

Morning Breaks

Volume 8 Number 49

"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley

December 6, 2009

Alan asks, "I know you're crazy about that little daughter of yours, Steve. What are you going to do when she starts to date?"

Steve says, "I figure I'll take the first young man aside, put my arm around his shoulder, and pull him close to me so that only he can hear. Then I'll say, 'Do you see that sweet, little young lady? She's my only daughter, and I love her very much. If you were thinking about touching, kissing, or being physically affectionate to her in any way just remember I don't mind going back to prison.'"

Elmer replies, "I'll say! I thought I'd never pull through that spelling test."

We were thoroughly confused. While transcribing medical audiotapes, my co-worker came upon the following garbled diagnosis: "This man has pholenfrometry."

Knowing nothing about that particular condition, she double-checked with Doctor Mike Wilson. After listening to the tape, he shook his head.

"This man," he said, translating for her, "has fallen from a tree."

After trying a new shampoo for the first time, Dewey mailed off an enthusiastic letter of approval to the manufacturer.

Several weeks later he came home from work to a large carton in the middle of the floor. Inside were free samples of the many products the same company produced: soaps, detergents, tooth paste, and paper items... with a "thank you" note from the manufacturer.

"Well, What do you think?" asked his smiling wife, Olga.

"I think that next time," Dewey replied. "I'm writing to Toyota".

A lady answered her front door to find a plumber standing there. "I'm here to fix the leaky pipe," he announced.

"I didn't call a plumber," said the lady.

"What?" huffed the plumber. "Aren't you Mrs. Frobisher?"



Elmer says, "First, I got tonsillitis, followed by appendicitis and pneumonia. After that I got erysipelas with hemachromatosis. Following that I got poliomyelitis and finally ended up with neuritis. Then they gave me hypodermics and inoculations."

Calvin says, "Boy, you had quite a time!"

The Frobishers moved out of this house over a year ago," explained the lady.

"How do you like that," grunted the plumber. "They call you up and tell you it's an emergency and then they move away!"



This is just plain MEAN!

A lady answered her front door to find a plumber standing there. "I'm here to fix the leaky pipe," he announced.

"I didn't call a plumber," said the lady.

"What?" huffed the plumber. "Aren't you Mrs. Frobisher?"

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"How do you like that," grunted the plumber. "They call you up and tell you it's an emergency and then they move away!"

A man is applying for a job as mechanic that he really wants to get. The boss says, "Can you roll your hard hat down your arm and pop it back on your head?"

The mechanic nods, confused.

"Can you play light saber with your wrench and another man's screwdriver?"

"Oh yes," says the mechanic.

"Can you bounce your screwdriver off the cement, grab it, whirl it around and put it in your belt like a gun?"

"Sir, I've been doing that for years!" says the wanna-be mechanic.

"Well in that case, I can't use you. I have 12 men doing that already!" says the boss.

I walked into my sister's kitchen and found my nephew, Dewey, having a snack.

"Where's your mother?" I asked.

"She said she was going to have a shower. Just a second, I'll see."

Dewey went to the kitchen tap and turned the hot water on full blast.

An indignant yell came from above.

Dewey calmly turned off the tap and said, "Yep, she's in the shower."

A high school senior, saw an inspirational advertisement on television about becoming a teacher. She called the number shown: 1-800-45TEACH. After a woman answered, the student babbled on about how she thought she had found her life's calling and could she send her some information.

The lady who answered the phone asked the student what number she was calling. The student told her and there was a long pause.

Then the woman said, "You misspelled teach."

One day a cowboy walked into a blacksmith shop and picked up a horseshoe, not realizing that it had just come from the forge.

He immediately dropped it and jammed his hand into his pocket, trying to act as if nothing had happened.

The blacksmith noticed and asked with a grin, "Kind of hot, wasn't it?"

"Nope," answered the cowboy through clenched teeth, "it just doesn't take me long to look at a horseshoe."

