



EDITOR/PUBLISHER
BOB BESSEMER
BOBBESS@BIGPOND.NET.AU

Killara Bowls News

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Killara Bowling Club
Limited
ABN 12 000 097 807
WWW.KILLARABOWLINGCLUB.COM.AU
admin@killarabowlingclub.com.au

Est. 1916 104rd year
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LIFE MEMBER
WARWICK DRUCE
TURNED 89 MAY 20



Jan Glover gives us more
photography hints on
[Page 3](#)

Malcolm Fisher at his
best on . . . [page 4/5](#).

LIMERICK CHALLENGE



Commence
this
issue

Corona Crisis Chronicles Week 17



Is the end in sight? Maybe a glimmer..



There was a KBC Board Meeting May 25 and Chairman Dale advised he would report to members . . . [page 2](#) . . . I had hoped he could have advised a return to social play but we are constrained, as he explains. So even though some feet are back on the green for 'roll-ups', the diabolical financial stress and frustration continues.

Corvid has forced palaver between all sporting bodies including ours in NSW. It would seem, at last, there could be unification of women's and men's bowls. [Page 8](#).

This editor's effort to get some participation and creative input seems to be wallowing in lethargy! There have been only three responses to the Limerick Challenge to be included in this issue. When I think of how eloquent some are in the clubhouse . . .?! [Let's hear from you!](#)



Bouquets to our club Presidents *Louise Amos* and *Owen Holden* assisted by *Tony Gale* who are cranking the engine to get us started back on the green. They have disinfected equipment, arranged rosters and are keeping records in compliance with Health requirements.

Thank You!

VALE

Mavis Dorothy Sommerlad, aged 101, wife former Life Member Lloyd
Tribute page 6



It has been very pleasing to see a number of our members back on the green for roll-ups under the new regime of one hour slots.

I am horrified to see how my own ability had deteriorated due to the long lay off and I am hoping my brain to arm co-ordination can improve quickly.

A special thanks to **Louise Amos** and

Owen Holden for organising the playing protocol and attending to the roll-up room.

The Government has put very stringent cleaning procedures in place for opening the club premises and we feel they are too costly to warrant us opening at this point in time.

We are very much bound by what we are able to do by BowlsNSW and the bulletins they issue in conjunction with Bowls Australia and Health Authorities. The situation is fluid and we will open up and broaden play as quickly as possible when we can meet their requirements.

Negotiations with **Lindfield BC** regarding the proposed merger are proceeding well and co-operatively. It will be a true partnership when it is signed off and much of our heritage will be preserved.

Currently both clubs are bleeding financially with no green fees coming in. Bear in mind 85% of our costs are

fixed. As a result we need to try and remedy that situation by ensuring all the t's are crossed and i's dotted and we are working hard to make sure that happens.

Stay safe.

Dale

LIMERICK CHALLENGE

*New Zealanders sometimes may vex
And their usage of vowels may perplex
So if some All Black ox
Should ask for his socks
Check he doesn't mean sucks, six
or sex.*

Malcolm Fisher



After several months of depressing news, an email from Dale informing us that we would be able to roll up from Saturday 16 May was indeed a piece of uplifting news. I will be the first to admit that not being to bowl for 8 weeks is a first world problem! However, being able to roll up is still welcoming news

and something to look forward to. Thanks to **Owen** for working with me to finalise the roll up protocol. The procedure was put together with reference to NSW Ministry of Health and Bowls NSW COVID-19 safety requirements to provide our members with a safe bowling environment to come back to. All the jacks and mats have been given a sanitizing bath and scrub. Players are re-

quired to practise social distancing (except for **Wilson** and **Patricia** of course), handle their own jacks and mats and wash hands. At this stage, only roll ups are allowed with no organised social games or competitions permitted. A maximum of 10 persons per green at any one time. Despite these requirements, we were pleased to see 12 members turning up at the club on the first day, followed by 8 members on Tuesday and 14 members on Wednesday. Most of us were pleasantly surprised that we had not forgotten how to put down a bowl, especially for **Ian Armstrong** who was seen here showing off one of his

touchers. We do not know how long it will take before we will be allowed to conduct organised social games or competitions. Before that happens, we might as well take this opportunity to get ourselves in good forms for when the games and competitions start again ... hopefully soon!

