



OMANU REBUS CLUB MAY 2020 LOCKDOWN LETTER

President's Say

It was good to hear our prime minister giving the nation plenty of clear direction and praise for us all following the rules during this terrible time. It was great to hear once again NZ is leading the way on trying to eliminate the virus and setting an example for the rest of the world to follow.

I hope you have all found plenty of ways to keep busy and that you are all keeping well. During this time, I have been trying to establish a family tree, doing a bit of walking and keeping in touch with some of our members, family and friends either by phone, text, Zoom or Facetime.

Our web page has been updated with some interesting videos and jokes and Rick would love to have you forward content, photos or video to keep our members informed. Rose is putting together a competition for you all to take part in, so I will look forward to what the competition entails?

As you will be aware of, this virus will change the way we take our club forward once we come out of the levels set by our leaders. It looks like we will not be able to meet in May as we will still be in level 3. During the level 3 period I will be talking with Graeme, Rose and Rick on how we see the club getting back to our monthly meeting and when it will be the best time to start our club activities and events. Once we get a clear picture on the best way forward, I will bring our committee together to discuss the safest way to start our meeting and keep us all safe.

So, keep safe and remember stay in your bubble!

NO MATTER HOW YOU FEEL, GET UP, DRESS UP, SHOW UP AND NEVER GIVE UP!

Jim Henry

Hello everyone: I have copied a competition which my parents took part in on our way to New Zealand in 1955! It's a word search challenge, in which you try to find all the countries and/or places (mostly countries) in the little story called "An International Liaison". Below I'm giving you an example of how to search for the countries, but do remember this is from the 1950's and some of the countries may no longer exist or may have changed their name! Entries close Wednesday 13th May (post online or by email) and the first correct entry received will win a prize!

Example: *In the garden **Mark** and his wife were with their friend Philip discussing fine wines. I think, Mark whispered to his wife, that **Philip pines** for his favourite white wine, but it's in the cellar and it's too early to open it yet. But Philip overheard and said "I **disagree, cellaring** this wine doesn't it. Anyway I **can adapt** my taste to any wine, just pour!*

Rose

AN INTERNATIONAL LIAISON

He was a broad, fair-haired Swede named Errol. If you had put him on Goliath's shoulders he would have been at least ten feet tall, and like David he had been in danger many times, but he had come through fighting and only a stone lighter. His chest was like concrete, and his icily cool, blue eyes would have sent the staunchest advocate of Women's Lib yapping at his feet. He was never sick or easily unsettled, even if in landing at Wellington Airport a rather wan or wayward sigh escaped from his tightly-drawn lips.

But Janet soon won his heart, and this meant a total ban, I am led to believe, on all past friendships. "If I jilt her", he said, "there may never be another. And the nearer I tread, the more I realise that so much I leave behind pales into insignificance beside by Janet." Her land seemed so distant, though, so remote, that it took him many months to regain his new zeal and vigour.

Sometimes the slightest things annoyed him, especially when the strong new ale sent his head reeling. Janet had never seen anyone so much in anger before. "A plain old light bulb or neon tube over our bed makes me mad. A gas carriage lamp would be much trendier, with our bedroom walls painted orange and beige in diamond patterns and some fir and spruce panelling."

One day Janet went to get his suit which had been pressing between sheets of newspaper under their foam rubber mattress. (An ordinary one did not appeal, as kapok made Errol sneeze). Off ran centipedes by the score! She couldn't remember mud around his cuffs in such quantities before, either. Something must be done for her beloved, the star gent in all her dreams. She sponged the trousers with Teepol and vinegar, mixed in a saucepan. A marvellous restoration! There was only one pale patch left, where a slug and a wood-louse colony had been. "He'll never notice," said she, "he only has eyes now for me."