

## *Super Bumper Extra Long Opening Day (And Final) Edition*

### *Pat Butler and the Mile High Club!*

If you normally view this through a mobile phone...you may wish to read it in stages!

Congrats to the Vice President and his Vice First Lady.....they have just completed forty years of married bliss and returned to Donegal to the scene of the initial conjugality to celebrate and recreate the moment!!! Groupon wasn't it Stevie Boy? What class! And even better, he feigned losing his Clubcard in the Jocks' Lounge recently then miraculously found it after the missus had just used hers to pay for the drinks! What a cad!

How many morning bowlers does it take to go to the front office to check if the delightful Louise is OK before they leave after a strenuous roll up!

Tommy McCloskey.....oh dear, oh very dear! The Crumlin Curmudgeon has asked his wife to join the Club and play bowls with him! Tommy son, it is an unwritten rule that there should only be one bowler in any household and that is the *man!* The woman should be at home to make sure he looks good when he goes out to a game, cook his dinner, draw his bath and pour him his favourite tippie afterwards! Look at Alan and Belinda de Brun. There is only one bowler in that family.....**but sadly it's not Alan!**

And you may like to ask the aforesaid Tommy about how he crashed an amber light on his way to the Club. Proper *Thelma and Louise* it was! Respect Man!

Of which bowlist ( current or recent past ) was it said... "*Having rumpy pumpy with him was the worst forty five seconds of my life!*"

Do you know that in an effort to lose weight, Danny "*Sunbeds*" McKinney started walking five miles a day on January 1<sup>st</sup>.....now nobody knows where he is!!

I know some people complain about the unruly behaviour at some of the funerals that we host. What about if the best behaved one got the "*Funeral Of The Year Award*" and the booking fee refunded. Sounds like a winner to me!



And talking the de Bruns..... did you know that Linda *aka* Mrs Bucket does not let her hen pecked hubby use the 3x ply toilet rolls on show in the bog! They are for *display* only. Alan is forced to use the shiny 1 x ply LIDL stuff hidden away underneath! No wonder he likes to come to the Club for a proper poo! And talking loo rolls! Do you know that the paper in the ladies toilets is higher quality than that of the Jocks? And do you know that Linda went to Australia for a holiday? Nope? You didn't hear? Everyone else did!

Pete McGarrity is about to produce a grandchild. He has told everyone that it will want for nothing. A *Silver Cross* pram is not even good enough. Has to be a *Mercedes - Versace Mk2* (below) at almost £3,000! Rumour has it that it has been ordered through Harrods from the

Royal appointed *Childrens' Salon* but in fact he has visited the local Charity shops and asked if one came in that it was to be left over for him! Gonna leave your bowls into one of the aforesaid shops seeing you don't use them anymore....eh laddie! Bet you have hired a nanny with cape, hat and all the rest of the uniform to walk the brat as well haven't you. See how long she lasts walking up the Falls Road with that. Within minutes, it'll be hijacked and turned into a guider (that's a soapbox ladies!)



And did you know that his nuts are on the small side...Pat Butler tells me?!!!

Final proof that Cathal Gray is a tad festive. Not only was he seen hoovering the Indoor mats with a pink Hoover but he was also seen giving Gerry McCloskey advice as to where to position the tie backs on the new curtains in the Lounge!

And talking festive, I am indebted to Tommy Spence for this pic of Kevin Brennan tastefully sipping his G and T! What style, what elegance...what a poseur!

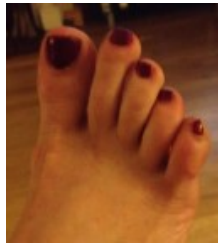


And talking Gerry McCloskey. Do you know that he displays his FOUR sets of bowls plus some highly polished Italian Bocce (Google it!) in a fetching wickerwork basket at home during the close season! It is a focal point according to him. Course it is Gerry son!

It was a pure joy in one of the Indoor morning roll ups to watch Dominic O'Neill trying to extricate himself from his girdle which he wears to help mend the broken bone in his back. It was like watching Harry Houdini trying to escape from a straightjacket!

And talking Dommo! What has the first line of *The Sash* and he got in common? Your secret is safe with me laddie! Oh wait...it's not! *Allez mon brave* as they say in Sweden!

And talking sore backs, Billy Niblock press ganged his teamies into lifting up his bowls so that he could throw them without damaging *his* sore back. Did not stop him bending as low as a limbo dancer however to deliver the aforesaid bowls. Just as well he didn't hear about the support girdle. He would have wanted one too!