Keep well *Louise*





Photography Hints
Jan Glover AAPS

PRINT YOUR PHOTOS

Memorable moments are very easy to record these days, especially with the improvement in camera phones. We click away, email a few to our friends and family, put them on social media, then forget about them.

Think of a few scenarios – you lose your phone or camera and all the photos on it. Your computer hard drive fails and you have not backed up. Your CD's and USB drives are unreadable in the future. Your digital jpg files deteriorate over time, especially if opened and saved many times.



As one photographer said: “digital photos live a ghostly existence.”

When you print a photograph it becomes physical, a tangible memory. It becomes part of your story. A framed photo on your mantelpiece is a constant reminder of something or someone that is important in your life. Photo albums and books can be shared from generation to generation.

So take some time to sort through your digital photos and print the important ones so that you and your family do not risk losing them forever.

Prints from your digital files are easily ordered online through various websites including Harvey Norman Pho-

A man was sitting reading his papers when his wife hit him round the head with a frying pan.

'What was that for?' the man asked?

The wife replied, 'That was for the piece of paper with the name Betty on it that I found in your trouser pocket.'

The man then said 'When I was at the races last week, Betty was the name of the horse I bet on.'

The wife apologized and went on with the housework.

Three days later the man is watching TV when his wife bashes him on the head with an even bigger

frying pan, knocking him unconscious.

Upon re-gaining consciousness the man Asked why she had hit him again.

Wife replied, 'Your horse phoned!'



tos, Officeworks, Snapfish, Digital Print Australia. And don't forget to make extra prints to send to your children, grandchildren, friends.

Photo Books are also an excellent way of preserving memories. I have made photobooks of all our local and overseas trips and now have over 20 in my bookshelf. They take up a very small amount of shelf space compared to a slip-in photo album.

As well as the above websites, photo books are available from Mimeo (for Mac users), PhotobookShop, Photobook Australia, Blurb, Momento and many others. Hint: It is recommended to start with a small project first if you are not sure how your photos will look. Photos often look a bit darker when printed compared to what you see on your screen, so it can be a good idea to adjust the brightness, contrast or exposure before printing. The websites mentioned above usually have the facility to do this before you upload the photo for printing.

Questions and comments are welcome. Contact me via my website at:

jangloverphotography.zenfolio.com or phone 0419 256 038

LIMERICK CHALLENGE

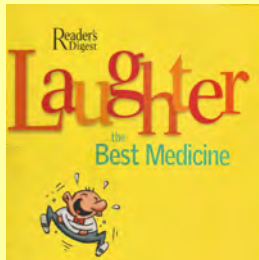
*There once was a club called Killara
Whose members did face a palaver
They couldn't play bowls
No matter their roles
All good though - they had one
another!*

Julie Dunn

Malcolm's Musings *I STARTED A JOKE*



The definition I learned for high school English was "The kindly contemplation of the incongruities of life and the artistic expression thereof". I am of course referring to humour. I have been thinking about humour since driving my ten year old home from football and getting involved in a joke telling session with him. He, I guess was fairly typical of his age group and sounded me out with a few earthy hits that are doing the rounds of his school at present. They did the rounds of my school when I was a similar age; and only today I heard a joke my father told at the table forty years ago. I have a good memory for jokes. If asked to tell one I go blank, but things people say and events trigger them in my mind.



The Readers Digest runs a section called "Laughter, the best medicine". And there seems to me to be truth in that. One of the best prognostic signs I know is when the patient tells you a joke or responds to a question with innuendo or witticism. They always get better. I have often thought we should have on hospital staff a resident joke teller who jolies up patients and colleagues and exercises their collective and individual senses of humour.

