

# Morning Breaks

Volume 14 Number 44     *"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley*     November 1, 2015

I frequently receive calls from pollsters asking me to participate in telephone surveys. One woman began with a barrage of questions.

"Wait a moment," I said. "Who are you and whom do you represent?"

She told me and immediately continued asking questions.

"What's the purpose of this survey?" I asked.

"Sir," she replied irritably, "I don't have time to answer your questions." Then she hung up.

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***What happens to a fire hydrant break in sub-zero weather.***

Two friends went out to play golf and were about to tee off, when one fellow noticed that his partner had but one golf ball.

"Don't you have at least one other golf ball?", he asked. The other guy replied that no, he only needed the one.

"Are you sure?", the friend persisted. "What happens if you lose that ball?"

The other guy replied, "This is a very special golf ball. I won't lose it so I don't need another one."

Well," the friend asked, "what happens if you miss your shot and the ball goes in the lake?"

"That's okay," he replied, "this special golf ball floats.

I'll be able to retrieve it."

"Well what happens if you hit it into the trees and it gets lost among the bushes and shrubs?"

The other guy replied, "That's okay too. You see, this special golf ball has a homing beacon. I'll be able to get it back -- no problem."

Exasperated, the friend asks, "Okay. Let's say our game goes late, the sun goes down, and you hit your ball into a sand trap. What are you going to do then?"

"No problem," says the other guy, "you see, this ball is florescent. I'll be able to see it in the dark."

Finally satisfied that he needs only the one golf ball, the friend asks, "Hey, where did you get a golf ball like that anyway?"

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A pipe burst in a lawyer's house, so he called a plumber. The plumber arrived, unpacked his tools, did mysterious plumber-type things for a while, and handed the lawyer a bill for \$600.

The lawyer exclaimed, "This is ridiculous! I don't even make that much as a lawyer!"

The plumber replied sympathetically, "Neither did I when I was a lawyer."

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Little Susan was mother's helper. She helped set the table when company was due for dinner. Presently everything was on, the guest came in, and everyone sat down. Then Mother noticed something was missing.

"Susan," she said, "You didn't put a knife and fork at Mr. Smith's place."

"I thought he wouldn't need them," explained Susan. "Daddy says he always eats like a horse!"

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A group of American tourists were being guided through an ancient castle in Europe.

"This place," the guide told them, "is 600 years old. Not a stone in it has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced in all those years."

"Wow," said one woman dryly, "they must have the same landlord I do."

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A kid called up his mum from his college and asked her for some money, because he ran out of it. Mum said, "Sure, sweetie. Mum will send you some money. You

also left your calculus book here when you visited 2 weeks ago. Do you want me to send that up too?"

"Uhh, oh yeah, o.k." Responded the kid.

So Mum wrapped the book along with the checks up in a package, kissed Dad goodbye, and went to the post office to mail the money and the book.

When she gets back, Dad asked, "Well how much did you give the boy this time?"

Mum said, "Oh, I wrote 2 checks, one for \$20, and the other for \$1000 out to him"

"That's \$1020!!!" yelled Dad, "Are you crazy???"

"Don't worry hon," Mum said, kissed Dad on the top of his bald head, "I taped the \$20 check to the cover of his book, but I put the \$1000 one somewhere between the pages in chapter 19!"

The conference emcee announced, "Next 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!"

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A burglar decided to rob the safe in a store.

On the safe door he was very pleased to find a note reading, "Please don't use dynamite. The safe is not locked. Just turn the knob."

He did so. Instantly, a heavy sandbag fell on him, the entire premises was floodlighted, and alarms started clanging.

As the police carried him out on a stretcher, he was heard moaning, "My confidence in human nature has been rudely shaken."

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Cats are smarter than dog. You can't get eight cats to pull a sled through the snow!

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Volume 14 Number 45

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

November 8, 2015

As a jet was flying over Arizona on a clear day, the copilot was providing his passengers with a running commentary about landmarks over the PA system.

