THE OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE GYRO CLUB OF SHERWOOD PARK

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I WAS JUST THINKING: Maybe if we tell people the brain is an app, they'll start using it.

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The Club's Grand Poobahs:

President: **Art Merrick**

Vice President: **Ken Lesniak**

Past President: **Bill Austin**

Treasurer: **Erik Braun**

Secretary: **John Williams**

Registrar: **Dorne Hunt**

Directors: **Dick Caddey, Dorne Hunt, George Ward, Paul West**

EDITOR'S RANT:

December is just around the corner. It's decision time for Movember mustaches. Do they stay or go? The election results will be finalized once the Green Party gets its recount in a few key states. (Who knew the US had a Green Party?) Jolly old Black Friday is behind us and for that, we are all thankful. The days continue to shorten since winter hasn't officially even started yet. There is no hope.

With all that in mind, I think its time for another electronics rant. My lap top took the week off and spent it in the IT Hospital with a hard drive ailment. I am all out of sympathy for these machines. It's a reciprocal reaction to their total lack of empathy about my needs and deadlines. Yes, they allow us to do things we have never been able to do with pencils, paper, typewriters and white-out, but they also make greater and greater demands on us humans. Expressions like "I'm dancing as fast as I can" and We're spiralling down the rabbit hole" come to mind as yet another system or device is thrust upon us. It has become very obvious that we are no longer the masters in our relationship with technology. Computers are.

Our children struggled and for the most part mastered enough skills to cope and even flourish in the computer age. Our grandchildren's brains are wired to not only accept computers as their vehicle for navigating life but actually enjoy it. I speak for myself but have heard it repeated enough by fellow "senior" friends and patients that I know I am not alone when I say, "Life was so much simpler before computers. We got along pretty well and had time to actually interact with each other in person." Now computers are the intermediary through which we communicate with our fellow humans. We text before we talk. We type thoughts and information

RANT contd.

sending it around the globe, which is amazing, and across the room, which is dumb. Those of us who took shop in school instead of typing spend half our time at the key-board re-doing what we wrote because when we finally look up at the screen, we realize we mis-hit the “A” key a few sentences BACK AND HALF OUR MESSAGE IS IN CAPS. All too often what we are working on suddenly and mysteriously disappears. I have been using computers since the days of the Macntosh and the Commodore and I still call my daughter to bail me out of an electronic jam almost daily. Obviously, when it comes to It, I may not be a quick study, but I’m slow. However, short of retreating to a mountain top and living out my days in silent solitude, I am resigned to continuing my struggle to co-exist with the technology of the age we live in.

I am sad that it appears generations after ours will walk stooped over, head down like geriatrics as they relate to their electronic devices instead of their fellow humans who are within speaking distance. I am sad that we are entering an era when our grandchildren will have to have a cryptologist decipher their now dead family member’s letters, written in cursive longhand writing – something no longer being taught in school. I am sad that libraries are closing left and right, even in schools. I am sad that with few exceptions we will likely be the last generation to be able to do simple arithmetic without the aid of an electronic device. I’m sad that the technology that was heralded as the great time saver has turned out to be such a demanding task master that we are working harder, longer and more alone than ever. November, with it’s shortened days, grey skies and bleak pro-spects for improvement any time soon, makes many of us sad. On the bright side …only 22 shopping days until Boxing Day.

NEW MEMBER PROPOSAL—2nd and final notice:

Milton (“Milt”) Lanes has been proposed for membership, sponsored by **Lloyd Wilson** and submitted by **Ray Davis**). He has become a regular at our meetings and even Curlarama which is more than some of us can say.

According to Lloyd, Milt enjoys fellowship, sports and combining the two. He also enjoys winning 50/50 draws. Lloyd describes Milt as being very personable and honest — not an asset for Liars’ Dice Night!).

The Lanes live in Sherwood Park and Milt is a patient of mine too, so that makes him a good guy on two more counts.

