



In memory of happier times – which will return. Don't know where, don't know when. RIP Vera.



The Club's Committee hopes to start its meetings again within the next few weeks and perhaps the full club meetings can resume soon after, but in a different format. Time will tell. On that subject, as **President Chris** has said, your opinions, concerns and ideas are welcome, and do matter. More responses to Chris please. This Newsletter may also cease without more support and encouragement.

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The Scottish piper was late for the funeral. He had been hired to play his bagpipes at the burial of an old Scot but had lost his way and arrived after all the mourners had left. However, he saw two workmen with spades standing near a hole across the cemetery and marched over to them.

Without saying anything to the workmen, he played a couple of Scottish laments before packing up his pipes and walking away, still in his full Highland Regalia. As he left, he heard one workman say to the other.

“I've been installing septic tanks for over forty years, Dave, and that's the first time that has happened.”.

Sometimes called the **Cockney Alphabet**, it's all to do with pronunciation. Say it out loud and fast, for full effect. There are some alternatives, as you may know. You may even know all of these. Go on, give it a try.

A **for** horses

B **for** mutton

C **for** yourself

D **for** ential

E **for** Peron

F **for** vessence

G **for** Police

H **for** retirement

I **for** Novello

J **for** cakes

K **for** teria

L **for** sinners

M **for** mother

N **for** lope

O **for** the rainbow

P **for** relief

Q **for** bread

R **for** mo

S **for**, so good

T **for** two

U **for** me

V **for** Zapata!

W **for** quits

X **for** breakfast

Y, **for** Pete's sake?

Z **for** breezes

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Mike Gammon responded to my invitation to members to reveal their hobbies etc. It is quite a revelation.

"I suspect I'm the only current orienteer in the club - that's where people run round the woods in their pyjamas with a map in one hand, a



compass in the other and a memory stick on their finger, looking for certain features. Couple of pics here of the 2018 British Champs in which I managed to win my age range (85-90) purely because most orienteers have sensibly retired by then".

Congratulations, Mike. You sound like a very fit man, and a modest one too. RAF navigation experience obviously pays dividends.

Last month I invited you to identify some of the local hostelries where our club has enjoyed pub lunches in the last couple of years.

Here is another list of nearby pubs which we have yet to visit together, perhaps because not all serve meals! Can you name them, and place them? Answers below, but in a different order.

- A newish pub, pretending to be old, named after a wading bird of the foreshore.
- An old, riverside pub, not far from a train terminus where there was a spectacular accident many years ago, hence its name.
- Children traditionally dance around this place in springtime.
- Often mistaken for our club's preferred meeting place, we have yet to eat at this white bird.
- Not a bird but an animal and not white but black, and smaller than a horse! Turner painted nearby, on the riverside.
- A tiny, 19thC inn, arguably the smallest in the County. Do drop in some time. Perhaps candles were made locally.
- This country gent used to tether his trusty steed outside.
- Popular with walkers on nearby South Downs Way but almost under the railway, hence its name.
- This comfy pub has it all but, with a name like that, you would be forgiven for thinking one could only visit on a Storry, Storry night!
- "Situated within the green and pleasant hills of the South Downs National Park, this place has been welcoming visitors since 1619." Sadly, I have never visited this one and I won't need something in my back before doing so in future.

The Locomotive, Littlehampton; The Squire and Horse, Bury; The Moon, Storrington; The Dew Drop Inn, Wick, Littlehampton; The Gun Inn, Findon; The Bridge, Houghton; Black Rabbit, South Stoke, Arundel; The Swan, Arundel; Oyster Catcher, Clymping; The Maypole, Yapton.

John Taylor asked me if I remember the chap that invented the 'Cats' eyes' which now mark the centre of many roads. He got the idea from a cat that was literally sitting in the centre of the road facing him one night and, due to the reflection from its eyes, he was able to avoid it.

He added that if the cat had been walking away from him he would have invented the pencil sharpener!

About 40 years ago, our President tells me, he started to build a bungalow. Things were going well until he changed his mind and decided to build a house ...

....but that's another storey.



Embarrassing moments

Are you willing to share with us an embarrassing moment in your life? Here's one of mine, and it's true.

I was based in Brussels but spent a working weekend in London where I was joined by an American colleague, Brad, from our Michigan office.

We were there to meet with important clients from Beirut who had invited us to join them for a working dinner at a fabulous Lebanese restaurant in the West End. The evening was both enjoyable and successful, and the meal was excellent.

Before he flew back to the States, I took Brad to the HQ of the Royal Society of Health to meet with the President, a distinguished doctor. She knew me as I was a member of the RSH General Council at the time and she was very welcoming when Brad and I entered the historic building.

"Welcome to London, Brad. Have you had a chance to visit any of our beautiful city?" she asked. "No Mam" replied Brad, "but we went to an awesome lesbian restaurant last night".

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Paddy and wife are laying in bed but can't sleep because the next-door neighbour's dog is barking like mad in the garden.

Paddy says, "To hell with this" and storms off.

He's back in bed five minutes later so wife asks "What have you done?"

