

Vetrun Extra – April 1

Vetrun Extra is a new service from Masters to keep our members in contact with each other and with their club during this difficult time.

Please do just that –stay in touch!

Let me know how you're coping, staying fit, occupying your time.

Email contributions for me to include in *Vetrun Extra* –send to vfdwaters@gmail.com.

I'll reply to all your emails and, if suitable, share your words on this page with all the members.

No Jokes!

DESPITE the date of this post be assure there are no spoof items here. Well, perhaps the F. Scott Fitzgerald letter started out that way, but it's been so widely outed in the past few days that it doesn't really count.

Pity the poor Western Suburbanites

THIS cutting from a local paper tugged at my heartstrings.

While even more desperate citizens fought in the aisles for the comforts of their nether regions, dahlings in Cottesloe raided up-market retailers for the necessities of life.



Literally – untrue!

I THINK everyone should stop talking about rumours, pictures, kitten-videos `Going Viral.' That tastes bad, these days.

However, that's how a letter, supposedly written by F. Scott Fitzgerald during the Spanish flu, has gone the rounds. I repeat it here as a guide to the real necessities of people in quarantine

This was actually written by an American, Nick Fariella, for the humour website McSweeneys.com and published on March 13. A note atop the piece reads:

"This is a work of parody and is not an actual letter written by Fitzgerald."

Dearest Rosemary,

It was a limpid dreary day, hung as in a basket from a single dull star. I thank you for your letter. Outside, I perceive what may be a collection of fallen leaves tussling against a trash can. It rings like jazz to my ears. The streets are that empty. It seems as though the bulk of the city has retreated to their quarters, rightfully so. At this time, it seems very poignant to avoid all public spaces - even the bars, as I told Hemingway, but to that he punched me in the stomach, to which I asked if he had washed his hands. He hadn't. He is much the denier, that one. Why, he considers the virus to be just influenza. I'm curious of his sources.

The officials have alerted us to ensure we have a month's worth of necessities. Zelda and I have stocked up on red wine, whiskey, rum, vermouth, absinthe, white wine, sherry, gin, and lord, if we need it, brandy. Please pray for us.

You should see the square, oh, it is terrible. I weep for the damned eventualities this future brings. The long afternoons rolling forward slowly on the ever-slick bottomless highball. Z. says it's no excuse to drink, but I just can't seem to steady my hand. In the distance, from my brooding perch, the shoreline is cloaked in a dull haze where I can discern an unremitting penance that has been heading this way for a long, long while. And yet, amongst the cracked cloudline of an evening's cast, I focus on a single strain of light, calling me forth to believe in a better morrow.

Faithfully yours,
F. Scott Fitzgerald

Me and WHO

SEVERAL friends and club members have kindly purchased *Pirates of Fleet Street*, my new book which was published online last week.

As I explained in the blurb sent out with links to the book, all my own receipts from online sales will be donated to the WHO - World Health Organisation – which is leading the current anti-viral campaign.



This book is a humorous take on my own real-life experiences, during the eight-week British postal strike of the 1970s. We delivered overseas mail (and later the *Wall Street Journal*) to Europe hidden in the back of a 1930s vintage hearse. It also purports to expose a dastardly government plot to finance the strike and divert public attention while it surreptitiously decimalised the pound. If you would like to have a look, and perhaps buy a copy, the Australian link to Amazon is:

<https://www.amazon.com.au/dp/B0868JL7Y4/>

As previously mentioned I shall donate any receipts to WHO – not the band; not the Doctor; the World Health Organisation!

Happy birthday, Fauja Singh 108 on April 1st

Forwarded by John Bell

by

[Roger Robinson](#)

Writing in

NZ on 1 April 2020:

He's close now to claiming the role of oldest man in the world.

His many 90+ and 100+ running records are tagged "questionable birth-date" by World Masters Athletics.

(But) there is no question about the inspirational effect of the marathons he ran at his steady pace, often on camera.

His best probably was the 5:40:04 - when his age was registered as 92. And I'm a fan of anyone who can come up with the title for his London running group of "Sikhs in the City."