"Coming up on the right, you can see the Meteor Crater, which is a major tourist attraction in northern Arizona. It was formed when a lump of nickel and iron, roughly 150 feet in diameter and weighing 300,000 tons, struck the earth 50,000 years ago at about 40,000 miles an hour, scattering white-hot debris for miles in every direction. The hole measures nearly a mile across and is 570 feet deep."

The passenger sitting next to me exclaimed: "Wow, look! It just missed the highway!"



*I like Thanksgiving the same as the next guy . . .  
but I wouldn't want to lose my head over it!*

A SPANISH Teacher was explaining to her class that in Spanish, unlike English, nouns are designated as either masculine or feminine.

'House' for instance, is feminine: 'la casa.'

'Pencil,' however, is masculine: 'el lapiz.'

A student asked, 'What gender is 'computer'?'

Instead of giving the answer, the teacher split the class into two groups, male and female, and asked them to decide for themselves whether 'computer' should be a masculine or a feminine noun. Each group was asked to give four reasons for its recommendation.

The men's group decided that 'computer' should definitely be of the feminine gender ('la computadora'), because:

1. No one but their creator understands their internal logic;
2. The native language they use to communicate with other computers is incomprehensible to everyone else;
3. Even the smallest mistakes are stored in long term memory for possible later retrieval; and
4. As soon as you make a commitment to one, you find yourself spending half your paycheck on accessories for it.

(THIS GETS BETTER!)

The women's group, however, concluded that computers should be Masculine ('el computador'), because:

1. In order to do anything with them, you have to turn them on;
2. They have a lot of data but still can't think for themselves;
3. They are supposed to help you solve problems, but half the time they ARE the problem; and

4. As soon as you commit to one, you realize that if you had waited a little longer, you could have gotten a better model.

The women won.

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The letters T and G are very close to each other on a keyboard. This recently became all too apparent to me and consequently I will never be ending a work email with the phrase "Regards" again.

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***Soccer IS a contact sport!***

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A young man who was also an avid golfer found himself with a few hours to spare one afternoon. He figured if he hurried and played very fast, he could get in 9 holes before he had to head home.

Just as he was about to tee off an old gentleman shuffled onto the tee and asked if he could accompany the young man as he was golfing alone.

Not being able to say no, he allowed the old gent to join him.

To his surprise the old man played fairly quickly. He didn't hit the ball far, but plodded along consistently and didn't waste much time.

Finally, they reached the 9th fairway and the young man found himself with a tough shot. There was a large pine tree right in front of his ball, directly between his ball and the green.

After several minutes of debating how to hit the shot the old man finally said, "You know, when I was your age I'd hit the ball right over that tree."

With that challenge placed before him, the youngster swung hard, hit the ball up, right smack into the top of the tree trunk and it thudded back on the ground not a foot from where it had originally lay.

The old man offered one more comment, "Of course, when I was your age that pine tree was only 3 feet tall."

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At a clearance sale, the wife of a federal district court judge found a green tie that was a perfect match for one of her husband's sports jackets. Soon after, while the husband was hearing a complicated cocaine conspiracy case, he noticed a small round disc sewn into the design of the tie.

The judge showed it to an FBI agent, who was equally suspicious that it might be a bug planted by the conspiracy defendants. The agent sent the device to FBI headquarters in Washington DC for analysis.

Two weeks later, the judge phoned the Washington office to learn the results of their tests. "We're not sure where the disc came from," the FBI told him, "but we discovered that when you press it, it plays 'Jingle Bells'."

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One day a group of scientists got together and decided that man had come a long way and no longer needed God. So they picked one scientist to go and tell Him that they were done with Him.

The scientist walked up to God and said, "God, we've decided that we no longer need you; We're to the point that we can clone people and do many miraculous things, so why don't you just go on and get lost."

God listened very patiently and kindly to the man. After the scientist was done talking, God said, "Very well, how about this? Let's say we have a man-making contest." To which the scientist replied, "Okay, great!"

But, God added, "now, we're going to do this just like I did back in the old days with Adam."

The scientist said, "Sure, no problem" and bent down and grabbed himself a handful of dirt.