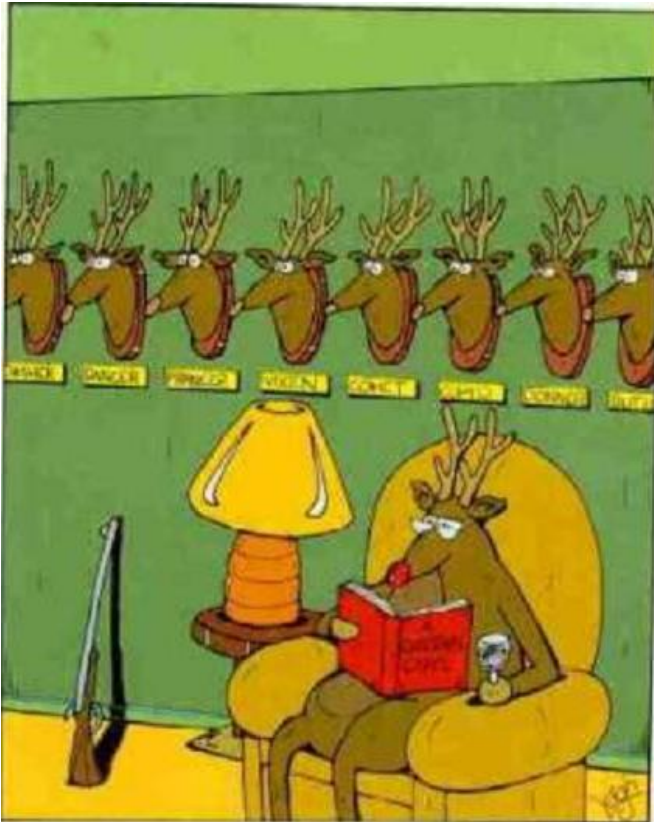
I went to the Missing Persons Bureau. No one was there.

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December 13, 2009



All of the other reindeer used to
laugh and call him names.

An Indian walks into a cafe with a shotgun. In one hand pulling a male buffalo with the other. He says to the waiter, "Want coffee."

The waiter says, "Sure, Chief. Coming right up."

He gets the Indian a tall mug of coffee. The Indian drinks the coffee down in one gulp, turns and blasts the buffalo with the shotgun causing parts of the animal to splatter everywhere and then just walks out.

The next morning the Indian returns. He has his shotgun in one hand, pulling another male buffalo with the other. He walks up to the counter and says to the waiter, "Want coffee."

The waiter says "Whoa, Tonto! We're still cleaning up your mess from yesterday. What was all that about, anyway?"

The Indian smiles and proudly says, "Training for position in United States Congress: come in, drink coffee, shoot the bull, leave mess for others to clean up, disappear for rest of day."

A kindly 90-year-old grandmother found buying presents for family and friends a bit much one Christmas, so she wrote out checks for all of them to put in their Christmas cards.

In each card she wrote, "Buy your own present" and then sent them off.

After the Christmas festivities were over, she found the checks in her desk!

Everyone had gotten a Christmas card from her with "Buy your own present" written inside, but without the checks!

Rick, my husband, and I had a hectic holiday schedule encompassing careers, teenagers, shopping, and all the required doings of the season.

Running out of time, I got the stationer to print our signature on our Christmas cards, instead of signing each one.

Soon we started getting cards from friends signed "The Modest Morrisons," "The Clever Clarks," and "The Successful Smiths."

Then it hit me.

I had mailed out a hundred cards neatly imprinted with "Happy Holidays from the Rich Armstrongs."

To: All Employees

From: Management

Subject: Office conduct during the Christmas season

Effective immediately, employees should keep in mind the following guidelines in compliance with FROLIC (the Federal Revelry Office and Leisure Industry Council).

1. Running aluminum foil through the paper shredder to make tinsel is discouraged.
2. Playing Jingle Bells on the push-button phone is forbidden. (It runs up an incredible long distance bill.)
3. Egg nog will NOT be dispensed in vending machines.
4. Company cars are not to be used to go over the river and through the woods to Grandma's house.
5. All fruitcake is to be eaten BEFORE July 25.
6. Work requests are not to be filed under "Bah humbug."

In spite of all this, the staff is encouraged to have a Happy Holiday.



Twas the night before Christmas and all round my hips
Were Fannie May candies that sneaked past my lips.
Fudge brownies were stored in the freezer with care,
In hopes that my thighs would forget they were there.

While Mama in her girdle and I in chin straps
Had just settled down to sugar-borne naps. When out in the
pantry there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed
to see what was the matter.

Away to the kitchen I flew like a flash,
Tore open the icebox then threw up the sash. The marshmallow look

of the new-fallen snow Sent thoughts of a binge to my
body below.

When what to my wandering eyes should appear: A
marzipan Santa with eight chocolate reindeer! That
huge chunk of candy so luscious and slick I knew in a
second that I'd wind up sick.

The sweet-coated Santa, those sugared reindeer, I
closed my eyes tightly but still I could hear; On Pritzker,
on Stillman, on weak one, on TOPS A Weight Watcher
dropout from sugar detox.

From the top of the scales to the top of the hall
Now dash away pounds; now dash away all. Dressed up in
Lane Bryant from my head to nightdress My clothes
were all bulging from too much excess.

My droll little mouth and my round little belly
They shook when I laughed like a bowl full of jelly. I spoke not
a word but went straight to my work Ate all of the
candy then turned with a jerk.

And laying a finger beside my heartburn Gave a quick
nod toward the bedroom I turned. I eased into bed, to
the heavens I cry If temptation's removed I'll get thin by
and by.

