



July 2020 Newsletter
150th Edition

150 editions published = 12.5 years of monthly newsletters

PRESIDENT'S REPORT
(MOKKO'S MUSINGS)

Greetings Probus' friends and welcome to our 150th newsletter.

Our club has grown from humble beginnings 13 years ago to a thriving, active membership today.

Sadly, I am unable to say when we will be able to resume our monthly meetings. Large groups can now assemble indoors but still with appropriate spacing. I doubt that at the moment this will work at our Uniting Church venue.

Another difficulty is the popular morning tea break. Major changes will be required to comply with the new protocols.

You will note that our anniversary luncheon has unfortunately had to be postponed – it will be held over to next year.

It was very pleasing to note that Helen Miles has organized the first walking group outing for several months. Some of our members are now attending gyms but with limited numbers.

We're not out of the woods yet but can see the sun rising again.

Cheers

Peter

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CLUB COMMITTEE

Dear Probus Members,

I wish to advise that our Club Secretary, Susan Allsop, has resigned as Secretary and Public Officer of our Probus Club. On behalf of the Committee and members I would like to thank Susan for her valuable contribution to our Club.

Assistant Secretary Malcolm McLean has kindly agreed to fill the position of Secretary.

Geoff Jones is the new Public Officer of the club responsible to the Department of Fair Trading for the administration of the club under the Associations Incorporation Act 2009 as amended. Geoff fills what is termed a casual vacancy. Under the Act and in accordance with legal precedent and practice a casual vacancy can be filled and the appointment ratified at the next committee meeting.

Peter Moxham

ENTERTAINMENT

Warwick Brady (0418 793 684)

We have received notification from Ticketmaster that the show "Come From Away" has had to be rescheduled in line with Federal and State Government restrictions, so no show in August 2020.

As yet there is no definite cancellation of the Wharf Revue at Glen Street Theatre in September but this will almost certainly be the case.

We have received notification about shows being planned for 2021 including Hamilton, and Dolly Patton's 9 - 5 but it's just a little bit early for any publicity.

So until next month that's all the news for now.

Warwick Brady – Entertainment Officer

AUGUST NEWSLETTER

Geoff Jones (0412 420 213)

Deadline for entry to August Newsletter

If you would like to submit input for the August Newsletter, please do so by 25 July 2020. Input can be sent to me, the Newsletter Editor at geoffjones1874@gmail.com

JULY BIRTHDAYS



Warren	McGurgan	1st July
Margaret	Standish	4th July
Marian	McDuff	4th July
Sandra	Stevenson	6th July
Jock	Cameron	7th July
Lainee	Geddes	11th July
Sue	Marsh	12th July
Graeme	Oake	18th July
Christine	McGurgan	20th July
Sandra	Murphy	28th July
Stuart	Hobson	28th July
Elaine	Winslade	29th July
Bruce	Nicholson	31st July

Beatrix Potter Stanley Kubrick
Amelia Earhart Nelson Mandela
Tom Hanks Koko the Gorilla
Ernest Hemingway
Rupert Bear (100 years old this year)



Rupert Bear is a children's comic strip character created by English artist Mary Tourtel and first appearing in the Daily Express newspaper in the UK on 8 November 1920. Rupert's initial purpose was to win sales from the rival Daily Mail and Daily Mirror. The comic strip was, and still is, published daily in the Daily Express with many of these stories later being printed in books, and every year since 1936 a Rupert annual has also been released. Rupert Bear has become a well-known character in children's culture in the United Kingdom and the success of the Rupert stories has led to the creation of several television series based on the character.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Why do accountants make good lovers?
They're good with figures.

SCRAPBOOKING

Liz Pawsey (0403 206 460)

Scrapbooking in the Pawsey Folly is able to practise "social distancing" safely for the group. So I have decided we will open the Folly up for Spring and have a Scrapbooking gathering on **MONDAY 14TH SEPTEMBER**. As usual the urn will be bubbling from 10.30am onwards. Stay as long as you like. Bring any craft project to work on and enjoy the friendly chatter!

Remember – People will see your scrapbooks long after you are gone, NOT your housework?

Liz Pawsey

SOCIAL

Liz Pawsey (0403 206 460)

All very quiet on the Social side of Probus. We have found it necessary to make a decision now to cancel our usual Anniversary celebrations for this year. We have postponed our lunch at the Royal Motor Yacht Club until **15th July 2021** where we will celebrate our 14 years with great enthusiasm.

We are cautiously optimistic that the restrictions may be lifted sufficiently to allow a "Breakout Breakfast" in September or October at Piemonte for a smaller group. Continue to keep the third Thursday of each month free for possible Probus social activities. It is certainly hard to make any definite plans at this stage. As we are all in the vulnerable category, we must follow the advice of the medical authorities and the Government and be very patient. Our time to socialise normally **WILL** return!

