

Morning Breaks

Volume 9 Number 14

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

April 4, 2010

On a recent trip to Washington, D.C., we took a side trip to Arlington, Virginia. While there, my wife overheard a patriotic father pointing out a well-known building to his son.

"You see that triangular-shaped octagon over there? That's the Pentagon."



It's ALWAYS the kids that suffer!

His name is Zonkey.

Last year I entered the New York City Marathon. The race started and immediately I was the last of the runners. It was embarrassing.

The guy who was in front of me, second to last, was making fun of me. He said, "Hey buddy, how does it feel to be last?"

I replied: "You really want to know?"

Then I dropped out of the race.

A woman, on meeting a psychologist at a party, made a pitch for some free professional advice. "What kind of toy would you suggest giving a little boy on his third birthday?" she asked.

"First I'd have to know more about the child," the psychologist hedged.

The woman took a deep breath. "He's very bright and quick-witted and exceptionally advanced for his age," she said. "He has good coordination, expresses himself very well..."

"Oh, I see," the psychologist said. "It's YOUR child!"

A scout for one of the leading colleges went to the office of the athletic director and announced, "Have I got an athlete for you! This guy can play every sport and excels at every position. He is absolutely the finest athlete I have ever seen play."

The athletic director was very impressed but had to ask the question, "But how is he scholastically?"

The scout replied, "He makes straight A's in every subject. However, I must tell you his B's are a little crooked."

There's this guy who shows up at a cabin where these hunters have gathered to hunt bear. Only he shows up without a gun.

The other hunters are very curious. "How you gonna get a bear without a gun?" they ask.

"Do you have a knife?"

"No," says the guy.

"Do you have a club?"

"No," says the guy.

"Don't you worry. I'm gonna get myself a bear. Just wait right here and see."

The guy leaves the cabin and disappears into the hills for several hours.

Eventually he happens upon a bear asleep in his den and he kicks the bear and gets it really angry. As the bear wakes up, he starts to chase after the guy, so the guy starts running back towards the cabin.

Finally the hunters hear him running down the hill and yelling, "Open the cabin door! Open the door!"

They open the door and the guy runs into the cabin and holds the door open behind him. To the terror of the other hunters, an angry bear follows close behind, running into the cabin, too.

Then the guy slams the door shut, and says, "You skin that one. I'll go get another."

Spotting a boy by the road, he yelled out, "Hey, kid, does it matter which road I take to Tuscaloosa?"

"Not to me it don't," replied the boy.

A man having lunch at a Chinese restaurant noticed that the table had been set with forks, not chopsticks. He asked why. The waiter said "Chopsticks were provided only on request."

"But," the man countered, "if you gave your patrons chopsticks, you wouldn't have to pay someone to wash all the forks."

"True," the waiter shot back, "but we would have to hire three more people to clean up the mess."

Shortly after reporting to the 101st Airborne Division, we were ordered to fall out in our dress uniforms. Only problem was, I didn't know how to tie a necktie. So I asked the guy in the next bunk for help.

"Sure," he said. "Lie down."

Confused, I lay down on the bunk and he tied my tie. "Sorry, but this is the only way I know how," he said. "Comes from practicing on my father's clients."

"What does your father do?"

"He's a mortician."

A young guy in a two-engine fighter was flying escort for a B-52 and generally being a nuisance, acting like a hot dog, flying rolls around the lumbering old bomber.

The hot dog said over the air, "Anything you can do, I can do better."

The veteran bomber pilot answered, "Try this hot-shot." The B-52 continued its flight, straight and level.

Perplexed, the hot dog asked, "So? What did you do?"

"I just shut down two engines, kid."

Lawyer (n): Larval stage of a politician.



"Can't you see I'm too busy to talk to you?"

A tourist on his way to Tuscaloosa came to a fork in the road and stopped. There was no sign indicating which route went where.

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April 11, 2010

"Daddy," said my 11-year-old daughter, "I think I want to join the Army."

"Baby," I answered, "I think the Air Force would be a better option for you."

"But I don't want to be a pilot."

"You don't have to be a pilot," I told her. "There are other jobs in the Air Force."

Her answer: "I don't want to be a flight attendant either."



Air Traffic Control

The controller working a busy pattern told the 727 on downwind to make a 360.

The pilot of the 727 complained, "Do you know it costs us two thousand dollars to make a 360 in this airplane?"

Without missing a beat the controller replied, "Roger, give me four thousand dollars worth."

PSA was following United, taxiing out for departure. PSA called the tower and said "Tower, this is United 586. We've got a little problem, so go ahead and let PSA go first." The tower promptly cleared PSA for takeoff before United had a chance to object to the impersonation.

A DC-10 had an exceedingly long landing rollout after landing with his approach speed just a little too high.

San Jose Tower: "American 751 Heavy, turn right at the end if able. If not able, take the next exit off of Highway 101 back to the airport."

Tower: "Eastern 702, cleared for takeoff, contact Departure on 124.7"

Eastern 702: "Tower, Eastern 702 switching to Departure... by the way, as we lifted off we saw some kind of dead animal on the far end of the runway."

