



Yup, it's rodeo time in West Jordan. Definitely time to get religion for most cowboys.

These are the Cowboy Rules in effect for: Arizona, Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Idaho and the rest of the Wild West.

1. Pull your pants up. You look like an idiot.
2. Turn your cap right; your head ain't crooked.
3. Let's get this straight: it's called a "gravel road." I drive a pickup truck because I want to. No matter how slow you drive, you're gonna get dust on your Lexus. Drive it or get out of the way.
4. They are cattle. That's why they smell like cattle. They smell like money to us. Get over it. Don't like it? I-10 & I-40 go east and west, I-17 & I-15 go north and south. Pick one and go.

5. So you have an \$80,000 car. We're impressed. We have \$350,000 Combines that are driven only 3 weeks a year.
6. Every person in the Wild West waves. It's called being friendly. Try to understand the concept.
7. If that cell phone rings while a bunch of geese/pheasants/ducks/doves are comin' in during a hunt, we WILL shoot it outta your hand. You better hope you don't have it up to your ear at the time.
8. Yeah. We eat trout, salmon, deer and elk. You really want sushi and caviar? It's available at the corner bait shop.
9. The 'Opener' refers to the first day of deer season. It's a religious holiday held the closest Saturday to the first of November.
10. We open doors for women. That's applies to all women, regardless of age.
11. No, there's no "vegetarian special" on the menu. Order steak, or you can order the Chef's Salad and pick off the 2 pounds of ham and turkey.
12. When we fill out a table, there are three main dishes: meats, vegetables, and breads. We use three spices: salt, pepper, and ketchup! Oh, yeah ... We don't care what you folks in the North East call that stuff you eat ... IT AIN'T REAL CHILI!!
13. You bring "Coke" into my house, it better be brown, wet and served over ice. You bring "Mary Jane" into my house, she better be cute, know how to shoot, drive a truck, and have long hair.
14. College and High School Football is as important here as the Giants, the Yankees, the Mets, the

Lakers and the Knicks, and a dang site more fun to watch.

15. Yeah, we have golf courses. But don't hit the water hazards - it spooks the fish.
16. Turn down that blasted car stereo! That thumpity-thump ain't music, anyway. We don't want to hear it anymore than we want to see your boxers! Refer back to #1!
17. A true Westerner will send this to at least 10 others and a few new friends that probably won't get it, but we're friendly so we share in hopes you can begin to understand what a real life is all about!!!



No, this is not a re-enactment of building the Tower of Babel. They all speak ENGLISH (I think).

As a new Ensign, I was assigned duty at the Naval Observatory in Washington, DC, and carpooled to work with a veteran Marine sergeant. One afternoon, I showed him a pair of brown shoes I had purchased to go with my khaki uniform. He examined the leather

carefully. "Let me take these home," he said, "and I'll show you a real Marine Corps shine."

The next day I wore my old shoes, expecting to switch them with the ones the sergeant was polishing. From a grocery bag, Sarge pulled out the right shoe, shining like glass. "This is the way a Marine shines a shoe," he said. "Now all you have to do is polish the left one to look like it."

When the employees of a restaurant attended a fire safety seminar, they watched a fire official demonstrate the proper way to operate an extinguisher.

"Pull the pin like a hand grenade," he explained, "and then press the trigger to release the foam."

Later an employee was selected to extinguish a controlled fire in the parking lot. In her nervousness, she forgot to pull the pin. The instructor hinted, "Like a hand grenade, remember?"

In a burst of confidence she pulled the pin ... and hurled the extinguisher at the blaze.

Living with a toddler is like using a blender with no lid.

One summer evening a young son came in while his parents were setting the table for supper. Quite surprisingly, he asked if he could help.

His mother said, "No, but I appreciate you asking."

The child responded, "Well, I appreciate you saying no."

I'm losing my mind, but as long as I keep the part that tells me I gotta go to the bathroom, I should be OK.

A fisherman accidentally left his day's catch under the seat of a bus.

The next evening, the newspaper carried an ad: "If the person who left a bucket of fish on the No. 47 bus would care to come to the garage, he can have the bus."



