

# Lawn Bowling News at Montmorency

Autum 2025.

Edited by Peter.

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## AUTUMN

Leaves are leaving  
Clouds are clouding  
Rain is raining  
Life is good.

Mothers are mothering  
Sheep are lambing  
Dreams are dreaming  
OF childhood.

Hearts are heartening  
Songs are singing  
Life is lived,  
Not understood.



Mummy was busy on Instagram  
When beautiful bubby fell out of the pram  
And lay on the path unseen and alone  
Wishing that he was loved like a phone.

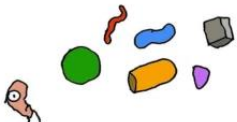


Leunig

Wednesday, 23 October 2019

## THEORY

Mysterious airborne  
objects floating  
overhead.



Like 'fatbergs' in  
sewers or rafts  
of plastic waste  
in the ocean...



The material  
manifestations  
of unbearable  
human feelings:



... this shared  
psychological  
overburden  
manifests as  
objects floating  
in the sky.



collective hate,  
despair, anxiety  
loneliness and  
swollen egos.



Shooting them  
down is foolish  
and crass. Only  
peace in the  
human heart will  
dissolve them.



Leunig

**Michael Leunig  
passed away  
peacefully on  
December 19<sup>th</sup>  
2024, at the age of  
79. His legacy lives  
on through his art,  
which continues to  
inspire and bring  
joy to many.**



FLOODS



FIRES



HURRICANES



EARTHQUAKES



HUMANS



YOU,  
YES YOU.

Leunig



The Quiter

Leunig



The Ant Bowling Club's annual Christmas Lunch on December 1st was a delightful event, filled with laughter, good food, and camaraderie. It was a day when the club members, each with their unique personalities and roles, came together to celebrate the festive season and their shared love for bowling.

The event kicked off at 12pm, with the colony's reliable caterers, Everydayfoods of Eltham, ensuring everything was in place. The atmosphere was lively and warm, decorated with festive cheer that welcomed old friends and new faces alike.



Some of the attendees included old codger Bob who added a touch of nostalgia, sharing stories from the good old days. The

ever vocal Bert kept the conversations animated with his vibrant storytelling. Helen, our bowls champion, shared tips and tales of her inspiring and recent victories.

Phil and green thumbs Shirley discussed gardening hacks while admiring the floral arrangements. Safety Officer Dave ensured everything ran smoothly and safely. No accidents wanted today. Past administrator John kept everything up to speed. Geoff, celebrating his remarkable achievement of seven hundred games, was the star of one toast. Sweet Marilyn charmed everyone with her gentle nature and predilection for dark brown chocolate. Ollie and Rosemary added their own flavor of humor and joy to the gathering. Occasional chef Peter might not have been grilling, but he still captivated with tales of wonderful feats of cooking. Bowls Director Mal ensured everyone felt included and appreciated, keeping his eye out for talent.







The food was a highlight. An array of vegetables, salads, meats, and sweets was laid out, inviting everyone to **'come back for more'**. The fruit platters, beautifully arranged, were a visual and culinary delight. The origins of the trifle sparked interest, and a wise old sage said it started in England in the 18th century, consisting of three or four layers, including some sort of fruit, alcohol-soaked sponge cake and custard. The fruit and cake were often layered with homemade jelly. It all added to the light-hearted atmosphere that was filled with facts of interest.



Our 85 attendees were ready to leave with hearts full of joy and gratitude. The day wasn't just about the food or conversations; it was about the sense of community, shared history, and the friendships that make the Ant Bowling Club special. This year's Christmas Lunch was undoubtedly a testament to the strong, supportive, and vibrant community that defines the Ant Bowling Club and a gathering that surely will be one to remember.