If anyone knows of any just cause why Milt and the Gyro Club of Sherwood Park should not be joined in membership speak now or forever….etc.

AGING GYROS:

Santa brought the following bundles of joy into their parent's hearts a lot of years ago:

Herb Zmurchuk (3rd); **Al Bleiken**(5th); **Greg Clarke** (6th); **Art Merrick** (13th); **Bill Carter** (15th); **Ray Davis** (17th); **Erik Braun** (21st).

That ol' Santa was a busy boy, but over the years he done good.

"Eli was 4 years old and was staying with his grandfather for a few days.

He'd been playing outside with the other kids, when he came into the house and asked, "Grandpa, what's that called when two people sleep in the same bedroom and one is on top of the other?"

His Grandpa was a little taken aback, but he decided to tell him the truth. "Well, Eli, it's called sexual intercourse."

"Oh," Little Eli said, "OK," and went back outside to play with the other kids.

A few minutes later he came back in and said angrily, 'Grandpa, it isn't called sexual intercourse. It's called Bunk Beds. And Jimmy's mom wants to talk to you.'"

LAST MEETING: Whist Night November 23rd

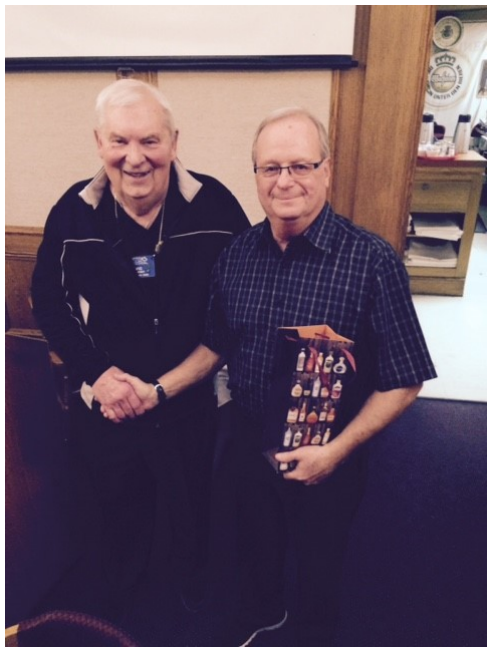
Gyros and their better halves whisted the night away at the GCCC after a fine buffet. When the dust settled around 9:30 (well past the evening's chairman Vic Synenky's bed time), the winners were declared and the coveted prize wine was distributed. **Carol Kleebaum** nabbed the Women's goodies; **Erik Braun** took the Men's and **Dorne Hunt g**ot the Raspberry wine for worst card whisterer of the night — probably the tightest race of the three.

Whisting, whisting everywhere!

