

ow, hard to believe it is August already. Where did the summer go?

Time to get your fill of fried foods and good old-fashioned farm odors down at the State Fair. But don't forget to take a break from the deep-fried farm festivities and join us at our meeting on the 14th for some burgers and dogs and good company.

That's right, it is our annual friends of Friendly Sons meeting. We will be hosting some of our sponsors and those whom we support. It is a great opportunity to bring what we do to our doorstep.

Traditionally, we like to host as many former queens as we can at this meeting (they always make our group look better), so if you know one and are aware of her whereabouts, please invite her.

So, grab some canned goods, or bring a cash donation for the food pantry, and we will feed you for free. May no good deed go unpunished!

We are also gearing up for our bike ride, so if you are interested in helping with this event, please sign-up with T-Bone. We will also have a sign-up for Miracle League volunteers, another great opportunity for us to get involved with those we support.

Before I say my farewell, may you all fare well during the Fair and enjoy all the Fair fare in moderation, for too much Fair fare can lead to fairly unfavorable consequences.

Stay classy, Sons.

President Tim Schuck

## Wearin' of the Grin

A man goes to the dentist have a tooth pulled. The dentist pulls out a freezing needle to give the man a shot. "No way! No needles! I hate needles," the patient says. The dentist starts to hook up the laughing gas and the man objects. "I can't do the gas thing. The thought of having the gas mask on is suffocating me!"

The dentist then asks the patient if he has any objection to taking a pill.

"No objection," the patient says. "I'm fine with pills." The dentist then returns and says, "Here's a Viagra tablet." The patient says, "Wow! Viagra works as a pain killer?"

"It doesn't," said the dentist, "but it will give you something to hold onto when I pull your tooth out!"



A visiting Pastor was attending a men's breakfast in a rural county. He asked one of the impressive older farmers in attendance to say grace. The old farmer began: "Lord, I hate buttermilk."

The Pastor opened one eye and wondered where this was

going. Then the farmer loudly proclaimed, "Lord, I hate lard." Now the Pastor was worried. However, the farmer prayed on,

"And Lord, you know I don't care much for raw white flour." The Pastor was ready to stand and stop everything, but the farmer continued, "But Lord, when you mix 'em all together and bake 'em up, I do love fresh biscuits. So Lord, when things come up we don't like, when life gets hard, when we just don't understand what you are sayin' to us, we just need to relax and wait 'till You are done mixin' and probably it will be somethin' even better than biscuits. Amen.'



# **Upcoming:**

Monthly Meeting August 14, 6:30 p.m.

Menu: Hamburgers / Brats Sweet Corn / Baked Beans Tomatoes

Halfway to St. Pat's Bike Ride September 16

> Next Meeting September 11



#### **Board Contact Info:**

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out the year.

All of these members of our "Friends of the Friends" network are either groups that we have proudly supported with financial donations and volunteered time, or ones that have helped us in our philanthropic activites.

RSVP's are coming in this week and those who can attend will be treated to a downhome Iowa summer feast of burgers, brats, hot dogs, sweet corn, tomatoes and baked

beans. Once again, you'll be helping the **Food** Bank of Iowa if you bring a sack or box of canned food items in lieu of your meal fee.

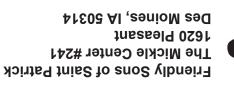
Raid your pantries or consider the quick and simple alternative of grabbing a pre-packed night will work, too.

If you haven't already done so, you might take a moment to learn more about the Food Bank by going to www.foodbankiowa.org. There you can read about the incredibly important work this private, non-profit association does day-in and day-out. Volunteers distribute food and grocery products to 375 partner agencies in 55 counties, agencies that include soup kitchens, food pantries, homeless and domestic violence shelters, child and adult care centers, and youth and senior programs."

We'll need a little extra help in getting the room at Mickle set up that night. More tables and chairs than usual will be needed and some extra hands would be appreciated. Next Monday night, come and celebrate the fine groups we associate with yearly.

et pumped up for our **annual bike ride on Sept. 16**. Halfway to All the tried-and-true arrangements are in place for St. Patrick's the annual ride from Orlondo's to Cumming. Tshirts are ordered and raffle tickets are printed. Old School Bíke Ríðe will play at the bar in Cumming from 2-5 p.m. and the Sígn-up Spud & Spoon races will be held at 4 p.m.

We gotta have help putting this on and yes, we're talking to you. Can you sell a book or two of raffle tickets? Can you assist with registration at Orlondo's that morning around 10 a.m.? Can you publicize this to riders you know? If joining the ride committee looks like a good way to be a part of the FSOSP then all you have to do is sign up at the front table next week.





#### AUGUST [LÚNASA] 2017

# Come to our annual 'friends' gathering

on't miss this month's meeting, gents. It's one of our most important ones because we welcome as guests many of the organizations that mean so much to us through-



donation assortment at your local HyVee. Otherwise, the usual \$10 cash donation that

## Cleansing needed when the 'humor cup runneth over'...

ugust seems like a good time to do a little house-cleaning here at Blarney central. Your Blarney-scribe is grateful for All the humor pieces that are being contributed for inclusion in the monthly newsletter. Keep 'em coming. But currently, the hilarity bin is bulging because there's never enough room to present more than one or two in each month's issue. So let's give these little gems their shot on the "Wearin' of the Grin" stage, shall we? This may well become an annual yuk-yuk summer garage sale of sorts...



A Wyoming farm wife called the local phone company to report her telephone failed to ring when her friends called. And that on the few occasions, when it did ring, her dog always moaned right before the phone rang.

