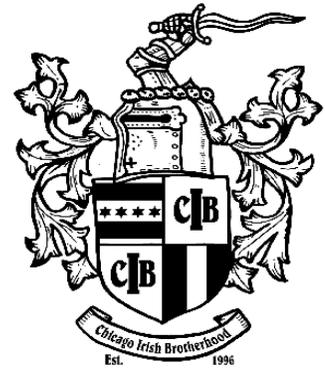


CHICAGO IRISH BROTHERHOOD

Newsletter

"The Irreverent Benevolent Society" Feb. 2004



Playboyus Interuptus

So this is...Fatherhood!!!

For many years, a **Playboy Magazine** on the floor in my bathroom has been as common a toilet amenity as toothpaste, mouthwash and unused soap. There were times that this iconic literary gem was even more present than toilet paper, which caused many a pants-down jog to the adjoining supply closet. I, most definitely, *read* "Playboy". The



**Happy 50th
Birthday
Playboy**

*"Si Non Oscillas
Noli Tintinnare"*

enlightenment of the **Advisor**, the often controversial **Forum**, appreciating the micro look at those featured in the **Interview**, my source of new material from **Party Jokes** and **20Q** are all necessary morsels of today's pertinent journalism. I have said goodbye to **Asa** and welcomed **Raw Data**.

But since Thursday, Oct. 2, 2003, I only have time for the pictures.

The welcoming of my son, Wedge Donovan Egan, has taken over so many aspects of my life, that even my sojourns to the "office" that used to be my dungenous existence thanks to guttural nature and the greatness that is "Playboy," is now as timed and precise as an Indy 500 pit stop.

With hands at the ready and a commodious hover in expectation of my son's yawp for attention, I am forced to display my monthly treat of "Playboy" on the floor, open to the pictorials. No time for the written word, the ticks of the clock allow only enough

time to peruse **Playboy's** most erogenous assets.

Just after the flush and before the dash to my boy's side, I turn the page to the next set of luscious, sultry beauties, prepared for my next visit.

Although now after reviewing the **Playmates'** splendid contributions, instead of saying I wonder how *Miss December* would look laying in a hammock on a Caribbean Island, I am forced to wonder how she would look seven months pregnant.

I suppose payback will come in time, when the teenage years arrive and I can interrupt my son's time in the "Jacks" with a knock and a question.

"What are you doing in their?," I'll demand.

Then walk away with a smile, confirming my **Playboy** revenge. My only wonder will be what article will he be reading.

(My wife is extremely upset over this article. She can't believe I wouldn't wash my hands after reading Playboy.)

C.I.B. 2004 Members In Good Standing; “MIGS”

The Irreverent Benevolent Society has triumphed by the power of friendship. When we sign a check for charity, it has some sort of connection to our membership. As a member of the C.I.B. your input is crucial to all the money we donate.

We are an “*all-money in/all-money out*” organization.

The \$20 annual dues for membership helps keep the checking account from dropping into the red. It also helps us round up. For example; The **2003 Day at the Races** generated \$671 after we paid the “tab.” We pulled \$329 from our dues money to donate an even **\$1,000** to the **Make-A-Wish Foundation**.

Your dues count. Please become a dues paying member.

Pay your dues on-line: chi_irish-bro.tripod.com

Or

Mail your dues to: **C.I.B. Headquarters**
28 E. Division
Chicago, IL 60610

Patti Bencich	Russell Hyde	Dave Owen
Lee Bulleri	Lena Hynes	Chris Palermo
Roy Bulleri	Michelle Hynes	Chris Palusek
Linda Campbell	Patrick Hynes	Tom Peroulas
John Chambers	John Keeley	Colleen Prendergast
Mike Connolly	Pat Kelly	Dave Rasmussen
Jon & Donna Conrad	P.J. Kelly	Gary Reidy
K.A. Conran	Denise Kieper	Paul Robertson
Tom Conrick	Dan Kinsella	T.J. Royce
The Cunningham Family	Bill Kohl	Dan Sapienza
Gordon “Dublin”	“Beef” Kosenesky	Nancy Smrstik
Terry Egan	Tony Lubric	Therese Smrstik
Arky Englebert	Ted McCarthy	Ed Stritch
Steve Fallon	Thomas McElligot	Chris Surdyk
Dan Fogerty, Sr.	John McKenna	Brian Thomas
Dan Fogerty	Eugene Martello	Bob Vais
Tim Fossey	Jill Marzalek	Mike Ward
Gregg Gall	Mike & Madhu Mayer	Ray Wilbert
Frank Gonzalez	Mike Mitchell	Mike Wilfong
Kellan Grant	Tom Muldoon	Ron Williams
Bruce Hammer	Matt Murphy	Steven R. Willuweit
Logan Handibode	Richard Murhpy	Steve Willuweit
Tom Hoban	Adrian Nicolson	Chris Zak
Mike Horvath	Tom Novotny	Jim Zak
Lance Houia	John O’Halloran	Nancy Ziegler
Randy Hribal	Kevin O’Shaughnessy	