When the Christmas lunch was over, the ants decided to go home for a well deserved rest, the thought of a series of friendly bowling matches was just too much a thought after such feasting. The sun began to set, the ants raised their thoughts and glasses to a successful year and to many more wonderful gatherings in the future. They parted ways with smiles on their faces, looking forward to the next opportunity to come together and celebrate the colony's good fortunes.



*What do you call an ant who refuses to talk at feasts and gatherings? A **protest-ant**.*

*What do you call an ant who can't stop exercising? **An ant-hlete**.*

*While driving to work today, I saw a huge **cheesecake**... Around the next corner was a large trifle, followed by an apple turnover. There were no cars. It seemed to me the roads were strangely **desserted**.*

*What do you call a lazy ant? A **Reluct-ant!***

*What do you call an ant who's always asking questions? **Inquisi-ant!***

*A cook during medieval times is ordered to prepare a feast for the king: Knowing this was a feast for the king, the cook prepared everything diligently and carefully. At the day of the feast, the king and his guests arrive and begin to eat. They are in love with the food from the lamb to the roast duck to even the soups. The king recognized the cook's ability and made him a top chef of the kingdom. Many apprentices flocked across the world to be his student, but the cook never took any in. Until he came upon one apprentice he was very fond of. This man did everything precisely and worked hard and he finally decided to take him in as his apprentice. On the first day, the apprentice first asked, "what makes your food so tasty and amazing?" The cook merely replied, "A **secret ingredient**," and said nothing more. After a month of serving many delicious dishes with the cook, the apprentice claims, "It's been almost a month now and you have never let me prepare the final part of the dishes we make; what is the secret that makes your food so good?" The cook merely replies, "A **secret ingredient**," and he never brings up the subject for a while. A year has now passed and the apprentice asks again, "we have served the kingdom with food and yet you have never told me what the final preparation is nor have you showed it to me; what is it?" The cook merely replies, "A **secret ingredient**," and the young man gives up. Many decades pass and the cook is now old and ready to die. The apprentice, on his side the whole time, is on his deathbed with the cook. Then with his frail hands, the cook manages to get out a tiny box, open it, and whispers, "**It's thyme my friend.**"*





The Christmas Cheer continued on Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> Dec when **Johnny Elf** appeared to pass on the Christmas Spirit. The Thursday Night Bowlers were full of fun when **Johnny** acted as **Santa's Skip**.



It was difficult to be a serious skip as minds were all on sharing the Christmas Spirit. **Holly Bell, Merry**

**Twinkle and Joy Frost** were there too, to help Johnny along the way. The request for **Elfin John's karaoke** was considered and Johnny was happy to hear of other

suggestions too.



A loaf of ginger bread opened ideas of a ginger bread house construction activity but others were keen to just eat their ginger snaps and focus on the main Christmas frivolity which was to have a lot of fun. All this was certainly enjoyed by all and **'elped** to develop the elf esteem

and spirit of all bowlers present. Thank you Shamse (ie: **Merry Twinkle**)

for getting out your camera and taking these wonderful **'elfies'**.



This Table decides whose been naughty and whose been nice!





A new feature at our club is the dominant (and most helpful) green LED digital clock. It was installed on January 1<sup>st</sup> 2023, when we were all awaiting the official ‘**certificate of**

**occupancy**’ to begin the use of our new clubrooms. Some think, or assume, the clock was just part of the renovations themselves, but not so.

It was in the middle of 2023 that a small group, including Nola ‘the bowler’, attended a Banyule Volunteers’ Dinner, held annually to acknowledge the services that volunteer groups provide in our local government area. A highlight of that evening was the drawing of the Volunteer’s Raffle with a \$300 first prize, provided by the council. To our great fortune, Nola had the winning ticket! It is said Nola did not enjoy being a centre of attention at that evening, having to get up and say a few words about our Monty Club volunteers... it was not at all an experience to be relished. But, thanks Nola, and the Banyule Council’s Door Prize Raffle, which has been put to good use for all members to enjoy. It replaced the two battery powered clocks that in former times were unreliable. It was our President Bert Wilson, who suggested the clock after seeing one providing an excellent service at Yarraville’s Footscray Bowls Club.

