

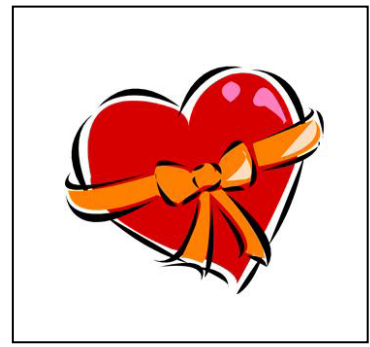


The Phoghorn



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Next Meeting

February 16th, 2011 at the Boys and Girls Club. Our speakers will be a complete surprise but I'm assured very interesting

Last month's Meeting

The meeting opened, chaired by President **Bob Capson** and the singing of O Canada. This was followed by our usual sing song led by Gordon Mouland, and despite Gordon's efforts was a little less tuneful than usual.

Secretary Robert Taylor read the minutes of the November meeting which were duly passed unanimously.

It was reported that **Bill Brydges**, **Fred Chapman** and **Ralph Murray** were still on the sick list. We wish them all a speedy recovery and hope to see them at Probust real soon.

Treasurer Don Michner reported that we were solvent with approximately \$1400 in the bank.

Robert Taylor - our esteemed secretary - then presented his biographical profile which covered his teaching career at Saint John High, worldwide travels and his hobby of driving cab in the KV Valley. A well received presentation.

House Manager, Clive Douthright solicited 21 for Beef Stew lunch.

Yours truly then regaled the meeting with some side splitting pithy humour which elicited the usual groans and a promise not to repeat this performance too often in the future. President Bob then called an adjournment for coffee to quell further reprisals against the Phoghorn editor.

Upon resumption, President Bob then drew his own number to claim the 60/40 prize of \$81 upon which there were many calls of "Fix" -so much so that Bob agreed to donate his ill gotten gains to the Boys and Girls Club.

President Bob then introduced our speaker, our Treasurer Don Michner, who gave us a very thought provoking talk which was basically a "To Do" list prior to your demise".

A precis of Don's talk is attached so put it on the fridge door and tick off the items. It may not help you much but it will make it a lot easier for the loved ones you leave behind.

Now for those absolutely funny non groaning funnies

Subject: Guys

A group of 15 year-old guys discussed where they should meet for a bite. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Dairy Queen next to the Ocean View restaurant because they only had \$6.00 between them and Cindy Johnson, that cute girl in Social Studies, lives on that street and they might see her, and they can ride their bikes there.

10 years later, the group of 25 year-old guys discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the beer was cheap, they had free snacks, the band was good, there was no cover, and there were lots of cute girls.

10 years later, at 35 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the Gin & tonics were good, it was right near the gym, and if they go late enough, there wouldn't be too many whiny little kids.

10 years later, at 45 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the martinis were big, and the Waitress there wore low cut outfits.

10 years later, at 55 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally it was agreed they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food there was reasonable, the wine list was good, they had an organic menu and fish is good for your cholesterol.

10 years later, at 65 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because lighting was good and they have an early bird special.

10 years later, at 75 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because food was not too spicy, the restaurant was handicapped accessible, and they even had an elevator!

10 years later, at 85 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.



Yesterday I was at my local COSTCO buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for my loyal pet, Alpine, the Wonder Dog and was in the check-out line when

A woman behind me asked if I had a dog.

What did she think I had - an elephant? So since I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the Purina Diet again. I added that I probably shouldn't, because I ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms. I told her that it was essentially a Perfect Diet and that the way that it works is, to load your pants pockets with Purina Nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in line was now enthralled with my story.)

Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care, because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no, I stepped off a curb to sniff a poodle's ass and a car hit me. Costco won't let me shop there anymore.

Better watch what you ask retired people. They have all the time in the World to think of crazy things to say.