



Volume 4 | Issue 2
December 2025

*The newsletter of
the Chapeltown &
District Probus
Club*

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PRObuzz



A word from Our Chairman

Dear Members, Friends and Families,

As we approach the end of this year, on behalf of myself and our Committee, I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a happy and healthy New Year.

I would also like to thank all our Members who have given their valuable time in running the Club throughout the year.

Our Club (celebrating its 40th year) continues to provide a welcoming monthly social setting for retired men, with a varied and interesting range of presentations and an excellent lunch at each meeting and a variety of trips during the year. Our membership remains healthy, but we are always seeking new members, and I know there are many people out there who would enjoy being a member, it's just finding them. So please reach out to family, friends and neighbours who may be interested in joining and put them in touch with us.

Note, we are always open to people 'dipping a toe in the water' with a no obligation guest visit to one of our monthly meetings.

Best Regards Pete McD

The editors of PRObuzz would like to say a big thank you to everyone who has contributed by submitting articles, anecdotes, jokes, and cartoons over the past three years. It's YOUR newsletter and it wouldn't be the same without you - please keep 'em coming!

So, from Trevor and Peter T,
**MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY
HAPPY, HEALTHY AND PEACEFUL 2026**



..... from Andrew & David Robinson

One of the special treats about Christmas in Ecclesfield is the tradition of singing 'local' carols. Christmas songs quite separate from the more familiar 'national' carols sung in church services, on TV and in films. The origin of the local carols is not clear. It is believed that they started as Christmas folk songs, created by local people, and were probably in existence by the 1600s. Like all folk songs, they have grown and changed over time and were not written down with music until the 1800s.



Ecclesfield is one of only a few villages in Britain that have kept locally written carols alive. Two centuries ago, communities had many individual traditions, including their own carols which would have been sung in churches. The Victorians introduced a more standard set of 'national' carols which are in fact international, written by well-known English or European composers. In many places, the local ones were thrown out of churches and forgotten. In just a few villages mainly around the north and west of Sheffield, parts of North Derbyshire, North Nottinghamshire and surprisingly Cornwall and even in parts of the USA, they have been kept alive by families, local musicians, and by singing in pubs.

Ecclesfield Church continued to respect both national and local carols with the vicar of Ecclesfield for much of the 19th century, Dr. Gatty, known to have composed at least two carols and arranged several others. The local carols are quite distinctive; some refer to local people such as Newton and Chambers and many have separate parts for men and women with refrains very similar to the hymns written by Charles Wesley. And then there are the traditional words of 'while shepherds watched' set to at least 28 different tunes! In Ecclesfield the tradition of the local carols remains well established and it used to be common for them to be sung in church and in homes and by carolers walking around the village 'wassailing'. This year, local carols will be sung in the Greyhound Pub, around the village Christmas tree and in Ecclesfield St. Mary's Church.

Thursdays 4, 11 and 18 December at 8:00 pm in the Greyhound Pub

Saturday 6 December at 7 pm in Gatty Hall as part of the Handbell Ringers Concert

Saturday 13 December - Coffee morning at the EPPiC Theatre

Monday 22 December at 7pm around the Christmas tree and then in the Church

Do come and experience this special part of Ecclesfield's history and enjoy a unique local flavour to Christmas. Everyone is welcome to join in or just to listen.

..... from Brian Hutson

Please make a note in your Diary/Calendar

Saturday 14 March 2026 • 11am to 4pm at Aston Hall Cricket Club

You (plus one) are invited to help me celebrate my 90th birthday. Whether you come for a while or just drop-in for a few minutes you will be most welcome.

If you think you might come, please RSVP brian31.hutson@sky.com
Helps to know how many potted meat sandwiches to order.

Buffet from 12 noon. Bar open till the money runs out!



Some information and background about our upcoming speakers and their talks

“Sheffield to Cleethorpes” by Stephen Gay

14 JANUARY Part 1 • 11 FEBRUARY Part 2

Spread over two consecutive meetings, our old friend Stephen Gay takes us on a journey full of landmarks, trivia, history and industry. In Stephen’s inimitable style he will give you insights into an area which you thought you knew well, but there are always hidden gems... Illustrated by Stephen’s slides (yes, slides, not digital images!) you will be transported via Doncaster, Goole and Scunthorpe to the docks of Grimsby and the beaches of Cleethorpes.