One activity we are planning on is our Christmas Lunch on **Friday 11th December** and we will do our best to make it very special!

I know these are challenging times for our age group and I am very aware that many are missing our regular lunches and dinners etc. The current restrictions make our usual lunches etc not possible and the threat of contacting Covid-19 is still very real with known consequences.

May I suggest an easy way to overcome this feeling of isolation without waiting for our social activities to return to allowing our normal numbers? How about contacting a member or a couple of members, possibly ones you haven't spoken to before or sat next to at a meeting and organise to meet at a café or restaurant and enjoy getting to know them. The contact list is attached for your ease in finding phone numbers and I'm sure your phone call would be received with enthusiasm.

Continue to be sensible and keep safe.

Liz Pawsey – Social Coordinator



David is a masterpiece of Renaissance sculpture created in marble between 1501 and 1504 by the Italian artist Michelangelo.

David is a 5.17-metre marble statue of the Biblical figure David, a favoured subject in the art of Florence. David was originally commissioned as one of a series of statues of prophets to be positioned along the roofline of the east end of Florence Cathedral, but was instead placed in a public square, outside the Palazzo Vecchio, the seat of civic government in Florence, in the Piazza della Signoria, where it was unveiled on 8 September 1504.

The statue was moved to the Galleria dell'Accademia, Florence, in 1873, and later replaced at the original location by a replica. Because of the nature of the figure it represented, the statue soon came to symbolize the defence of civil liberties embodied in the Republic of Florence, an independent city-state threatened on all sides by more powerful rival states and by the hegemony of the Medici family. The eyes of David, with a warning glare, were fixated towards Rome

The statue is a Renaissance interpretation of a common ancient Greek theme of the standing heroic male nude. Michelangelo's David has become one of the most recognized works of Renaissance sculpture, a symbol of strength and youthful beauty. Michaelangelo's David actually is circumcised. He is circumcised in the old (former) way called the little millah in Hebrew, which is appropriate for the time at which David lived, but I bet it still hurt!

TOURS AND OUTINGS

Chris McGurgan (0466 090 325)

Our next tour will be to the Sprout Stack in Brookvale on Tuesday 21st July at 11.00am.

Sprout Stack is a pioneering, environmentally sensitive hydroponics business that grows vegetables and herbs without soil. And this urban farm uses 95 per cent less water than traditional market gardens.

Founded by Francisco Caffarena and Michael Harder in 2016, Sprout Stack is Australia's only commercial vertical farm and is based in Brookvale. Shipping containers are utilised to grow green vegetable for independent grocers using methods more productive than traditional farming.

If you would like to purchase their vegetables please bring a shopping bag the vegetables will cost you **\$5 that's right just \$5!**

This warehouse veggie farm is touted as the way of the future!

Please note because of the Covid restrictions we will not be permitted into the vegetable containers but Hugh will open the doors and allow us to look in. I am assured we will see plenty!

What to wear: Covered Shoes with good grip – this is a must if you want to enter the warehouse!

Time: 10.50 am to meet in the car park. Parking is limited so if you are able to car pool – please do!

Cost: It's FREE!

Address: Unit 24 /122-126 Old Pittwater Rd Brookvale (behind the Villeroy Boch Warehouse just up from the TAFE)

And afterwards for lunch, I suggest the Brooky Pub. It's newly renovated and I hear the food is very good! Tuesday is Sirloin Steak with chips & Salad or mash & veg's for just \$15! Or whatever you prefer from the menu.

Numbers are limited for this tour to 30 people which will allow elbow size social distancing in the office area. Seating is also limited so if you would like to bring your own fold up chair please do so.

The first 30 people to call me 0466 090 325 or email chris_mcgurgan@hotmail.com will be the lucky ones!

Photo's show the warehouse and the plants inside the containers.



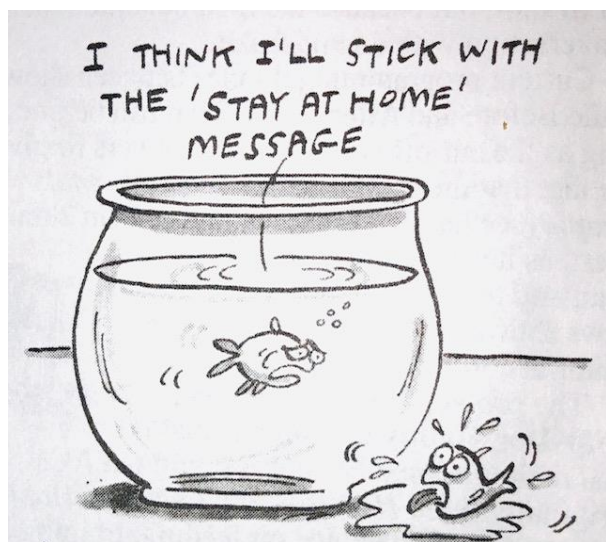
June Walk

Our June walk on a lovely sunny day at Mona Vale was attended by an enthusiastic group, happy to catch up with each other out in the fresh air by the ocean. After a coffee at the beach we continued on up the northern headland where we enjoyed the fantastic views with our cheese and biscuits. 10 remained after the walk for a picnic lunch back at the beach in the sun. Thanks to all who joined in the walk.