The telephone repairman proceeded to the scene, curious to see this psychic dog or senile lady. He climbed a telephone pole, hooked in his test set, and dialed the subscriber's house.

The phone didn't ring right away, but then the dog moaned and the telephone began to ring.

Climbing down from the pole, the telephone repairman found:

1. The dog was tied to the telephone system's ground wire with a steel chain and collar.

2. The wire connection to the ground rod was loose.

3. The dog was receiving 90 volts of signaling current when the number was called.

4. After a couple of jolts, the dog would start moaning and then urinate.

5. The wet ground would complete the circuit, thus causing the phone to ring.

Which demonstrates that some problems CAN be fixed by pissing and moaning.



All the members of the company's Board of Directors were called into the chairman's office, one after another,

until only Ted, the junior member, was left sitting outside. Finally it was his turn to be summoned.

Ted entered the office to find the chairman and the other four directors seated at the far end of the boardroom table.

Ted was instructed to stand at the other end of the table, which he did.

The chairman looked Ted squarely in the eye, and with a stern voice, he asked, "Have you ever had sex with my secretary, Miss Foyt?"

"Oh, no, sir, positively not!" Ted replied.

"Are you absolutely sure?" asked the chairman.

"Honest, I've never been close enough to even touch her!" "You'd swear to that?"

"Yes, I swear I've never had sex with Miss Foyt, anytime, anywhere," insisted Ted.

"Good. Then you fire her."



**Two good ol' boys** in a Alabama trailer park were sitting around talking one afternoon over a cold beer after getting off work at the local Nissan plant.

After a while the 1st guy says to the 2nd, "If n I was to sneak over to your trailer Saturday and make love to your wife while you was off huntin' and she got pregnant and had a baby, would that make us kin?"

The 2nd guy crooked his head sideways for a minute, scratched his head and squinted his eyes thinking real hard about the question. Finally, he says, "Well, I don't know about kin, but it would make us even!"

## An Amish woman and her daughter were riding in an old buggy one cold blustery day. The daughter said to her mother, "My hands are freezing cold."

The mother replied, "Put them between your legs. Your body heat will warm them up." The daughter did, and her hands warmed up.

The next day the daughter was riding with her boyfriend who said, "My hands are freezing cold." The girl replied, "Put them between my legs. The warmth of my body will warm them up." He did, and warmed his hands.

The following day the boyfriend was again in the buggy with the daughter. He said, "My nose is cold." The girl replied "Put it between my legs. The warmth of my body will warm it up." He did, and warmed his nose.

The next day the boyfriend was again driving with the daughter, and he said, "My penis is frozen solid."

The following day the daughter was driving in the buggy with her mother again and she says to her mother,

"Have you ever heard of a penis?"

Slightly concerned the mother said, "Why, yes. Why do you ask?" The daughter replied, "They make one heck of a mess when they defrost, don't they?"



An Arab Sheik was admitted to Hospital for heart surgery, but prior to the surgery, the doctors needed to have some of his blood type stored in case the need arose.

As the gentleman had an extremely rare type of blood that couldn't be found locally, the call went out around the world. Finally a Scotsman was located who had the same rare blood type. After some coaxing, the Scot donated his blood for the Arab.

After the surgery the Arab sent the Scotsman a new BMW, a diamond necklace for his wife, and \$100,000 US dollars in appreciation for the blood donation.

A few months later, the Arab had to undergo a corrective surgery procedure once again and his doctor telephoned the Scotsman who this time was more than happy to donate his blood.

After the second surgery, the Arab sent the Scotsman a thankyou card and a box of Quality Street chocolates. The Scotsman was shocked that the Arab did not reciprocate his kind gesture as he had anticipated.

He then phoned the Arab and said, "I thought you would be more generous than that. The last time you sent me a BMW, diamonds and money, but this time you only sent me a lousy thank-you card and a crappy box of chocolates?"

To this the Arab replied, "Aye laddie, but I now have Scottish blood in me veins!"

## Board News

**V** e are continuing to look for more funding to cover our March parade expenses, especially in light of the increased costs each year for barricades.

Two grants are currently under consideration by Prairie Meadows and Polk County.

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The Sons are looking for volunteers to work at the Sept. **30 Miracle League games** at the Kiwanis field on SE 5th by Principal Park.

Two opportunities to play as "buddies" to the special needs kids are available, at 8:30 and 9:30. Look for the sign-up sheet at the meeting next week.

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Interest in inaugurating an annual Bag Tourney is still high, but nothing is firm yet.

The idea is to set up a multi-board playing arena and register 20-40 two-person teams. A series of elimination rounds would produce winners who would receive trophies and prizes.

Sully's new pub is the hands-on favorite for a location. A weekend in mid-October is a possible date.

#### Sept. 16 Bike Ride schedule:

(Has anyone told Renda we're coming...??) 11:00 Registration / 12:00 Best Bike award 1:00 Ride begins / 2-5:00 Band @ Cumming Tap 4:00 Spud & Spoon / 5:00 Raffle Drawing 

**Donations approved** at the July board meeting: \$50 to the memory of Kime Greene \$50 to the memory of Marty Hogan \$500 to Miracle League (to be presented at the Sept. 30 games)

Requiescat in pace

las, on the heels of recently reporting the passing of Bill Greene's wife, Kime, we have to sadly note the loss of Stan Hogan's wife, Marty, this past month.

Born in Sperry, Iowa, she was a patient care tech at Iowa Methodist Medical Center for thirty years. She and Stan raised seven children during their 59-year marriage.

We send our condolences to our friends Stan and Bill.

Memorial contributions may be made to St. Augustin's Catholic Church.