11 MARCH Annual General Meeting followed by a Quiz

No speaker, but the challenge of one of Robert Woodhead’s famous quizzes!



8 APRIL “Anecdotes from an Extraordinary Life” by Tim Foreman

In a career spent working in over 40 private sector businesses, charities, and in the public sector including prisons, probation, education, official solicitor, and courts it has been quite a journey. Tim uses his natural northern sense of humour to bring his original stories to life.

PASsW0RD T1PS?

My password is ‘INCORRECT’ My computer always tells me when it is incorrect!!

You cannot use BEEFSTEW because your password will not be stroganoff

My password is SNOWFLAKE but when I confirm SNOWFLAKE I’m told that its not alike

Don’t use FORTNIGHT because it’s two week

My password is **MickeyGoofyDonaldPlutoHueyTomJerryLondon**
because it has to be seven characters and one capital

No one has ever cracked my password. It is ‘the last four digits of Pi

All my passwords are fully protected by amnesia

**A hacker phoned me and said that he had got all my passwords.
I quickly got a paper and pencil, thanked him and asked him what they are!**

**Over the last twenty years we have spent many hours devising passwords
which are hard for humans to remember but easy for computers to guess**



Trevor Winslow recounts a recent experience

A few of weeks ago my grandson came to spend a few days with us. We got chatting about artificial intelligence, as you do, and I found the whole thing fascinating but scary. As an experiment I asked ChatGPT, one of the free AI apps, to write an article on the origin, history and challenges of the Probus movement in the UK. The computer whirred for about 10 seconds then produced the following article, reprinted here as received. It indicated that the material was sourced from Wikipedia, ProbusGlobal.org, Probusonline.org and our own Chapeltown-Probus.org.uk. The implications of this unbelievably powerful tool are mind-boggling – for good or ill... the choice is yours.

Probus Clubs: Fellowship Without the Fuss

If you’ve ever wandered past a village hall on a Wednesday morning and spotted a group of smartly dressed people deep in conversation (with the smell of coffee wafting out the door), chances are you’ve stumbled across a Probus Club. Probus isn’t a secret society, nor is it quite a social club. It sits somewhere in between—a gathering of retired and semi-retired professionals and businesspeople who want to keep the camaraderie of working life without the pressure of deadlines and board meetings. In short, Probus is about fellowship without the fuss.

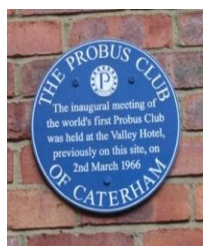


The Seed of the Idea

It all started in the mid-1960s. Rotary Clubs—already very active and well-established service/fellowship groups—noticed a pattern: many members were approaching, or already in, retirement, and were missing the sense of companionship, shared purpose, and regular contact that work (and Rotary) had given them. Two strands of that idea emerged more or less simultaneously:

Welwyn Garden City — A man called Fred Carnill, himself a retired or semi-retired professional, realized that there were many people in his situation: commuting for work before, now living in towns, perhaps alone, wanting fellowship. He proposed a lunch club to fill that gap. The first meeting of what became known initially as The Campus Club was in spring 1965. The name “Campus” came from the location (overlooking the Campus area in Welwyn Garden City)

Caterham, Surrey — Meanwhile, in late 1965/early 1966, three commuting businessmen—Harold Blanchard, James Raper, and Edward Mockett—also felt this need. They were nearing retirement and wanted to keep up some social contact and purpose. Harold Blanchard was chairman of the Vocational Services Committee of the Caterham Rotary Club. The idea was to have monthly lunches for retired or retiring professional/business men. The Caterham club was the first to use the name “Probus”. Caterham’s first gathering under the name “Probus” was on 2 March 1966. The idea was simple: create a club for retired professionals (hence “Pro-bus”), centred not on fundraising or service projects, but on



fellowship, conversation, and shared interests. Word spread quickly, and by the 1970s Probus Clubs had sprouted up across the UK and beyond, with groups now meeting as far afield as Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. The word “Probus” comes from a contraction: PROfessional + BUSiness. Apart from succinctly describing the intended membership, it has a bonus: “probus” is a Latin word, meaning upright, honest, virtuous, from which the English probity is derived. That gave the name a touch of dignity and gravitas. One of the appealing features was the simplicity of the model. Each local communities was autonomous, non-political, and non-sectarian, with no complex structures or national hierarchy. This independence allowed Probus Clubs to grow organically, shaped by the interests and traditions of their local communities.