July Walk

Our July Walk will be on Friday 31st in Duffys Forest, weather and Coronavirus permitting. It is part Fire Trail and part road walk and is classed medium. Park and meet at 9.30am at the corner of Mallowa Road and Bulara Street Duffys Forest. Those needing an early coffee can pick up take away in Terrey Hills en route.

Helen Miles



We are still unable to meet I'm afraid due to the "dreaded" virus. Here is a reminder of the fun tastings we have enjoyed. This one is about wine varieties and Chardonnay in particular

Try this quick and easy quiz to test your knowledge of wine varieties. We'll give you the key flavours, you name the wine.

Ready... GO!

- 1) Peach... Rockmelon... Citrus.
Did you pick *Chardonnay*?
Congratulations! Now try this one:
- 2) Pear... Fig... Butterscotch.
Sorry, that was Chardonnay again.
- 3) Oatmeal... Cashew...
Marzipan.
Bugger. Still Chardonnay...
- 4) Cucumber... Gunflint...
Lanolin.
Oh for heaven's sake.

You'll never get aw with it... they'll cash eventually...

Chardonnay can be a slippery little sucker to pin down. Climate, region and winemaking practices all have an enormous influence on the finished product.

So if you've ever had a hankering for cashew and fig, but ended up with rockmelon and pineapple, this Wine Down is for you.

WHERE DOES YOUR CHARDY COME FROM?
If you said 'the fridge' - go and sit in the corner.

In Australia, Chardonnay grows pretty much everywhere. Our diverse geography gives rise to a huge range of styles - from the delicious 'sunshine in a glass' slurpers of warm climate Riverland, to intense white peach and grapefruit zingers from coastal Margaret River, and elegant, citrus and mineral tipples from cool climate Yarra Valley.

TIP: Think in terms of ripeness. Chardonnay's flavour profile moves from ripe tropical fruits (pineapple, guava, mango) in warm climates, through melon and stone-fruit, to citrus and green apple in cooler climates.

OAKED v UNOAKED

Chardonnay loves oak, which adds colour, body and flavour to wine.

Many Aussies are ardent fans of oak-matured Chardonnay - with its rich, buttery, nutty and vanillin characters.

On the other side of the Quercus divide are the equally enamoured fans of unoaked (or nude) Chardonnay.

Unoaked Chardies are bright, zesty, fruit-driven wines similar in style to Pinot Gris or Sauv Blanc.

CENSORED

Ironically, Chardonnay in the nude usually comes from colder climates, where consumption in the actual nude is extremely unlikely.

Next week:
I just poured my wine into a Vegemite jar; does that mean I need glasses?

Mike Staniland

Many thanks for the large number of squares that were delivered to my home to be arranged into wraps of 28 squares.

I would like to re-iterate that we would appreciate it if the squares could be as follows:

- Using size 4mm needles and 8ply acrylic yarn to achieve 10" x 10" (25cm x 25cm) squares

Due to Covid-19 we are unable to arrange a Sew-in at present.



Margaret Hobson

A PREVIOUS GUEST SPEAKER

You may remember Paul the Chocolatier who spoke to us and gave out chocolate treats a few years ago.

He has a chocolate shop in Pymble and a few days ago a lady came in with her elderly aunt who wanted to choose some chocolate goodies. The old lady dithered a bit and the young woman said she would get some coffee next door while the selection was made. "Cate" the older lady called out. "Can I have sugar in my coffee".

"You don't know who my niece is do you" said the old lady to Paul. "I'm afraid not" he replied. "She's Cate Blanchett". The shop assistants heard this and rushed to the front of the shop. "I will remember to call her Cate when she next comes in" said Paul.



CONVOLVULUS COMPETITION

Here is this month's convolvulus competition entry. Neither of the two pictures is of a convolvulus mind you nor were previous entries. These are different. They are paintings that look stunning in real life. They were painted by one half of our artistic couple, Judee Radford, the other half is our poet Kevin. The paintings are for sale. For a viewing call Judee on 0416 211 902.





Which member of our club wore this hat to a garden party at Buckingham Palace in the Swinging 60's?



Back in the early 60's I was fortunate to have a working holiday of 18 months in the U.K. and Europe. Prior to leaving I applied for a letter of introduction from the State and Federal Governments and I received them both signed by R.J. Heffron and Robert Menzies respectively.

In London Australians could apply to Australia House for tickets to Royal Ascot, Trooping the Colour or the Garden Party and I was fortunate to receive an invitation to the last. Unfortunately those who applied with me missed out so I went alone. I always wondered if those letters helped.

