 17 Waist, 19 Leech, 21 Ovate, 22 Event.

It is with sadness that I have to report the death of our crossword compiler. Terry Slattery created them originally for "Reedbed", the quarterly newsletter of "Friends of Warnham Nature Reserve" and we've been fortunate to place them in our epistles as well. Terry died last month, after a short illness.

www.warnhamnaturereservefriends.org.uk



David & Gillian
Brunning



Ray & Gill
Langridge



Les & Pat
Lockett

There must have been something in the water, around this time in 1960 - it was a very good time for weddings as the three couples above prove !

The Brunning's wedding took place on the 10th September. We don't know how the reception in the Church hall went, but the hall was demolished the very next week ! After the reception the happy couple flew from Gatwick to Guernsey on a DC3 - there are not many people who can say that today... In the BEA Pioneer DC3 you walked quite "uphill" to get to your seat.

The Langridge's began their wedded bliss on the 3rd September. Although in the middle of a building site, it started quietly. The steeple of St. Bartholomew's was structurally unsound at the time. *(history is repeating itself right now - editor)*. The bells could not be rung in celebration and bride & groom processed down the aisle through a canopy of scaffolding. Fortunately, they didn't have to wear hard hats !

Les Lockett must have had "accountancy in the blood" or Scottish forefathers. The wedding date of 8th October was chosen because there was an income tax advantage - you could claim your half year's tax back - thus getting a whole year's marriage allowance for the year. Respect ! The Lockett couple also are recipients of the "Colgate Smile Award".

Pet's Corner Page.

"The Old Boy with the Big Dog"

That's apparently what the local teenage oiks call me, according to one of their mums, but Karla, seen here looking almost angelic, is actually the smallest dog our family has had in the last 45 years. She is, however, the most difficult...

Some of the things people say :

"Very high prey drive" - the VET.

"Completely bonkers" - the dog trainer.

"Most difficult to bath" - the kennels.

Her manners were not helped by me being out of action for three months, at a really important time in her life. With five different people walking her, Karla started to think she was in charge and of course behaved accordingly. I've been told that in a year or-so she might calm down. Unfortunately, I've been saying that myself for two years now !



The previous dogs we've had are this motley bunch of mutts :



Jason



Gemma



Natasha



Jasmin

Gemma, Natasha and Jasmin were given to us - their owners couldn't cope !

contributed by Roy O'Donnell

Highlighting a local Club or organisation.

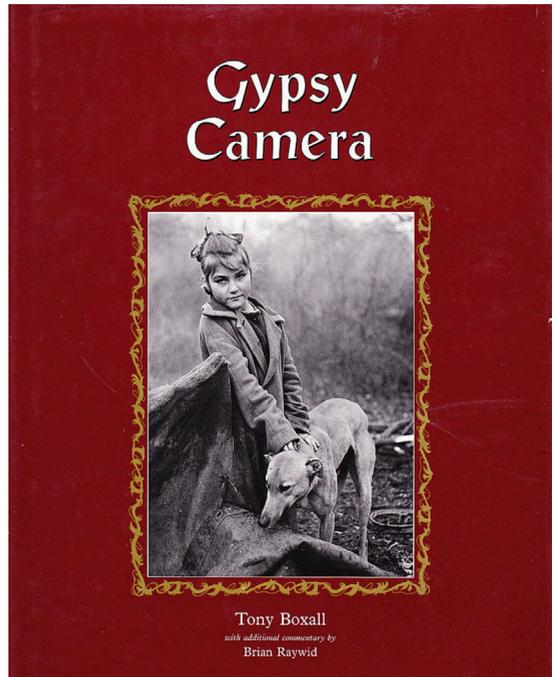
Horley Photographic Club

The HPC has been engaged in photographic activities for over 60 years. Originally started by a small group of photographers who took photos on film cameras with manual settings and developed their film and printed their images in home-made darkrooms in the spare bedroom or even the garden shed.

One of the founder members was Tony Boxall, who befriended a family of wandering gypsies who travelled around the south east in their horse drawn caravan, picking up jobs wherever they could. Tony would search them out and persuade them to accept small gifts of children's clothes and sweets.