Vic wants to go home

Carol Kleebaum

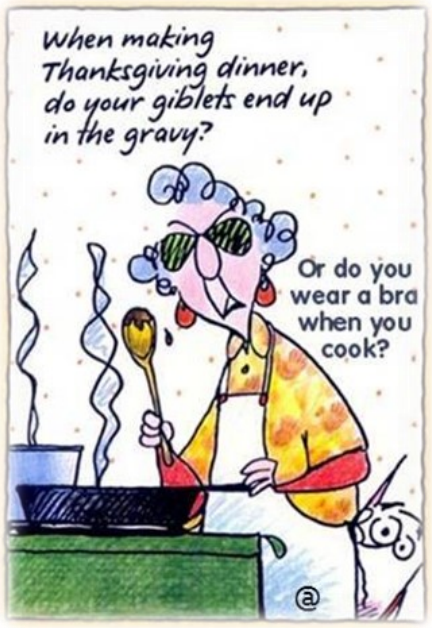
Erik Braun

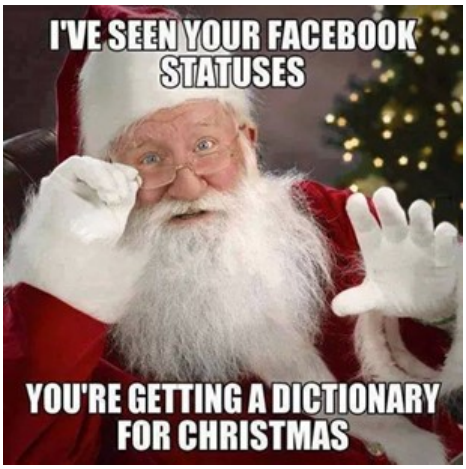


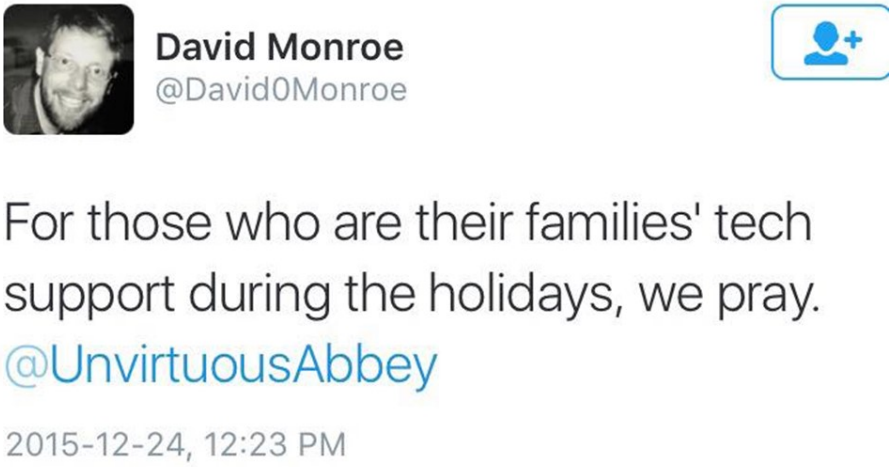
Dorne Hunt

Aaaaaaaaaand Vic Syvenky

OMG ...MOVEMBER'S OVER!
SANTA'S COMING!







Stats show that the average person has sex 89 times a year. Looks like I'm in store for a wild December.

Big bucks spent for this Christmas card photo, I bet.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS...

I don't remember this

But I do remember this!

NEXT MEETING : LIARS DICE, Dec. 7th

Earl Korber, the.korbs@shaw.ca , is will be your go-to guy for this always popular event where the winner has the best poker face and the cards are 6 sided cubes. This may be your best reason for getting those Botox shots and extreme face lift surgery you have always wanted. A permanent surprised/terrified look always does well in Liar's Dice. Let Earl know your plans and show up for some bare faced untruthing at the GCCC. Stiff drinks start at 6:00.

PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS PARTY Friday, Dec. 18th

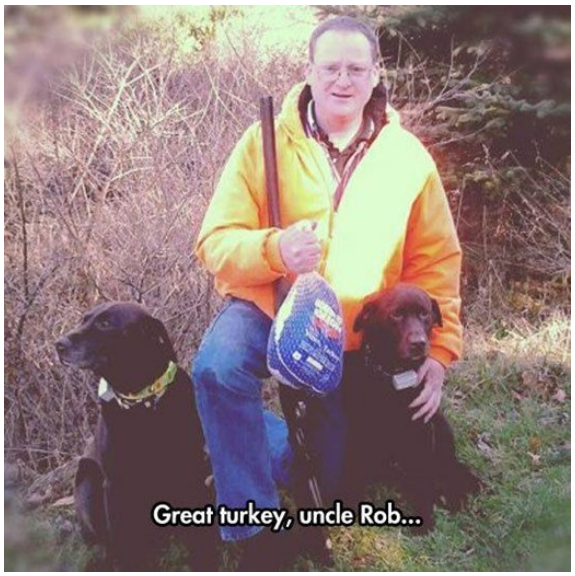
That's right, **FRIDAY** (not the usual Sunday). Put on your party togs, bring some guests, wear a red nose...whatever you fancy, but come on out to the GCCC on the 18th for some holiday socializing with your Gyro friends and consume some Roast Bird with all the trimmings. Cocktails at 5:30; dinner at 6:30.