I had a dress suitable for the occasion but needed a hat which I had difficulty finding. However, once at the Palace I found many there were not even wearing hats and mine had cost me a weeks wages!!! I am not sure if I have worn it since but it has caused a lot of mirth in the dress up bag for my children and now my grand- daughters.

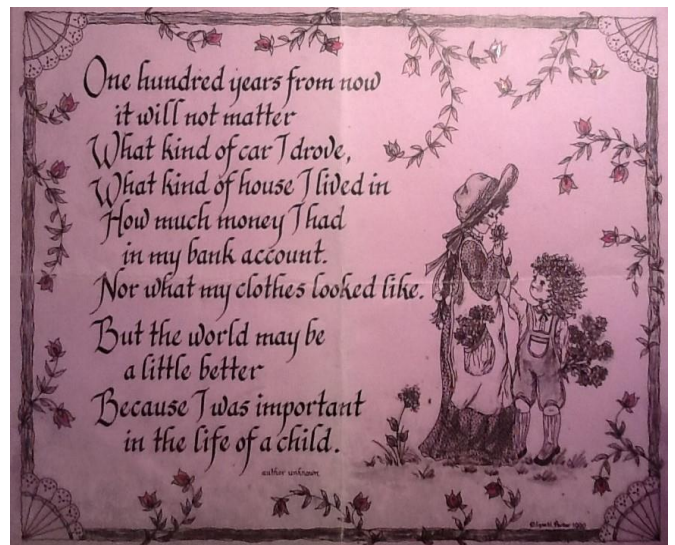
The extensive gardens behind the Palace are beautiful, complemented by mature trees and a lake. Afternoon tea was served from many marquees positioned around the gardens and the Royal Family moved through on a designated path speaking to nominated guests. Many there were in uniforms of the three services along with Red Cross, Salvation Army and others. It certainly was a great experience and back then there was no other opportunity to see behind the Palace walls as there is today.



Cherry Robinson

The sultry swinging sixties in London looked a lot of fun. (they were, Geoff Jones), I doubt that she bought the twinset and pearls in Carnaby Street. I'm glad she made it back single!

John Robinson



THE DOG ON THE TUCKERBOX



On the way back from Bright a couple of years ago the Probus bus made a pit stop in Gundagai and we saw the statue of the dog on the tuckerbox. Here is the story.

The first white settlement in the Gundagai area was in the 1820's with the town being gazetted in 1838.

In the early days the area was serviced by bullock teams. With rough tracks, water to cross, floods and inclement weather on occasions many a bullocky was forced to either wait or to seek help when teams became stranded or bogged.

These poems are ostensibly dedicated to the bullocky's dog waiting on the tuckerbox on such an occasion. The story was further embellished in later versions by the bullocky having died and the dog waiting on the tuckerbox for the rest of its life for its master to return. Not a very bright dog!

There is a question about the dog, a kelpie. Did he dog sit on or shit in the tuckerbox or was he buried in the tuckerbox? There are several poems with differing stories. None mention the old bullocky dying and the dog waiting for his return for years.

The statue, erected in 1926, was inspired by a bullock driver's poem, Bullocky Bill, which celebrates the life of a mythical driver's dog that loyally guarded the man's tuckerbox until his death.

Bowyang Yorke and Jack Moses are regarded as having taken the story and cleaned it up before publishing it as poems. (Bowyang Yorke's works were on the back of matchbook covers. Jack Moses had been a whisky salesman in the bush in the 1880's).

The original story of the dog that shat in the tuckerbox could not have been published in its correct format, hence the clean up and the resulting discordant words in the Yorke and Moses poems. That bit just doesn't logically fit with the earlier words. The poems and the lyrics to the more correct folk are as follows.

Nine Miles from Gundagai – Jack Moses

I've done my share of shearing sheep
Of droving, and all that
And bogged a bullock team as well
On a Murrumbidgee flat.
I've seen the bullock stretch and strain
And blink his bleary eye
And the dog sit on the tucker box
Nine miles from Gundagai

I've been jilted, jarred and crossed in love
And sand-bagged in the dark
Till if a mountain fell on me
I'd treat it as a lark
It's when you've got your bollocks bogged
That's the time you flog and cry
And the dog sits on the tucker box
Nine miles from Gundagai

We've all got our little troubles
In life's hard, thorny way
Some strike them in a motor car
And others in a dray

But when your dog and bullocks strike
It ain't no apple pie
And the dog sits on the tucker box
Nine miles from Gundagai

But that's all past and dead and gone
And I've sold the team for meat
And perhaps some day where I was bogged
There'll be an asphalt street
The dog – ah! Well he got a bait
And thought he'd like to die
So I buried him – in the tucker box
Nine miles from Gundagai.