**I have my very own built in alarm clock. It's called a Bladder and it does not have a snooze button.**

"You can't turn back the clock. But you can wind it up again."



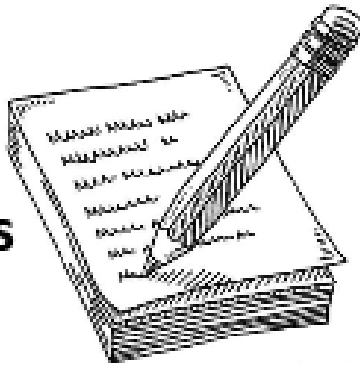
## **Middle Age:**

**That time when you finally get your head together- then your BODY STARTS FALLING APART!**

-Unknown Author



## Peter's Pencil



One feature I admire is our new neon LED light clock which turns itself off at night and reactivates the time display each morning at 8am. This is a nod to the fact that we need to reduce and conserve all things and services that we use in order to reduce our effects on the world of nature and global warming. Indoors excessive night lighting is a problem linked to lower melatonin production and circadian disruption and in so doing contribute to sleep disorders. Similarly, outside in the natural world, light pollution significantly impacts animal life by disrupting their natural circadian rhythms, being a disorientation element in navigation, attraction to artificial lights can lead to collisions or predation, and interfering with their feeding and breeding behaviors, ultimately reducing their survival and reproduction rates.

We are now in an age where humans dominate most spaces on the planet, along with dominance over the night. We have had, and continue to have, huge effects on most natural planet bound systems and on the life trends of most flora and fauna.

Our dominance has evolved over time and in these times we like to measure our dominance in financial terms. In my eyes, whenever I come across references to national debt, no matter which nation one focuses on, my thoughts tend to 'say' that this is a (financial) expression of what in fact that nation owes to the environment. In 1997 the World Bank estimated that the combined gross domestic product (GDP) of all countries was around \$31.4 trillion. Additionally, the value of ecosystem services provided by Earth's natural systems has been estimated to be around \$33 trillion per year. This means that the services provided by ecosystems alone are incredibly valuable and often exceed the economic output of human activities. However, it is also a measure of the increasing dominance and effects of human activity on the planet.

Early human societies relied on bartering, exchanging goods and services based on mutual need. The value of their assets was determined by their immediate utility and scarcity. In the past 2,000 years particularly, the emergence of currency, the introduction of metal coins and shells have revolutionized trade and allowed for a standardized measure of value. This facilitated larger-scale transactions and wealth accumulation. The Middle Ages saw precious metals like gold and silver becoming widely recognized forms of value. These metals were used for trade, wealth storage, and as a basis for currency. Colonial expansion, beginning c1500 saw the discovery of new lands and resources which led to more accumulation of wealth through trade, colonization, and exploitation of natural resources. The value of human assets increased as economies grew more complex. The Industrial Revolution brought significant technological advancements, leading to increased productivity and economic growth. Human capital became more valuable as skilled labour emerged in high demand. The 20th century saw unprecedented economic growth, with the rise of global trade, industrialization, and technological innovation. The value of human assets continued to increase, driven by education, healthcare, and technological advancements. The digital age has transformed economies, with information technology and automation playing a crucial role. Human assets are now valued not only for physical labour but also for intellectual and digital skills. As societies focus on sustainability and environmental stewardship, the value of human assets will increasingly be tied to their ability to contribute to a sustainable future. Skills in renewable energy, conservation, and green technologies will become more valuable.

So, each of us as individuals, must cease the **overuse** of planetary and individual resources. We must **'switch off'** our desires to do as we please. Rather, we must **open our eyes** and **fix our minds** on travelling less (for instance), use less and contribute more to a simple lifestyle, keeping **'the lights down'** to enjoy a good night's sleep and awaken to enjoy the glory of a morning chorus of birdsong and breathing in the air of nature's freshness, to enjoy another game of lawn bowls!