My oven has a "Stop Time" button on it. It probably means "Stop Timer" but I don't touch it just in case.

Because I couldn't unplug the toilet with a plunger, I had to dismantle the entire fixture. That's no small feat for a non-plumber.

Jammed inside the drain was a purple rubber dinosaur, which belonged to my five-year-old son.

I painstakingly got all the toilet parts together again, the tank filled, and I flushed it. However, it didn't work much better than before! As I pondered what to do next, my son walked into the bathroom.

I pointed to the purple dinosaur I had just dislodged and told him that the toilet still wasn't working.

"Did you get the green one, too"? he asked.



Great Customer Service – I think?

Why is there a "d" in fridge but not in refrigerator?

A young trial lawyer was defending a man accused of burglary. The lawyer, known for being witty (and the judge knows this) tried yet another one of his creative defenses. The judge, while not known for having a sense of humor, decided to hear the young lawyer out.

"While my client admits he did, in fact, reach his arm into the window and remove a few trifling articles. However his arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed by just his limb."

"Well put," the judge replied. "Using your logic, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he so chooses."

The defendant smiled. With his lawyer's assistance he detached his artificial limb, laid it on the bench, and walked out.

It's amazing how grandparents seem so young once you become one.

One afternoon I was in our living room reading the sports pages. "This pitcher earns \$3.2 million a year just for throwing a ball straight," I ranted to my wife. "Anyone can do that."

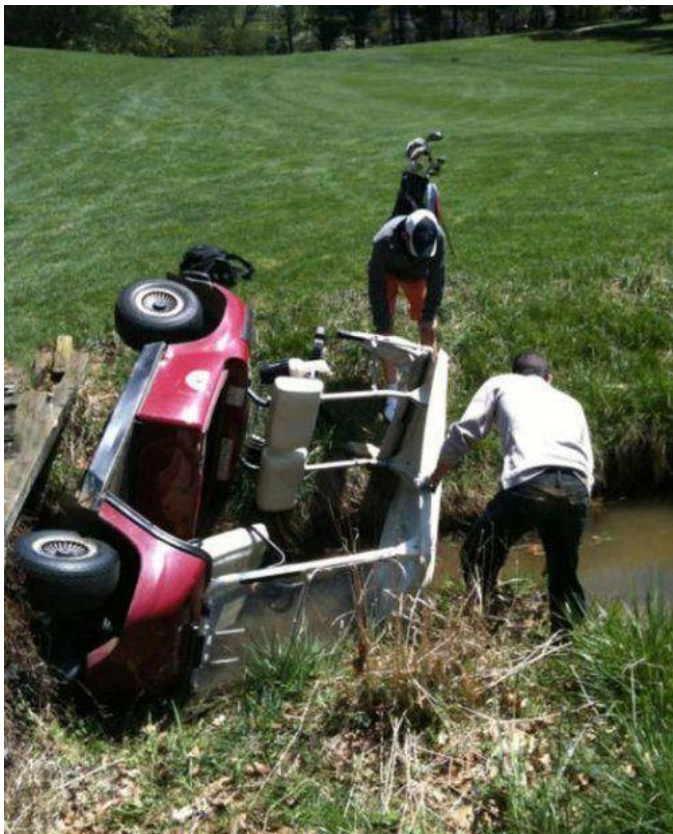
I picked up a rubber ball that was lying next to my chair and threw it at a couch cushion. "Look at that," I bragged. "Bull's-eye!"

My wife tossed the ball back and I threw again, hitting dead center.

"Two in a row," I cheered.

My third toss went wild and ricocheted into one of my wife's favorite pictures, knocking it off the end table. She didn't even look up.

"And that," she said, "is why you make \$32,000 a year."



This is what happens when golfers drink and drive – they miss the bridge completely.

There has been an alarming increase in the number of things I know nothing about.

As a member of the organization that installs computer systems aboard Navy ships, I am mindful of how important the off-ship email capabilities are to sailor morale, especially when some vessels are deployed for up to six months. One day while shopping at the base commissary, I noticed another crucial aspect of my job.