The Bowyang Yorke Poem

As I was coming down Conroy's Gap
I heard a maiden cry
There goes Bill the Bullocky
He's bound for Gundagai
A better poor old beggar
Never earnt an honest crust
A better poor old beggar
Never drug a whip through dust.

His team got bogged at the nine mile creek
Bill lashed and swore and cried
If Nobby don't get me out of this
I'll tattoo his bloody hide
But Nobby strained and broke the yoke
And poked out the leader's eye
Then the dog sat on the tucker box
Nine miles from Gundagai

Lyrics

I'm used to punchin' bullock teams across the hills and plains
I've teamed outback for forty years through bleeding hail and rain
I've lived a lot of troubles down, without a bloomin' lie
But I can't forget what happened just five miles from Gundagai
T'was getting dark, the team got bogged, the axle snapped in two
I lost me matches and me pipe, so what was I do to?
The rain it was a-coming on, and hungry too was I
And me dog shat in me tuckerbox, five miles from Gundagai

Some blokes I know have stacks of luck, no matter where they fall
But there was I, Lord love a duck, no bloody luck at all
I couldn't heat a pot of tea or keep me trousers dry
And me dog shat in me tucker box five miles from Gundagai
Now, I can forgive the bleedin' team, I can forgive the rain
I can forgive the damp and cold and go through it again
I can forgive the rotten luck, but hang me till I die
I can't forgive that bloody dog, five miles from Gundagai

Five Miles from Gundagai (1945) - Danilo Jovanovich

I've never seen the bullock strain,
Nor blink his bleary eye,
But I have seen the soaking rain
Beneath the cloudy sky ;
I've seen the lizards lie on rocks,
And heard the curlew cry,
Where the dog sits on the tucker box
Five miles from Gundagai.

I've never seen the gravel "beat"
That used to wander by,
For now it is an asphalt street,
Where bullocks never lie.
On either side the jumbuck flocks,
They graze in grass hock high,
Where the dog sits on the tucker box
Five miles from Gundagai.

I've often seen a drover pass,
And heard him heave and sigh,
For he's been chasing after grass
Through climes that have been dry,
I've seen a Kelpie dog that cocks
His head in fashion sly
At the dog upon the tucker box
Five miles from Gundagai.

Whatever old Jack Moses said,
I know it's not a lie ;
But those old days are gone and dead
On them we can't rely ;
For times have changed, on ticks the clock
And this is dinky di,
Now the dog sits on the tucker box
Five miles from Gundagai.

NEIL ARMSTRONG AND MR GORSKY



Neil Armstrong's first words after stepping onto the moon "that's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind" were televised to earth and heard by millions. But just before he re-entered the lander he made the enigmatic remark "good luck Mr Gorsky".

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival soviet cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space programmes.

Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the "Good luck Mr.Gorsky" statement meant but Armstrong always just smiled.

On July 5, 1995 in Tampa Bay, Florida while answering questions following a speech a reporter brought up the 26 year old question about Mr. Gorsky and this time Neil finally responded because his Mr. Gorsky had just died. So Neil Armstrong felt he could now answer the question.

Here is the answer to "who was Mr. Gorsky?".

In 1938 when he was a kid in a small mid-western town Armstrong was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend hit the ball which landed in his neighbour's yard by their bedroom window. His neighbours were Mr and Mrs Gorsky.

As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky. "SEX! YOU WANT SEX?! YOU'LL GET SEX WHEN THE KID NEXT DOOR WALKS ON THE MOON!"

Neil Armstrong's family has confirmed that this is a true story.

Cherry Robinson (who no longer smokes!)

COINCIDENCE

The first Probus Club was started by Rotary in Caterham, UK in 1966. I went to high school in Caterham and in 1966 was living nearby. My brother lived in Caterham for many years and his friend remembers the retired banker who started the club and the club being formed.

Jenny Jones

LONDON

I worked in London 1965/1966/1967, firstly with an Insurance company I worked for in Sydney then a variety of knockabout jobs including working in Selfridges for about 6 months.

I do remember starting my first day there and being allocated duties in the dock area. After a couple of deliveries and taking stock to a couple of departments a Union delegate came up to me and told me to have a break. I said I only started about an hour ago but he insisted. Later I found out he was trying to slow down the new recruits as they were showing up the older employees who only worked to union rules!

I was not there as a long term employee but I did find out quickly that it was a different work ethic, under strict labour rules.



This is a photo to prove I was actually in the UK where I borrowed the manager's bowler hat. I was working for Queensland Insurance (now QBE) where mostly reinsurance was arranged ongoing as required from our main branches back in Australia. The London manager hung up his bowler each morning near the front door, never thinking one of his staff would take a loan of it!

But really the time I remember most in that era was when England won the 1966 Soccer World Cup.



Trafalgar Square with fans celebrating after this win.

Another memory in 1966 was going down to Brands Hatch to see Jack Brabham win the British Grand Prix.

Jack won his third and last World Championship that year winning the driver's and the manufacturer's titles.