God looked at him and said, "No, no, no. You go get your own dirt."

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The best way to keep friends and relatives at a safe distance is to lend them some money.

# Morning Breaks

Volume 14 Number 46     *"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley*     November 15, 2015

A crafty old antique dealer is travelling through a rural area when he spots a priceless Chippendale cabinet in a junk shop. He knows he will make tens of thousands of dollars reselling it if he can persuade the shop owner that it's worthless.

He offers the man twenty dollars, explaining that the only reason he's interested is that he needs some firewood and the wood should burn well. So the price is agreed and the dealer explains that he'll return the next day with his van to pick up the cabinet.

The following morning, the dealer drives up and sees a pile of old wood sitting outside the shop.

"What's that?" he says.

"It's the cabinet," says the shop owner. "I felt so guilty charging twenty dollars for firewood that I've done you a favor and chopped it up for you."

Laugh every day. It's like inner jogging.

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A customer called our service line demanding help with her TV set, which wouldn't come on.

"I'm sorry, but we can't send a technician out today due to the blizzard," I told her.

Unsatisfied, she barked, "I need my TV fixed today! What else am I supposed to do while the power is out?!"

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When the reward is great, the effort to succeed is great, but when government takes all the reward away, no one will try or want to succeed.

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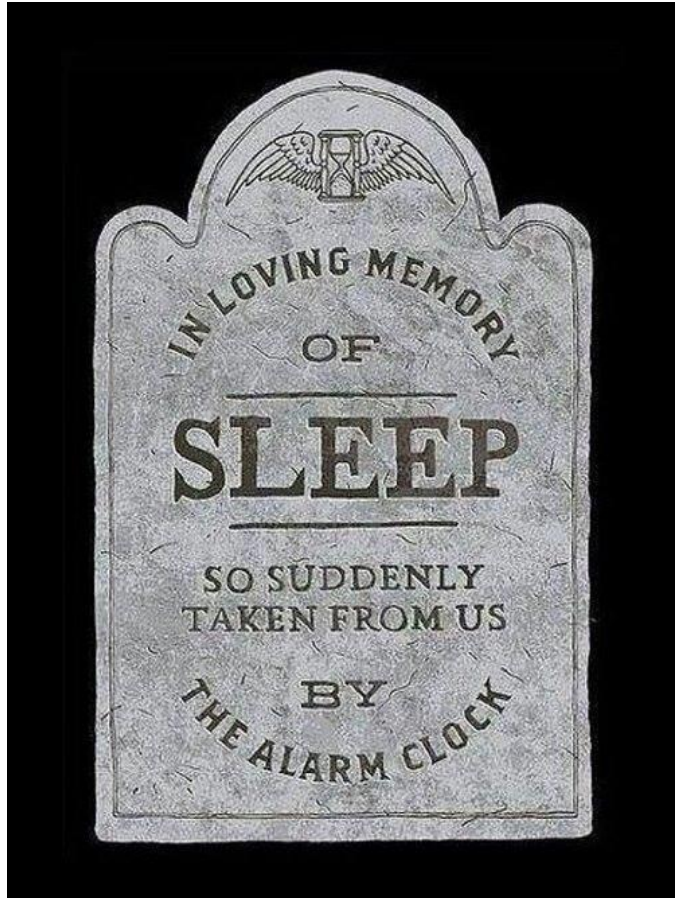
Researchers for the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority found over 200 dead crows near greater Boston recently, and there was concern that they may have died from Avian Flu. A Bird Pathologist examined the remains of all the crows, and, to everyone's relief, confirmed the problem was definitely NOT Avian Flu.

The cause of death appeared to be vehicular impacts. However, during the detailed analysis it was noted that varying colors of paints appeared on the bird's beaks and claws. By analyzing these paint residues it was determined that 98% of the crows had been killed by impact with trucks, while only 2% were killed by an impact with a car.

MTA then hired an Ornithological Behaviorist to determine if there was a cause for the disproportionate percentages of truck kills versus car kills.

