



The full Committee met on 21st July - but not as close together as these guys. Our thanks to Barry and Lucy for hosting in their lovely garden. It was good to see everyone again after four months but only Charlie and I have grown lockdown beards!

We had a long discussion about various aspects of this strange and difficult year and its effects on so many clubs around the country, indeed the world, including Rotary, Lions, other Proboscis clubs and the Masons. All are suffering to varying degrees. We are mindful of the age profile at our own club and the need to have regard to members' vulnerability during the Covid 19 pandemic, which may continue for some time.

Inevitably, there are no easy answers or quick solutions to the current situation so, having taken into account all available information, warnings and guidance, we **decided not to call a regular club meeting until early 2021 at the soonest.** The situation will be reviewed when the Committee meets again in two months' time.

Meanwhile, David will explore **the possibility of an informal pub lunch**, maybe at the Arun View, within the next couple of months for those who wish to attend.

Our Treasurer, Charlie, reported that club funds are healthy at the moment and all expected expenses for the remainder of the club year are covered. This means that **subs need not be paid this year** and the four members who have already done so by direct debit will be offered refunds.

All members will be asked in late September if they would attend a Christmas Party at the White Swan.



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What have you been doing during lockdown, chaps? You are still reluctant to tell me. I hope you are keeping as active as possible as that is so important.

My wife is my best friend and we have been playing "hide and seek" in our apartment which can go on for hours and hours. Good friends are hard to find.

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Our President tells me he walked to his local pub the other night in 10 minutes, but it took him over an hour to get home. The difference is staggering.

A burglar, climbing in a window of an unoccupied house, hears a parrot.

“Polly can hear you. Polly can hear you,” squawks the parrot.

Burglar ignores parrot, enters house and closes window behind him.

“Polly can hear you”, yells the parrot, even louder.

Burglar smiles to himself as he proceeds towards the living room.

“Polly knows you are there. Polly is our rottweiler,” screams the parrot.



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A Probus member had been out late to celebrate the reopening of pubs. As he was getting into bed, she said “you’ve been out drinking heavily again, and you are very drunk”. He mumbled, “what makes you think that?” She said, “you live next door”.

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Here’s another silly, word-game.

Can you fill in the blanks with names of famous, or infamous, people who have been in the news over the centuries, each with the same two initial letters? You can include fictional characters too, such as Donald Duck and Olive Oyl. I’ve started a couple for you. My other offerings are below.

Warning: You may fall asleep before finishing!

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|-------------------|----------------------|------|
| AA – Arthur Askey | BB - Brigitte Bardot | CC - |
| DD - | EE – | FF – |
| GG - | HH - | II – |
| JJ - | KK - | LL – |
| MM - | NN - | OO – |
| PP - | QQ - | RR – |
| SS - | TT - | UU – |
| VV - | WW – | XX – |
| YY - | ZZ – | |



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Charlie Chester. Diana Dors. Edward Elgar. Freddie Flintoff. Graham Gooch. Harry Hills. Ian Irvine. James Joyce. Kay Kendal. Larry Lamb. Marilyn Monroe. Nicholas Nickleby. Olive Oyl. Pol Pot. Quentin Quire. Roy Rogers. Sam Smith. Terry Thomas. Ursula Ungaro. Victoria Villarroel. William Wilberforce. XX ? Yan Yan. Zsa Zsa Gabor.

I never did understand metrication. For the last four months I've been keeping 2kms apart from other people outside. I thought it seemed a bit excessive.

I had an idea for all the churchgoers who have been denied singing in church during lockdown. **Hum a hymn for Him.** Mouths shut, masks on, no spews in the pews and no viral clusters in the cloisters. Worth a try, Michael? Happy Birthday for the 25th.

Being a member of Arundel Probus Club is clearly good for you? Another stalwart member reached the tender young age of 88 at the end of June. Many Happy Returns Cliff! Hope you and Doreen are keeping well.

Warning.

Don't tell your suitcases there will not be any holidays this year. Emotional baggage can be hard to handle.



Last year **President Chris** was invited to play rugby for the veterans' team. Kitted out, he went on to the pitch and started yelling 1, 15, 22, 59....The referee asked him what he was doing. He said he was just there to make up the numbers.

In Memorium – Lest we forget

Brian Fearnley had not been a club member long enough for most members to get to know him well. He was a lively and very likeable man who enjoyed the company of others, especially at the lunch table. Tall and good looking with a distinctive “handlebar” moustache, he was equally at home wearing “business casual” or suit and tie. I first got to know him and his wife Anne through membership of the Arundel Gardens Association. He lived not far from me in central Arundel.