**Old Russ**, an esteemed and venerable club bowler shared in his belief in the whim of magic with his offsider, **Elfin John**. There was a certain tie between the two of them whenever the shadows of a long day

began to appear. **Old Russ** had spent many nights and days at the Club. In his prime, he was unbeatable, with an uncanny ability to read the green and a steady hand that never wavered. Even as the years passed and his competitive days waned, his presence at the club was a source of wisdom and inspiration. He loved to regale younger members with fables of his past exploits, each story more enchanting than the last.

**Elfin John**, true to his name, was a spirited young man with a twinkle in his eye and a knack for playful pranks. He inherited his teammate's love for lawn bowls and was a passionate supporter of the sport. But unlike his senior mentor, John believed in adding a touch of humour to every match, believing that laughter was as important as skill. One evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, **Old Russ** gathered the club members around a cold refreshing beer. With a knowing smile, he began one of his most cherished fables: "Many years ago, during a fierce competition at the Club, I found myself in a match against the club's most formidable bowler. The stakes were high, and the air was thick with anticipation. As I prepared to take my final shot, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. I turned to see a tiny elfin shadow, barely visible in the twilight, with a mischievous grin. '**Old Russ**,' his elfin offsider whispered, '**let me show you the magic of the green.**' He handed me a small, sparkling bowl and disappeared into the darkness behind the lights. I hesitated but decided to trust the gift given to me. With a steady hand, I released the enchanted bowl. To everyone's amazement, it glided gracefully, weaving through obstacles and settling perfectly against the jack. The crowd erupted in cheers, but only I knew the secret of trust in Elf magic."

From that day on, all believed in the goodness and magic our club elves bring. They remind us that even in serious pursuits, there's room for wonder and play, and **Old Russ** still believes in the **Elf Lore** that states: **Every time you roll a resting toucher, your life span increases by one week.**







We give a hearty welcome our club to new members **Colin Hendry, John Ioannidis, Nathan Thompson, Matthew Cattell and Cheryl Patten**. The club is delighted in having you join our community. Whether you're a seasoned bowler or new to the game, you'll find a supportive and friendly environment here. Our club thrives on camaraderie, sportsmanship, and a shared love for the sport. Feel free to ask questions, participate in events, and enjoy the facilities that we have on offer. We encourage you to dive into the experience, make new friends, and have a lot of fun along the way.

Welcome aboard, and happy bowling!

## New Wednesday Social Bowls Event

commencing **26<sup>th</sup> March**. Soup and a roll for lunch.

Starts 11am. Put your name List is on the wall for entry.



Faye Briggs reports that the Ladies Individual Challenge held on Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> January 2025 was a great game and enjoyed by all participants. Results were:

Winner: Jacqui Ward 67 points

Runner Up: Annette McDowell 57 points

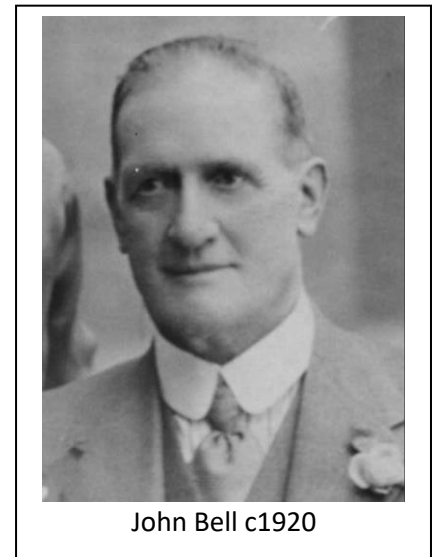


As a co-ordinator, I have to say that it was the most enjoyable game I have ever watched. The laughter and companionship was evident and it seemed to bring a happiness to the clubhouse after the game that was infectious. Hopefully they will enter into this competition again next year.

