

Charter Party May, 1991

Its too bad some of you had to miss it! If I had my way, those of you who weren't there would never hear anything about it -but ole 'Simon Legree' Heaney said it **must** be put in the Grapevine. So, all you old partypoopinrotarians, grasp your bifocals, hobble to your easy chair, and I shall relate to you by 'decree from Legree' the saga of 'Charter 23'!!! Now that is stretching poetic license to the limit, but --- also, a mistake honestly made. It seems our kindly old secretary, Bob Jones, ordered 23 year perfect attendance pins for those Charter Members who qualify. Now we have some charter members with 23 and some with 22 years of perfect attendance. Jones did it again!

By arriving early I had a chance to observe some of our newest members involved with their first attendance of this outstanding event. Joanne Bengiveno, Bonnie Piche, Jeff Rosen, and Brian O'Neill were having a heated discussion as to whether the streamers should be wound clockwise or counterclockwise before stringing them across the room. The final decision must have been a compromise because those on the door had no twist at all --- I like people who can make decisions like that. Anyway, good job you guys, the hall looked very nice. While this was going on, and in another part of the hall, Debbie DiBenedetto had Earl and Deano cutting small strips of crepe paper which she used to bundle the napkin-wrapped silverware (plasticware??). That kept all of us from slopping paper and plastic all the way from the serving station to the tables. Earl had double duty, he not only did the crepe paper caper, but was assigned to protect the cashews from all the people who were having early high tea. It wasn't even close, the sippers won in a cashew slide. Meanwhile, behind the bar our local clip artist, Jack O'B, was brewing and dispensing tea frantically and finally was assisted by none other than Mr. 'Juscallme G. Peter' Paul. I guess they did a good job because I saw people going up with nothing but empty and coming back with fulls and a face full of smile. I never touch the stuff myself or I could give you first hand pukka gin on the subject.

I went outside for a breath of fresh air, through the door with the straight drape, and was thoroughly amused by the antics of Paul C. and Bob N. Seems they were **constructing** a fire over which they intended to burn steaks. Looking at the stack of wood and shingles I heard Bob comment that if Paul would straighten a few of the top shingles, he thought Jonave could peddle it as habitable. About that time someone torched it and the deal was off. Their steak and sausage toasties were rather good and worth the sacrifice. Don Cameron, in another part of the designated 'cookshack' area, fired up the hot tub for the little critters he was baby sitting. He got them all bunched and told them to be sure to wash behind their ears while bathing. Now, I know he did a good job because I heard no complaints about anyone receiving a lobster with dirty ears.

Someone left the barn door open and all these people started pouring through it. Each had a lean and hungry look and, apparently, a mouth full of dry. The clipper and his crew began to serve thirst quenchers with alacrity (that's dictionary for fastly). Outside, in the 'chef's retreat', the Italian sausage and steaks danced across the hot grill with alacrity (I kinda like that word now) and the lobsters were doing half-gainers into their hot tub. Frenzy city; with all the talking, giggling, cooking, serving, quaffing, and music playing seeming to take place all at the same time. It took some doing by Earl and his crew, but soon all were unhungry and quenched to the point where the meeting might have a chance to start. It did.

Jerry stepped to the podium and the immediate silence was deafening. Disdaining the microphone, Jerry stepped to the fore and screamed his announcements. First, a short club meeting of sorts; next, passing out the perfect attendance pins - see the back of the 'Grapevine' for the list of recipients; and lastly, for the first time in Rotary history 'Privileged **Membership**' status was presented to Anne Griswold and Sue Roy in person, and in absentia, Beryl Maher. Control was lost at this point, so the meeting was adjourned and a party rose from the ashes. Good music, dancing,

and all those goodies that go with them began with alacrity (I really do like that word). Well, at this point, Bebe said it was time to take this child home so he could sleep in a prone position, so I don't know what happened. That's all.

Whoa - one more thing. Paul Heaney showed up because he couldn't go on vacation on account of frozen pipes!!!! Maybe the fine Monster should question that statement. Anyway, Paul said he still wouldn't do this @#%\$&^#@ article for the 'Grapevine'. Get him fine Monster.

A C H U K M A ! ! ! !