



It's Valentine's time, when a young man's thoughts turn to what his girlfriend has been thinking all winter.

Romance is in the air.....

They walked down the lane together
The night was shining with stars
They reached the gate in comfort
He undid, for her, the bars



She neither smiled nor thanked him

For she knew not how

He was the farmer's son

And she was a Jersey cow.



.....

An elderly man, stopped by the police at 2 a.m., is asked why he is driving so late at night. The man replies, "I am going to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body." The officer then asks. "Really? Who is giving the lecture at this time of night?" The man replies, "That would be my wife."



.....

With the best of intentions, your Committee members are staying in touch with other members on a rota basis, but only if a member wants to be called from time to time by a Probus buddy. So far, the majority seem to welcome the contact which will continue.

Two hours into my first morning as a Selfridges' greeter, a large scruffy woman barged into the store with two kids in tow. She was shouting and swearing at them, and anyone else who got in her way.

"Good morning Madam. Welcome to Selfridges. What nice children. They are twins, aren't they?"

"Hell no. Are you stupid or blind?" She screamed back. " Why the **** would you think they were twins? She is six and he is five.

"I am not stupid, nor blind, Madam" I replied. "I just couldn't believe anyone would sleep with you twice. Thank you for shopping at Selfridges and have a good day."

My supervisor said I was not cut out for this line of work as I left the store.

ON SAFARI

A big game hunter went on safari with his wife and her mother.

One morning the wife awakened to find her mother gone. She woke her husband and they set off in search of the elderly lady who was prone to sleep walking.

In a clearing, not far from the camp, they came upon a chilling sight. The mother-in-law was standing face to face with a large male lion.

"What are we going to do?" his horrified wife screamed.

"Nothing," her husband replied, "The lion got himself into this mess; let him get himself out of it."



I told my children never to make fun of having to teach me to use a computer, smart phone, tablet etc. I remind them that I taught them how to use a spoon.

After a full medical my Doctor sent me a report which included the words "Don't eat anything fatty." That's what I thought it said and took it as good advice but then I read it again. "Don't eat anything, fatty".

You've got to stay positive, as I do. The other day I fell all the way down the stairs and lay there thinking "That's the fastest I've moved in years".

A BEAUTIFUL POEM ABOUT GROWING OLDER:

Dear readers. I hope the following poem has the same effect on you as it did on me - then my repeating it here will be worth the effort. Honestly, this is one of the most moving pieces of writing I have ever found.

You won't regret the time spent reading this poem and you will have an inner feeling of peace as a result, I promise you. It's a truly a lovely poem.

Now, just imagine you are walking by the waters of this tranquil lake in the warmth of a sunny, wind-less day. Focus closely on the picture for a full minute, relax then read on.



Oh, bugger... I've forgotten the words. Sorry.

John Hollister has given me a copy of the first edition of **The Autocar**, dated 2nd November 1895, and priced at threepence, (fifteen shillings for full year). It's a fascinating read. Twelve pages of close-typed text and undoubtedly prepared on a manual typewriter.

This new monthly journal was published "In the interests of the mechanically propelled road carriage" and refers to the « motor-driven road carriage » whether driven by steam, electricity (what foresight), hot air or petroleum and claims that the last version is the best. Early examples of these revolutionary vehicles were coming on to the market from the mid to late 19th century and the US and French creations were considered superior.



The journal marked the transition from horse-power to horsepower which is nicely summed up in the following two extracts.

"The Editor and a friend were proceeding up Cheapside last week in a common or garden hansom when the even tenor of their conversation was rudely disturbed by a sudden lurch of the vehicle forward, the unfortunate quadruped losing its footing on the asphalt – going down by the head – and the editor flying out of the side of the vehicle whilst his friend went out the other. Frantic efforts were made by the cabman and a number of willing helpers to haul the poor beast up on his feet, but it was of no avail. He refused to budge and might have been dead for all we knew. The incident impressed both participants the advantages to be gained by the new vehicle and the relief of the suffering horse which would ensue".

".....one of the advantages of electric carriages has been overlooked – the large space saved by the abolition of the horse"

There are two notable coincidences in Arundel, relative to this development:

- A friend of mine, living in Arundel, parks his all-electric car on the exact spot where a carriage horse was once stabled.
- Joseph Hansom, the designer of "Hansom" cabs, the forerunner of today's taxis, was an architect who designed Arundel Cathedral and a row of houses nearby.



If anyone wants to borrow John's Autocar copy let me know.

My own car improves with age and I am now getting more than four weeks per gallon!

Message written in the heavy frost on my car's windscreen one morning last month read.

"I am all white and I hope u r 2." Thank you, kind person.