# Vale Bruce Bell [16/03/35-12/1/2025]

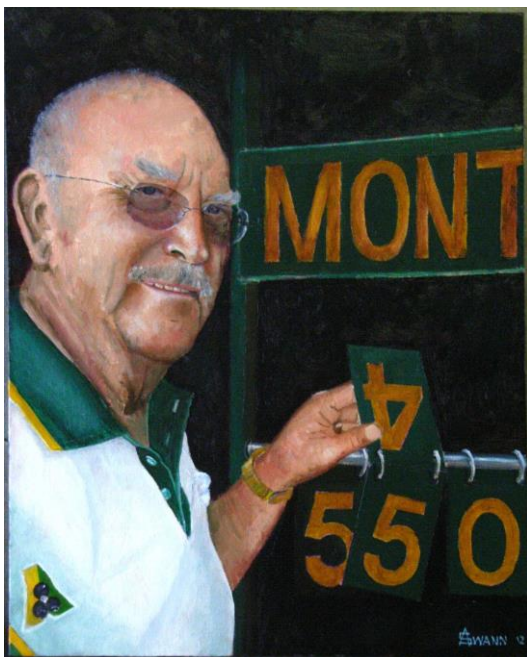
In the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of January 1855, the ship ‘Ebba Brahe’ landed at Dawes Point Sydney with 392 adults on board. It had departed 6 Oct 1854 from Plymouth, England, taking some 3 months to arrive in Sydney. On board was Bruce Bell’s great grandfather Joseph Bell with his bride Elizabeth whom he had married at St Pauls Church Bristol, the year before. Their first child Sarah Ella was born and died just before their arrival in Sydney. Joseph (and his brother William) took their families to work on farmland at Patrick Plains, near Singleton. Patrick Plains is so name as ‘European Eyes’ first set eyes on the area on St. Patrick’s Day 1820. In 1868 Joseph registered his horse and cattle brands with the government. He and Elizabeth raised 14 children in total before Joseph died in July 1880. Elizabeth death was mentioned in the Methodist Circuit News on Saturday 5 February 1898, following a few days of illness.

John Bell (1861–1947), Bruce’s grandfather married Rebecca Clarke on 23 Jun 1886 at St Marks Church, Fitzroy. The couple resided and worked at John’s father’s farm for at least a decade, after their marriage. Their son Albert was born on the farm on 30 Mar 1887. By c1900 the family moved to Richmond/Fitzroy area, where John was an Engine Driver. Son Albert was employed as an engineer and died suddenly on August 14<sup>th</sup> 1946. Some 15 month’s later Bruce’s grandfather



John Bell c1920

John, died on 17 November 1947. Bruce was not even a teenager when he lost these pivotal male influences in his life. With the family’s engineering and farming backgrounds, is it any wonder that Bruce choose to become a plumber.



**Regarding this 2012 portrait of Bruce, Alan Swann writes:** *‘I recall it was inspired by the fact that Bruce had played for Monty in 550 pennant games, which I think was, at that time, a club record. It was at a time when I was being encouraged by my art mentor to “develop” my*



*art into portraiture. My first attempt was Alex Treacher followed by 4 other club members including Bruce. Other portrait subjects have been from history mostly the RAAF and associates in my music activities. Apart from that Bruce was my coach and he “tutored” me during many social games over a longish period of time.*

**On Bruce’s life and his 4½ decades with MBC, Jeff Lander writes:**

Bruce lived with my family while he was at Preston Tech and played A Grade JIKA for Regent District. Because of his school’s belief that everybody should be right-handed, his left hand was tied behind him in class. The result being that when playing cricket, he would bowl with his left hand and bat with his right.