The Ornithological Behaviorist very quickly concluded the cause: when crows eat road kill, they always have a look-out crow in a nearby tree to warn of impending danger. They discovered that while all the lookout crows could shout "Cah", not a single one could shout "Truck."

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The one thing that unites all human beings, regardless of age, gender, religion, economic status or ethnic background, is that deep down inside, we ALL believe that we are above-average drivers.

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All my husband wanted was to pay for some batteries, but none of the clerks in the electronics store seemed interested in helping him.

"I've got an idea," I said, and pulled a tape measure out of my purse. I stepped over to one of the giant plasma-screen TVs and started to measure it.

Faster than you can say high definition, a young man came running over. "May I help you?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," I said. "We'd like to buy these batteries."

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People who want to share their religious views with you almost never want you to share yours with them.

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Tech support people like myself spend our days on the phone with customers. Many like to chat while waiting for their computers to reboot.

One man told me he'd been a long-haul truck driver.

"I'd love to drive a big rig," I said, "but I'd worry about falling asleep at the wheel."

"Here's a tip to stay awake," he offered. "Put a \$100 bill in your left hand and hold it out the window."

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Be nice to nurses. They keep the doctors from killing you.

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Innkeeper: "The room is \$15 a night. It's \$5 if you make your own bed."

Guest: "I'll make my own bed."

Innkeeper: "Good. I'll get you some nails and some wood."

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Never buy a car you can't push.

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I work in a doctor's office, and part of my job is to perform hearing tests. One day I was preparing to test a six-year-old patient.

"Do you ever hear ringing in your ears?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied solemnly. "Every day at recess."

# Morning Breaks

Volume 14 Number 47 "A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley November 22, 2015

On the first day of vacation, a girl fell and broke her leg. As the doctor examined her, she moaned, "This is my vacation! Why couldn't this have happened on my last day of scuba diving?"

The doctor replied, "This IS your last day of scuba diving."

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I like to party, and by "party" I mean take naps.

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Picking up my son at daycare, I got into a conversation with a group of parents.

One woman bragged that her son sat up alone at four months, crawled at six months and was walking long before his first birthday. She said at 16 months, he now was talking in full sentences.

Turning to my friend Helen, she asked, "Is your 16-month-old talking yet?"

"No, Andy doesn't say much," Helen replied. "He mainly writes things down for us."

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Nearing 40 and woefully out of shape, I resolved to buy a bicycle and begin an exercise regimen.

As I browsed in the bike shop, a young, athletic-looking clerk approached.

"What do you have for a fat old lady with a big, tender posterior who hasn't ridden in years?" I asked.

He didn't even blink. "Well, why don't you bring her in, and we'll see what we can do," he said, clinching the sale.

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I'm going to live forever, or die trying!

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During a heartfelt chat with her friend about relationships, my wife sighed and said, "You know, if something happened to Lloyd, I don't think I could ever marry again."

Her friend nodded sympathetically. "I know what you mean," she said. "Once is enough."

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Standing in line at the clothing store's counter, I watched as the woman ahead of me handed the clerk her credit card. The customer waited for a long time while the saleswoman went to verify the account.

When she finally returned, the clerk said, "I'm sorry, but this card is in your husband's name, and we can't accept it because the records show he is deceased."

With that, the woman turned to her spouse, who was standing next to her and asked, "Does this mean I don't have to fix lunch for you today?"

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I've tried to find a suitable exercise video for men my age, but they haven't made one called "Abs of Putty."

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I was visiting a friend who could not find her cordless phone. After several minutes of searching, her young daughter said, "You know what they should invent? A phone that stays connected to its base so it never gets lost."

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Business conventions are important because they demonstrate how many people a company can operate without.

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The company where I work provides five-foot-high cubicles so each employee can have some privacy. One day a co-worker had an exasperating phone conversation with one of her teenage sons.

After hanging up, she heaved a sigh and said, "No one ever listens to me."

Immediately, several voices from surrounding cubicles called out, "Yes, we do."

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There are no stupid questions, but there are a lot of inquisitive idiots.

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A husband and wife were at a party chatting with some friends when the subject of marriage counseling came up.

