



Pro-Biz



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THE NAME SYNONYMOUS WITH TIMETABLES AND GUIDES...

... Bradshaw is the name, **George Bradshaw**. And it seems a touch ironic that the memory of this Lancastrian engraver and printer, cartographer, publisher and philanthropist has been kept alive in most recent years via the televised railway excursions of colourful, multi-jacketed front man, Michael Portillo. In Chris Pollard's absence, the honours were done with easy aplomb by Chairman - Elect, Martin Hart. He introduced the guest speaker at this 'milestone' 550th Club Luncheon, **Dr. David Turner, Associate of the Lifelong Learning Centre at the University of York, with specialist expertise in railway studies**. David proceeded to deliver an erudite and entertaining overview, titled **George Bradshaw: his Life and Legacy**. He told us Bradshaw was born in 1800 at Pendleton near Salford, Lancashire. On leaving school he was apprenticed to an engraver in Manchester named Beale. In 1820 he ran his own engraving business in Belfast, returning to Manchester in 1822 to set up as an engraver and printer, primarily of maps. David added that as a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers), Bradshaw spent a great deal of time with the day's radical reformers, organizing peace conferences and founding schools and soup kitchens for the poor of Manchester.

David recalled that in 1841 he founded a high-quality weekly magazine, *Bradshaw's Manchester Journal*, selling for just a penny-halfpenny! Alas, this new venture survived only till 1843. In 1839, Bradshaw launched the iconic series of **railway timetables and travel guides** covering Britain and the Continent, published by W.J.Adams of London. These were particularly relevant and resonant during a period of swift expansion and development of railway systems, giving people a new mobility and broadening their horizons. The Bradshaw range of titles continued after his death right up till the early 1960s.

David concluded by mentioning that Bradshaw married in 1839, but sadly did not make old bones. While touring Norway he contracted cholera and died in September 1853, and is buried in the Gamlebyen cemetery about a mile from Oslo cathedral.

Questions taken, Bruce Dawson-Moray proposed a graceful vote of thanks. The acclaim it received expressed members' appreciation of David's taking them on a pleasing and revealing journey – George would surely have concurred.

(Jim Woodford)



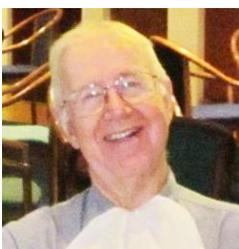
550th CLUB LUNCHEON: a salute from Brian Donaldson

As a Probian of over 20 years standing, Brian was invited to give his reflections on the Club's attainment of this notable landmark, duly toasted in glasses of sparking Michel Servin.

"First and foremost, I count it a privilege to belong to a Club with such a fascinating diversity of members' backgrounds, professions and interests. This gives an added spice to the camaraderie shown at our monthly meetings, and of course, the many other occasions when we are joined by our spouses and partners.

*"Two members, I am sure you will agree deserve our special commendations and thanks: **Peter Turner** who for an incredible 26 years has attracted an astonishing roster of top-calibre guest speakers, and **Chris Oprey** who over the past 7 years as SAC Chairman has presided over an innovative and popular programme of outings, events and holiday breaks. We applaud them as they return to the 'back benches'."*

Proud Probian:
Brian Donaldson



Speaker supremo :
Peter Turner



SAC steersman:
Chris Oprey



WALK FROM THE DOLPHIN, BETCHWORTH, 2nd APRIL

April's Probus walk took us back into the area of Betchworth, same village different pub. 12 walkers started from The Dolphin, almost on time, but we were missing our old friend Finn the dog, as Denzil is not yet fully fighting fit. No matter, for we had Freddy the Cavalier Spaniel to show us the way round. Freddy was turned out in his best bib and tucker, he had been well scrubbed and his paws looked a treat, needless to say we did have enough mud on the walk to cure him of that. Opposite The Dolphin is the old village Forge, an apt description as the whole building looks as though it would collapse in a moderate breeze. It is still used for iron work, mainly ornamental gates and the like, its days of shoeing horses seem to be over. The chap running it was discussing the terms of his lease with a few of his old buddies, looking at the state of the building I just hope he hadn't signed for a full repairing. We set off towards the bridge over the River Mole, only



to find that Freddy immediately started coughing and wheezing, whereupon Judy Morrison, his mistress, grabbed him by the snout explaining that Cavalier Spaniels suffer breathing problems and this was the way to deal with them. Sure enough, after a few seconds Freddy was ready and off we went over the narrow bridge, crossing the Mole, and into the fields and meadows beyond. Spring was well on its way, with the trees and bushes breaking into leaf, a truly welcome sight after any winter. Up the hill we went to one of the beacons left from the millennium celebrations, and from this point you are greeted with some wonderful views over the river Mole in the valley below. Unfortunately, visibility was restricted due to the weather with rain clouds threatening here and there. We proceeded on pass the bluebell wood, and on to a path that ran along the back of some very large houses with their daffodils in full bloom. Ian Macrae was very proudly showing off his new mobile phone, on which he can communicate on Facetime with his friends in America, and he told us another feature is that it has an inbuilt compass. Needless the say, the communications with America worked a whole lot better than the compass as it never saw the light of day. Ian wasn't the only one in trouble, as his wife Vera had recently broken her wrist after taking a tumble, which made crossing stiles a little difficult to say the least, but Ian seemed to have the technique of helping her over and before long we were on the last leg heading back to the Dolphin, where we met 7 diners for our usual lunch. If you are ever over towards Betchworth, it is well worth popping into the Dolphin, it is a very traditional English pub and the staff are really on the ball.

(Keith McArthur)

Kissing gate for Gordon Prince

Kingston Ramblers have dedicated a kissing gate to Gordon Prince who joined the Ramblers in 1991 and was the group's Treasurer from 1992 to 2002. The new gate was installed by Guildford Group's gate team off Graziers Lane near Wanborough station. On 7 November 2018, David Cooper led walkers from the station to a dedication ceremony at the gate. Linda Hargrave spoke about Gordon and his daughter cut the ribbon. Most then walked to the White Hart at Wood Street Green for lunch. Gordon's daughter and son commented: "Dedicating a kissing gate to Dad was such a lovely idea and one that we know he would have appreciated - something practical and relevant to his interests. And thank you for inviting us - it meant a lot to me to be there. Despite the weather it was still a very enjoyable and worthwhile event. We hope the gate will be used for many decades to come."



The dedication took place on a very wet day.

Photo: Brenda Horw

Note: Gordon joined Probus in August 1991, was Treasurer from 1997-2001 and was Chairman 2007-8. He was made an Honorary Member in September 2016 and died in May 2018.

(This article was kindly provided by Probus Member - Ray Ball)

FUTURE EVENTS:

- Tuesday 7 May:** Pub Lunch and Walk –The Rambler's Rest, Chipstead– Organiser - Keith McArthur
- Thursday 9 May:** Visit to RAF Hendon – Organiser – Martin Hart
- Tuesday 21 May:** Club Luncheon – Mr Peter Bide - 'Very Silent Witness'