He was also a great footballer, playing most of his time for Reservoir – Lakeside. It was here that after a game, he spied a lovely young woman in the canteen. That young woman was Rae Elms – destined to become his life-long partner. He also played for Northcote in the VFA.

Bruce and Rae loved their “high roller” invitations to the casino. He loved his dogs. When he was plumbing, if he had to climb a ladder, his dog would climb it too. And he was very imaginative with his dog’s names. His first dog was ‘**Skipper**’ (a portend for his lawn bowls career?). His second dog was named ‘**Skipper II**’, his third ‘**Skipper III**’, and his next dog .... have a guess .... was ‘**Skipper IV**’. All with names beautifully painted on their kennels, the numbers in roman numerals.

Bruce began teaching and was very successful. At a recent non-bowling event, we were talking about great teachers, and Wozza (Warren Rank) said he had the best teacher ever at tech, and his name was **Bruce Bell**. It’s a small world.

Annette and Jeff were privileged to have Bruce and Rae’s beautiful daughters, Jackie and Sandra, as their flower girls at their wedding.

**Stubborn?** Really? Bruce had some pet opinions that caused a fair bit of mirth. Ever have him drive you to pennant? He would make sure that he had the destination address in his GPS, and then completely ignore all the directions, berating the “woman” for not knowing the right way to get there.

And did you know that Monty is not a real bowling club? Apparently, all “real” bowling clubs have lockers for members to store their bowls – but Monty doesn’t!

And his taste in movies is .... Bruce's. I'm not sure if "The Sound of Music" is the best film ever, by far. I wonder how many times he has actually watched it?

And the colour choice for his bowls – excuse the French, but nipple pink?

And to urge his team-mates bowls to reach the head, it was always "keep a dancing, Maria".

And if you found the gap, it was a "Matthew Lloyd".

And to prevent the possibility of a shot being too heavy, you were advised to bowl it with "finesse".

### **Anyway, back to his accomplishments.**

He had a purple patch over 11 years, when he won 9 club championship pairs events – 7 mixed pairs with Rae, and 2 men's pairs with Hartley Honig. Five of the mixed pairs victories were in a six-year period. Not bad!

(Mixed Pairs 91-92, 92-93, 97-98, 98-99, 00-01, 01-02, 02-03, and Men's Pairs 94-95, 95-96).

He has also won both the Easter Saturday Men's Fours and Monday Mixed Fours tournaments.

Bruce's students have been taught so well, that some of them have won club championships.

### **There were also accomplishments off the green.**

As well as his bar manager's role, he started up "Happy Hour" and introduced "Belly's Bonanza" on Fridays. Activities that are still going today. He was on the Committee of Management, was an MBC Delegate to the RVBA, assistant Secretary, and on the Match Committee and Selection Committee.



Belly's done so much for the club and its members. Bruce and Rae have both achieved the ultimate recognition from the club in becoming life members.

It'll be a long time before anyone equals his feats, if at all.

## Vale Peter McBean

19/12/1950 – 5/2/2025

Peter's great grandfather was born 16<sup>th</sup> April 1840 in Kilbarchan, Renfrew, Scotland and married Mary Ann





at **Nareen**, Coleraine, the property of his wife's grandfather, and a century later, the family home of Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser.

William McBean, with the support of the local community became the first teacher at the Nareen School.



25th March 2007 - Former Nareen School, Town Site

He was paid by the parents of the children and sometimes boarded at their house properties, principally a Mr. Donaldson.



'Nareen pictured in 1922.