But those of us present at the club meeting on 27th September 2018 got to know Brian far, far better. He gave one of the best talks I can remember, not only for his story-line but also for Brian's polished performance. He was clearly well-versed at public speaking as he recounted his career in sales and marketing which had taken him all over the world. His chosen title “Winning is not everything – it's the only thing,” said it all.

Sadly, Brian died suddenly a few months later, following a stroke at home, and I was privileged to attend his funeral. His daughter came from Australia and spoke warmly of her father, and his son, a monk from Thailand, was present too.

Brian left us far too soon and we miss him.

“My teacher son has been streaming lessons for his classes, working very hard from home. His early lessons caused amusement to his pupils. One parent rebuked his son for laughing hysterically at his streamed history lesson and for not taking it seriously. “Come and listen Dad” said the son. Apparently one of his mates, a computer buff, managed to turn the broadcast to Mute !” Thank you Michael.

The Probus family visit to the local Lions Club for lunch wasn't quite as expected.....



.....but it was a roaring success.

I was at my bank today. There was a short queue with just one lady in front of me, an Asian lady who was trying to exchange yen for pounds. It was obvious she was a little irritated . . . She asked the teller, "Why it change? Yesterday, I get two hunat pounds fo yen. Today I only get hunat eighty? Why it change?" The teller shrugged his shoulders and said, "Fluctuations." The Asian lady replied, "and Fluc you white people too".

Medical terms you thought you knew:

Q. What is a terminal illness? A. When you get sick at the airport.

Q. What are steroids? A. Things for keeping carpets still on the stairs.

Q. What is sex? A. It's what the queen has potatoes delivered in.

Q. Explain benign. A. It's what you will be when you've been eight.

Obituary

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who we have known and followed for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was since his birth records were lost long ago in bureaucratic red tape.

He will be remembered for cultivating such valuable lessons as:- knowing when to come in, out of the rain; life isn't always fair; the early bird catches the worm and "may be it was my fault".

Common Sense lived by simple rules:- don't spend more than you can afford; it's adults, not children, who are in charge and do as you would be done by, are examples.

He started to feel unwell when over-bearing Regulations were set in place, resulting in a 6-year-old boy being charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student.

He became worse when reading that parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children and that schools are required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion, or an aspirin to a student, but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as churches became businesses and criminals received better treatment than their victims, when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home because you could be sued for assault.

He finally lost the will to live after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, spilled a little in her lap and was promptly awarded a huge settlement against the drive-through restaurant. Common Sense RIP

A Senior's version of Facebook –

For those of my generation who do not, and cannot, comprehend why Facebook exists, I have been trying to make friends outside of Facebook whilst applying exactly the same principles.

Therefore, every day, I walk down the street and tell passers-by what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I did the night before and what I will do later, and with whom. I give them pictures of my family, my dog and of me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch and doing what everybody and anybody does every day. I also listen to their conversation, giving them "thumbs up" and tell them I "like" them.

And it works, just like Facebook. I already have four people following me: two police officers, a private investigator and a psychiatrist.



True story, reported by a **British** guy who was stopped in France and asked to give a breathalyzer test. The guy lives near Le Bugue in the Dordogne and at the time he was stopped he was as p....d as a n..t. The gendarme signals to him to wind down the window then asks him if he has been drinking and with a slurring speech the guy replies; 'Yes, this morning I was at my daughter's wedding, and as

I don't like church much I went to the cafe opposite and had several beers.' 'Then during the wedding banquet, I seem to remember downing three great bottles of wine; a Corbieres, a Minervois and a Faugeres.' 'Then, to finish off during the celebrations.... and during the evening my mates and I downed two bottles of Johnny Walker's black label.' Getting impatient the gendarme warns him; 'Do you understand, I'm a policeman and have stopped this car for an alcohol test'? The **Brit**, with a grin on his face, replies; 'Do you understand that I'm **British**, like my car, which is right-hand-drive, and that my wife is actually sitting in the driving seat, which is the one behind the steering wheel? She doesn't drink at all.'

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During my medical examination, my doctor asked me about my level of physical activity.

I described a typical day. "Well, yesterday afternoon, I took a five hour walk for about seven miles through some pretty rough terrain. I waded around the edge of a lake. I pushed my way through brambles. I got sand in my shoes and my eyes and I just avoided standing on a snake. I climbed several rocky hills. I had to take a couple of 'leaks' behind some big trees. The mental stress of it all left me shattered so, at the end I drank several beers."

Inspired by the story, the doctor said, "You must be one hell of an outdoors man!" "No," I replied, "I'm just a lousy golfer."

Tony and the Davids may sympathise.

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She was only the jockey's daughter but every horse manure.

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It's clearly time for me to go. Thanks for your support and contributions.

I wish you all well. Keep smiling and have a good month. Bob