"Oh, we'll never need that. My husband and I have a great relationship," the wife explained.

"He was a communications major in college, and I majored in theater arts. He communicates really well, and I just act as if I'm listening."

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Today I pardoned Norbert from the Thanksgiving table. I wish him well as he lives out the remainder of his days at Thanksgiving Point Farm Country.





# Morning Breaks

Volume 14 Number 48     *"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley*     November 29, 2015

A husband and wife were at a party chatting with some friends when the subject of marriage counseling came up.

"Oh, we'll never need that. My husband and I have a great relationship," the wife explained.

"He was a communications major in college, and I majored in theater arts. He communicates really well, and I just act as if I'm listening."

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It rarely occurs to teenagers that the day will come when they'll know as little as their parents.

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A class from a nearby university was visiting a major drug manufacturer.

The tour guide led the students to a glass-enclosed room. They could see several people in white lab coats.

With her back to the glass, the guide announced: "In this room researchers are actively searching for cures for disease."

She stopped short as the group broke out laughing. Puzzled, the guide turned to look. Through the glass she saw three scientists in animated debate, flipping through the pages of a Pizza menu.

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Growing older is mandatory.

Growing up is optional.

Laughing at yourself is therapeutic.

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My three-year-old daughter and I went shopping with my mother. A rather large woman, Mom sometimes had a tough time finding just the right fit.

When my mother picked out a yellow suit, my daughter went into the dressing room with her. A moment later, Mom asked her how she liked the outfit.

My daughter replied, "Oh, Nana, you look so pretty. Just like a big yellow school bus!"

The suit stayed in the dressing room.

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Blessed are those who can give without remembering and take without forgetting.

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Skipping down the hall with her parents, at the hospital where I work, was the cutest little blond girl wearing hot-pink Crocs. One of the nurses walking down the

same hall was wearing those colorful printed scrubs that hospital staff often sport, and when she passed the family, she said to the little girl, "Wow! I sure like your shoes."

"Thank you!" the girl replied. As she continued down the hallway, she added, "And I sure like your jammies!"

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If you don't have a sense of humor, you probably don't have any sense at all.

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Frequently complimented on what a pretty girl she was, my five- year-old daughter, Maria, had become fairly used to relative's and friend's comments.

One evening my friend Eleanor came to visit just as Maria was being tucked into bed, so she came to say good night.

"My!" she said, "you have really long eyelashes!"

"Yes, said Maria. "They should be long. I've been growing them for five years," she paused, "and I never cut them once."

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If you had to identify, in one word, the reason why the human race has not achieved and never will achieve its full potential that word would be "meetings."

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My friend asked his father-in-law, a crop-duster, how his day had gone.

"It was the worst day of my life," replied the man. "This morning I was up in my plane dusting a field when I nicked a power line and damaged the wing of the plane. When I got back to the office, my boss chewed me out. Then the guy from the FAA chewed me out.

On my way home, I stopped off at a restaurant and was handed a warm soda. So I yelled at the waitress, 'Don't you have any cold soda?'

The waitress said, 'Sorry, but we've been out of electricity all day ever since some idiot crop-duster hit a power line down the road.'"

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The aging process could be slowed down if it had to work its way through Congress.

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I had purchased a large, cast aluminum, decorative sundial from a garden catalog and was setting it up in my yard.

A neighbor, an old Florida fellow, was leaning on the fence watching my progress and asked, "What the heck's that for?"

I explained, "It's a sundial. See, the sun will hit that small triangular spike and cast a shadow on the face of the sundial. Then, as the sun moves across the sky, the shadow also moves across the calibrated dial, enabling a person to determine the correct time."

My neighbor shook his head and muttered, "What will they think of next?!"

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Why do croutons come in airtight packages? Aren't they just stale bread to begin with?

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For some reason, the bookstore clerk couldn't get the computer to recognize my preferred customer card. Peering over her shoulder at the screen, I said, "There's part of the problem. It shows my birth date as 12/30/1899."

"That's right," my husband chimed in. "She was born in June, not December."