*Pint of choice for naming the foot above! Clue...It's a girlie!*

And talking Billy Niblocks, anyone else think he and the late Arthur Mullard could be brothers?



Apparently Ballyshannon was not the funfest it was made out to be! People throwing strops and being generally tetchy! Feel the love folks....feel the love! It is short mat bowls FFS!

Of whom was it said, *“Self opinionated little man! He should be praying for a happy death!”*

Of whom was it said *“If there had been interviews, he would not have got in!”*

And of which two ladies was it sweetly said, with only a soupcon of venom, *“They're in everything but the crib!”*

Probably the most iconic revolutionary of the modern era, Che Guevara was well known to openly acknowledge his Irish roots. His most popular quote "*Hasta la victoria siempre*" was the signoff used in the last letter he wrote to Fidel Castro. It translates as "*Forever, Until Victory*". Wouldn't it be a nice motto for the Club and as we are now officially a bi lingual institution (see previous column) I offer "*Go Dti Go Mbeidh An Bua Againn*" which is the Gaelic translation instead of the divisive "*Tiochfaidh! Ar La*" which very roughly means..... the same! Our new Club badge, which I am assured is being released on Opening Day is reproduced below!



It's "*Aye the Gree*" in Ulster Scots for our followers in Ballymena, the Ards peninsula and on the northern part of the mainland, and "*Na zawsze do zwycięstwa*" in Polish for the lovely Arlene. We could invite Gregory Campbell along to the unveiling and he - having used the native tongue when addressing the Speaker of the House of Stormont - could address the President with '*Curry my yoghurt can coca coalyer*'. Everyone happy now? Of course not!

And why not stop at just at the badge. In keeping with the theme, my distribution manager suggests the following minor change to our playing gear!



And talking dead languages, dialects and foreign languages – nice to see the sign language classes starting up again. But will they be in the aforesaid dead, dialect and foreign formats? Well that's about everybody annoyed now!

Most of you will know that Pat Butler MSc was poorly over Santamas with a suspected clot on the lung. Apparently it was caused by back to back long haul flights on holiday. Well I have it on good authority that during one of these flights, his current bride, after a double sweet sherry, nuzzled into him and asked him if he would like to join the Mile High Club! He answered '*I don't think we have enough frequent flier miles yet love!*'

And talking holidays.... who has bought some...ahem...vitamins for going on *his* holiday? Don't worry mate, if you don't get lucky, they will at least help to keep the blankets offa your sunburnt legs...if you get my drift!

Did you know that Jimbo Magorrian's nickname amongst his close friends is "*Patches!*" And I know why! Secret is safe with me Jimmy Boy.....but who ratted on you?

And talking Jimbo. You will all at sometime in your lives asked for a doggy bag “to go” in a restaurant! Not Jimbo. Ever conscious of the damage that plastic is doing to our planet, he simply stuffed the chicken nuggets that were left over, after a recent visit to the *Wolf and Whistle*..... into his coat pocket!

Why are indoor bowlers only allowed to step on to the mat at 7.30pm precisely....no earlier! Just askin’ that’s all. Apparently one can come in, sit down, stare at the empty mats but no one is allowed to set a foot down until the appointed time! It’s all to do with insurance I am told! Or is it????? And with no connection whatsoever.....

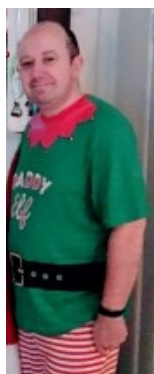


***Complete the picture!***

I presume some of you will have read the new President’s close season missive which included amongst other things “*Community Outreach*”. It has given me an idea. With “*Tennis*” now redundant in the official Club title of “*Falls Bowling and Lawn Tennis Club*”, as no one plays the game anymore, we could get some new chaps in with their little hobbies and rename ourselves “*Falls Bowling and Pigeon Fanciers’ Club*” or “*Falls Bowling and Darts Club*”. That would be a start....eh? Whaddya think Ladies!

Which bowlist (at the time of writing) has two whole friends on Facebook.....and one of those is his missus!

And...with scantily clad girls now removed from Formula 1, Boxing and aforesaid Darts competitions, we could introduce them to lead the A team on to the pitch for home games. It would at least get punters to turn up!



***And you thought Paddy Montgomery was the only Xmas muppet ( see further below!)***

Jimmy Armstrong has had many nicknames in his short time with us. Can I suggest one for the new season viz “*Jimmy the Moonlight!*” Geddit? No? Here’s a clue....Frankie Vaughn!