>>> read on 10 seconds isn’t up yet >>>

>>> What Happens at a Probus Meeting?

A typical meeting involves—perhaps a speaker a historian, a traveller, or even a local police officer—followed by a lively discussion over coffee or lunch. Some clubs organise trips to theatres, museums, or countryside walks, while others keep things simple with a monthly talk and a social pint afterwards. What unites them all is the chance to meet people who understand that retirement isn't the end of life's adventure—it's the start of a new chapter.

The Challenges of Staying Relevant

Like many traditional organisations, Probus Clubs face challenges. Membership tends to skew towards men of a certain age, although many clubs now welcome women and actively encourage diversity. Younger retirees—those in their 50s and 60s—often have different expectations, juggling part-time work, travel, or even caring responsibilities. There's also the small matter of image. Some people still think Probus is just “old men in ties” listening to lectures, when in reality, clubs are becoming more dynamic, organising walking groups, pub lunches, and even tech tutorials. The question is whether Probus can adapt quickly enough to appeal to new generations of retirees who are healthier, busier, and less formal than their predecessors.

Why Probus Still Matters

In an age when loneliness and isolation are major concerns—particularly among older adults—Probus offers something invaluable: community. It's a space where people can laugh, learn, and share experiences with others who understand the joys and challenges of retirement. And unlike many groups, Probus comes without heavy obligations.

No fundraising targets, no endless committee work—just friendship, conversation, and a sense of belonging. As one long-standing member put it: “We may be retired, but we're not redundant.”



When I was in Chapeltown the other day, I noticed an old man sitting on one of the benches sobbing his eyes out. I stopped and asked him what was wrong.

He told me, 'I have a 22 year old wife at home. She rubs my back every morning and then gets up and makes me a full English, with fresh fruit and freshly ground coffee.'

I continued, 'Well then, why are you crying?'

He added, 'She makes me homemade soup for lunch and my favourite biscuits, she cleans the house and then watches sports TV with me for the rest of the afternoon.'

I said, 'Well, why are you crying?'

He said, 'For dinner she makes me a gourmet meal with wine and my favourite pudding and then we cuddle until the small hours.'

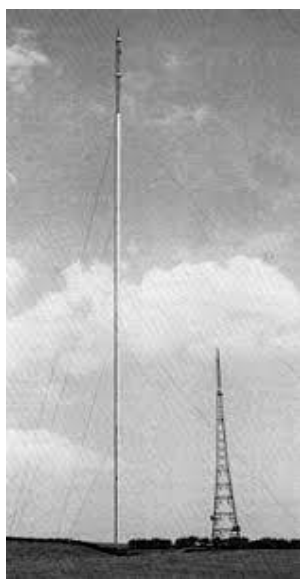
I inquired, 'Well then, why in the world would you be crying?'

He replied, 'I can't remember where I live.'

“ I urge you to take care of yourself and avoid accidents because spare parts for old models like us are no longer kept in stock ”



You know you're nearly home from a long journey when you see the mast. Emley Moor has been a transmission site since the earliest days of commercial television in the UK. The first permanent transmitter built there was for ITV, covering much of the North of England. It had a 443ft lattice tower. This original tower was erected in 1956 to provide independent television broadcasts to the Yorkshire area. It entered service on 3rd November 1956 transmitting Granada Television Programmes on weekdays and ABC TV programmes at weekends.



In 1964, in anticipation of colour transmissions set to begin in 1966, the original lattice tower was replaced by a taller 1,265ft guyed mast. Yorkshire Television commenced broadcasting from Emley Moor transmitter following the reorganisation of the ITV franchises on 29th July 1968. The guy-supported tubular mast was constructed from curved steel segments to form a 9ft diameter tube 902ft long. It was surmounted by a lattice section 351ft tall, and a capping cylinder bringing the total height to 1,265ft. At the time of its construction, it was one of the tallest man-made structures in the world. Its ropes weighed 85 long tons and were made by British Ropes, with steel from Steel Peach and Tozer of South Yorkshire. The column weighed 210 long tons and had 375 segments with steel from Scunthorpe.