On the 6<sup>th</sup> June 1870 the government took over the school and William McBean's valued services continued on. For several decades he was also the

area's Electoral Registrar. In fact, William was a stalwart of his community living up the literal meaning of the name 'McBean' - **"son of the fair lad."**

His son William Cadell McBean 1877-1962, followed the family name, in service to the community. For over a decade he was secretary of Agricultural and Pastoral Society, organising community events as well as carrying out his droving duties. Life was not at all easy in those times as shown in this sad account of his brother's death reported in the Horsham Times 15 April 1898: *'A young man named Alex McBean, son of Mr. W. McBean, of Goroke, was, in company with another*

*young fellow, driving some cattle to water on horseback. It seems he turned back a short distance to hurry along some cows but the animal slipped, the horse which was close behind fell right over it, throwing its rider and rolling on him. Death was almost instantaneous, the skull being badly fractured and the body very much bruised.'*



c1455 William and Mary McBean

Peter's father Ivan 24/8/1923- 5/12/1994 was brought up in the Grampians town of Hopetoun, married in Richmond and lived and working in nearby suburbs till his death, Like members of his family who were watchers and enthusiasts on the birdlife in the Grampians, Ivan also was known for his love of canaries, breeding cages of them in the backyard and during the depression, exchanging his birds for valuable bicycle parts in those times.

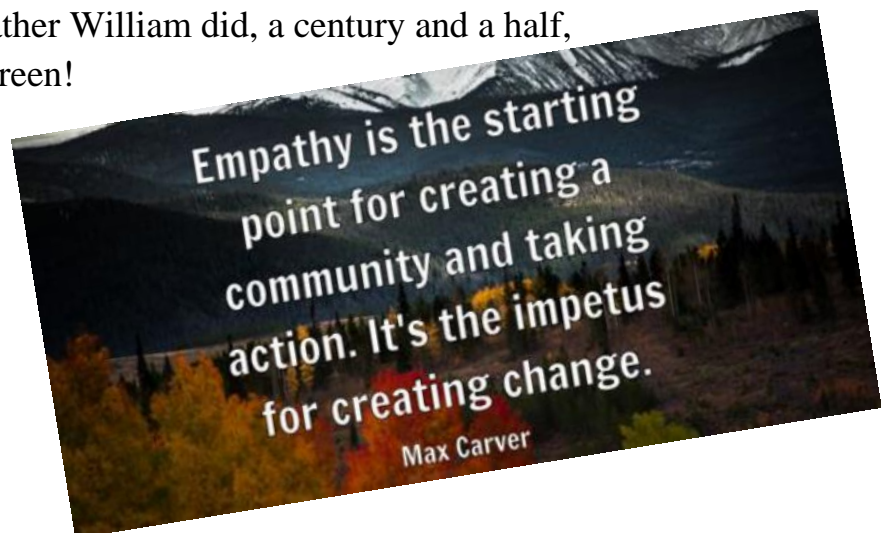
By 1980 Peter and Marlene settled in Lower Plenty to allow for their three children Travis, Jason and Samantha to grow and flourish in the local community. Peter and Marlene worked together at both Monty Juniors and Seniors Football Clubs. They ran the canteen for many years. Peter had a life membership at both clubs and helped in numerous jobs, truly a great club person. Pete was always how you found him: **friendly and open for a conversation.** Together with long time club associate, Mick Mills, they had some great times at the Juniors with the children of both growing families, thriving delightfully in the club spirit and environs... a lifelong cultivation of both Peter and Marlene.



Peter joined our bowling club in 2016 and to all, made a deep impression as being a **"son of a fair lad."** He managed to have his son Jason join the club as well, but this time was short lived as Jason is a very busy, well-liked and respected leader of a very large local school, serving the community in ways that good leaders do, as did as his great, great grandfather William did, a century and a half, before, at Nareen!



Peter, your manner and presence at our club will be genuinely missed.





## Vale Barbara Allison

(15-3-1931-13-2-2025)

Barbara's great grandfather James Wakefield (1823-1896) arrived in Victoria in the mid 1850's and quickly established himself in the Geelong area as a very reliable farm worker. When he died on 14<sup>th</sup> May 1896, he had been a colonist for 41 years. He migrated from his birthplace of Bedfordshire, England. His son James William Wakefield (1861- 1932) was born and raised in Geelong becoming a dependable engine driver for the railways and relished the times he could drive the Saturday 1:06pm football special to Melbourne.