John Evans at 780-903-1108 or jevanscm@gmail.com needs to know the numbers by December 8th. Help him with his head count. DO IT NOW!

(* surcharge of $25 for spouses and guests. No, that does not mean you can charge $25 in exchange for your spouse or guest on the open market!)

SNICKERS AND GUFFAWS

SOME HUNTING SHOTS FROM THE PAST MONTH OR SO



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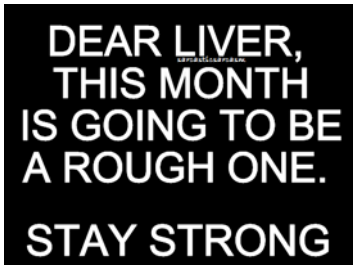
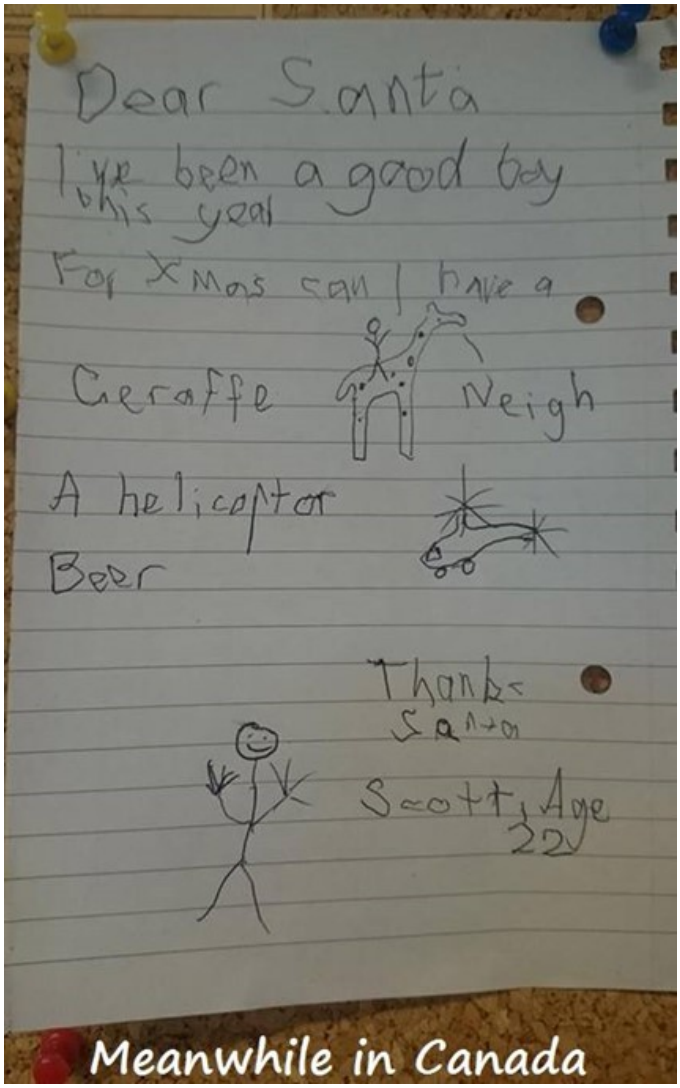




Mothers keep letters like this in a box only to be discovered long after they are gone. Mothers think they are cute, but we know they're stupid and embarrassing. Right?

MEANWHILE IN CANADA

Meanwhile in Canada
Twitter: @MeanwhileinCana

Thanks to autocorrect, 1 in 5 children will be getting a visit from Satan this Christmas

Meanwhile in Canada
Twitter: @MeanwhileinCana
Instagram: MeanwhileinCanada1

HOW CANADIANS ARE HATCHED

Eggs are laid in early fall and hatch mid-winter. The pucklings slowly make their way into the forest to forage for syrup amongst the moose.

