

KIWAN-O-GRAM
Saturday, April 02, 2011
March 2011

Chester, VA Kiwan-O-Gram

Newsletter Editor: Kathleen J. Wiltsie.

Thank you in advance for your contributions to your newsletter.

OFFICERS: President:	Joan Benton
Vice-President:	
Treasurer:	Robert Cassada
Secretary:	Philip Crow
Immediate Past President:	Gary Burleigh

Prez Joan Benton's 5 F's: Faith, Family, Friends, Finances & Fun

Email k_wiltsie@comcast.net with your health questions and the answers will be in the next "For Better Health" column.

March & April Birthdays Happy Birthday!!!

3/3 Kate Wiltsie
3/24 Joan Benton
3/29/1972 CHESTER KIWANIS BIRTHDAY
4/12 Brad Trotter
4/20 Tom Williams
4/23 Thomas Moody
4/28 Dayton Todd

Anniversaries

Speaker Ideas always welcomed!!

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Speaker Chairperson Apr, May, June Noelle Grosso

11 April - Juvenile Diabetes Foundation

18 April - SportsQuest

25 April - Pass It Forward Semi-Annual event

9 May - Tastefully Simple Fundraiser

16 May - Battle at Chester Station

23 May - TBD

13 Jun - TBD

20 Jun - 1st Summer Social - Noelle's House

27 Jun - Virginia Capital Trail Foundation

Looks like 7 May will be the Club picnic/baseball game

Speaker Chairperson

Jul, Aug, Sep You 😊

Starting in July - September each member will have 10 minutes to talk- on any subject. The amount of time is negotiable - see Joan for details. It will be done alphabetically. 😊

July 4: ?Meeting

11: Joan Benton & Gary Burleigh

18: Walt Carter & Bob Cassada

25: Phil Crowe & Gary Crutchfield

Aug 1: Rick Dodson & David Duncan

8: Hank Dvorak & Bill Fox

15: Ronnie Gray & Noelle Grosso

22: Marshall Henry & Dr Joe Hillier

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29: John Howsman & Mary Lykins

Sep 5: ? Meeting

12: Angela Mc Daniel & Steve Miles

19: Guy Smith & Tom Sokol

26: Wayne Stuart & Ed Thompson

Go into October to catch others?

Donald Newton, K. Wiltsie, Danny Wyatt

JOKES

Contributed by Gary Burleigh

As Lot and his wife are fleeing from Sodom and Gomorrah, Lot's wife says to Lot, " You know you are going to have to buy me a new house, some more clothes and jewelry and not to mention dishes and silver ware; Lot replies, " Who is that behind you?"

Cowboy Boots

A Texas teacher was helping one of her kindergarten students put on his cowboy boots.

Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on. By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, "Teacher, they're on the wrong feet." She looked, and sure enough, they were. It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as together they worked to get the boots back on, this time on the right feet

. Then he announced, "These aren't my boots." She bit her tongue rather than get right in his face and scream, "Why didn't you say so?" like she wanted to. Once again, she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet. No sooner had they gotten the boots off when he said, "They're my brother's boots. My mom made me wear them."

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But, she mustered up what

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grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots on his feet again. Helping him into his coat, she asked, "Now, where are your mittens?" He said, "I stuffed them in the toes of my boots."

She will be eligible for parole in three years

Love The Irish

Paddy was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place. Looking up to heaven he said, 'Lord take pity on me. If you find me a parking place I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of me life and give up me Irish Whiskey!'

Miraculously, a parking place appeared.

Paddy looked up again and said, 'Never mind, I found one.'

Father Murphy walks into a pub in Donegal, and asks the first man he meets, 'Do you want to go to heaven?'

The man said, 'I do, Father.'

The priest said, 'Then stand over there against the wall.'

Then the priest asked the second man, 'Do you want to go to heaven?'

'Certainly, Father,' the man replied.

'Then stand over there against the wall,' said the priest.

Then Father Murphy walked up to O'Toole and asked, 'Do

you want to go to heaven?'

O'Toole said, 'No, I don't Father.'

The priest said, 'I don't believe this. You mean to tell me that when you die you don't want to go to heaven?'

O'Toole said, 'Oh, when I die , yes. I thought you were getting a group together to go right now.'

Paddy was in New York .

He was patiently waiting and watching the traffic cop on a busy street crossing. The cop stopped the flow of traffic and shouted, 'Okay, pedestrians.' Then he'd allow the traffic to pass.

He'd done this several times, and Paddy still stood on the sidewalk.

After the cop had shouted, 'Pedestrians!' for the tenth time, Paddy went over to him and said, 'Is it not about time ye let the Catholics across?'

