



The Phoghorn



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Saint John Probud Club—Host City For Rendezvous 2006



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Next Meeting

To be held Wednesday March 21st, 2007 at 10.00 a.m. at the Boys and Girls Club.
The speaker will be Mr. Peter McGill, Principal of the Saint John Community College.

Last Meeting

President Dave Fraser opened the meeting at 10 a.m. with the singing of O Canada .

President's Remarks

President Dave announced Chick Ahern passed away in his sleep on February 18th. A moment of remembrance was observed and the club extends their condolences to the family. President Dave noted that several members had recently had surgery and passed on good wishes for their speedy recovery. These included Bill Banbury, Dr. Toning, and Dr. Condon. He welcomed back Ray Willis our resident pianist and congratulated George McCaughey and his wife on their fiftieth wedding anniversary. George was relieved that there would be no fee levied for the use of club song books.

Four Guests were introduced and rapidly turned into new members in a mass pinning ceremony. Welcome to Probud - Dale Stevens, Clive Douthwright, Bob Wallace and Richard Burpee.

Minutes of the Last Meeting

Minutes were duly read by Secretary Robert Taylor and approved unanimously.

Treasurer's Report

Treasurer Ed Creaser reported a balance on hand \$1798.90. Members who haven't yet paid their 2006/2007 dues can mail them to the Treasurer at the address below the Phoghorn masthead. Cheques only please as this obviates making receipts.

Rendezvous 2008

Lorne MacGuigan updated us with a report on the progress of negotiating an agreement with Probud Canada, thanking Don McGowan for his pro bono work on the agreement. Lorne also reported we had been unsuccessful in our application for a Federal New Horizons grant, and despite a good meeting with the regional director, we still haven't received the \$5000 seed money cheque from Probud Canada. The results of the "Interest Survey" have been tabulated and the results are very encouraging. It seems our potential visitors like a lot of our programme ideas ...

Shaggy Dog Story competition

Competition was announced, with judging by the club members hopefully taking place at the April meeting. So dig out your stories, the shaggier the better, and submit to Ralph Wood - editor of the Phoghorn - either in person or by email.

House Manager (acting unpaid) solicited for lunch and got 24 responses.

The meeting adjourned at 10:45 for coffee.

After coffee, Lorne MacGuigan introduced our guest speaker, Eugene Belliveau of the Rothesay Police. He gave us a very interesting and insightful talk on police work in the Kennebecasis Valley, and particularly his work with youth and the DARE programmes which aim to educate on drug and alcohol use. He also spoke on restorative justice, explaining how it works. A most interesting talk that engendered many questions. We are certainly fortunate to have such a person as Constable Belliveau working in our community. He was thanked by Bill Artiss, and presented with a gift certificate courtesy of the Mediterranean Restaurant.

The winner of the 60/40 draw was Randy Giffin, who donated the \$122 to the Boys and girls Club.
The meeting adjourned at noon.

Now for the Funnies

Some Irish nonsense to commemorate St Patrick's Day .

May the lilt of Irish laughter Lighten every load, May the mist of Irish magic Shorten every road, May you taste the sweetest pleasures That fortune ere bestowed, And may all your friends remember All the favors you are owed.

A newly married Irish couple was in a terrible accident where the woman's face was severely burned. The doctor told the husband that they couldn't graft the skin from her body, so the husband offered to donate some of his own skin.

However, the only skin on his body that the doctor found suitable would have to come from his rear end.

The husband and wife agreed that they would tell no one about where the skin came from, and requested that the doctor also honour their secret. After all, this was a very delicate matter.

After the surgery was completed, everyone was astounded at the woman's new beauty. She looked more beautiful than she ever had before! All her friends and relatives just went on and on about her youthful beauty!

One day, she was alone with her husband, and she was overcome with emotion at his sacrifice.

She said, "Dear, I just want to thank you for everything you did for me. There is no way I could ever repay you."

"My darling," he replied, "think nothing of it. I get all the thanks I need every time I see your mother kiss you on the cheek."

Well, Mrs. O'Connor, so you want a divorce?" the solicitor questioned his client.

"Tell me about it. Do you have a grudge?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. O'Connor. "Shure now, we have a carport."

The solicitor tried again. "Well, does the man beat you up?"

"No, no," said Mrs. O'Connor, looking puzzled. "Oi'm always first out of bed."

Still hopeful, the solicitor tried once again.

"What I'm trying to find out are what grounds you have."

"Bless ye, sor. We live in a flat -- not even a window box, let alone grounds."

"Mrs. O'Connor," the solicitor said in considerable exasperation, "you need a reason that the court can consider.

What is the reason for you seeking this divorce?"

"Ah, well now," said the lady,

"Shure it's because the man can't hold an intelligent conversation."

As soon as she had finished parochial school, a bright young girl named Lena shook the dust of Ireland off her shoes and made her way to New York where before long, she became a successful performer in show business.

Eventually she returned to her home town for a visit and on a Saturday night went to confession in the church which she had always attended as a child. In the confessional Father Sullivan recognized her and began asking her about her work.

She explained that she was an acrobatic dancer, and he wanted to know what that meant.

She said she would be happy to show him the kind of thing she did on stage.

She stepped out of the confessional and within sight of Father Sullivan, she went into a series of cartwheels, leaping splits, handsprings and backflips. Kneeling near the confessional, waiting their turn, were two middle-aged ladies. They witnessed Lena's acrobatics with wide eyes, and one said to the other:

"Will you just look at the penance Father Sullivan is givin' out this night, and me without me bloomers on!"

May your home be filled with laughter

May your pockets be filled with gold

And may you have all the happiness

Your Irish heart can hold.

May the lilt of Irish laughter Lighten every load, May the mist of Irish magic Shorten every road, May you taste the sweetest pleasures That fortune ere bestowed, And may all your friends remember. All the favors you are owed.

Ten million glasses of Guinness are consumed every day.

Happy St. Patrick's Day