The cylindrical steel mast was regularly coated in ice during winter and large icicles formed on the guy wires, placing them under great strain. On 19th March 1969 a combination of strong winds and the weight of the ice that had formed around the top of the mast and on the guy wires caused the structure to collapse. The collapse left sections of twisted mast strewn over the transmission site, nearby roads and fields. Although a falling stay cable cut through the roof of a local church no one was injured. It completely disabled the BBC2 and ITV transmitters leaving several million people without service. BBC 1 continued from Holme Moss. Various temporary structures were hastily constructed to restore television services across Yorkshire. A section of the collapsed tower was converted for use as a Racing Control Tower at Huddersfield Sailing Club. >>>



>>> Erection of the current concrete tower began in 1969. It was not built on the site where the original mast had stood but slightly to the Southeast. The new structure is a tapered reinforced concrete tower. It is the tallest freestanding structure in the UK at a height of 1084ft, 66ft taller than the Shard. Reaching the tower room at the top of the concrete structure at 900ft involves a seven-minute journey by lift. The antenna structure above it is a further 184ft tall.



The mast foundations penetrate 20ft into the ground, and the whole structure including foundations weighs 11,000 long tons. In 2002 English Heritage granted the tower grade II listed building protection under UK law.

At Emley Moor BBC 2 Analogue closed on 7th September 2011, the remaining four analogue services closed on 21st September 2011. Today it transmits a range of digital TV and radio services to the largest coverage in the UK.

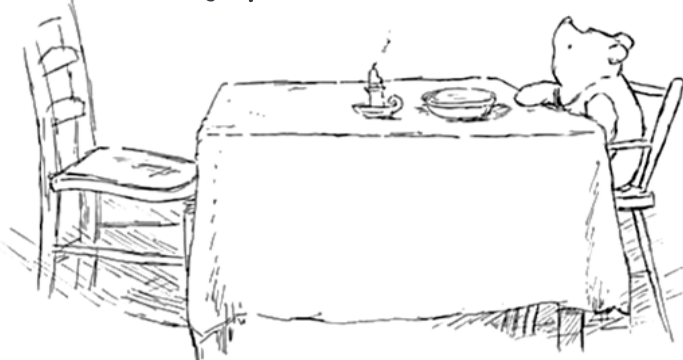
NB: For anyone wanting to know what a long ton is there are three types of ton:

1. The short ton (a.k.a. the US Ton) is 2,000 lbs.
2. The long ton (a.k.a. the Imperial or British Ton) is 2,240 lbs
3. The metric tonne is 1,000 kg (equivalent to approx. 2,204 lbs)

Original article by Philip & Michelle Hoyland, reproduced courtesy of Ray Sanderson.



As much as pooh missed piglet
he did enjoy the bacon sandwich!



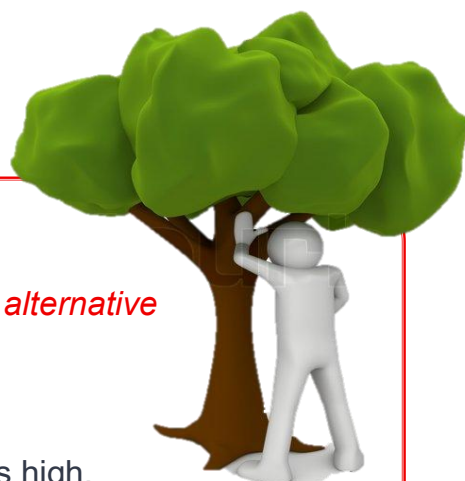
MEDICAL TESTS 2025

*Due to the rising cost of medical tests,
you are advised to carry out your own simple alternative*

Pee under a tree and wait for a bit:

- If ants gather, you've got diabetes.
- If the grass dries up, it's high salts.
- If it smells like a BBQ, your cholesterol's high.

...and if you forget to zip up your trousers you've got Alzheimer's.





This month a Memorable Trip recounted by Bob Cownie Luxury Travel – 1970s Army Style

In the late 70's I spent two years in Northern Ireland posted to the local Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME) Workshop based in East Belfast and subsequently attached to the Electronic Workshop based in Lisburn as the Telecommunications Artificer (Tels Tiffy).

I was responsible for arranging the repair and installation of a wide range of specialist surveillance equipment that was peculiar to the NI environment. On one occasion I had been sent to the mainland on a two-week course with a large well-known company in Stevenage, to be shown a new piece of surveillance kit and how use, repair and install it.