He'd chat and record their difficult life in photos, eventually producing a photo book which made Tony well-known in the photographer's world. However, life became more difficult for the family and when their horse died, they were eventually housed as there were no official traveller sites at that time available locally. The club grew and slide film became more readily available. It could be home processed or sent away to a photo lab.

Competitions were set up within Surrey, where clubs held matches in black & white photos and slides. Many meetings would include speakers on photographic subjects. Around the Millennium, the photographic digital age developed as home computers became more powerful and software was produced in order to 'manipulate' images. From these pixels it became equally possible to have mono or colour prints, or projected images. This has enabled people to produce their images more easily, although these days many pictures remain within the confines of a computer. Until lockdown, we had a regular programme of speakers, competitions and practical evenings with a weekly attendance averaging 24.



The Club has a website and a FaceBook page for modern communication. Since the curtailment of weekly meetings, we have endeavoured to keep the club members involved and in touch with each other. We have held online photo challenges and more recently, Zoom lectures and socially distanced outdoor photo shoots. Our club programme may have temporarily changed but we know that it will flourish again in the future.

Veronica Ballard (chair)

Website : horleyphotographicclub.co.uk

FaceBook.com/[Horley-Photographic-club-345240789196537/](https://www.facebook.com/Horley-Photographic-club-345240789196537/)

contributed by Chris Tollast

Allegedly, they have said...

I have opinions, strong ones, but that doesn't necessarily mean that I agree with them - former U.S. President George Bush

Things are more like they are now than they ever were before.

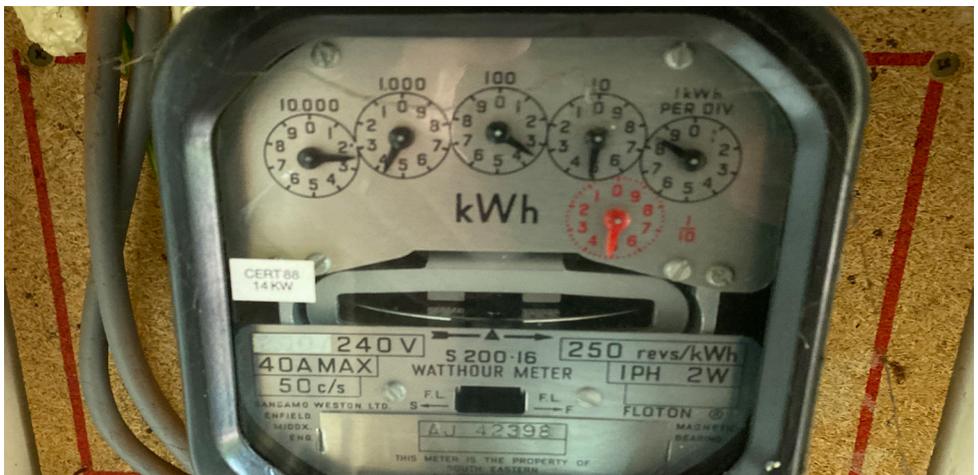
- former U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower

Most of Australia's imports come from overseas.

- former Australian cabinet minister Keppel Enderbery

What&Where ?

Again an every day subject that should be familiar to all of us. Gussed it ?



And finally...

Even in these dark days there are still enough reasons to celebrate !

In October we pay tribute to the parents of the following person :

On the 8th Steve Challis increased the local population with one.

Please let us know if your birthday is in October but was not mentioned.

The editor always has the last word.....

I would like to say a very warm "thank you" to those people who have, with their contributions, made this seventh issue of proBITS possible - take a bow !

Contributions for the November issue are very welcome (if not essential) - and you still have enough time on your hands ! More details on page 2.

Please email to :

jpdل.probits@icloud.com

please note : this is a change of address

Receipt by 3rd of November latest would be much appreciated, it gives me enough time to prepare the next issue which will see the light of day on the second Tuesday, the 10th.

Our website : www.probusclubhorley.org