

PROBUS

The
***“PHOGHORN
Newsletter”***

Saint John, NB CANADA

SEPTEMBER—2020

Monthly Edition

Volume 28—#1

28 YEARS!



“THE PHOGHORN”



A Professional and Business Retirees Club.

PROBUS Monthly Newsletter

PROBUS Club Membership #026. Published by *PROBUS Club* of Saint John, NB E2L 3V9

Meetings are at the *Canada Best Value Inn on Main St, next to the Lord Beaverbrook Arena, every third Wednesday of the month, 10:00 am.* Website <http://www.sjprobus.ca> --- *PROBUS CANADA* website www.probus.org

Volume 28—#1.... SEPTEMBER 2020

2020—2021 Executive members

Don LeBlanc ----- President
Ed O’Keefe ----- Past president
John Andrews -1st Vice President (to be confirmed by vote)
Peter Morris -2nd Vice President (to be confirmed by vote)
Robert Taylor -----Treasurer
Chip Lawton -----Secretary



President Don LeBlanc in the chair

Presidents’ Report.

Our Club has been meeting as Executive and Committee Chairs to deal with changes that will be required going into our new PROBUS Year in September. We will assume that our Provincial orders will continue as now in place- so subject to that condition; we intend to begin holding physical gatherings.

We will begin gradually **Sept 16th at 10:00am** at the *Canada Best Value Inn on the corner of Portland and Main Street, Saint John.* This is our first time at this hotel for a meeting. This hotel was known as the *Fort Howe Hotel.*

All may attend- but kindly be aware that if you feel that you have additional health vulnerability or any type of a “cold”- Please DO NOT Attend.

As you enter the meeting room, face masks are available if you wish to have one. Hand sanitizers are also available. In keeping with provincial regulations, your contact name will be recorded. PROBUS has a members list with all that information on it so we will just highlight your name as you enter. Please make sure this is done.

Our first meeting will also be the *General Meeting* as well (*AGM*). This is our 28th year as a PROBUS club in Saint John. Several items are on the agenda, such as, our two new 1st and 2nd Vice Presidents will be sworn in officially. Our President Don will have other business to bring forward. Robert Taylor will address the financial business end. Robert will also talk about *PROBUS Global* community in the **UK.**

Dues for the upcoming may be paid during the coffee break to Robert. It is suggested you wait until that time. Also, at the break, 10:30 am, a person from the restaurant will take your order if you are staying for lunch. The cost of lunch is \$15.00 with tax included.

September 16th is our start of a new year, the 28th, for Saint John PROBUS. The years fly by for sure, 28years!

Tea and coffee will be offered but at an extra cost. Cost is to the PROBUS Club so please put **some coins** in the container provided. It is planned that the coffee will be inside the meeting room.

Scenes from Saint John from years ago.



Loyalist Burial ground



In **1900**, **Saint John** was the economic centre of the province. See top picture of the commerce. The slip was filled in many years ago. The ***Delta Hotel*** is in the background.



A view of **Germain Street** looking down to the **South End** of the city, harbour front



This "incredibly rare" street scene taken between 1860 and 1865 captures the corner of **King and Germain**, looking north toward **Stone Church**.

The figure in the foreground is "**an apple-seller**". "There would have been a number of vendors who would have sat on the corner selling apples, and this is one of them — with her head shaded by an umbrella."



The things you see in **Northern Canada**

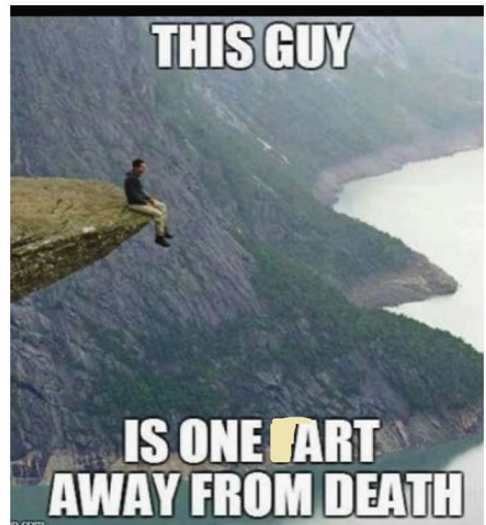


Sounds like a good reason to me!