Tower: "Continental 635, cleared for takeoff, contact Departure on 124.7... did you copy the report from Eastern?"

Continental 635: "Continental 635, cleared for takeoff... and yes, we copied Eastern and we've already notified our caterers."

The parents in our cycling group were discussing the subject of teenagers and their appetites. Most agreed that teenagers would eat anything, anywhere and at any time. Some were concerned that such appetites always made it hard to judge when you should feed them because they were always grazing.

A veteran parent of six children told us of his method for judging the true hunger of teenagers.

"I would hold up a piece of cold, cooked broccoli, and if they were jumping and snapping at it, I figured they were hungry enough to be fed."



Working people frequently ask retired people what they do to make their days interesting. Well, for example, the other day my wife and I went into town and went into a shop.

We were only in there for about 5 minutes. When we came out, there was a cop writing out a parking ticket. We went up to him and said, 'Come on man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?'

He ignored us and continued writing the ticket. I called him a Nazi turd. He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn tires.

So my wife called him a knucklehead. He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing a third ticket.

This went on for about 20 minutes. The more we abused him, the more tickets he wrote. Personally, we didn't care.

We came into town by bus and the car had an Obama sticker. We try to have a little fun each day now that we're retired. It's important at our age.

The small-town doctor was famous in the area for always catching VERY large fish.

One day while he was on one of his frequent fishing trips he got a call that a woman at a neighboring farm was giving birth. He rushed to her aid and delivered a healthy baby boy.

The farmer had nothing to weigh the baby with so the doctor used his fishing scale.

The baby weighed in at 32 pounds, 10 ounces.

The first carload of Boy Scouts had left my house minutes earlier, bound for our three-day wilderness trip. As I backed my own van load of Scouts out of my garage, I noticed a pair of hiking boots on the back steps, so I stopped to retrieve them.

An hour later, we caught up with the first car, which was parked at a highway rest stop. Seeing me pull up, my assistant Scout leader rolled down his window. "Your wife just called on my cell phone," he said. "She asked if you knew anything about the plumber's boots that were on your back steps."

A flight instructor was sent out to help a trainee who had radioed that he was about to make a forced landing a few miles from the base.

The instructor spotted the plane standing in a field small enough to present a real challenge to his professional reputation.

With determination, full flaps and engine just above the stall, he maneuvered into the field. Climbing out, he shouted angrily to the trainee, "Just how did you manage to get into such a small field?"

"I landed in the big field over there," the trainee explained, "but in order to leave room for you, I had the farmer tow me here."

My daughter Michelle is the commander of a Coast Guard Cutter. When she gave my husband Bob a tour of her ship, he was impressed by the neatness of all decks.

However, when Bob went to Michelle's house with her, he couldn't believe the disorganization. "Why is everything in its place on your ship," he asked, "but your house is such a mess?"

"My house," Michelle said, "does not take 30-degree rolls."

No one is ever totally useless. They can always serve as a bad example.

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

April 18, 2010

"My husband was serving his last few years of military service on active duty with an Army reserve unit. There were three branches of military reserve units at our last duty station. During one month, my husband and his buddy were assigned to take down the flag at the end of the day, which is a very formal affair to watch.

One day my husband and his buddy marched solemnly out to the flag pole and saluted the flag. Then his buddy begins to haul the flag down. After a minute of this and not seeing a flag come down, they both looked up.

The flag had already been taken down."

A young woman walked into a local carpet store. She'd just moved out of her parent's home and needed something for her new living-room floor.

"Do you know how big the room is?" the clerk asked.

"Yes," she said. "It's 22 flip-flops long by 18 flip-flops wide ... and I wear a size 8."

In conversation, my adult son Larry expressed concern about my future. Confident in my children's love, I announced, "I'm not going to worry about old age. I have four kids, and I'll just spend three months with each one."

"Yes," Larry replied, "but what are you going to do the second year?"

"My friend's husband is always telling her that housekeeping would be a snap if only she would organize her time better.

Recently he had a chance to put his theory into practice while his wife was away. When I popped in one evening to see how he was managing, he crowed, "I made a cake, frosted it, washed the kitchen windows, cleaned all the cupboards, scrubbed the kitchen floor, walls and ceiling and even had a bath."

I was about to concede that perhaps he was a better manager than his wife, when he added sheepishly, "When I was making the chocolate frosting, I forgot to turn off the mixer before taking the beaters out of the bowl, so I had to do all the rest."



Bless Mommy...and Daddy...and Grandma...and Duke that he won't rip my room apart again while I'm at school.

Paints were a very precious quantity in the good old days, and

British merchants could make a small fortune supplying paints to the colonies.

One company sent a clipper ship full of red paint across the ocean. It had the very bad luck to collide with another ship full of blue paint.

As a result of this disaster, both crews were ... marooned.



You are going on vacation with the family and that's FINAL!

My eldest daughter got married at the end of last summer and is now in the process of contacting various agencies to update their records with her new last name. Yesterday she e-mailed and shared with me the notice she sent to the government's student loan agency.

To Whom It May Concern:

You have me in your records as Alyssa Davis, Social Insurance Number XXXXXXXXXX.

