



# The Phoghorn



Published by PROBUS

A Professional and Business Retirees Club

Probud Club of Saint John

c/o Boys and Girls club, Paul Harris Street, Saint John, NB E2L 3V9

Website Address: <http://www.sjprobud.ca>

Next Meeting March 19th at 10am at the Boys and girls club. Our speakers will be Saint John Fire Chief Kevin Clifford and his deputy Joe Armstrong, they will be speaking on Emergency Measures response capabilities with reference to industries in the Saint John Area.

**Minutes of February 19th Meeting** 10am Presidents call to order followed by O Canada, the rendition was rather weak as only 12 members were in attendance on account of the snowy weather. This was followed by a moments silence in memoriam of the passing of long time member Ron Doucette, we extend our condolences to his family and friends.

Gordon Mouland tried diligently to brighten things up with our sing song but the absence of the entire Bass and alto sections hampered his efforts.

The Minutes of the January meeting were passed as circulated in the Phoghorn by Gordon Dempsey seconded by Gordon Mouland. We then had a general discussion on club affairs interspered with some good jokes from several members. A dozen hands went up when it was announced that Chilli was the lunch special. No guests were presented and it was announced that Phoghorn Editor Tom Neil was in hospital after slipping on some ice. President Ralph said he's assumed his old Phoghorn shoes for the February edition of the Phoghorn and that email distribution was now much smoother having switched from G mail to Bell Aliant, he emphasised that everyone should make the club aware of any email address changes.

**Treasurers Report** ..there was none and its reported that Don Mitchener was seen at some luxury resort in the Dominican Republic but the President reported he'd signed no checks.

In the absence of our regular 60/40 vendors VP Tor stepped up to the plate and we had an arms length sale which proved very successful.

Meeting was adjourned at 1045 for Coffee and socialising

Upon resumption Jack Macmillan gave a heart warming introduction of our speakers from the Saint John Hospital Foundation Jeff Mclone and Victoria Clarke who after some considerable difficulty on which I will not elaborate drew John Doyle's name as winner of the \$78 60/40 prize which was donated to the Boys and girls club.

The presentation was excellent and extremely enlightening as we were given details of the latest effort of the foundation. This year the Foundation will be emphasising Gene sequencing technology which will put Saint John on the leading edge of this area in Canada. The talk elicited many questions and discussion. Our guests were thanked by President Ralph and the meeting was adjourned at 1200 for lunch

## Begorra ,bless my soul and may the Saints Preserve us its Funnies Time and wev'e found the crock of gold at the end of the Rainbow as we celebrate St Patrick's day and everything Irish

Murphy approached Mulligan's bar. On the step outside he was accosted by a nun, Sister Marie, who said:

'Surely a fine man like yourself is not going into this den of iniquity? Surely you're not going to waste your hard-earned cash on the devil's brew. Why don't you go home and feed and clothe your wife and children?'

'Hang on, Sister,' spluttered Murphy. 'How can you condemn alcohol out of hand? Surely it's wrong to form such a rash judgement when you've never tasted the stuff?'

'Very well,' said Sister Marie. 'I'll taste it just to prove my point. Obviously I can't go into the pub, so why don't you bring me some gin. Oh, and just to camouflage my intent, maybe you should bring it in a cup not a glass!'

'OK,' said Murphy and into the bar he breezed.

'I'll have a large gin,' he said to the barman. 'And can you put it in a cup?'

'My God,' said the barman, 'that nun's not outside again is she?'

Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend Finney. "Did you see the paper?" asked Gallagher. "They say I died!!""Yes, I saw it!" replied Finney. "Where are ye calling' from?"

An Irish priest is driving down to New York and gets stopped for speeding in Connecticut. The state trooper smells alcohol on the priest's breath and then sees an empty wine bottle on the floor of the car.

He says, "Sir, have you been drinking?"

"Just water," says the priest.

The trooper says, "Then why do I smell wine?"

The priest looks at the bottle and says, "Good Lord! He's done it again!"

An Irishman was flustered not being able to find a parking space in a large mall's parking lot. "Lord," he prayed, "I can't stand this. If you open a space up for me, I swear I'll give up drinking me whiskey, and I promise to go to church every Sunday." Suddenly, the clouds parted and the sun shone on an empty parking spot. Without hesitation, the man said, "Never mind, I found one"

Paddy and Mick are walking down the road and Paddy's got a bag of doughnuts in his hand. Paddy says to Mick, "If you can guess how many doughnuts are in my bag, you can have them both"

May your glass be ever full. May the roof over your head be always strong. And may you be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you're dead.

## Happy St.Patrick's Day