

# PROBUS NEWSLETTER

Information in this  
Newsletter is for  
Probus members only

## FOR YOUR DIARY

**Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> October**  
**General Meeting**  
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**Thursday 7<sup>th</sup> October**  
**Scenic Roaming**  
Rick Collins  
Tel: 0411 023 473  
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**Friday 8<sup>th</sup> October**  
**Exotic Lunch**  
Dean: 9816 5357  
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**Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> October**  
**Movies—TBA**  
Sandy Mower  
Tel: 0478 630 620  
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**Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> October**  
**Scenic Lunch**  
TBA  
Dean: 9816 5357  
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**Friday 15<sup>th</sup> October**  
Book Club  
Hunters Hill Museum 14:00  
Tel: 0438 063 620  
Margaret Timbs  
Book TBA  
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**Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> October**  
Art Group - TBA  
Margaret Timbs  
Tel: 0438 063 620  
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**Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> October**  
Sydney Welsh Choir  
Villa Maria  
14:00 - \$20  
Barbara - 0405 427 259  
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**Sausage Sizzle, Seafood BBQ &  
TBA**

## From the President

Hello everyone and Happy Probus day.

Probus Day as you may know is a day to celebrate and remind ourselves and the wider community of the importance of social connections and support within the older community. In normal times, unlike today, Probus South Pacific encourage all Probus Clubs to celebrate the day by having various functions such as lunches, picnics and other member get togethers. Covid has put paid to this with very little we as a Club could do to celebrate the day. Your management Committee decided to do something in recognition of this day and send all our members an E card which by now you would have received. I hope you all enjoyed it.

Some of you may be aware that Gordon Sanson has not been enjoying good health of late and shortly will be undergoing surgery. Please join me in wishing Gordon good health, a successful outcome and a speedy recovery.

Going on to some club matters, it appears that in the coming weeks the Government of NSW will relaxing the rules once we reach 70% double vaccination in the state. We have been advised by Sporties that they will be opening up on 11 October. Please refer to the club's entry rules regarding double vaccination etc. on page 5.

At last I feel confident that we will be holding our next member meeting on 9<sup>th</sup> November. This will be our 500<sup>th</sup> member meeting and we are planning a number of fun things to celebrate the occasion.

Does anyone remember our Thursday coffee mornings . It seems so long ago that we have had these. The good news is, they will be back on commencing Thursday October 21. In speaking with Daniel he asked that you are all made aware that until Covid rules are further relaxed, having coffee mornings from this date will not be the same as before. We will be allowed to meet at the church grounds, wander around with tables for sitting being limited. Masks will need to be worn and that you need to be double vaccinated. The great thing is, it will give us the opportunity of meeting face to face once again and catching up.

With the end of 2021 fast approaching my concern regarding the fulfilment of the vacant Club Committee positions of Speaker and Activity Officer remains. Despite my pleading on several occasions to the members of our club to nominate, no one has done so as yet. I am not sure what the issue or reasons for this. Disinterest in the club could be one reason, but I don't think so. Fear of not taking on a role, especially if one has not been involved previously on being a committee could be another reason. If this is so, please see me or any of the PMC and express your interest. You will be invited to attend a PMC meeting and get an understanding of how this is conducted. As to the role, we have job a description for both roles and a number of people in the club that would be only to happy to assist during the learning period.

This is a wonderful opportunity to be part of a group of men and women that have a say on how the club is to run. New members to the Committee bring new and fresh ideas and we very much look forward to their participation to continue to make this wonderful club the success it has been.

Please, I encourage any member new or old to the club to come forward.

That is all for now.

*Jim*

## Stop Press:

Sadly, the Tasmanian trip has been cancelled due to the Tasmanian government requiring a 90% double vaccination rate for NSW residents. Ironically it was announced 3 days later that we can all fly to many international destinations, USA Asia, UK & Europe but not Tassie.

Go figure!

*Mike*

**FOR YOUR DIARY**

**Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> November**

General Meeting  
 (delayed due Melbourne Cup)  
 Gladesville Sporties Club  
 Guest Speaker - Tom Sweeney  
 Pres. Willoughby Theatre Company  
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**Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> November**

Scenic Roaming  
 TBA  
 Rick Collins  
 Tel: 0411 023 473  
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**Friday 12<sup>th</sup> November**

Exotic Lunch  
 TBA  
 Dean: 9816 5357  
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**Monday 15<sup>th</sup> November**

Good Old Days Concert  
 Town Hall  
 11:00 am - \$48  
 Barbara - 0405 427 259

**Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> November**

Movies - TBA  
 Sandy Mower  
 Tel: 0478 630 620  
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**Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> November**