And I mumbled again as I turned for the night "In the
morning I'll starve... 'til I take that first bite!"

Planning a Christmas weekend of entertaining guests, I
made a list of things I needed to do, including taking
food out of the freezer and grocery shopping.

As it happened, a friend whom I had been promising to
take to lunch asked if we could make it that Friday.

So, hopping into the car, I taped my "to do" list to the
dashboard and went and picked her up.

As she settled into the car, her face dropped.

"Thanks a lot!" she sulked.

Then I glanced at my list and saw the first item: "Take
out the Turkey."

A guy bought his wife a beautiful diamond ring for
Christmas.

A friend of his said, "I thought she wanted one of those
pretty 4-Wheel drive vehicles."

"She did," he replied, "But where in the world was I
going to find a fake jeep!!"

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December 20, 2009

"NEXT," the conference emcee announced, "we have the chief of the Minnesota State Patrol, Roger Ledding, who is here with his lovely wife, Beverly."

The chief took his place at the lectern. "I'm a little nervous," he began, "getting up before this distinguished audience and speaking today. But not nearly as nervous as I will be tonight when I must go home with my wife, Audrey, and explain Beverly to her!"



The REAL Night Before Christmas
(By Parents)

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through
the house
I searched for the tools to hand to my spouse.

Instructions were studied and we were inspired,
in hopes we could manage "Some Assembly
Required."

The children were quiet (not asleep) in their beds,
while Dad and I faced the evening with dread:

A kitchen, two bikes, Barbie's townhouse to boot!
And now, thanks to Grandpa, a train with a toot!

We opened the boxes, my heart skipped a beat -
let no parts be missing or parts incomplete!

Too late for last-minute returns or replacement;
if we can't get it right, it goes straight to the
basement!

When what to my worrying eyes should appear
but 50 sheets of directions, concise, but not clear,

With each part numbered and every slot named,
so if we failed, only we could be blamed.

More rapid than eagles the parts then fell out,
all over the carpet they were scattered about.

"Now bolt it! Now twist it! Attach it right there!
Slide on the seats, and staple the stair!

Hammer the shelves, and nail to the stand."
"Honey," said hubby, "you just glued my hand."

And then in a twinkling, I knew for a fact
that all the toy dealers had indeed made a pact

to keep parents busy all Christmas Eve night
with "assembly required" till morning's first light.

We spoke not a word, but kept bent at our work,
till our eyes, they went blurry; our fingers all hurt.

The coffee went cold and the night, it wore thin before we attached the last rod and last pin.

Then laying the tools away in the chest, we fell into bed for a well-deserved rest.

But I said to my husband just before I passed out, "This will be the best Christmas, without any doubt.

Tomorrow we'll cheer, let the holiday ring, and not run to the store for one single thing!

We did it! We did it! The toys are all set for the perfect, most magical, Christmas, I bet!"

Then off to dreamland and sweet repose I gratefully went, though I suppose

there's something to say for those self-deluded- I'd forgotten that BATTERIES are never included!



Last year at Christmas time, I dressed up in my Santa suit and after greeting my children, my wife asked the kids if they wanted to take Santa to a relative's house.

They said yes.

So I got in the minivan and went to the relative's house. While at their house, my son started misbehaving, so I said in the most bass voice I could muster.

"Son, you better behave or Santa won't bring you any presents."

My innocent 5 year-old son turned to my wife and said, "Mommy, Santa's walking home."

There was once a man and woman who had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything.

They had talked about everything. They had kept no secrets from each other except that the little old woman had a shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about. For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.

In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside. She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box. When he opened it, he found two crocheted dolls and a stack of money totaling \$25,000. He asked her about the contents. "When we were to be married," she said, "my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue.

She told me that if I ever got angry with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll." The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears.

Only two precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him two times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with happiness.

"Honey," he said, "that explains the dolls, but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?"

"Oh," she said, "that's the money I made from selling the dolls each year at the Christmas consignment shop."

On a chilly winter evening, my husband and I were snuggled together on the floor watching television. During a commercial break, he reached over and gave my foot a gentle squeeze.

"Mmmmm," I said. "That's so sweet."

"Actually," he admitted sheepishly, "I thought that was the remote."

"To be or not to be?" is a pretty dumb question. We are and that's that.

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Volume 8 Number 52

"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley

December 27, 2009



Good news is that I truly out did myself this year with my Christmas decorations.

The bad news is that I had to take him down after two days. I had more people come screaming up to my door.

Two things made me take it down.

First, the cops advised me that it would cause traffic accidents as they almost wrecked when they drove by.