The odd brain damaged patient I see seems to have lost humour, suggesting it is a higher function, although my perusal of neurology texts does not suggest that it is diagnostic or used in diagnosis. And to test someone's sense of humour would obviously be difficult as one man's merriment is another man's misery. But the higher function nature of sense of humour is not an idea lodged in my cerebrum alone. The other day in a bookshop, I picked up a book by **Edward de Bono**. The opening part of the book suggested we needed to rethink our concepts of intellectuality and further suggested that the highest form of intellectuality is humour. The humorist, says de Bono, is capable of looking at life in a different perspective. This is superior to logic and reason which follow accepted and standard principles. The creator of humour is therefore on a par with the painter of art, using technical skills and vision to portray a different perspective. Some of the things I write people found funny and that made me feel good about myself. Me and Rembrandt. Perhaps one day there will be a little gallery with little jokes in frames around the walls.

I didn't buy the book. I find de Bono's books like a watermelon. Nice to have a piece of, but can't manage a whole one.

Isaac Asimov makes the point that there are only seven jokes, and all jokes are variations of these seven. I forget the seven. Some famous jokes I can remember. Some jokes even become so famous that we revert to the stage of my

son and his schoolmates and the punch line alone can send us into peels of laughter.

Remember: "Your turn in the barrel" "Don't slip in the umbala"

"I used that to make the holes in the doughnuts".

That last line is from father's joke from forty years ago that I heard again the other day. The beauty of jokes is that they lead to laughter, and unless you have a surgical or traumatic wound or raised intracranial pressure laughter is good for you. Especially kind laughter which is appreciation of the amusing rather than denigrating an individual. I remember when my oldest child was three or four and he found something indescribably amusing and cracked up, laughing uncontrollably for about ten minutes and when settled down said to me "Daddy, make it go again". The first time I ever had a similar experience I was aged eight when Mr Wright was reading us "Tom Sawyer" in class and some remark of Huckleberry Finn's sent me to an uncontrolled fit of laughter. And I couldn't stop, and the whole class started to laugh and the teacher and we spent about twenty minutes laughing. Yvonne Anderson (name changed to protect identity) wet her pants and had to go home. I have a friend named Bob who laughs on inspiration and has such a beautiful laugh that I have seen him make whole restaurants get the epidemic. And only the other week at a very serious scientific meeting Nick the Greek behind me made some remark about a very attractive miniskirted blonde across the aisle that sent me off and left three of us biting our arms to try and avoid insulting the individual delivering us a wonderful lecture on bereavement by converting our laughter from internal to external. Humour translates badly. I spent two hours one night in a restaurant in Sheffield with two Germans and a Swede. The Germans entertained us with jokes about "What the Bavarian said to the Prussian", which were based on puns and required thirty seconds to tell and thirty minutes to explain to me why they were funny. Clean jokes that aren't funny are even worse than dirty jokes that aren't funny.

Malcolm's Musings continues on page 5

LIMERICK CHALLENGE

*I once bathed with a lady from Dudley
But just as we were getting cuddly
The moment went wrong
When I emitted a pong
Making the water go bubbly
anon*



Continued from page 4 . .

Another aspect of the joke I find fascinating is the speed of transmission. Any major event that is associated with a burst of jokes seems to gird the world in hours. Usually they are very tasteful ones on topics like AIDS, Lochabie, or Challenger but sometimes they describe inoffensive subjects like Davy Crockett and Ninja Turtles. They even seem to beat the aeroplanes. Maybe people phone up. I heard an excellent joke once about Mike Gating and a quiz show. I heard it in a bar in Brussels and told it two days later in Sydney and three days after that heard it in Queensland. I suspected it probably arrived independently but a few years ago I made up two jokes myself and fed them into the pipeline and was able to monitor their progress. I can't tell them here as they were dirty. They were both riddles and I can give the first lines.

"Why is coming off cardiopulmonary bypass like Jo Bejlke Petersons' worst nightmare?"

"Why is Yuppie oral sex like a Chippendale chair?"

If you have heard them, I made them up.

Rembrandt did "The Adoration of the Magi" and I did those jokes.