When the training was finished, I was whisked off to Heathrow to fly back to NI, where my flight details would be waiting for me. It was normal at the time to be flown by a civil airline into RAF Aldergrove or Aldergrove civil airport. On arrival at Heathrow, I was to give a demo of the equipment to Special Branch (SB) officers who seemed to be impressed at what this piece of kit could do. During my short stay in Heathrow, I asked where I could buy a pack of cigarettes. I was told to follow one of the officers who walked me through the incoming international channel to the Customs area where I was able to buy a pack of 200 Duty Free cigarettes. We then returned the demonstration area with no problems.



Once the demo was finished, I enquired of my flight details back to NI as nothing had been said to me up to this point. They all knew about my flight details and were surprised that I didn't! I was taken under escort, with my equipment and luggage, to another part of the airport well away from the normal departure areas. When we arrived, I was taken into a room overlooking the VIP pan. I was surprised to see only a refuelling tanker and I asked how I was to fly out. I was told that my flight was being refuelled. In front of me was the refuelling tanker and when it completed refuelling it moved away to reveal an Army Air Corps (AAC) Beaver - this was my flight back to NI! I was taken to the Beaver by my escort who thanked me for the demo and wished me a safe flight back to NI with a slight chuckle. My luggage and equipment were stowed safely, and I was invited to sit in the rear, as the co-pilot was under instruction. Flight checks completed we started to taxi to the runway but had to stop for a time.

When I asked why, I was told that we had to wait until the runway was clear of all large arriving and departing aircraft as the air wash would affect the Beaver's ability to take off safely. It seems that we were the reason for delays to a number of outbound and inbound flights.

Once in the air the initial part of the flight was enjoyable flying over London at a very low level by normal standards. Our journey was broken by a short hop to Middle Wallop, an Army Air Corps (AAC) air station, to top up on fuel before heading out over the Irish Sea towards the NI coast. >>>

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>>> Now this is where the fun ended and the flight got seriously rough. Up until then the flight was interesting and enjoyable. I hadn't flown this low in a plane before but had done so many times in helicopters of various sizes in Cyprus and in NI where helicopter flights were the norm. The weather was clear but windy and we were shoved around a bit, so bad that the trainee co-pilot asked to hand the flight back to the pilot who promptly said no, that he had to learn how to fly the Beaver in windy and turbulent conditions. This did nothing for my confidence or my nerves!



The rest of the flight over the Irish Sea was turbulent but safe and as we neared Newcastle I was asked by the pilot if I knew where the Mourne Mountains were. I said yes as I had walked in them often with friends from Bangor. This led to a short detour round and over the Mournes where I saw the routes from above that I had walked previously. The final part of the flight was circling around Lough Neagh whilst waiting for permission to land at RAF Aldergrove where unfortunately the flight ended too quickly.

We taxied to a waiting area where a car was waiting for me - nothing special and no blackened-out windows. I simply unloaded my luggage and equipment into the car and said a thankyou and farewell to the pilot and co-pilot who were going to find some food and a well-earned rest before returning to Middle Wallop. I was quickly whisked off to HQ NI where I had to provide a short demo to the users before handing over the equipment and returning to the mess for a well-deserved meal, beer and good night's sleep.

Another of my adventures from my tour in NI ended, which again proved to be interesting in ways that I had not expected.

Part 2...coming soon! Bob recounts his experiences in Northern Ireland when the equipment he had been training on was put to use during "The Troubles".

Visits

Leeds Royal Armouries

In September, 16 Members enjoyed a trip to the Royal Armouries Museum in Leeds.

All Members found the museum very interesting, which has displays of weapons and militaria covering 2 thousand years from Asia to Europe and the Americas. We enjoyed a hands-on demonstration of the development of rifles from the middle ages through to the modern assault rifle, as well as an actor's monologue from a soldier talking about his experiences in the trenches at the battle of the Somme.



Despite the actor being an American, he did a very passable Yorkshire accent (although did occasionally stray into scouse and Geordie!!). If you have never been to this museum it is well worth a visit.

We have a long list of potential visits for the future and at a recent meeting Members voted on their preferred options. The most popular visits and the ones being worked on are:



A visit to the AVRO Aero Museum, Stockport, followed by lunch and a visit to Bramhall Hall, Stockport (a grade 1 listed Elizabethan Hall and grounds).