Meanwhile in Canada
@MeanwhileinCana

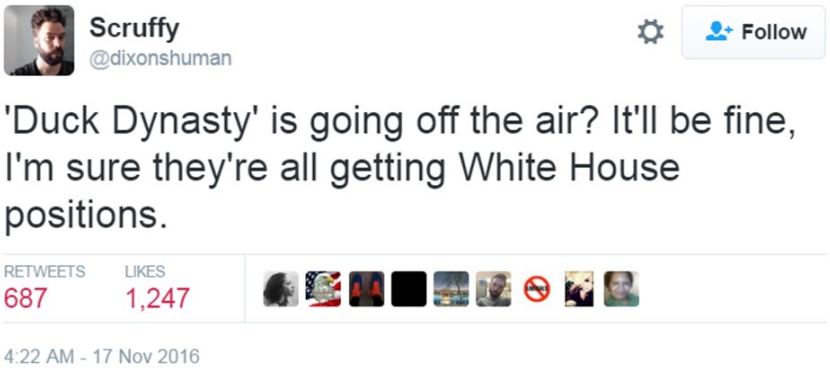
It's so cold that flashers are whipping out photographs.

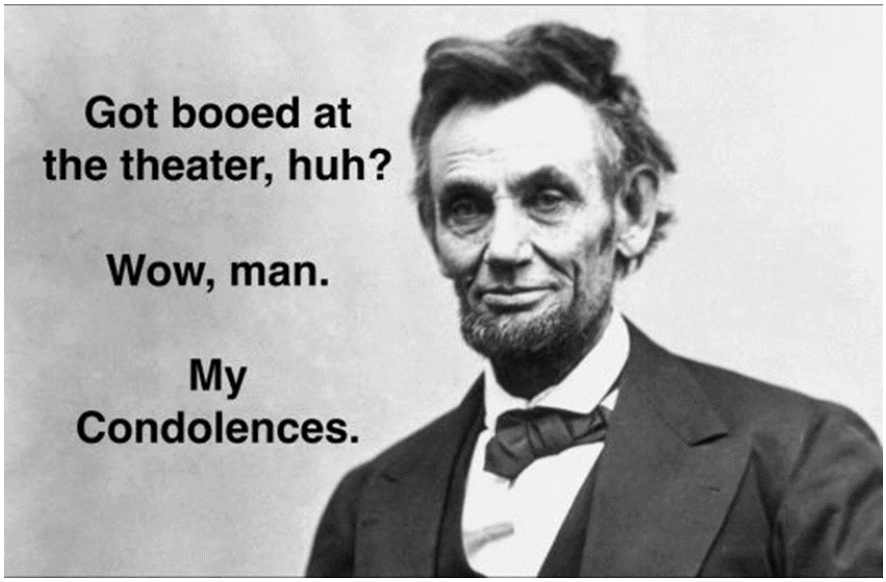
CANADIAN FACTOIDS: The US/Canada border is the longest international border in the world and it lacks military defense. (but may consider a wall).

After the attack on Pearl Harbor during WWII, Canada declared war on Japan before the U.S. did.

Meanwhile NOT in Can-

THE DONALD PAGE BECAUSE NOBODY WANTS MORE COVERAGE THAN DT!





HE'S SO EASY TO MOCK, BUT IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS WE'LL HAVE TO START SHOWING SOME RESPECT…. WE HOPE

ANIMAL INSTINKS

Is he smiling too , Mom? Is Pluto smiling too?