This was the only time one person has won both titles and it is now impossible for a single identity I think to ever achieve this feat again. Definitely, in my view, our best ever sportsman, even better than Ben Lexcen winning the America's Cup.

Malcolm McLean

(P.S. Malcolm looks good in a bowler hat and was the girl in the fountain Cherry Robinson?)

THOUGHTS FOR OUR TIME

- I started out with nothing and I still have most of it!
- If all is not lost, then where on earth is it?
- It was a whole lot easier to get older than to get wiser.
- It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
- The world only beats a path to your door when you're in the bathroom.
- If God wanted me to touch my toes, he'd have put them on my knees.
- When I'm finally holding all the right cards, everyone wants to play chess.

Ted Morton

THE WASHINGTON POST CHALLENGE

The Washington Post has published the winning submissions to its yearly neologism contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternative meanings for common words.

The winners are:

1. Coffee (n.), the person upon whom one coughs.
2. Flabbergasted (adj.), appalled over how much weight you have gained
3. Abdicate (v.), to give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. Esplanade (v.), to attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. Willy-nilly (adj.), impotent.
6. Negligent (adj.), describes a condition in which you absentmindedly answer the door in your nightgown.
7. Lymph (v.), to walk with a lisp.
8. Gargoyle (n.), olive-flavoured mouthwash.
9. Flatulence (n.), emergency vehicle that picks you up after you are run over by a steamroller.
10. Balderdash (n.), a rapidly receding hairline.
11. Testicle (n.), a humorous question on an exam.
12. Rectitude (n.), the formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.
13. Pokemon (n.), a Rastafarian proctologist.
14. Oyster (n.), a person who sprinkles his conversation with Yiddishisms.
15. Frisbeetarianism (n.), (back by popular demand): The belief that, when you die, your soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck there.
16. Circumvent (n.), an opening in the front of boxer shorts worn by Jewish men.

The Washington Post's Style Invitational also asked readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition.

The winners are:

-Bozone (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.

-Cashtration (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period.

-Sarchasm (n): The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

-Inoculatte (v): To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

-Osteopornosis (n): A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)

- Karmageddon (n): It's like, when everybody is sending off all these Really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.

- Glibido (v): All talk and no action.

- Arachnoleptic fit (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.

- Caterpallor (n.): The colour you turn after finding half a grub in the fruit you're eating.

And now a Challenge for you – refer to the above excerpt from the Washington Post – enjoy the humour and then pick your own word from the dictionary and either give it a new meaning as in the first section of the article OR change one letter to make a new word as in the second section & send them in to me at geoffjones1874@gmail.com

WHO SAID MEN DON'T REMEMBER

A couple were Christmas shopping. The shopping centre was packed and as the wife walked around she was surprised to discover that her husband was nowhere to be seen.

She was quite upset because they had a lot to do and hence she became so worried that she called him on her mobile phone to ask where he was.

In a quiet voice he said: "Do you remember the jewellers we went into about five years ago, where you fell in love with that diamond necklace that we could not afford and I told you that I would get it for you one day".

The wife choked up and started to cry and said: "Yes, I do remember that shop".

He replied: "Well, I'm in the pub next door".

Article written this year by Vera Lynn to celebrate the 75th anniversary of VE Day on 8 May 2020.

I'll never forget the 50th anniversary VE Day celebration at Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace in May 1995 – the last time I sang in public, aged just 78. I was a mere septuagenarian back then – still in my prime! It gave me so much pleasure that the Queen Mother who, like me, had lived through World War II and the dark days of the Blitz, could be present at one of the highlights of my career.

Fifty years earlier, we had both been in London on VE Day, 8 May 1945 – although she had been with her family and I with mine – when thousands of people, civilians and servicemen, mingled happily on the streets of London. Sadly, it's impossible to imagine such a 'party' happening in today's coronavirus-gripped world.

Despite the passing of the years, my memories of Victory in Europe Day, 75 years ago, are still vivid. None of us who were there on that momentous day could ever forget the sense of national rejoicing. It was a day when we could finally laugh, let our hair down and be ourselves again in the knowledge that the Nazi threat to our homeland had forever been extinguished.

I only have to close my eyes for it all to come flooding back...

I can picture the houses in the bomb-damaged streets around my parents' home in East Ham, London – where I saw in VE Day with my family – with the Union Jacks draped from their windows on that cloudy VE Day morning. If I recall correctly, a few drops of rain even fell. But, in the afternoon, the sun shone on the crowds gathered in London's Trafalgar Square and along the Mall, and other cities across the land. Everyone in my neighbourhood, as elsewhere, had a smile on their face; they were just happy to be alive after the long years of conflict which had seen the British people endure so much. Some people were wearing red, white and blue rosettes, others silly hats and of course the crowds were thick with our brave soldiers, sailors and airmen and women who had made victory possible.