I was behind a frazzled mother with two active children, and as I watched, she stalked over to where her young son had perched himself on the rail of the freezer case. "If you don't get off there right now," she commanded, "I'm going to email your father!"

My therapist said that my narcissism causes me to misread social situations. I'm pretty sure she was hitting on me.

Growing old is not upsetting; what's upsetting is being perceived as old.

My husband has always had a beard. One day, he decided to shave it off.

He came into the room where our 5-year-old daughter was playing and asked her, "Notice anything different?"

To which she replied, "No" with a puzzled look on her face.

My husband then said to her, "My beard's gone."

Now the puzzled look disappeared and the innocent eyes appeared when she said "I didn't take it!"

Ever notice that once you only had time to fetch a drink during a TV commercial break? Now you can go out and mow the lawn.

When I was visiting a friend who lived on the edge of a wilderness preserve, we drove along a rutted trail, and we saw a small creek ahead whose bridge was under water.

"We have a serious beaver problem," our friend said. "They build dams that cause the creek to flood. Forest rangers take down the dams, and the beavers rebuild them."

As we got closer, we could see a large scoreboard posted by the bridge.

It read: BEAVERS 3 RANGERS 0



Remember back when we were kids and every time it was below zero out they closed school? Me neither.

Money talks ... but all mine ever says is good-bye.



The old timer is looking at tools at the local building supply store and picks up a hammer.

"Don't make these like they used to," he tells the salesman, "I've had the same one for over fifty years. Only had to replace the handle six times and the head twice."

I'm going to tell my grandchildren that I am older than the Internet and blow their minds forever.

I may not be that funny or athletic or good looking or smart or talented ... I forgot where I was going with this.

Stupid Things Actually Said by Soccer Commentators

1. Well, its Liverpool two, Ipswich nil, and if the score stays this way, I've got to fancy Liverpool for the win.
2. He had an eternity to play that ball, but took too long.
3. And so they have not been able to improve on their 100% record.
4. With the last kick of the game, he scored with a header.
5. Well, it's a fabulous kaleidoscope of color: almost all the Brazilians are wearing yellow shirts.
6. If that had gone on, it would definitely have been a goal.
7. Their manager isn't here today, which strongly suggests that he may be elsewhere.
8. I am a firm believer that if one team scores a goal, the other need to score two to win.
9. If a team scores early on, it often takes an early lead.
10. You cannot possibly have counted the number of passes made, but there were eight.

Kids today don't know how easy they have it ... when I was young, I had to walk through 9 feet of shag carpet to change the TV channel.

My husband, a carpenter, watched in amazement as his helper leaned down from the second floor of the building they were working on, deliberately dropped his hammer and then climbed down to retrieve it.

"Why did you drop your hammer?" Kurt asked when the man returned.

"Well, first I accidentally dropped my pencil," the fellow replied, "but I wanted to make the trip to get it worthwhile."

The location of your mailbox shows you how far away from your house you can be in a robe before you start looking like a mental patient. (Of course, that's never stopped Big Steve.)



My friend recently started taking a yoga class at the local university gym. Being in her mid-40s, she is one of the older students there.

One day, she lamented to me that the younger people in the class seemed far more flexible and able to get into the poses.

Her eight-year-old daughter was listening in and following her instructions, bending and twisting easily into each pose.

"When does this get hard?" she asked us.

"In about 30 years!" her mother replied.

I think my neighbor is stalking me as she's been googling my name on her computer. I saw it through my telescope last night.

First I had to work late. Then I discovered that I'd locked my keys in the car. But the last straw was learning that roadside service couldn't get a locksmith to me for at least two hours.

Finally the guy showed, looking tired and annoyed. As he struggled with my door, I joked, "Do those Slim Jim tools come in purse-size?"

"Yeah," he muttered. "They're called keys."

The reason Mayberry was so peaceful and quiet was because nobody was married. Andy, Aunt Bea, Barney, Floyd, Howard, Goober, Gomer, Sam, Earnest T Bass, Helen, Thelma Lou, Clara and, of course, Opie were all single. The only married person was Otis, and he stayed drunk. (This observation taken from a RM who desperately wants to get married but he's been turned down four times.)