The former I heard on the other side of town from a group of friends totally removed from the group I fed it into and the first I heard interstate five days later. I had told it to a heart surgeon who told a colleague at a meeting who told his anaesthetist who I played footy with years ago and met at another conference in the third state. Beats hell out of Australia Post.

Another aspect of the joke that amuses me is why women don't remember them as well as men, or stand around and tell jokes the way men do. A ball-breaking feminist journalist told me that joke telling is a part of male but not female bonding - an aspect of the ubiquitous "mateship". But she conceded that males who tell jokes well have great sex appeal, like **Woody Allen**. Woody Allen?

The pun, my teacher told us when we studied humour, is the lowest form of wit. Parody requires the least talent but is very flattering to the author. A few months ago in a restaurant in Holland I heard an Irish singer sing a parody of a song written by **Eric Bogle** who is an Australian Scot from Adelaide. Humour is very international. I told Bogle about this who said there are about four parodies of that song ("The Green Fields of France") that he knows of about. "What the hell", said Eric. "Life is a parody". I guess it is, and a pun and a limerick and a shaggy dog story.

And for me, it only hurts when I stop laughing.



ROLLING-UP



AND KEEPING DISTANCE



Maybe we don't have it that bad?

It's a mess out there now. Hard to discern between what's a real threat and what is just simple panic and hysteria. For a small amount of perspective at this moment, imagine you were born in 1900.

On your 14th birthday, World War I starts, and ends on your 18th birthday. 22 million people perish in that war. Later in the year, a Spanish Flu epidemic hits the planet and runs until your 20th birthday. 50 million people die from it in those two years. Yes, 50 million.

On your 29th birthday, the Great Depression begins. Unemployment hits 25%, the World GDP drops 27%. That runs until you are 33. The country nearly collapses along with the world economy.

When you turn 39, World War II starts. You aren't even over the hill yet. And don't try to catch your breath. On your 41st birthday, the United States is fully pulled into WWII. Between your 39th and 45th birthday, 75 million people perish in the war.

Smallpox was epidemic until you were in your 40's, as it killed 300 million people during your lifetime.

At 50, the Korean War starts. 5 million perish. From your birth, until you are 55 you dealt with the fear of Polio epidemics each summer. You experience friends and family contracting polio and being paralysed and/or die.

At 55 the Vietnam War begins and doesn't end for 20 years. 4 million people perish in that conflict. During the Cold War, you lived each day with the fear of nuclear annihilation. On your 62nd birthday you have the Cuban Missile Crisis, a tipping point in the Cold War. Life on our planet, as we know it, almost ended. When you turn 75, the Vietnam War finally ends.

Think of everyone on the planet born in 1900. How did they endure all of that? When you were a kid in 1985 and didn't think your 85 year old grandparent understood how hard school was. And how mean that kid in your class was. Yet they survived through everything listed above.

Perspective is an amazing art. Refined and enlightening as time goes on. Let's try and keep things in perspective. Your parents and/or grandparents were called to endure all of the above – you are called to stay home and sit on your couch.

John Brodie



TRIBUTE TO L & M SOMMERLAD

Mavis Sommerlad knows the interior of our club as well as anyone. In company with her husband she attended and contributed to many, many functions in the 32 years Lloyd was a member.

Mavis met Lloyd when they were students at Sydney University. She played inter-Varsity basketball and was Secretary of the Women's Sports Union.



They married in 1943.

During the war she worked at the ABC and was a member of one of the Voluntary Aid Detachments - as evidenced by the photograph in company with her young officer fiancé..

Lloyd joined KBC in 1982 and at various times was Vice President, Deputy Chairman, Chairman, Selector and Edi-

tor of Bowls News. He was unanimously admitted to the exclusive pantheon of Life Membership at the AGM 15th October 2011.

They are both legends!