Scenic Lunch  
 TBA  
 Dean: 9816 5357  
 \*\*\*\*\*

~~17<sup>th</sup> - 29<sup>th</sup> November~~  
~~Tour of Tasmania~~  
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**Friday 19<sup>th</sup> November**

Book Club  
 Hunters Hill Museum 14:00  
 Tel: 0438 063 620  
 Margaret Timbs  
 Book TBA  
 \*\*\*\*\*

**Friday 26<sup>th</sup> November**

Art Group - TBA  
 Margaret Timbs  
 Tel: 0438 063 620  
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Anybody interested in a Private  
 Group Walking Tour of the SCG  
 See Barbara Banner. Cost \$22 pp

**Home Schooling Is Not New**

*Most of us over 65 were Home Schooled - in many ways. Remember these?*

- 1 My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE .  
*"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."*
- 2 My mother taught me RELIGION .  
*"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."*
- 3 My father taught me about TIME TRAVEL .  
*If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"*
- 4 My father taught me LOGIC .  
*"Because I said so, that's why."*
- 5 My mother taught me MORE LOGIC .  
*"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, Don't come crying to me."*
- 6 My mother taught me FORESIGHT .  
*"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."*
- 7 My father taught me IRONY .  
*"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."*
- 8 My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS .  
*"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."*
- 9 My mother taught me about CONTORTION-ISM .  
*"Just you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"*
- 10 My mother taught me about STAMINA .  
*"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."*
- 11 My mother taught me about WEATHER .  
*"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."*
- 12 My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.  
*"If I told you once, I've told you a million times, don't exaggerate!"*
- 13 My father taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE .  
*"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."*
- 14 My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION .  
*"Stop acting like your father!"*
- 15 My mother taught me about ENVY .  
*"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."*
- 16 My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION .  
*"Just wait until we get home."*
- 17 My mother taught me about RECEIVING  
*"You are going to get it from your father when you get home!"*
- 18 My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE .  
*"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way."*
- 19 My mother taught me ESP .  
*"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"*
- 20 My father taught me HUMOR.  
*"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."*
- 21 My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT .  
*"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."*
- 22 My mother taught me GENETICS .  
*"You're just like your father."*
- 23 My mother taught me about my ROOTS .  
*"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"*
- 24 My mother taught me WISDOM  
*"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."*
- 25 My father taught me about JUSTICE .  
*"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!"*

**Barbara Gardner**

## The Story of Bluey, a retired cattle dog

We pensioned off the old blue dog  
when old age got him down.  
We sent him in, for company  
to Grandma, in the town.

But, while Granny was elated,  
he still craved the great outdoors,  
and would roam the town exploring,  
while old granny did the chores.

So it was this Sunday morning  
Blue was fossicking about  
through the paddocks near the township  
on his normal daily scout.

When a canine 'gourmet odour'  
overpowered his sense of smell.  
Though his eyesight had diminished,  
his old sniffer still worked well.

And the source of his excitement  
was reposed down by the creek,  
where a sheep had met his maker,  
for the best part of a week.

For its woolly corpse was spreading,  
and the air was far from fresh  
from this rancid flyblown carcass,  
with its seething greenish flesh.

It was a dogs idea of heaven,  
and old Blue, he rubbed and rolled,  
till he ponged just like the sheep did,  
and with ecstasy extolled.

Then an idea formed within him  
as he gave a gentle tug,  
and he found the carcass followed  
like a matted lumpy rug.

He would take it home for later  
it should last a week or two  
if he stored it in his kennel,  
he could keep his prize from view

So he gripped the carcass firmly.  
Bravely into town he went,  
but his load proved fairly heavy,  
and Blue's energy soon spent.

And the only shade on offer  
was the building with the bell,  
and he dragged his prize towards it  
with its flies and feral smell.

Then dog and sheep both rested  
on the front porch of the church.  
Old Blue looked up the gangway  
at the parson on his perch.

He was revving up the faithful  
to repent to save their worth,  
and said: "Satan is the culprit  
for the rotten things on earth."

And he roared of fire and brimstone  
and redemption for the throng!  
Up the aisle came 'Satan's presence',  
in this godforsaken pong.

And they all cried "Hallelujah"  
and they fell as one to pray,  
but by now old Blue was rested  
and he hadn't time to stay.

He proceeded up the roadway  
with the woolly corpse in tow,  
with a shortcut through the Nursing Home  
the quickest way to go

Where the matron, in a panic  
counted heads in mortal fright,  
with a smell like that, they'd surely lost  
a patient through the night

And the members at the bowls club  
lowered all their flags half mast,  
doffed hats in reverend silence,  
for the 'funeral' going past.

Blue lugged his prize on homewards  
travelling past the bowling club,  
till he took a breather under  
the verandah of the pub.