I didn't know if my granddaughter had learnt about colours so I decided to test her. I would point out something and ask what colour it was. She would tell me, and she was always correct. It was fun so I continued, but finally, she headed for the door, saying, "Grandpa, I think you should try figuring out some of this stuff for yourself!"

She was disappointed last Christmas as she did not get what she was hoping for. (See left)

Her younger sister was playing on my computer and told me she was writing a story so I asked her what it was about. She replied "I don't know Grandpa. You are silly. I can't read yet".

Now, see how many words of at least two letters you can make from our President's name - CHRISMAYHEW. You might be surprised, with only three vowels, as 100+ is possible.

Queen plays Chess with the Bishop.

Be aware she can move in any direction



My grandfather tried to warn them about the Titanic. He screamed and shouted about the iceberg and that the ship was going to sink but all they did was ask him to leave the cinema.

WARNING It's come to my notice that some people have been washing the new UK plastic notes to avoid Covid-19. Please be aware that this is illegal. Money Laundering is a serious offence and you risk imprisonment and confiscation of your assets.

My friend is dating this wonderful woman and he told me she has a twin. "How do you tell them apart?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "Charlotte likes to paint her fingernails and Tom has a beard". (Note: I have changed the original sent to me!!)

Cleaning mirrors is a job I could see myself doing. (On reflection, should I delete this?)

Two dogs were walking through the snow. "My feet are freezing" said the St Bernard. "You think you've got problems" replied the Dachshund.

Don't you hate people who use big words just to make themselves look perspicacious?

I've just written a song about tortillas. Actually, it's more a rap (For our younger readers!)

(**Editor's note.** This little tale of a French art critic's experience in Paris would be nicer if copyright rules allowed inclusion of the artists' portraits. OK, I know. De Gaulle wasn't one.)

After returning from **Lautrec** to the **Louvre** where he had a quick **Pissaro**, he found that he had no **Monet** to buy **Degas** to make his **Van Gough**. He then had **De Gaulle** to ask for help. "Not much of a **Man-et?**" **Cez anne**, his sister. "A bit of a **Poussin**, if you ask me. I'll send him some **Millet**".

Thanks to David Sunshine again!

.....are you still reading this far into our monthly Probus Times? I do hope so because I want to invite you – no, beseech you - to write something for me to include in a future edition. It can be about anything you choose. It doesn't have to be funny, or true, or topical, sad or cheerful. It can even be anonymous, if you wish. It would be great if you could because if you don't I will think you haven't read this far.

There was a heavy frost here last night and as I looked out of our top floor window all the rooves of Arundel were covered in a white mantle which could have been snow. It's another cold day, and very pretty, but I hate the cold.

I have always "felt the cold" and now that I am slowing down and my blood is artificially thinned, it's getting worse. Conversely, my wife is very cold-tolerant and always very warm so we have to arrange things to ensure I am not actually freezing while she is "normal". Double-glazing, electric blankets and night-time central heating are all for wimps, aren't they? To be fair, my wife is not unsympathetic, far from it, and, over the years, has kindly bought me a number of gadgets to try to keep us both comfortable.

My two "M and S" fleeces are wonderful, especially when worn together, but you need to be warmish before putting them on. I love my magic hand-warmers. How do they work, you clever people? You only have to bend the small copper disc inside each pad to set off a chemical reaction which releases latent heat that can keep your pinkies toasty for a while. Then there is my cuddly hedgehog, about as big as a medium-sized dog, which sits on my lap. It has deep pockets to keep my hands warm. Combined with the hand-warmers it does a good job, but one does look rather silly watching rugby on the telly over the top of a large woolly hedgehog.



When it's nearly time for bed I have to zap my microwaveable penguin; my high-tech, waterless, hot water bottle which provides comfort until I have nodded off to dream of that tropical, sun-drenched beach again.

The only possible good thing to be said about Covid-19 is that the mask keeps my nose warm.

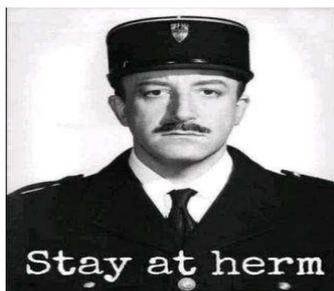
A few items for next year's Christmas crackers - more are welcome.

What was the name of the fattest knight at King Arthur's round table? Sir Cumference.

What do you call an Alaskan optician? An optical Aleutian'

Why was the toy pistol banned from an algebra class? It is a weapon of maths disruption.

Did you know that no matter how much you push the envelope it will still be stationery?



Stay safe and keep smiling.

**February is the shortest month and
spring is coming. Hooray!**

Bob

.....We are !