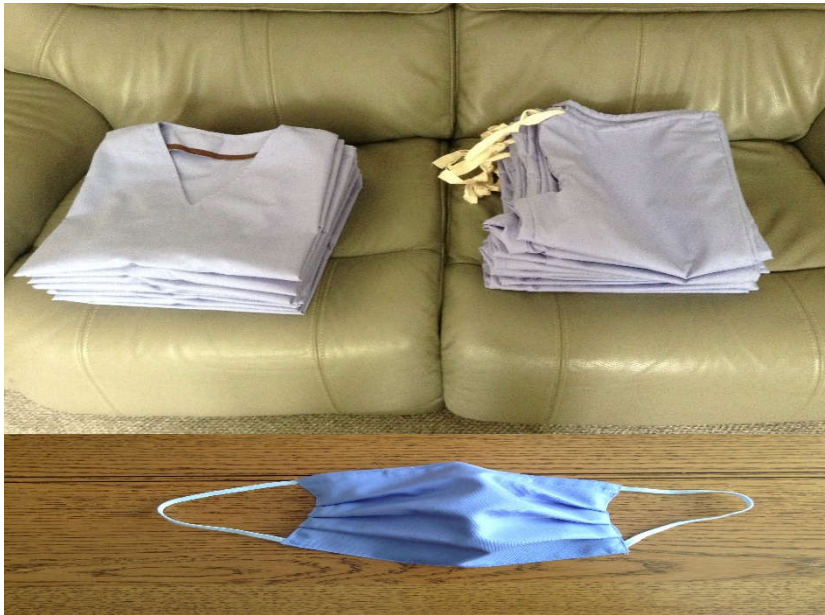
Paddy replies "I've put the dog in our garden. Let's see how they like it".

A bloke on a tractor has just driven past me shouting "the end of the world is nigh". I think it was Farmer Geddon. Thanks Chris.

Here's a story to make you feel proud.

Worthing Hospital were asking for volunteers to make protective clothing for the hospital (scrubs) so **Shirley Meggs** wanted to do her bit and asked the NHS to deliver the approved material to her. On receipt, she started to make many sets which were delivered to the Hospital.

Shirley continued to produce the scrubs with other volunteers until no



more were needed. The hospital was very grateful but had no need for the left-over material which Shirley had offered to return.

But Shirley didn't stop there and proceeded to make several face masks from the remaining material.

Shirley's example is typical of what has been happening throughout the country as people have "done their bit" but worthy of mention here, for certain.

Well done Shirley. We are all proud of you. xx

Tom Jones is 80 now, the same as I am, and has been reflecting on his career.

It prompted me to do the same and consider missed experiences.

Tom still has female fans throwing underwear at him – something that I have not yet experienced.

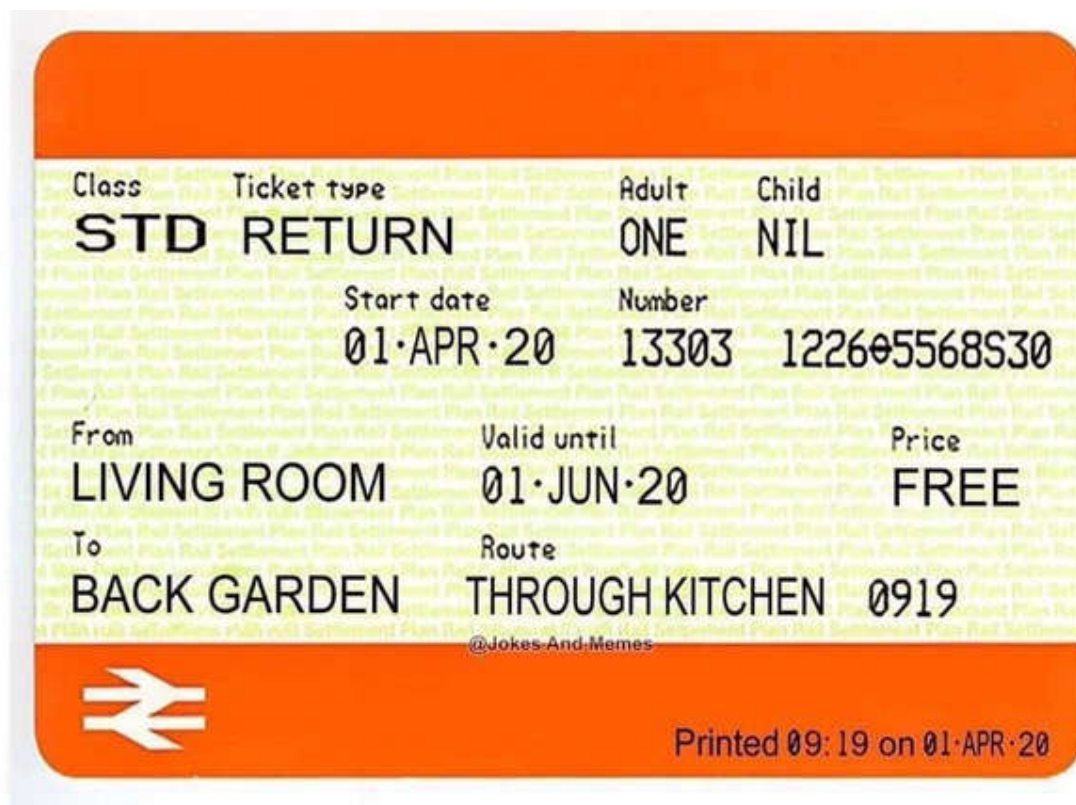
Have you?

An older gentleman, a member of Probus somewhere, was on the operating table awaiting surgery, having insisted that his son, a renowned surgeon, perform the operation.

As he was about to be anaesthetised he asked to speak to his son. "Yes Dad , what is it?"

"Don't be nervous, son, do your best and just remember, if it doesn't go well, if something happens to me, your mother is going to come and live with you and your wife...."

Thanks Barry.



Stay safe and keep smiling.

Bob

If anyone knows any jokes about small fish let minnow.