There, old boozing Bill was resting,  
sleeping off the night before,  
to await the Sunday session,  
when they opened up the door.

When the stench that woke his slumber  
was so highly on the nose,  
that he thought his pickled body  
had begun to decompose.

So he missed the Sunday session,  
and ran straight home to his wife,  
to proclaim the shock announcement  
"he was off the booze for life!"

Meanwhile Blue could see Gran's gateway  
at the far end of the street,  
so he started up the pavement  
with his ripe and tasty treat.

But there was movement in the backstreets  
as the town dogs sniffed in deep.  
They broke chains and climbed high fences  
for a piece of Blue's dead sheep.

And Blue felt the road vibrating  
from the stamp of canine feet,  
as this pack of thirty mongrels  
came advancing up the street.

But he wasn't into sharing,  
so he sought a quick escape,  
and he spied a nearby building  
with a door that stood agape.

Through this door he sought asylum  
but his presence caused a shriek,  
for he chose the local Deli  
that was run by Nick the Greek.

Then Blue shot beneath a table  
where the sheep and he could hide,  
but the dog pack was relentless  
and they followed him inside.

Now the table Blue had chosen  
was indeed a big mistake,  
with the law enforcement sergeant  
sipping coffee on his break.

And the sergeant sat bolt upright  
with a dog between his feet  
and his eyes began to water  
from the stench of rotting meat.

Then the Sarge leapt up in horror  
in his haste he slipped and fell,  
falling down amongst Blue's mutton  
with its all-embracing smell.

While he lay somewhat bewildered  
in the gore, flat on his back,  
then the mongrel pack descended,  
in a frenzied dog attack.

With thoughts self-protection  
from the rows of teeth he faced,  
the Sarge fumbled for his pistol,  
in it's holster at his waist.

There were muffled bangs and yelping,  
as random shots rang out,  
and the whine of bouncing bullets  
off the brickwork all about.

As he blasted in a panic  
from beneath the blood and gore,  
a front window and the drink fridge  
were both added to the score.

And the cappuccino maker  
copped a mortal wound and died.  
Hissing steam, it levitated,  
falling frothing on its side.

And Nick the Greek, the owner,  
grabbed a shotgun in his fright,  
blasting into the confusion  
of the frantic canine fight.

At short range, it wasn't pretty.  
Dogs were plastered on the wall.  
There was Laminex in splinters,  
clouds of dog hair covered all.

Then the smoke detector whistled  
with the gun-smoke in the air,  
which tripped the sprinkler system,  
and a siren gave a blare.

And the echoes still were ringing  
when beneath the dying heap  
there emerged old Blue, still dragging  
at the remnants of his sheep.

Its head was gone, and several legs  
but still retained its smell.  
In the armistice that followed,  
Blue decided not to dwell.

He leapt the fence at Grandma's,  
for his feet had sprouted wings.  
Pure adrenaline propelled him,  
fleeing dogs and guns and things.

Now, Gran had influenza,  
and had lost her sense of smell.  
With Blues sheep out in the garden,  
that was prob'ly just as well!

And she looked out from her front fence  
at the town in disarray.  
At the ambulance, police cars  
and the R.S.P.C.A.

Then the fire brigade rushed past her,  
flashing lights of rosy hue,  
and she hugged the old dog tightly.  
He'd protect her, would old Blue!

"You just stay here like a good dog"  
Grandma told him with a frown,  
"cause you've no idea the trouble  
you can get in, in the town"

*Courtesy: Tony Saunders*

**Accidental Nostalgia**

I have always cheerfully admitted to being a mechanical moron. If there is a nail to be driven, I will invariably bend it; a nut to be tightened, I will cross the thread; and a length of timber to be cut, I finish the job only to find it short at one end. Bunnings and I have never been a natural fit. And my thirst for knowledge about things mechanical, electrical, and all those wonders that fall within the ambit of the “ologies” is only matched by my continuing and profound ignorance. No wonder, then, when our CD Player apparently died three or four years ago, my efforts at resuscitation failed completely. But COVID, the lockdowns, and a growing sense of frustration led me to one last effort.

Don't ask me how, but among a general sorting and resorting, and a connecting and reconnecting of countless wires the Player has come back to life. What joy! I have again been able to indulge my passion for the classical repertoire, played very loudly of course, and much to Jill's disgust. Better still, I have been exploring some of the old jazz, swing and general favourites from a past (golden?) age.

Do these names mean anything to today's young folk, as they did to me as I grew up? George and Ira Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, Artie Shaw, “Satchmo”, Glenn Miller, Jerome Kern, Benny Goodman. The list seems endless. Then there were the masters and mistresses of song – Bing Crosby, Al Bowly, Dinah Shore, the Andrews Sisters, and my favourite – Judy Garland.