More about the contributions made by Lloyd can be read at <https://killarabowlingclub.com.au/kbc2/newsletters/KBN44> July 2014





Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will

be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as:

- *Knowing when to come in out of the rain;*
- *Why the early bird gets the worm;*
- *Life isn't always fair;*
- *And maybe it was my fault.*

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (*don't spend more than you can earn*) and reliable strategies (*adults, not children, are in charge*).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they themselves had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children. It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or an aspirin to a student; but could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

"... The over \$51 million raised over Face-book to assist bushfire victims and directed to the NSW RFS is frozen. The RFS Trust Deed only allows money to be spent on fire fighting equipment and training. . . "

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of

coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death,
-by his parents, Truth and Trust,
-by his wife, Discretion,
-by his daughter, Responsibility,
-and by his son, Reason.

He is survived by his 5 stepbrothers;

- I Know My Rights
- I Want It Now
- Someone Else Is To Blame
- I'm A Victim
- Pay me for Doing Nothing

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone.

If you still remember him, say a prayer.

Our successors will miss him desperately.



Two women were playing golf. One teed off and watched in horror as her ball headed directly toward a foursome of men playing the next hole.

The ball hit one of the men. He immediately clasped his hands together at his groin, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in agony.

The woman rushed down to the man, and immediately began to apologise.

"Please allow me to help. I'm a physiotherapist, and I know I could relieve your pain if you'd allow me," she told him.

'Oh, no, I'll be all right. I'll be fine in a few minutes,' the man replied. He was in obvious agony, lying in the fetal position, still clasping his hands there at his groin. At her persistence, however, he finally allowed her to help. She gently took his hands away and laid them to the side, loosened his pants and put her hands inside.

She administered tender and artful massage for several long moments and asked, "How does that feel?"

"Feels great, he replied, but I still think my thumb's broken!"



Father O'Malley answers the phone.



'Hello, is this Father O'Malley?'

'It is!'

'This is the Taxation Department. Can you help us?'

'I'll try!' 'Do you know a Ted Houlihan?'

'I do!'

'Is he a member of your congregation?'

'He is!'

'Did he donate \$10,000 to the church?'

'He will!'

Amen

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me again, asking why I didn't do something useful with my time.

"Like sitting around the pool and drinking wine is not a good thing?" I asked. Talking about my "doing-something-useful" seems to be her favourite topic of conversation.

She was "only thinking of me", she said and suggested that I go down to the Senior Centre and hang out with the guys.

I did this and when I got home last night, I decided to play a prank on her.

I e-mailed her and told her that I had joined a Parachute Club.

She replied, "Are you nuts? You are 78 years old and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"

I told her that I even got a Membership Card and e-mailed a copy to her.

She immediately telephoned me and yelled, "Good grief, Dad, where are your glasses?!"

This is a Membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"Oh man, I'm in trouble again," I said, "I really don't know what to do. I signed up for five jumps a week!!"

The line went quiet and her friend picked up the phone and said that my daughter had fainted.

Life as a Senior Citizen is not getting any easier, but sometimes it can be fun.



JOINT UNIFICATION STATEMENT



Pam Andrich and **Vince Beard** have issued a statement on behalf of both boards voicing their dedication to creating an unified body for the betterment of bowls in NSW.

We hope this intension become a reality in the very near future; we need a loud and clear conversation with both Local and State governments to save our sport.



- Why are you in a movie, but 'on' TV?
- What was the best thing *before* sliced bread?
- Why do 'fat chance' and 'slim chance' mean the same thing?

- Why do British people never sound British when they sing?
- At a cinema, which arm rest is yours?
- When does it stop being partly cloudy and start being partly sunny?
- Do French people, when they swear, say "pardon my English"?
- Why do people call "heads up" when they mean you to duck?
- If the No.2 pencil is the most popular, why is it still No.2?
- Why do we press harder on the remote control when the batteries are getting weak?
- Does running late count as exercise?
- If you try to fail and succeed which have you done?

HELLO OVER THERE



One year ago in May, we bid farewell to Gof and Elizabeth Bowles. (KBN#64) They still correspond and report they are happily settled with Gof playing at the Dalkieth/Nedlands BC.