

# 96 and Not Dead Yet: No Sex Please, We're English

by [Reg Green](#) (January 2026)



**One night in the Feathers**, the London pub where I've spent some of my happiest hours, I was telling my friend, Bob Hugill, the words of a song, "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," by the irrepressible Fats Waller. In it, Fats daydreams that he has just received a love letter from his girlfriend which contains this captivating couplet:

*A lotta kisses on the bottom,*

*I'll be glad I got 'em."*

Bob, always the perfect gentleman, looked thoughtful. "Kisses on the bottom," he repeated slowly. "That's not very nice."

Especially, I'll add, if given to a man weighing 285 lb.

PS Sad fact of life. At my age my column '96 And Still Not Dead Yet' is getting harder to write and, regrettably, this will have to be the last issue. However, I'm pleased to say '97 And Still Not Dead Yet' starts next month. See you then!

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