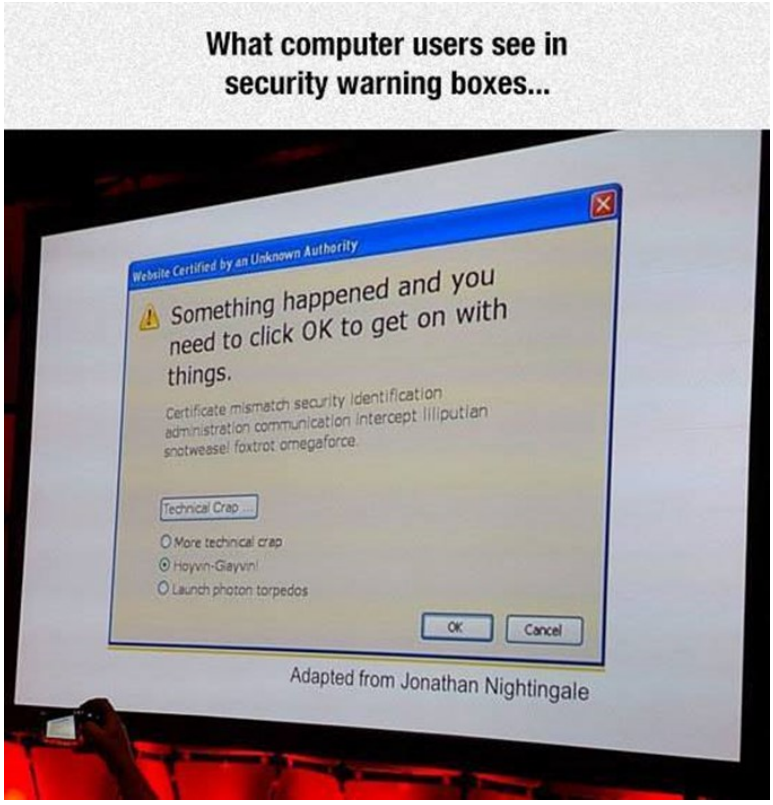
That caroler was delicious.

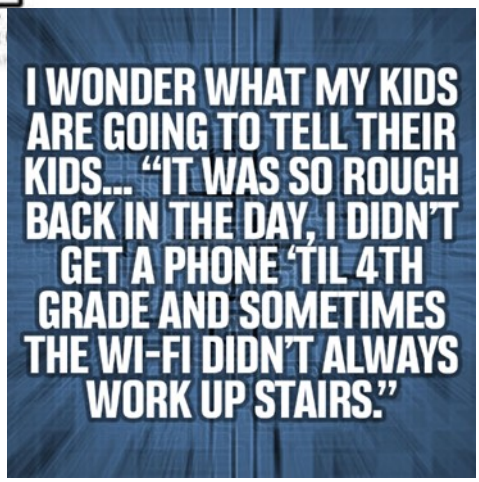
Does anyone have some Gaviscon?

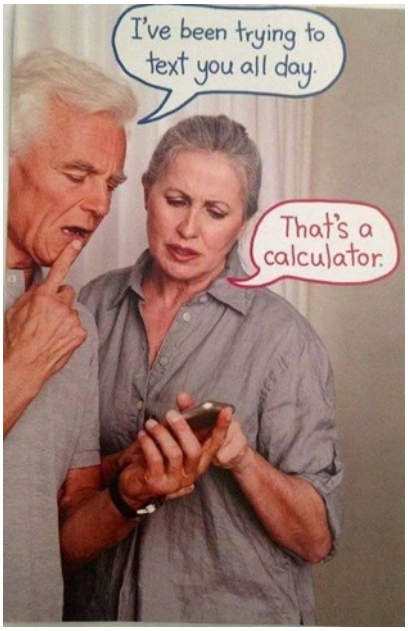
Why am I laughing so hard at this

TECHNOLOGY BINDS THE GENERATIONS

I'll call it a smartphone the day I yell "Where's my phone?!" and it yells "Down here! In the couch cushions!"







Your Gyro Friendship thought of the week:

Friendship is so weird...
you just pick a human
you've met
and you're like
"yep, I like this one"
and you just do stuff
with them.

And the last word:

SB