Barabara's father Harry (1901-1984) was also a dependable worker for the railways, serving as a respected station master for many years,



Barbara married Max Allison in 1951, and both joined our club in May 1984. Barbara remembered, as a young bowler, her exposure to the 1985 Women's World Bowls Games in Melbourne. She was acutely aware that a successful club needed volunteer contributors to undertake the many essential and social tasks, (many of which couldn't be handled by men). In her unique, personable way she would quickly identify "prospects" and, while acting in an "older sister" role, she would encourage, support and mentor the many lady members who worked willingly and tirelessly to establish and maintain a club "happy environment", which was widely known as "the friendly club". It is also true to say that most of the ladies who have so successfully taken on senior roles in the club served our club in many capacities such as Club President, Board Chair, Secretary, Treasurer, Recruitment, Social Bowls, Functions, Catering, and many other equally important roles. Barbara recruited, encouraged, supported and mentored. She led by example in such ways as committee member for our 50th Anniversary in 2012, Social Bowls Manager, 22 years on the Pennant Selection Committee (8 years as chairperson), VLBA Match Committee. Barbara played 524 Pennant games, played in most club events, including becoming a club champion in 2004 and again in 2007. Both she and husband Max were awarded the status of Life Member. The spirit and camaraderie especially amongst the ladies were also very evident in their many special events such as Ladies Country Week, Lady Presidents Day, Moama Mother's Day Eve Dinners, and our Club's unforgettable trip to Singapore. A loving, true and loyal friend and club member, free spirit and confidant to many, Barbara Allison will be sadly missed by all. **Thank you Barbars for forty-one years of service, friendship, mentorship and very valued club membership. She was held in high esteem by all who met her.**

In former times, a well-healed member of a well-established city bowling club kept a number of servants. One night he and his wife went out to a party. The servants decided to have a party too; so the cook and butler made full provision for it. The cook got up the provisions and the butler the wine— all at the master's expense. It happened that the latter had to come home early from his party. Just as he passed the kitchen door, he saw the company and heard the butler say **'Fill your glasses, as I have toast to propose.'**

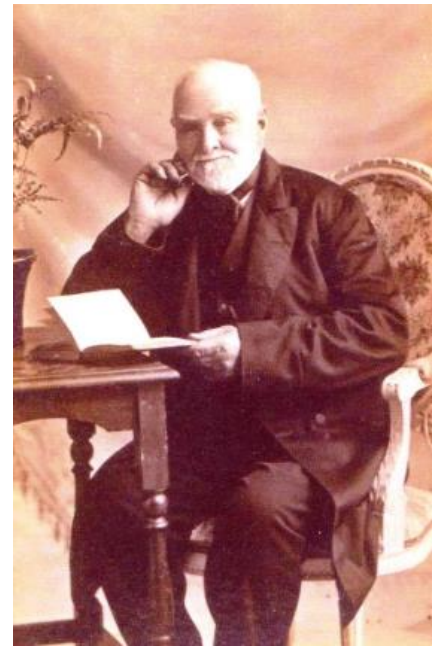
Here is to master and the Mrs.



**'Good health. May they always have plenty, may we never be scanty, and may they never be worse off for this.'**

The employer said nothing, but the next day he called the butler and told him to get wine and glasses and summon all the other servants and the mistress. When they were all there, he said, 'Fill the glasses. John...

**Now, John, I want you to give the toast you gave last night.'**



Our newsletter is published in the first week of each of our ever-changing four seasons. The deadlines for contributions are the last day of February, May, August and November.



**Editor's Modus Operandi:**  
Give him a handful of words and he will through your imagination.



## The Trains Are Always Late

A man was complaining to a railroad engineer. What's the use of having a train schedule if the trains are always late. The railroad engineer replied. How would we know they were late, if we didn't have a schedule?