My 60 year kindergarten reunion is coming up soon and I'm worried about the 175 pounds I've gained since then.



Volume 16 Number 30

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

July 23, 2017



A bricklayer at a construction job routinely complained about the contents of his lunch box. "I'm sick and tired of getting the same old thing!" he shouted one day. "Tonight I'll set my wife straight."

The next day the men could hardly wait until lunchtime to hear what happened.

"You bet I told her off," the bricklayer boasted. "I said, 'No more of the same old stuff. Be creative!' We had one heck of a fight, but I got my point across."

He had indeed. In front of an admiring audience, he opened his lunch box to find that his wife had packed a coconut - and a hammer.

Working for a judge in a common pleas court, I saw many criminal defendants. One man facing drug charges proved unusually helpful.

To determine the exact quantity of the illegal substance allegedly sold, the judge asked the prosecutor how many grams there are in an ounce.

As both attorneys checked their notes, the defendant, who had not yet entered his plea, proudly announced, "There are 28.3 grams in an ounce, your honor."

His attorney advised him to plead guilty.

The pharmacist asked me my birth date again today. I'm pretty sure she's going to get me something.

While vacationing in Alaska, I couldn't help but notice all the warnings about bears posted in campgrounds, visitors' centers, and rest areas advising people not to feed the bears, how to avoid bears, what to do if a bear sees you, what to do if a bear attacks, and so on.

My favorite, however, was a hand-lettered sign on the door of a small gas station in a remote area. It said: "Warning! If you are being chased by a bear, don't come in here!"

My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll see about that.

I was teaching my Grade 1 class to tell time using a conventional-style analog clock. "We'll be learning about the hour hand and the minute hand," I explained.

One of the students interrupted and said, "I don't need to learn on that kind of clock. My dad bought me this digital watch, and right now it's ten minutes to 38."



You know that tingly little feeling you get when you like someone? That's your common sense leaving your body. But don't worry. It happens to everyone at one time or another.

Our 17-year-old daughter has finally shown some interest in cooking. Recently, while we were watching TV, she was baking some french fries and asked me to pause the show. In less than a minute, she came back to the den.

"What was that about?" I asked.

She said that the instructions told her to turn the fries halfway through cooking.

I remarked that she was pretty fast in flipping all those fries.

"Is that what it meant?" she replied. "I just turned the pan around."

America is a country which produces citizens who will cross the ocean to fight for democracy but won't cross the street to vote.

My sister deals with customer complaints at the call center of a major bank. A very irate customer called one day to declare, "My new computer banking software doesn't work."

My sister tried to determine the problem and eventually realized the software was working perfectly.

She began to explain this when the customer cut in, "But money isn't coming out of the printer!"

Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y?

A man learned shortly before quitting time that he had to attend a meeting. He tried unsuccessfully to locate his car pool members to let them know that he would not be leaving with them.

Hastily he scribbled a message to one fellow and left it on his desk: "I have a last minute meeting. Leave without me. Dave."

At 7:00 p.m., he stopped back at his desk and found this note: "Meet us at the bar and grill across the street. You drove, you idiot."

A recent study has found that women who carry a little extra weight, live longer than the men who mention it.

Long, unproductive meetings are often the curse of corporate life.

My very funny boss at the software company where I worked has come up with what just might be the perfect way to cut a business conferences short before they start rambling out of control.

There comes a time when he announces, "All those opposed to my plan say, 'I resign.'"

End of meeting.

I find it ironic that the colors red, white, and blue stand for freedom until they are flashing behind you.



Primary care physicians.

He said, "Unfortunately your last boss failed to apply for the grant that supports your work. You will be terminated at the end of this month. Did you know that?"

Admittedly, I was unprepared for this, but I was not shocked.

Two weeks before the end of my tenure, the new boss came to me again. He said, "Before you go, please submit the lesson plans you would have used for the next three months."

I said, "Oh, I'm sorry, those lesson plans were covered in the grant. Didn't you know that?"

My wife never quite got the hang of the 24-hour military clock. One day she called the orderly room to speak with me. The person who answered told her to call me at the extension in the band rehearsal hall.