Yes, all of us – mothers, fathers, wives and children – knew someone who had been killed or injured in battle or in one of the terrible bombing raids. But we knew that, on this oh-so special day, those we had lost would have wanted us to celebrate the long-awaited moment of victory when life could finally start to return to normal. We knew too that they were celebrating with us in spirit...

At 3pm on VE Day, the Prime Minister Winston Churchill broadcast to the nation, and my family and I gathered around the Bakelite wireless set in my parents' sitting room. Once again, we listened to that wonderfully stirring

voice which had helped sustain us as a nation through the Battle of Britain and beyond, when none of us could glimpse any light at the end of the tunnel. If only Winston could be with us today to help us see off today's terrible coronavirus threat!

The VE Day celebrations continued the rest of that long May 1945 day – and King George and Queen Elizabeth famously allowed Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret to mingle unseen with the crowds in the streets around Buckingham Palace. After the sun went down, fireworks were let off in celebration, searchlights danced a merry jig in the night sky and children in the East End celebrated victory round bonfires made with timber from bomb-blasted buildings.

It was a special day for British children everywhere, with thousands of boys and girls tucking into sandwiches, trifle and jelly, washed down with glasses of pop, at street parties throughout the land. And, believe me, none of those youngsters would ever forget that day, which marked the coming of peace

I had a comparatively quiet VE Day. I'd had a busy war and no great desire to join the revellers in the fountains at Trafalgar Square. I was happy just being with my family in my parents' back garden after spending so much time apart from them during the war years.

I'd been 'singing for my supper', so to speak, ever since I was a girl and had first gone on stage. By the late 1930s, I was singing on records cut by Joe Loss's band ... but then, in September 1939, the month the war began, I recorded *We'll Meet Again*, which topped the hit parade. My life would never be quite the same again. As soon I heard the song, I sensed there was something special about it. It was perfect for the times – and it's still my favourite of all the songs I've sung. Everybody hoped they would see their sweetheart again when the war was over and the boys were back home. And, while it might sound tame to some today, I think has a timeless quality. I was so touched that the Queen echoed the words of my wartime hit in her address to the nation, when she declared, 'We will meet again.'

I carried on working through the Blitz, presenting the popular wartime BBC radio show *Sincerely Yours*, reading out messages to troops overseas and singing their most-requested songs. I would often drive to work through the darkened streets of London during the blackout in my little green, soft-top Austin 10, with dimmed headlights and my tin helmet at my side. I'll never forget the 'pop-pop' of the anti-aircraft guns either

But I was lucky in a way. Being an entertainer, I was allowed extra petrol coupons so I could get around. I suppose I was a 'key worker' of the day, just like all those brave doctors, nurses and other vital support staff helping Britain get through today's coronavirus pandemic which has already claimed so many lives.

On one occasion, I had to take cover in a public air raid shelter. It was so claustrophobic. After a while I thought, 'Anything's better than this,' and walked out. I knew I was taking my chances but I couldn't stand it any longer. Food was in short supply from 1939 to 1945, too: a tiny piece of butter had to last a week!

Later in the war, I travelled to the Far East to entertain the troops of the 14th Army in the mosquito-infested jungles of Burma – then a British colony – which the Japanese had invaded in December 1941. It was rare for an entertainer, and a woman at that, to go to a war zone to perform for the troops, but I felt the call of duty - just like those entertainers who are continuing to do their bit for Britain today. I performed concerts on makeshift stages in forward camps a stone's throw from the fighting. The boys – our British troops – would come out of the jungle and then quietly slip back in afterwards. Even after all these years, I think about the suffering they endured, and the soldiers who never made it back to see their beloved Blighty: they touched my heart.

The country deserved its big VE Day party in 1945 after we had all pulled together to see off a ruthless, deadly enemy. And I sense that we are again pulling together as a nation now, and drawing on that wartime spirit of solidarity, in the face of a very different but deadly modern enemy, coronavirus: the biggest threat to our way of life in decades. When we've finally emerged triumphant from the current crisis – as we surely will, although it might be hard to glimpse much light at the end of the tunnel right now – perhaps we can throw a similar victory party?

RIP Vera Lynn 20 March 1917-18 June 2020 Aged 103



Vera Lynn with "the boys" in Burma

MALCOLM MCLEAN AND OTHERS AT SCHOOL



There are three probus members in this photo Malcolm, Jock and Peter and we have it on good authority that the chap on top right is one of them. Or perhaps another chap called Proudlock

School motto Utinam Patribus Nostris Digni Simus", which translates to mean "O that we may be worthy of our forefathers".

Also found on Scot's website the school strives to achieve with all their boys... "Brave Hearts & Bold Minds" and aims for the boys to grow up into being fine young men...

another school motto was "dieu et mon droit" which roughly translated to "sod you I'm alright!"



