



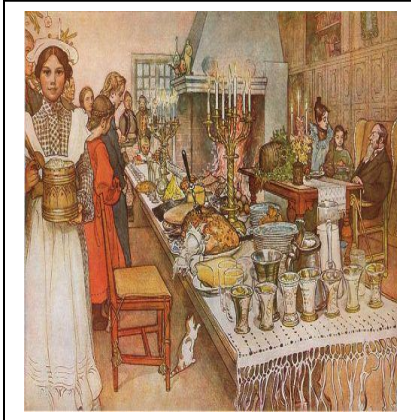
PROBUS

NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 2010

HERMANUS

*Tomorrow's Vision for Active Retirees
Friendship Fellowship & Fun
22 countries – 5,000 clubs – 400,000 members*



A SUNNY CHRISTMAS

Every year at Christmas time
There's not a sign of snow,
Instead we spend our yuletide days
In the sun's warm cheery glow.

We have the best of Christmas things,
The lights, the gifts, the bells,
And snowbirds who arrive en masse
To fill our beach hotels.

The glorious weather fits right in
With our happy Christmas mood,
And we can also walk and run
Without having to be snow shoed.

So don't feel bad for your location friend
Who have no snow or ice
We think our sunny Christmas here
Is a holiday paradise.

Joanne Fuch



Xmas Luncheon Menu

Asian style Fish Cake on Salsa

*Turkey stuffed Chicken Ballotine
Kassler
Roast Potatoes
Vegetables*

Xmas Pudding Crème Brulee

Coffee

*Our Next Meeting
XMAS PARTY
12h00 for 12h30
Thursday
9th December 2010*

*Xmas Lunch R125.00 per person
Corkage R10.00 per bottle*

*Bookings
Sherry Justus
e-mail scj@telkomsa.net*

Phone – 028 316 2711

*Bookings Close
Monday 6th December*

*Please check with Margie if your
Annual Subs are up-to-date.*

*New Style Name Tags are
available at R50.00.*



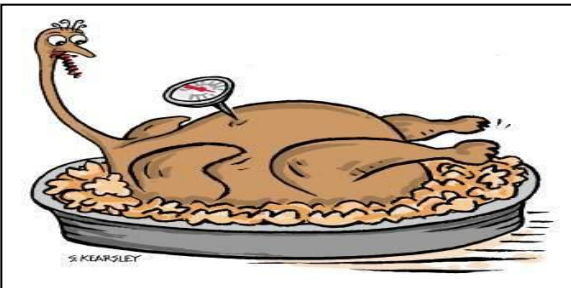


Birthdays

28th - Sam Sampson
 30th - Jennifer Kinston

Anniversaries

10th Heinz & Rene Grater
 19th Ilse Madeira
 22nd Alan & Judith Calder



Christmas Friendship

*Never make friends with a turkey
 It's a friendship with nowhere to go.
 The talking and squawking and
 gobbledegook,
 Will tell you for certain this bird is no chook
 When your feather-brained friend comes to
 an end
 The reason's the Season – the swift sudden
 blow
 It's too late to placate with your mate on a
 plate
 The misguided direction for your loving
 affection
 With a whiff of depravity – the final outrage
 Stuff up the cavity
 With onion and sage,
 So step up to the plate
 Terminate before it's too late
 Don't pontificate turkey's ultimate fate
 Never make friends with something you ate
 Barbara Summerell*

*'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa's a wreck
 How to live in a world that's politically correct?*

*His workers no longer would answer to "Elves"
 "Vertically Challenged" they were calling themselves.*

*And labour conditions at the North Pole
 Were alleged by the union to stifle the soul.*

*Four reindeer had vanished, without much propriety,
 Released to the wilds by the Humane Society.*

*So half of the reindeer were gone; and his wife,
 Who suddenly said she had enough of this life.*

*As for the for the gifts, why, he'd ne'er had a notion
 That making a choice could cause so much commotion*

*Nothing of leather, nothing of fur,
 Which meant nothing for him. And nothing for her.*

*Nothing that might be construed to pollute.
 Nothing to aim. Nothing to shoot.*

*So Santa just stood there, dishevelled, perplexed;
 He just could not figure what to do next.*

*He tried to be merry, he tried to be gay,
 But you've got to be careful with that word today.*

*So here is that gift, its price beyond worth
May you and your loved ones enjoy peace on earth.
Anon*