– Likely in March



A visit to the JCB Factory, Uttoxeter – Hopefully in May

For an overnight trip we are investigating:



A trip to the Royal Naval Dockyards, Portsmouth.
Home to HMS Victory, HMS Warrior, the Mary Rose etc
or A trip to Edinburgh incorporating the Royal Yacht Britannia.
More information to come on the above as details are finalized.

“

Paddy pulls up alongside the lorry and shouts to the driver
“Oi, yer losing yer load” The driver shouts back “Very funny, get lost!”
A bit further on Paddy pulls up again “I’m telling yer, yer losing yer load”
The driver replies “Just go away”

Paddy insists “I’m not joking, yer losing yer load”
The driver shouts back “Will please go away, I’m gritting”

***I finally did it!
I bought a pair of shoes with memory foam insoles.
No more forgetting why I’ve gone into the kitchen!***

I might look like I’m doing nothing but in my head I am quite busy

Everyone told Sam not to sing, but Samsung anyway!

”

You might like to put this somewhere in the next newsletter.

Bert Blackshaw was a Founder Member of the Club in 1985. He had flown Halifax's in WW2 (I think Les Barber had as well) and often at meetings there was lively discussion between Lancaster and Halifax aircrew along the lines of "Higher/Lower, Faster/Slower, Bomb Load and Flak".

With Bert and Les being "Lower" and Stamper Metcalfe and Frank Ockerby being "Higher".

I was talking to Bert one day about cricket.

"I've got just the thing for you says he, it explains the game in simple terms".

Next meeting he gave me the attached. I'm really no wiser!!

Regards Brian Hutson

PS. I've just remembered that "Faster and Slower,

Higher and Lower, Bomb Load and Flak"

is an old Flanders and Swann song.



There are two sides, one out in the field the other one in. Each man that's in the side that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out. Sometimes you get men still in and not out. When a man goes out to go in, the men who are out try to get him out, and when he is out he goes in and the next man in goes out and goes in. There are two men called umpires who stay out all the time and they decide when the men who are in are out. When both sides have been in and all the men have been out, and both sides have been out twice after all the men have been in, including those who are not out, that is the end of the game.

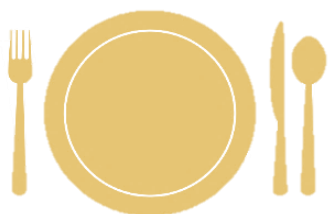
The first computer was an Apple owned by Adam and Eve.

It had a very limited memory.

Just one byte and everything collapsed.



**The fourth monkey has emerged.
He sees no one, hears no one,
and speaks to no one.**



40th Anniversary Celebration and Annual Dinner

In the evening of Tuesday 19 August some 54 Members and guests gathered at Wortley Hall for our Annual Dinner, and also to celebrate our 40th Anniversary.



In a departure from our usual format our entertainer Scarlett Dickinson gave us a short set prior to the meal and a longer one afterwards. This idea divided the audience somewhat, with some saying it made conversation more difficult and others welcoming the change.

Similarly, the food, although generally excellent, was not to everyone's liking. Particularly the lamb chops were very variable, some delicious, others a little tough. Overall, judging by the buzz of laughter and conversation, the evening proved to be very enjoyable. It just goes to prove the old adage that you can please some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but ...



As a memento of our 40th anniversary, at the August meeting Members were presented with a commemorative china mug and coaster, designed by Peter Trickett. Additional mug and coaster sets are available at the special price of £7.50 each

For some time now your Committee has been asking for volunteers to help with the organisation of our Monthly and Seasonal Lunches and our Annual Dinner. We are delighted that Neil McDonald has stepped up to the oche, and he has been co-opted onto the Committee with immediate effect.



Responsibility for these events will now be split between Neil and Trevor.

They will be working together but to keep it simple Neil will concentrate on our Seasonal Lunches and the Annual Dinner, whilst Trevor will continue to manage bookings for our Monthly Lunches.

Neil: (Seasonal & Annual Dinner)

Email: neil.mcdonald2@outlook.com

Mobile: 07786 361436

Trevor: (Monthly Lunches)

Email: trevor.winslow@outlook.com

Mobile: 07966 317258



The attendance at our Autumn Seasonal Lunch on Tuesday 14 October was lower than usual at 26 Members and guests. Some Members reported that they had been put off by the menu, which is a shame because all present found it to be a delicious meal.

