

Thanks to Our Volunteers!



Chester, Ways & Means, Anne Thompson Memorial



Saturday Crew Left to Right
Kent, Tammy, Mary

Thanks to Our Volunteers!



Kelly, 50 / 50 Draw



Russell, our Caterer
With his fabulous Saturday Delights

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The Dream Team
Left to Right: Janet, Dan, Linda

District Dart Winners

The team of Bill Muir, Rick Callahan, Phil Kerr and Alex Cameron won the District Dart Championship on March 3rd. Congratulations and good luck at the Provincial championship.



From left to right: Bill Muir and Rick Callahan. Absent Phil Kerr and Alex Cameron.

The new employee stood before the paper shredder looking confused. "Need some help?" a secretary, walking by, asked. "Yes," he replied, "how does this thing work?" "Simple," she said, taking the fat report from his hand and feeding it into the shredder. "Thanks, but where do the copies come out?"



A man in his 40's bought a new BMW and was out on the interstate for a nice evening drive. The top was down, the breeze was blowing through what was left of his hair, and he decided to open her up. As the needle jumped up to 80 mph, he suddenly saw flashing red and blue lights behind him. "There's no way they can catch a BMW," he thought to himself and opened her up further. The needle hit 90, 100.... then the reality of the situation hit him. "What the heck am I doing?" he thought and pulled over.

The cop came up to him, took his license without a word, and examined it and the car. "It's been a long day, this is the end of my shift, and it's Friday the 13th. I don't feel like more paperwork, so if you can give me an excuse for your driving that I haven't heard before, you can go." The guy thinks for a second and says, "Last week my wife ran off with a cop. I was afraid you were trying to give her back." "Have a nice weekend," said the officer.



It was the day of the big sale. Rumours of the sale and some advertising in the local paper were the main reason for the long line that formed by 8:30 in the morning in front of the store. A small man pushed his way to the front of the line, only to be pushed back, amid loud and colourful curses.

On the man's second attempt, he was punched square in the jaw, and knocked around a bit, and then thrown to the end of the line again. As he got up the second time, he said to the person at the end of the line, "That does it! If they hit me one more time, I don't open the damn store!"



He who laughs last thinks slowest.