I got married this summer and am assuming my husband's last name. Please update your records to

reflect my new name: Alyssa Sampson. I am including a copy of my marriage certificate, and if there is anything else you need please contact me to let me know.

I met my husband at university, so in a way Student Loan played a role in us meeting, and we are very grateful. If you would like to send money in lieu of a gift to congratulate us both, you may use the banking information you currently have to do so.

Sincerely,

Alyssa Sampson

I was visiting a friend for a few days and noticed a "to do" list on her table.

It said:

Polish furniture

Scrub bathrooms

Change bedding in guest room

Buy homemade-looking cake

Bring out clock Florie gave us

Throw this list away before Florie arrives

A man was sleeping soundly when his wife shook him and said, "Wake up, someone is breaking in!"

The man had gone through this same scenario almost every night of his marriage, and he knew that the only way he would get any rest was to get up and go check it out.

This time, however, he found that there really was a man with a gun who entered to rob the house!

As the thief was about to flee the man said, "Stop! You have to come with me and meet my wife."

Surprised, the thief turned around abruptly and said, "Why would you want ME to meet your wife?"

The man replied, "She's been expecting you for 20 years."

Driving in Ohio, we spotted a sign that read, "Wildlife Refuge."

Seeing a dead deer lying in front of it, my husband shook his head. "He almost made it."

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

April 25, 2010

Coming out of church a young boy turned to his parents and asked, "Why do we have to be quiet during sacrament meeting?"

His younger sister elbowed him in the ribs, "It's so we won't wake up the people who are sleeping."



"Roughing the punter" or illegal block of the defender?

The food in China can be a challenge for newcomers. One example is that chicken is often served "cleaver style," leaving the meat and bones chopped up together, making it difficult to eat.

Years ago, I went with a group of newcomers to a nice hotel to eat some hamburgers and normal Western food. One lady in our group, Marie, wanted to eat chicken without needing to spit out the bones, so she ordered "boneless chicken."

The waiter, whose English was quite good, could not imagine what Marie wanted. She was very insistent, saying, "I want boneless chicken. Chicken with no bones!"

After more confusion and more insisting, the waiter finally said he understood, wrote something down, and returned to the kitchen.

After about 15 minutes, our orders started coming out to the table. Marie's food was the last to arrive, and when the poor waiter placed her dish in front of her, we all laughed out loud. It was a plate of fried eggs.

When my son was two or three and learning the ways of American life, he watched me place some bread in both slots of our toaster so that it would be ready to cook just before serving.

Considering the opportunity, he pulled a chair to the counter and politely asked, "Mommy, may I flush the toaster?"

During the cold winter a family was preparing to go out for an evening activity. The wife, who was normally bustling about getting the children ready to leave, was this evening instead standing right inside the front door, her arms full of coats.

And instead of being prepared to leave, her four small children were busy running circles around her playing one of their non-stop games of tag.

Her husband, coming down the stairs, was shocked at the spectacle.

"Honey," he said, "What are you doing just standing there? We'll be late!"

"Here," his wife replied, handing him the coats with a smug smile, "I thought that this time you would like to have the privilege of putting the children into their coats, while I go and honk the horn."

An Oldie but Goodie:



I come from a large family, five sisters and three brothers.

My sisters and I were looking through the family photo album one day. Picture after picture, we were all dressed in matching clothes. I asked my mother why she dressed us all alike, right down to the baby.

She explained, "When we had just four children, I dressed you alike so we wouldn't lose any of you. Then," she added, looking at the pictures in the album, "when the other five came along, I started dressing you alike so we won't pick up any that didn't belong to us."

Our seven-year-old daughter was thrilled when we took her to Disney World for the first time and she headed

straight for Space Mountain. I worried that the roller coaster would be too scary for her, but she insisted. To her delight, we rode it twice.

The next year we returned to Magic Kingdom and my daughter, now eight, again dragged me to Space Mountain. As we stood in line, I could see her soberly studying the signs that warn about the ride's speed.

"Dad," she said, "I don't think I want to go."

I asked her why she would be nervous when she had enjoyed herself last time.

She replied, "This year I can read better!"

Shortly after the birth of their second child, a husband offered to take his wife shopping for a new dress. He endured more than two hours of listening to her complaints about which figure flaw each dress accentuated.

As she emerged from the dressing room, having tried on the last selection, she asked for her husband's opinion.

By this time he had learned just the right things to say. "It's perfect!" he exclaimed. "It makes your waist look smaller, your legs look longer, and slenderizes your hips."

Just then another lady in the dressing room spoke out. "If there is a dress here that will do that, I'll buy them all!"

"The devout cowboy lost his favorite Bible while he was mending fences out on the range.

Three weeks later a cow walked up carrying the Bible in it's mouth.

The cowboy couldn't believe his eyes.

He took the book out of the cow's mouth, raised his eyes heavenward and exclaimed, "It's a miracle!"

"Not really," said the cow.

"Your name was written inside the cover."

Why does a slight tax increase cost you two hundred dollars – and a substantial tax cut saves you only thirty cents?

That's government accounting for you.