Remember the days of eating lunch at the Woolworth's lunch counter?



At the corner of **King and Charlotte Streets**



Sign of the times?

Time for Floridians to become sunbirds and migrate north?

Dear Canadian snowbirds: We need to talk. As an unofficial **South Florida ambassador**, I would like to begin negotiations for a reverse migration this winter. For decades now, we here in South Florida have opened our hands in friendship (and in your pockets) to welcome you for an extended respite from cold Canadian winters.

Every November, we have come to expect the sight of your packed vehicles, caked with a white layer of road salt, making their way south on I-95.

We have graciously accommodated this migration. OK, well maybe semi-graciously. The point is, we weren't successful at running you off.

We have watched you loll on our shoreline like pale beached whales, get your fill at our all-you-can-eat buffets, and shower us with your gentle good nature, so gentle that it somehow becomes irritating.

Nevertheless, we've been good hosts on the whole — not counting the road rage, concealed handguns, widespread unchecked mental illness, and general lack of French speakers and poutine.

But alas, the paradigm has shifted. And now it is your turn to host us.

I know what you're thinking. Why would anybody want to leave sunny South Florida in the winter and go to Canada?

Well, the short answer is: We're desperate.

Nobody wants us anymore. And we really need to leave.

We've bungled the response to COVID-19 so badly that nearly all the world won't allow American tourists to come there. I wouldn't be surprised if Mexico takes over building the wall.

Sure, we could still go to Rwanda, Belarus and Haiti, but all the places we like to go are off limits now.

We're being treated like infected pariahs. No American tourists allowed.

And I can't blame these other countries. The United States has less than 5 percent of the world's population but a quarter of the world's COVID-19 cases.

Some say that's because we're doing a lot of testing, and all that testing results in more cases. But that doesn't explain why we also have more than 22 percent of the world's COVID19 deaths — the most deaths in the world. Or that in the 23 countries most affected by coronavirus, our deaths per- 100,000-population number here in the United States is the fourth highest in the world (behind the United Kingdom, Peru and Chile), according to the Johns Hopkins Coronavirus Resource Center.

We're supposed to be the gold standard in care.

If only we could be more like you, Canada, with your healthcare- for-all and your COVID-19 death rate per-100,000-people about half of ours.

It's no wonder that you've joined other nations in the world to keep American tourists from entering your country for now.

But what's going to happen in November? You're probably not going to want to make your annual Florida trek, barring some miracle.

And by a miracle, I mean our leaders switching their focus from saving the college football season to saving schoolteachers' and students' lives by making instant-results COVID19 tests available to all schools.

Not likely. So, here's the plan.

We here in South Florida will come to you in Canada this winter. It will probably take some special legislative action by the Canadian Parliament to allow it.

You'll need to make available a number of refugee visas for South Floridians between say, November and March.

It's the least you can do to repay us for the winters we've hosted you as refugees from the cold.

Meanwhile, we'll put a few extra logs on the fire and do our best to be good house guests for you in Canada this winter.

We'll shovel your driveways, learn to ice fish and play pentaquin, and earn points on our Tim Hortons reward cards. And you can teach us how to be kind and patient. (Good luck with that.) And then for the Winter of 2022, you can come back here to South Florida, and we'll start resenting you again.

Waddya say?

Palm Beach Post Edition

HARD WORK...

Every morning, the CEO of a large bank in Manhattan walks to the corner where a shoeshine is always located.

He sits on the couch, examines the Wall Street Journal, and the shoeshine gives his shoes a shiny, excellent look.

One morning the shoeshine asks the Executive Director:

What do you think about the situation in the stock market?

The Director asks in turn arrogantly:

Why are you so interested in that - that topic?

"I have a million dollars in your bank," the shoeshine says, "and I'm considering investing some of the money in the capital market."