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 callin' 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!'

Walking into the bar, Mike said to Charlie the bartender, 'Pour me a stiff one - just had another fight with the little woman.'

'Oh yeah?' said Charlie, 'And how did this one end?'

'When it was over,' Mike replied, 'She came to me on her hands and knees.'

'Really,' said Charles, 'Now that's a switch! What did she say?'

She said, 'Come out from under the bed, you little chicken.'

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'Oh yeah?' said Charlie, 'And how did this one end?'

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Life is too short for negative drama & petty things. So laugh insanely, love truly and forgive quickly!

A little silver-haired lady calls her neighbor and says, "Please come over here and help me. I have a killer jigsaw puzzle, and I can't figure out how to get started."

Her neighbor asks, "What is it supposed to be when it's finished?"

The little silver haired lady says, "According to the picture on the box, it's a rooster."

Her neighbor decides to go over and help with the puzzle.

She lets him in and shows him where she has the puzzle spread all over the table.

He studies the pieces for a moment, then looks at the box, then turns to her and says,

"First of all, no matter what we do, we're not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a rooster."

He takes her hand and says, "Secondly, I want you to relax. Let's have a nice cup of tea, and then," he said with a deep sigh

"Let's put all the Corn Flakes back in the box."

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GARFIELD ON THE OIL CRISIS

A lot of folks can't understand how we came to have an oil shortage here in our country.

Well, there's a very simple answer.

Nobody bothered to check the oil.

We just didn't know we were getting low.

The reason for that is purely geographical.

Our OIL is located in:

ALASKA

California

Coastal Florida

Coastal Louisiana

Coastal Alabama

Coastal Mississippi

Coastal Texas

North Dakota

Wyoming

Colorado

Kansas

Oklahoma

Pennsylvania

And

Texas

Our dipsticks are located in DC.

Any questions? NO? Didn't think so.

A COWBOY NAMED BUD A cowboy named Bud was overseeing his herd in a remote mountainous pasture in California when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced toward him out of a cloud of dust.

The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, Ray-Ban sunglasses and YSL tie, leaned out the window and asked the cowboy, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, will you give me a calf?"

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Bud looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing herd and calmly answers, "Sure, Why not?"

The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his Cingular RAZR V3 cell phone, and surfs to a NASA page on the

Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo.

The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photo Shop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany.

Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL database

through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response. Finally, he prints out a full-color, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer, turns to the cowboy and says, "You have exactly 1,586 cows and calves." "That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says Bud.

He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his car.

Then Bud says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?" The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"

"You're a Congressman for the U.S. Government", says Bud.

"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?" "No guessing required." answered the cowboy. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked. You used millions of dollars worth of equipment

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trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know a thing about how working people make a living"or about cows, for that matter. This is a herd of sheep...Now give me back my dog.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN GUILTY OF LOOKING AT OTHERS YOUR OWN AGE AND THINKING, SURELY I CAN'T LOOK THAT OLD.

WELL . . . YOU'LL LOVE THIS ONE.

MY NAME IS ALICE , AND I WAS SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM FOR MY FIRST APPOINTMENT WITH A NEW DENTIST.

I NOTICED HIS DDS DIPLOMA ON THE WALL, WHICH BORE HIS FULL NAME. SUDDENLY, I REMEMBERED A TALL, HANDSOME, DARK-HAIRED BOY WITH THE SAME NAME HAD BEEN IN MY HIGH SCHOOL CLASS SOME 40-ODD YEARS AGO.

COULD HE BE THE SAME GUY THAT I HAD A SECRET CRUSH ON, WAY BACK THEN?

UPON SEEING HIM, HOWEVER, I QUICKLY DISCARDED ANY SUCH THOUGHT.

THIS BALDING, GRAY-HAIRED MAN WITH THE DEEPLY LINED FACE WAS WAY TOO OLD TO HAVE BEEN MY CLASSMATE.

AFTER HE EXAMINED MY TEETH, I ASKED HIM IF HE HAD ATTENDED MORGAN PARK HIGH SCHOOL .

'YES. YES, I DID. I'M A MUSTANG,' HE GLEAMED WITH PRIDE.

WHEN DID YOU GRADUATE?' I ASKED.
HE ANSWERED, 'IN 1975. WHY DO YOU ASK?'
YOU WERE IN MY CLASS!', I EXCLAIMED.

HE LOOKED AT ME CLOSELY.

THEN, THAT UGLY,

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OLD,

BALD,

WRINKLED FACED,

FAT-ASSED,

GRAY-HAIRED,

DECREPIT

ASKED.....

'WHAT DID YOU TEACH???'

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