Second, a 55 year old lady grabbed the 75 pound ladder almost killed herself putting it against my house and didn't realize it was fake until she climbed to the top (she was not happy). She was one of many people who attempted to rescue him.

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it. The pastor walked up and said quietly, 'Good morning Alex.'

'Good morning Pastor,' he replied, still focused on the plaque... 'Pastor, what is this?'

The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.' Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque.

Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, 'Which service, the 8:30 or the 10:00?'

I was the nurse caring for a couple's newborn first child, a son, after his cesarean birth. Since the mother was still asleep under general anesthesia, we took our tiny charge directly to the newborn nursery to introduce him to his daddy.

While cuddling his son for the first time, he noticed the baby's ears conspicuously standing out from his head. He expressed his concern that some kids might call his son names like "Dumbo."

The pediatrician reassured the new dad that his son was healthy and the ears could be easily corrected during childhood. The father still worried about his wife's reaction to those large protruding ears. "She doesn't take things as easily as I do," he worried.

By this time, the new mother was ready to meet her precious son. I placed the tiny bundle in his mother's arms and eased the blanket back so that she could gaze upon her child for the first time.

She took one look at her baby's face and looked to her husband and gasped, "Oh, Honey! Look! He has your

ears!"

A jockey is in the parade ring discussing race tactics with the horse's trainer. The trainer tells the jockey that this is the worst horse he has ever seen. It has had 23 races and finished last in every one of them. If it doesn't win today the milkman will be using it for deliveries in the morning.

The jockey mounts up and takes the horse down to the start. The race begins and the horse is immediately 10 lengths behind the pack. So the jockey gives the horse an sharp thwap on the shoulder.

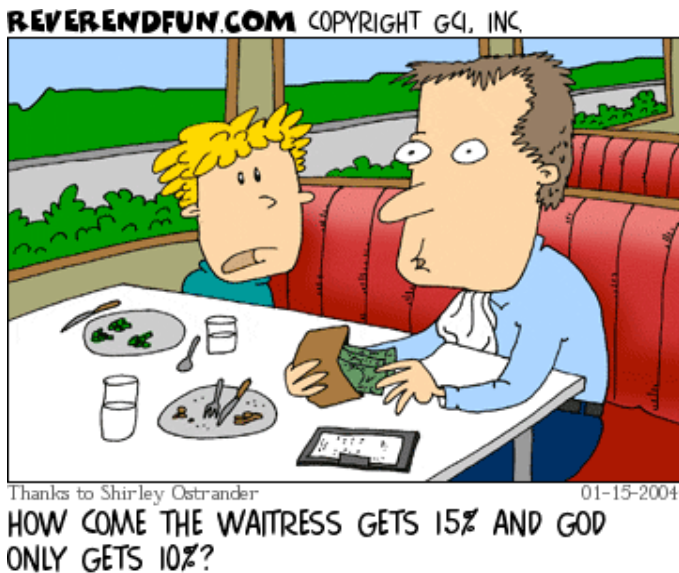
Nothing.

He then gives him a series of strikes on the rump.

Nothing.

He then gives him two wallops right on the hindquarters.

The horse comes to a sudden stop, turns to the jockey and says "Give it a rest with that whip, will ya, buddy? I have to be up at four in the morning to deliver milk."



When my brother was a cadet at the U.S. Air Force Academy, there was an overhead walkway with a sign reading "Bring Me Men."

As my parents were touring the grounds during Parents' Weekend, they could tell that some of the cadets were

homesick. The sign had been changed to "Bring Me Mom."

Although I have three sons, it was always my daughter who helped me with chores around the house.

One day we decided to install ceiling fans in the bedrooms. We thought it would take about an hour, but the task turned into an all-day job.

"Thanks, Sweetie," I said gratefully when we were finished.

"No problem," she replied as she put away the tools. "Just think of me as the son you never had."

While shopping in a supermarket in Washington, D.C., I heard over the PA system:

"A wallet containing a large sum of money was found, but it contains no ID. Will those laying claim to it please form a double line at the customer service counter?"

After watching the movie Cinderella, five-year-old Sarah started using her pinwheel as a magic wand, pretending she was a fairy godmother. "Make three wishes," she told her mother, "and I'll grant them."

Her mom first asked for world peace. Sarah swung her wand and proclaimed the request fulfilled.

Next, her mother requested for a cure for all ill children. Again, with a sweep of the pinwheel, Sarah obliged.

The mother, with a glance down at her rather ample curves, made her third wish, "I wish to have a trim figure again."

The miniature fairy godmother started waving her wand madly.

"I'll need more power for this!" she exclaimed.

The boss was very exasperated with his new secretary. She ignored the telephone when it rang.

"You must answer the telephone!" he told her irritably.

"All right," she replied, "but it seems so silly. Nine times out of ten, it's for you!"