



The April edition of this in-house newsletter was well received so I am encouraged to prepare another, with the help of several contributors to whom I am very grateful. More are welcome at any time.

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Warm congratulations are due to our new **President, Chris Mayhew**, following his landslide victory at the virtual AGM on 23rd April. I look forward to supporting Chris as he enters a year facing largely unknown challenges and opportunities. He also has the support of the rest of the Committee, which is unchanged from last year, with the notable addition of **Barry Hopkins, our new Vice President**. Hopefully, the time will soon come when I can hand Chris his, even heavier, Chain of Office.

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One must feel sorry for **Michael and Suzanne Weaver**, and their house guest. Their groceries delivery from Sainsbury included one single, carefully wrapped, banana and not the whole bunch they had ordered. So, they are asking our advice. What could they have done with one banana?!



I told Michael they were wise not have ordered a bunch of grapes.

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The yacht was sinking fast and, once again, the call went out “Mayday, mayday. This is *Caroline*. I am sinking. I am sinking”.

A German apprentice coastguard received the call and pinpointed its source just north of Hamburg. “ ‘Ello Caroline; vot are you sinking about?’”

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Lansdowne Plants on the A259 at Ferring are offering a home delivery service of different composts etc and have a stock list of perennials and grasses. They also have wonderful Acers. If you need anything for the garden, contact them at www.lansdowneplants.co.uk Phone 01903 241241 Delivery (to Arundel) adds £5 to your bill.

Proprietor Dan is extremely helpful and deserves to succeed.

How are those beards coming along? Am I the only albino?

When I was a lad, I had a paper round and would get up at what seemed the middle of the night to sort the papers at the newsagents before delivering them around Paines Lane and Cuckoo Hill Road in Pinner.

My meagre wage was spent largely on stamps from the fascinating stamp shop, run by a guy who looked like Methuselah. I bought sets of new stamps from what was then called The British Commonwealth and I still have them today so have been studying them again of late.

The stamps are beautiful, and many in mint condition, from places with exotic names such as Bechuanaland, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, the Gold Coast, British Solomon Islands and Aden. What a handsome couple the Queen's parents were but it was the other pictures on the stamps that were the real attraction in those pre-TV days. Elephants under Palm trees in Ceylon; native fishing boats off Fiji and the incredible waterfall on British Guiana, places I could only dream about.

Residents of these attractive countries had a perfect right to change their names, following independence but, for me, something was lost when Zimbabwe, Yemen, Malawi *et al* replaced those names from my impressionable youth. Now I'm off to Noviomagus Reginorum and my VW garage!



Special thanks to **Roy Shaw** for creating this amusing cartoon.

Belated congratulations are due to **Elizabeth and Mike Gammon** on their 64th (yes, 64th) wedding anniversary on 31st March. (I am surprised one was allowed to marry so young!) This lovely photo shows them enjoying their day, and quite right too. (Note that there are two more charged glasses waiting in the serving hatch. Water, maybe?!)



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Thanks to **Hilary** and **Stephen** who both sent me this Pam Ayres poem.

I'm normally a social girl and love to meet my mates,
but lately, with the virus here, we can't go out the gates.
You see, we are the 'oldies' now. We need to stay inside.
If they haven't seen us for a while, they'll think we've upped and died.

They'll never know the things we did before we got this old.
There wasn't any Facebook so not everything was told.
We may seem sweet old ladies who would never be uncouth.
But we grew up in the 60s - if you only know the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll, the pill and miniskirts.
We smoked, we drank, we partied and were quite outrageous flirts.
Then we settled down, got married, turned into someone's mum,
somebody's wife, then Nan. Who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace because our lives were full,
but to bury us before we're dead is red rag to a bull!
So here you find me stuck inside, for four weeks, maybe more.
I finally found myself again, then had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me. I'd while away the hour.
I'd bake for all the family but I've got no bloody flour!
Now Netflix is just wonderful. I like a gutsy thriller.
I'm swooning over Idris or some random, sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze for when I'm being idle.
There's wine and whiskey, even gin, if I'm feeling suicidal!
So let's all drink to lockdown, to recovery and health,
and hope this bloody virus doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through the crisis and be back to join our mates.
Just hoping I'm not far too wide to fit through the flaming gates!

There is so much latent talent amongst our members and their partners and now is a good time to let it flow. So, pick up thy pen, pencil, brush or quill and let me have your contributions for future editions of this newsletter please. You may prefer to type something, of course! Photos welcomed too.

Philip, my younger son, isolated with his family in their NZ home, said he would take his missus on holiday anywhere in the world, after the "all clear" has finally sounded. He gave her one dart to throw at a large map of the world, hanging on the kitchen door. He would take her wherever the dart landed, he promised.

They are now looking forward to a couple of weeks behind the fridge.



Can you believe it? **John Monroe** had a big birthday too, recently, just before Roy Shaw's. Congratulations, John. You and Roy must carry your birth certificates with you in future as no one will believe you otherwise.

The vicar, hurrying to church, looked over the wall and admired old Ted's immaculate allotment. "Isn't it wonderful what God and man can do together in a garden Ted?" "That may be so, your reverend, but you should have seen it here when He had it to his self", replied Ted, grinning.

A timely reminder from Tony.

Guys.

Please do not kiss and hug..
'cos we don't want the nasty bug.

We don't want coughs and swollen glands.
We don't want Covid on our hands.

So, wash with soap for a full half minute;
use a paper towel,
then.....safely bin it

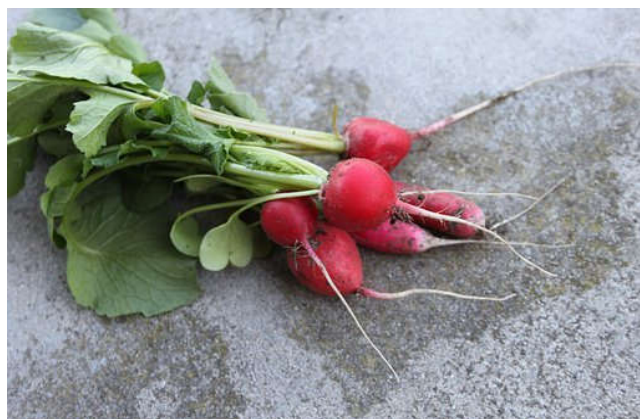


Let's keep Sussex virus free. We don't want to end up like Italy.

Happy Birthday **John Haynes** on 23rd May. Sorry we can't sing together for you this year! ...and welcome back to Blighty.

I imagine we are all experiencing fear, to a degree, at the moment but, keep it in perspective.

As I sit on my allotment, having a quick cup of coffee from the Thermos and tasting the fastest-growing crop of all, I ask myself, "Do I fancy eating another radish?" "No". Explain.





Painted by Leland, 12, and Bettsie, 5, on a stone slab in Chesterfield.

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The elephant is a delightful bird. It flits from bough to bough.
It builds it's nest in a rhubarb tree and whistles like a cow.

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This is my opportunity to say “thank you” to the whole club for making my year of office so enjoyable for me. This is a very friendly club and I hope Chris will enjoy his time as much as I have mine.

Keep safe, keep smiling.

Bob - Outgone President, Arundel Probus Club

Question. Why is Doom Bar beer so-called? (You yachting types may know).