I am old enough to have memories of the War, and so am freshly addicted to playing: Flanagan and Allen hanging out *The Washing on the Siegfried Line* or having them warbling *Run Rabbit Run*; Vera Lynn with her *When They Sound the Last 'All Clear'*; and George Formby, with his unmistakable voice and banjo, singing *Our Sergeant Major*. And while they might not have been strictly related to the War, I enjoyed then and still do enjoy accompanying George Formby as he goes about his job of cleaning windows; and to have Gracie Fields belt out *Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye*.

Needless to say, though, in all this “back-to-then” escapism, I am reminded that we are still in lockdown, even if Judy Garland's rainbow does beckon. How appropriate, as we all look forward to next meeting for our (500<sup>th</sup>) Probus meeting to conclude with Vera Lynn's:-

*We'll meet again, don't know how, don't know when,  
but I know we'll meet again some sunny day.'*

**Mike Regnis**

**Barbara's Thought for the Month**

Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did.

So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from safe harbour. Catch the trade wind in your sails.

*Explore. Dream. Discover.*

**Author: Mark Twain**

**Editors Musings**

Doesn't “expecting the unexpected” make the unexpected expected?

What did we do before the Law of Gravity was passed?

If all those psychics know the winning lottery numbers, why are they all still working?

How can I stop payment on a reality check?

If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he or she homeless or naked?

I signed up for an exercise class and was told to wear loose-fitting clothing. If I HAD any loose-fitting clothing, I wouldn't have signed up in the first place!!!

**PROBUS CLUB OF HUNTERS and DISTRICT  
PO BOX 1041 HUNTERS HILL 2110**

President	Jim Likidis	0412 090 400
Vice President	Dean Letcher	9816 5357
Immediate Past President	Mike Allum	0417 596 300
Secretary	Carolyn Jolly	9437 6229
Treasurer	Josephine McBride	9817 5632
Activities Convenor	Barbara Banner	0405 427259
Speakers	Carol Pelham	9808 5020
Welfare Officer	Ashlyn Allum	0414 964 773
Membership Officer	Kevin Manie	0412 349 270
Committee	David Lorsch	0428 247 708
Book Club Convenor	Margaret Timbs	9816 2374
Newsletter Editor	Mike Allum	0417 596 300
	(email: mike.allum@bigpond.com)	
Honorary Auditor	Anthony Alexandrou	

**WEBSITE: [www.huntershillprobus.org](http://www.huntershillprobus.org)**

**Probus Club of  
Hunters Hill  
& District Inc**

PO BOX 1041  
HUNTERS HILL NSW 2110



**October Birthdays**

Anne Day	17
Lesley Pike	17
Barbara Gardner	23
Deirdre Walker	24
Diane Drew	28

**Activities Updates**

At the time of going to press the activities listed on pages 1 & 2 are still on unless struck out in red.

If and when the status changes we will advise, either by email or the activity organiser calling those planning to attend.

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Jim mentioned we have advice from Sporties about their re-opening. Please see details particularly in regard to double vaccinations.

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**Welcome back to Gladesville Sporties!**



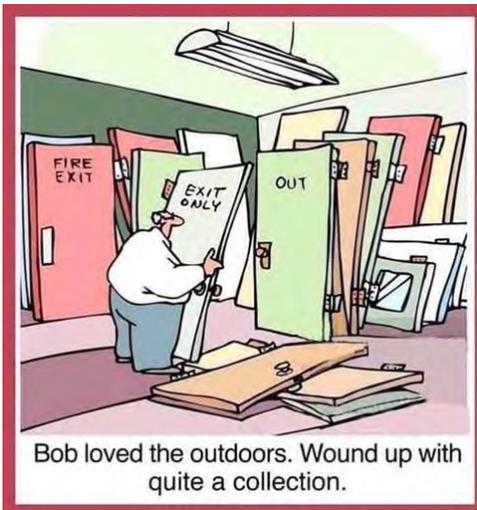
We hope you have been keeping safe and well and look forward to welcoming you back in to the club very soon.

The club will be re opening Monday, 11th October 10am and will be operating under NSW Health regulations and rules will be enforced for everyone's safety.

- Social distancing
- Only double vaccinated patrons allowed in the club
- Limited numbers, 1 person per 2 square metres outdoors and 1 person per 4 square metres indoors
- Bookings essential both indoors and outdoors
- Children must be accompanied by their own parent

**A reminder from Barbara Banner.**

The President's/Christmas lunch 14th December. Any member with their name already down but find they are unable to attend to let Barbara know ASAP.



**People say that drinking milk makes you stronger.  
Drink 5 glasses of milk and try to move a wall.  
Can't?  
Now drink 5 glasses of wine.  
The wall moves all by itself!**