C.I.B Burn Camp Fundraiser May 1, 2004—Fitzpatrick Hotel

The most prestigious C.I.B. charity event of the year, the **Youth Burn Camp Fundraiser**, will be held Saturday, May 1 at the **Fitzpatrick Hotel**.

This wonderful, Irish-themed hotel will be a great venue as our organization hosts our 3rd effort to help those kids who have suffered from the effects of fires or worse, at the hands of abuse.

Please join the C.I.B. as we attempt to double the amount we raised last year: **\$5,000**.

Tickets will be **\$100** per person and we will have a huge raffle and silent auction.

Check out the
Fitzpatrick Hotel:
166 E. Superior St.
Chicago, IL 60611
www.FITZPATRICKHOTELS.COM

We at the C.I.B may not be too anti-anything, but we would like to share the Anti-Drug Message contained in the poem to the right, written by C.I.B member Mike Connolly... Please pass it along.

Baby Emily Benefit Celtic Crossing—March 12, 2004

C.I.B. member **Tom Peroulas** has asked that the organization lend a hand to a life-long friend who needs our help.

Baby Emily is the surviving twin whose sibling died in-utero, causing her to be born 12 weeks early. **Baby Emily** has needed long term ICU care, heart surgery, eye surgery, medicated formula and much more. She is undersized and has suffered 95% loss of vision in one eye. Insurance has covered part of the medical bills, but **Baby Emily's**

parents are faced with a daunting mountain of payments.

Please help **Baby Emily** and join us for a raffle and more on;

Friday, March 12
6 p.m. to 8 p.m.
CELTIC CROSSING
751 N Clark Street
Chicago

SKIBBEREEN

*IT'S FIVE YEARS TO THE DAY,
WHEN I WANDERED AWAY,
TO SEEK OUT MY FORTUNE AND FAME.*

*A STRAPPING YOUNG MAN WITH MUSCLES
TO SPARE
AND BRAINS TO BURN ALONG THE WAY.
I WAS ALMOST NINETEEN. WHEN I LEFT
SKIBBEREEN
WHEN MY PARENTS AND FRIENDS SAID
GOOD BYE,
AN ANXIOUS YOUNG MAN, I GAVE THEM A
HUG
AND LEFT WITH A TEAR IN MY EYE.*

OH WHY! DID I LEAVE SKIBBEREEN

*I CHARTED MY WAY FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.
AND IN L.A. I MET MOVIE STARS.
IMPRESSED BY THE SCENE AT A TENDER
NINETEEN.
I CLOSED MANY A LATE NIGHT BARS.*

*AT AGE TWENTY ONE I WAS AS TOUGH AS
THEY COME
AND PROVED IT IN MANY A BRAWL.
A STRAPPING YOUNG LAD WITH MUSCLES
TO SPARE.
SURE NOTHING COULD HURT ME AT ALL.*

*THEN AT AGE TWENTY TWO, SHE CAME INTO
MY LIFE.
I SWEAR SHE WAS FLOATING ON AIR.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE BOOGEY MAN HAD
HORNS.
NOT BEAUTIFUL LONG BLOND HAIR.*

*SHE GAVE ME HER BODY AND SOME DRUGS
TO SHARE.
SAYING THIS WOULD MAKE ME FEEL FINE.
IN THAT MOMENT OF ESTASY AND LUST ON
MY MIND
I STEPPED OVER THE BOOGEY MAN'S LINE.*

*NOW AT AGE TWENTY FOUR MY BED IS THE
FLOOR,
AND THE FACE IN THE MIRROR IT'S NOT
MINE,
WITH NO MUSCLES TO SPARE, ONLY
NEEDLES TO SHARE
I'VE COME TO THE END OF THE LINE.*

*PLEASE TAKE ME HOME TO SKIBBEREEN,
WERE ONCE I HAD FORTUNE AND FAME
WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS,
I WAS A WEALTHY YOUNG MAN
AND NEVER NEEDED A DIME TO MY NAME.*

MIKE CONNOLLY