And the aforesaid James went on a fish diet and lost half a stone in a week! Tuna pizza melt with added anchovies does not count laddie!

We are told to put the mats and jacks away after playing morning indoor bowls in case somebody steals them. Now maybe it is just me but if I was a burglar who broke in, can you see me in the middle of emptying the shelves of the hard stuff turning round to me rough sort mates and saying “*Feck me lads, look at this. We’ve hit the motherload. Indoor bowls.... fecking mats and jacks! Leave the spirits and let’s get to it!*” Nah!

Meanwhile in a bowling Club somewhere in Belfast, The Ladies Selectors gather to pick the first team of the season....



Some of you may not know it but the Vice President had a little vice presidential trip to Berlin with his cronies, one of whom may or may not be Vice President when the Vice President becomes President! Anyway, rumour has it that Liam Trainor was none too fond of the famous Berliner sausage which came as a surprise to all concerned. Instead he plumped for the Berliner *Pfannkucken* which I am told is a doughnut with no hole and a jam filling with three types of sugar on top! A little sweet for my liking!



*And the aforesaid Liam Trainor queues outside the dope testing room at Celtic Park (other sectarian Glasgow teams are available) to see whether he really is a dope or not! He may or may not be but he attends meetings of the Ante Deluvian Order Of the Buffalo! Honest! Paul McGeough told me in confidence!*



*And anyone else think that the good Liam looks like our very own Stephen Watson BBC NI roving reporter who jets out of the Province at the drop of a hat to report on Ulster golfers playing abroad. What a gross waste of Licence Fee money.*

No Laddie...our little conversation was not *off the record*! Guess who pressed the stop button on the bus to alight at Falls BC and the driver sped on merrily past stopping eventually at Casement Park. It was Harry “*Three Stripes*” and he was not best pleased! Apparently bus drivers are “*all the same*”.

And further on Harry.... his ball joint has gone! The technical term is *trochanteric syndrome* he was at pains to tell me! His bride will be soooo happy as it restricts movement in his leg apparently!!

And did you hear about the two lulus who signed up for the Indoor Weekend Fest which as the name suggests is played Friday and Saturday with only the semis and finals on Sunday....but were not available on the Saturday! What arrogance...or stupidity! My informant would not divulge the name of one of them unfortunately so I cannot spill the beans! What’s that I hear you say....I shudda checked the sign up list? Well..... maybe I just did!

And talking the weekend fest.... which cheeky husband and wife competitors sneaked in for a few morning roll ups leading up to the mega event? Clue? Google *Hawaiian Lei*!



*The President gives a masterclass on how to take a selfie!*

And which *sophistico* said that “*champagne is an acquired taste!*” Yes matey... so is Marmite. That’s what you get if you drink the LIDL *pis du chat* at £9.99 a bottle!! **Nothing beats Prosecco eh?** Like drinkin’ freakin’ liquid Bubblegum!

BTW it was *not* Paddy Montgomery..... who equally showed off his crass lack of sophistication at Santamas with the crap below!



Now going back in time a bit.....



*Recognise the loved up birds here?*





*Head Grasscutter doublejobbin'!*

Nearly finished.....



*I was sent this picture of Tommy Spence with no background information which is probably just as well!*

Congratulations to the two fillies from the Club in the recent indoor internationals. What a pity their performance was overshadowed by a misspelling in the programme for one of their male counterparts!

Lead	Oliver Fowler (Rugby Thornfield) *	AAndrew Johnston (Belfast) #
Second	Glenn Williams (Riverain) *	Dale Bodies (County Antrim)
Third	Danny Walker (wellingborough) *	Mitchell Albert (Cunty Antrom)
Skip	Connor Cinato (Kingsthorpe)	Stephen Kirkwood (Belfast)

Due to lack of space, the story of the Smyths and the Goose Lard has been left out! But there is space for *this!* When Stevie Stiff was Hon Sec and he made a boo boo (which was several times), he simply lied to cover it up, but he lied well.... using phrases such as “*server problem, cache misalignment*” etc etc. The new Hon Sec E mailed *everyone* the minutes of the last Committee meeting then asked us not to open it as it *contained a virus!* Poor attempt Marty! Learn from the master and brazen it out! Just as well the Committee had not been discussing the unpleasant case of Dicky Drysdale at the Stadium last week! Grown women....and men.... ran for cover...allegedly!

I decided to finish my participation in the Blog at the end of last season but was persuaded to do two more specials. They are now done! Thanks to the Webmeister for his very thoughtful pay off/redundancy gifts!

And this time it really *is* “*Goodbye*”