MARRIAGE GUIDANCE

THE SECRET TO MANAGING A WIFE SUCCESSFULLY

In 1988 my friend Brian invited me to his third wedding "Thank you " I said, we should love to come." I had never been to any of his weddings
This was the first of his weddings we had been to and I asked him "well Brian this is your third marriage"
"Yes Geoffrey it is "
"Well, if I may ask, will you live happily ever after this time?"
"Yes" he replied , "absolutely "and after a pause " mind you I thought this the other times"
He and Mrs Brian are still married and living happily ever after.

Sometime later a few of us were sharing a beer at a camp site on the Darling River near Mendinee . We were discussing women and one of the guys asked
"Brian you have been married three times and you are still happily married"
"Yes that's right" he replied
" Well you obviously have learned something about women"
"Yes" he agreed " I have, it took me a while"
"Well, tell us the secret"
.....And he did

And the answer will be in the next newsletter

In the mean time I am seeking answers to the secret from women and men members to include in the next newsletter, along with what Brian learned about women.
For guys under the thumb anonymous suggestions will be acceptable

TTFN+KBO
Geoff Jones

**After 6 weeks of
quarantine with her husband,
Betsy decided
to knit him a scarf.**



Probus car rally under Covid-19

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

A friend of mine belongs to your Probus Club. He has just told me that you are about to publish your 150th Edition. Congratulations. This is a wonderful event given all the cut backs in the media landscape over recent years. He also said that your publication went electronic many years ago, well ahead of the big mastheads. I am an avid watcher of "Media Watch" and I haven't heard your name mentioned, so you must be doing a good job. A word of advice. Don't fall into the tabloid trap of "Page 3 Girls" when your circulation drops!

Regards,

Roger Decoverpoint

Hi Geoff,

You possibly have some background on Chloe's history but thought you might be interested to know my family's connection with the painting.

At the time Chloe arrived in Melbourne my great grandfather, George Folingsby, was the first director of the National Gallery of Victoria.

Because of the uproar regarding the subject matter he was asked to rule on its artistic value. He gave it the tick of approval and hence launched it into its turbulent early history.

I did, once upon a time, have the newspaper clipping of these comments but sadly not to be found now.

Regards,

Cherry Robinson

The original Chloe has been hanging at Melbourne's famous Young & Jackson Hotel since it was acquired by the hotel's former owner Henry Young in 1909. It's now an Australian icon and has been under the protection of the National Trust and Heritage Victoria since 1988.

The original Chloe was painted in 1875 by respected French artist Jules Lefebvre, using an unknown 19-year-old model known only as Marie, rumoured to be Lefebvre's lover. It was exhibited at the Paris Salon that year to critical acclaim, winning the prestigious Gold Medal of Honour.

The painting travelled to Australia four years later to be part of the Sydney International Exhibition of 1879, then on to the Melbourne International Exhibition in 1880, where it was purchased by Dr Thomas Fitzgerald for 850 Guineas. It then went on loan to the Adelaide Art Gallery in 1883 before returning to the National Gallery of Victoria later that same year.

While the painting had drawn nothing but awards and admiration from critics and the public, during its first four years in Australia its return to Victoria's National Gallery in 1883 sparked public outrage after the Ladies Social Purity Society of Victoria decided the painting's nudity represented an attack on "the purity of young women". They launched public protests and a furious letter-writing campaign to the Melbourne Argus which caused Dr Fitzgerald to withdraw the work from public view.

It then remained mounted in a back room of his home for the next 26 years.

Henry Young purchased the painting from Fitzgerald's estate in 1909 and mounted the picture in the main bar of his hotel – the busiest in Melbourne – where it rapidly became an icon. Chloe was moved upstairs in the historic hotel in 1987 where it now presides over Chloe's Bar and Dining Room.

And while we are on the subject of art, **John Robinson** asks, can you guess the name of this display at Le Louvre, Paris. John will give us the answer for the next newsletter.



G'day Geoff

Just going through old papers today & came across my mother's favourite recipe which I thought may be ideal for our next Probus lunch.

Kind regards
Colin Fordred

Elephant Stew

1 medium sized elephant (Loxodontus Africana)
20 bags of salt
500 kg peppercorns
750 bushels potatoes
125 bushels carrots
2,000 sprigs parsley
1 rabbit and onion

1. cut elephant into bite sized pieces. This will take 6 weeks
2. chop vegetables into cubes... another 4 weeks
3. place meat into a giant-sized missionary pot, pump in 5000 litres of elephant gravy and simmer for 28 days.
4. shovel in salt and pepper to taste
5. when meat is tender add vegetables... to speed up matters it is recommended that you use a speed shovel.
6. Simmer slowly for another week. Garnish with parsley. Serves approximately 3,000 people.
7. if more guests are expected, add the rabbit. However this is really not recommended because very few people like hare in their stew.

Colin Fordred

Please send in more recipes



I didn't think my husband would take up slippers and a pipe when he retired