The menu for our Winter Lunch is as below, and hopefully it will prove popular.

Booking is open now but please note the changed arrangements shown on the previous page

Tuesday 17 February 2026 • Wortley Hall • 12:30 for 1:00pm • £26 each

**Creamed Mushroom Soup, Homemade Bread
Duck and Port Pate, Toast and Chutney**

Roast Chicken Breast, Creamed Cabbage, Tenderstem

Pan fried Salmon, Creamed Cabbage, Tenderstem

Butternut Squash and Chestnut Pithivier, Wild Mushroom and Spinach Sauce (V)

Trio of Ice Cream

Treacle Sponge and Custard followed by Tea/Coffee and Mints

Eating In

Classic White Wine & Garlic Mussels

Prep time 10-15 minutes - once the mussels are cleaned, cooking takes less than 10 minutes.

Ingredients: 1 kg fresh mussels, cleaned and debearded
2 Tbsp butter (or olive oil) 2 shallots, (or a small, sweet onion) finely chopped
1 or 2 cloves of garlic, crushed and finely chopped (optional)
½ glass of dry white wine Small handful of fresh curly parsley, chopped
Salt and black pepper to taste

Method - Clean the Mussels: Place the mussels in a washing bowl half full of cold water for 5 minutes. Drain and refill with cold water, give them a good rattle around, then remove any "beards" (stringy bits) by pulling them off and set aside ready to cook. Discard any that are open or do not close when tapped.

Cooking

1. In a large, deep pan or skillet with a lid, melt the butter over a medium heat. Add the shallots and garlic and cook gently for 2-3 minutes until softened and fragrant. Add a pinch of sea salt and a couple of grinds of black pepper. Increase the heat to medium-high and add the white wine, bringing it to a simmer for a minute or two to cook off the alcohol.

2. Take the cleaned mussels and add them to the pan, give them a good stir, and cover with the lid. Let the mussels steam for 3-5 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally, until all the shells have opened. Cooking time depends on the quantity and the level of heat.

3. Remove the pan from the heat once the mussels are open, discard any mussels that remain closed. Stir in the fresh parsley. Transfer the mussels and all the delicious cooking liquid to warm serving bowls.

Serve immediately with plenty of warm crusty bread to soak up the sauce. *Peter Lonsborough*



THREE THREE'S MAKE NINE Make six 9-letter words by adding two of the three letter blocks to each of the starter blocks. All the blocks will be used once and if you have done it correctly two of the final columns will spell 'an acceptable' two-word phrase.

S	N	O							A	R	D	E	N	A
M	O	V							H	A	N	I	B	I
P	E	T							I	E	G	I	S	M
M	E	C							N	O	M	O	A	T
E	X	H							O	E	R	T	I	C
P	H	E							T	O	R	W	B	O

			X			
	O	O	O		O	X
		O				
	O	O	O			
			X			X
		X	X		O	X
			O		X	

FOUR BIDDEN

Put either an X or an O into each empty cell so that four consecutive X's or O's never appear horizontally or vertically or diagonally. The solution is unique

From the last issue:
'PROBUS' CROSSWORD solution

E	G	V	A	H	R						
I	M	P	O	S	E	E	R	E	D		
E	L	R	P	R	C						
G	R	A	F	F	I	T	B	I	K	E	
G	C	F	R	O							
R	E	A	L	L	E	N	D	I	N	G	
A	U	I	U								
T	U	R	B	A	N	R	E	S	U	L	T
N	O	I	C	A							
A	M	E	N	B	A	B	B	L	I	N	G
A	E	O	B	A	D						
I	S	L	A	N	O	L	I	V	E	S	
K	R	Y	E	N	M	D					

	4	2		3	3
		2			
			2	3	
	6				
3				12	
	3				
		6			

FORTY-NINE CELLS

Fill the square with rectangular blocks. Each block must contain just one digit which indicates how many cells make up that particular block. No overlapping and no spaces.

“As You Like It” A pastoral comedy by William Shakespeare written around 1599 and first published in 1623, follows its heroine Rosalind as she flees persecution in her uncle's court, accompanied by her cousin Celia to find safety and, eventually, love, in the Forest of Arden. In the forest, they encounter a variety of memorable characters, notably the melancholy traveller Jaques, who speaks what has become one of Shakespeare's most famous speeches
‘The Seven Ages of Man’

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