"He can be reached at 4700, Ma'am," the soldier advised.

With a sigh of exasperation, my wife responded, "And just what time is that?"

Today a man knocked on my door and asked for a small donation towards the local swimming pool. I gave him a glass of water.

I work in a school department that is supported by grants.

On his first day, my new boss delivered some bad news.

You never know when it will strike, but there comes a moment when you know that you just aren't going to do anything productive for the rest of the day. That never happens to missionaries, though.

"The greatest thing about the Internet is that you can quote something and just totally make up the source." (Benjamin Franklin)

After participating in a nutritional-health class, my 16-year-old daughter encouraged her sisters to try whole-grain breads and whole-wheat pasta, and complained if we were having anything that looked too processed.

At dinnertime one evening, she entered the kitchen, spied the food on the plates and boldly asked: "Are those whole-wheat potatoes?"

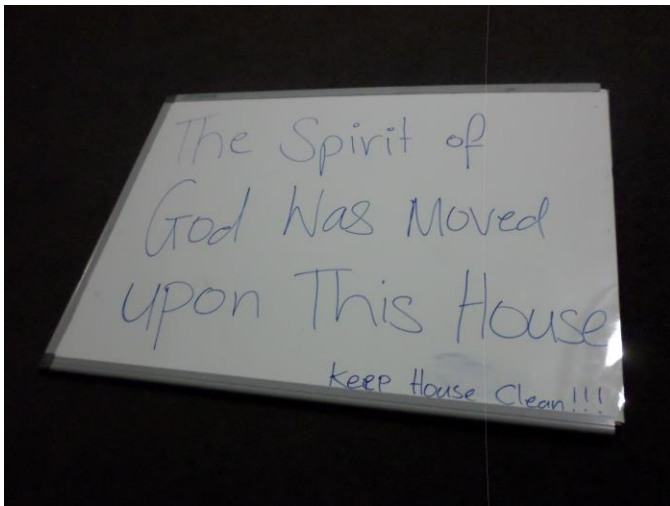
No matter how busy people are, they always have time to stop and talk about how busy they are.

A mayor of a small town passed out pens imprinted with the message, "Got a gripe? Call the mayor."

One morning the phone rang and his secretary answered it.

"Who was that?" the mayor asked.

"A citizen with a gripe," came the reply. "He said that the pen you gave him doesn't work."



This is NOT what you want to see when you return to your apartment and find out the Mission President's wife helped with the apartment checks.

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 interrupted. "Who are you and whom do you represent?"

She told me and immediately continued asking questions.

Interrupting her again, I asked, "What's the purpose of this survey?"

"Sir" she replied irritable, "I don't have time to answer your questions."

Then she hung up.

Early one morning, my husband, who works at a funeral home, woke me, complaining about severe abdominal pains.

We rushed to the emergency room, where tests were performed to determine the source of the pain. My husband decided not to have me call in sick for him until we knew what was wrong.

When the results came back, the nurse informed us that, true to our suspicions, he was suffering from a kidney stone. I turned to my husband and asked, "Would you like me to call the funeral home now?"

With a scornful look, the nurse turned to me and snapped, "Honey, he's not that sick!"

A child's greatest period of growth is the month after you've purchased new school clothes.

Once while riding the bus to work, I noticed a man at a stop enjoying a cup of what I assumed to be coffee. As we approached the stop, he finished drinking and set the cup on the ground. This negligence surprised me, since it seemed to be a good ceramic cup.

Days later I saw the same man again drinking his coffee at the bus stop. Once again, he placed the cup on the grass before boarding.

When the bus pulled away, I looked back in time to see a dog carefully carrying the cup in his mouth as he headed for home.

I've been hiding from exercise: I'm in the fitness protection program.

After an enthusiastic recommendation from my wife, I began listening to the audio-book version of a novel.

"I love it, but his writing style is so disjointed," I complained. "He refers to characters I don't know and introduces them a half hour later."

My wife was as confused as I was, but I soldiered on, disoriented by the jumpy story line. It wasn't until the end of the book that my dilemma was explained: I had my iPod set on "Shuffle."