What is your name? –Asks the Director.

John Smith H.

The Director arrives at the bank and asks the Manager of the Customer Department:

Do we have a client named John Smith H.

Certainly –answers the Customer Service Manager–, he is a highly esteemed customer. He has a million dollars in his account.

The Director comes out, approaches the shoeshine, and says:

Mr. Smith, I ask you this coming Monday to be the guest of honor at our board meeting and tell us the story of your life. I am sure we will have something to learn from you.

At the board meeting, the Executive Director introduces him to the board members:

We all know Mr. Smith, who makes our shoes shine in the corner; but Mr. Smith is also our esteemed customer with a million dollars in his account. I invited him to tell us the story of his life. I am sure we can learn from him.

Mr. Smith began his story:

I came to this country fifty years ago as a young immigrant from Europe with an unpronounceable name. I got off the ship without a penny. The first thing I did was change my name to Smith. I was hungry and exhausted. I started wandering around looking for a job but to no avail. Suddenly I found a coin on the sidewalk. I bought an apple. I had two options: eat the apple and quench my hunger or start a business. I sold the apple for two dollars and bought two apples with the money. I also sold them and continued in business. When I started accumulating dollars, I was able to buy a set of used brushes and shoe polish and started polishing shoes. I didn't spend a penny on entertainment or clothing, I just bought bread and some cheese to survive. I saved penny by penny and after a while, I bought a new set of shoe brushes and ointments in different shades and expanded my clientele. I lived like a monk and saved penny by penny. After a while I was able to buy an armchair so that my clients could sit comfortably while cleaning their shoes, and that brought me more clients. I did not spend a penny on the joys of life. I kept saving every penny. A few years ago, when the previous shoeshine on the corner decided to retire, I had already saved enough money to buy his shoeshine location at this great place.

Finally, three months ago, my sister, *who was a lady of the night*, in Chicago, passed away and left me a million dollars.

The Australian Male sense of humor and attitude to women shines through!!

The missus isn't talking to me. She said I ruined her birthday. I'm not sure how...I didn't even know it was her birthday!

After too many beers, my mate asked if he could crash out on my sofa. I had to explain to him that I'm married now, so that's where I sleep.

The missus said she's leaving me because I invade her privacy too often. At least that's what it says in her diary.

As me and the missus headed off on a romantic holiday, we talked about what kinky things we'd like to do to each other. She said, "I've always wanted to be handcuffed." So, I planted a kilo of cocaine in her suitcase.

Woman to husband: "Let's go out and have some fun tonight!" Husband: "Okay, but if you get home before I do, leave the hall light on."

My mate is thinking about asking his ex-missus to re-marry him, but he's worried she'll think he is just after her for his money.

Two guys in a health club, one is putting on a pair of women's lace knickers. 1st guy: "Since when do you wear women's underwear?" 2nd guy: "Since the missus found 'em in the glove box."

My missus left me for another bloke. All that lies ahead now is a miserable, pointless life, with suicide seemingly the only way out. And while the poor bugger's going through all that, I'll be down at the pub with my mates every night!

My missus left a note on the fridge: "It's not working. I can't take it anymore; I'm going to live with my mum." I opened the fridge door, the light came on, the beer was cold. What the hell is she on about?"

The intent is to keep the lines of communications open amongst **PROBUS MEMBERS**. If you have any information about other PROBUS members, such as birthdays, hospital stays, etc. and would like to share that with other members, by all means drop me an email and I will be only too happy to put that news in the next edition of ***The Phoghorn Newsletter***.

- *We have learned **Bill Covert** has indeed made it back to Canada, in good health, and has quarantined himself for the required two-week period. He has stated it took 2 weeks to readjust his body to our local time.*

Welcome home Bill!

- *We have learned that **Randy Giffin** had a stay in the local hospital for a number of weeks but is now home and doing well. Randy is or will be 94 years and a member of PROBUS FOR 25 years.*



Tom Craig
The Phoghorn Newsletter.
September 2020

