



Elders get sofa stuck in doorway during service day.

Professional golfer Tommy Bolt was playing in Los Angeles and had a caddy with a reputation of constant chatter. Before they teed off, Bolt told him, "Don't say a word to me. And if I ask you something, just answer yes or no."

During the round, Bolt found the ball next to a tree, where he had to hit under a branch, over a lake and onto the green. He got down on his knees and looked through the trees and sized up the shot.

"What do you think?" he asked the caddy. "Five iron?"

"No," the caddy said.

"What do you mean, not a five iron?" Bolt snorted. "Watch this shot."

The caddy rolled his eyes. "Nooo, Mr. Bolt."

But Bolt hit it and the ball stopped about two feet from the hole. He turned to his caddy, handed him the five-iron and said, "Now what do you think about that? You can talk now."

"Mr. Bolt," the caddy said, "that wasn't your ball."

During my freshman year at university, I worked nights as a waiter. The following year, wanting my evenings free, I applied for a dormitory maintenance job and was asked, "How are you on punctuality?"

"Oh, I'm good at that," I blurted out without thinking. "I'm an English major."

(In case you missed the punchline, punctuality means being on time – not how well you spell.)

The reason congressmen try so hard to get re-elected is that they would hate to have to make a living under the laws they've passed.

A friend of mine is a deputy with the sheriff's department canine division.

One evening, the deputy was dispatched to the scene of a possible burglary, where he discovered the back door of a building ajar. He let the dog out of his patrol car and commanded it to enter and seek.

Jumping from the back seat, the dog headed for the building. After lunging through the doorway, the dog froze and backed out. My friend was puzzled until he investigated further. Then he noticed the sign on the building: "Veterinarian's Office."

I don't mean to interrupt people but I randomly remember things and get really excited.

Because my tenth grade math class had difficulty solving an algebra problem, I went to the blackboard to demonstrate how it was done. The solution required many steps, but finally we arrived at the answer: $X = 0$.

One of my students complained, "You mean to tell me we did all that work for nothing?"



I haven't taught my kids to tell time yet. That way, I can say it's bedtime whenever I want.

On her forty-first birthday, a woman received, among other presents, an extravagantly expensive wrinkle-removing cream from her teenage daughter.

"And what did she give you last year?" a guest asked the mom.

Her reply without hesitation was: "The wrinkles!"

Sometime I just want someone to hug me and say, "I know it's hard. You are going to be OK. Here's chocolate and six million dollars."

Lisa, who is my coworker at the travel agency where we're both employed, had a customer whose trip was a complete fiasco from start to finish.

She was going to write him a letter of apology, but wasn't sure how to begin.

I reminded her of a similar experience that one of my customers had the previous year, and dug out the letter I'd written for him so she could use it as an example.

Handing it to her, I said, "All you have to do is change the details: the date, the trip info, and the name."

Lisa glanced at it, chuckled and shook her head. Then she looked up at me and said, "We won't even have to change the name."

I remember the good old days ... when "Snap, Crackle and Pop" were sounds I heard from my breakfast cereal and not from my body.

We needed a new doorbell, so my handy brother-in-law helped us install one.

A few days later, very early in the morning, the doorbell rang. We got up to check the door and nobody was there. About a half hour later, the doorbell rang and again nobody was there. Convinced it was a practical joke, we camped out by the door. It rang again, and this time we could see there was definitely nobody there.

We knew that a doorbell uses low voltage supplied by a transformer. We traced the wires and noticed that my brother-in-law had wired the doorbell into an existing transformer that was also hooked to the furnace thermostat. As a result, whenever the furnace turned on, the doorbell rang.

We purchased a dedicated transformer for the new doorbell and are now sleeping in on weekends.

Why is it that a heavy rain that washes away tons of topsoil can't wash the dirt off your car?



A lady who was speeding had an officer pulled her to the side of the road.

She didn't have her seat belt on so as soon as she stopped, she quickly slipped it on before the officer got to her window.

After talking to her about speeding, the officer said, "I see you are wearing your seat belt. Do you believe in wearing it at all times?"

"Yes, I do, officer," she replied.

"Well," asked the officer, "do you always do it up with it looped through your steering wheel?"



A policeman arrives at the scene of an accident, in which a car smashed into a tree. The cop rushes over to the vehicle and asks the driver, "Are you seriously hurt?"

"How do I know?" the driver responds. "I'm not a lawyer!"

Most people hate to parallel park. The other day, I saw this woman trying to get out of a tight parking space. She bumped the car in front, then backed up and hit the car behind her. This went on about two minutes.

I walked over to see if I could somehow help. My offer was declined. She said, "Why have bumpers if you're not going to use them once in a while?"

Do you know the song "Yesterday"? Then sing along to this computer version.

Yesterday, All those backups seemed a waste of pay.

Now my database has gone away. Oh I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, There's not half the files there used to be,

And there's a milestone hanging over me. The system crashed so suddenly.

I pushed something wrong. What it was I could not say.

Now all my data's gone and I long for yesterday-ay-ay-ay.

Yesterday, The need for back-ups seemed so far away.

I knew my data was all here to stay, Now I believe in yesterday.

One morning, when my son was about 3 years-old, he saw me putting on a pale green face-mask. (Something I rarely do.)

"What 'ou doin'?" he said.

"I'm putting on a face mask," I replied.

"What it for?" he asked.

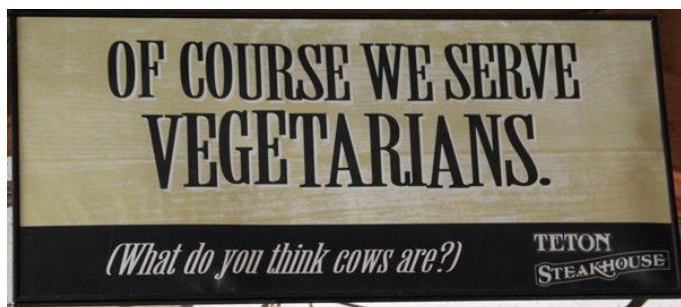
"It's to make Mommy look more beautiful," I told him.

He stood looking at me in that considering way that small children have, then said as gently as possible, "Well ... it doesn't."

When we put our house up for sale, I stressed emphatically that my sons make their beds each morning. I left for work before they left for school, and I wanted to be sure that the house looked presentable when the agent showed it to prospective buyers.

I was surprised and impressed that my 15-year-old son's bed was perfectly made each day. One night when I went into his room, I discovered his secret.

He was fast asleep on the floor in his sleeping bag.



Benny wanted a job as a signalman on the railways.

At his interview, the inspector asked him this question:

"What would you do if you saw 2 trains heading for each other on the SAME track?"

Benny replied, "I would switch the points for one of the trains."

"Good. But what if the lever broke?", asked the inspector.

"Then I'd run down to the signal box", said Benny, "and use the manual lever there."

"What if lightning struck it?" asked the inspector.

"Then..." Benny continued, "I'd run back into signal box & phone the next signal box."

"What if the phone was engaged?"

"Well....in that case," persevered Benny, " I'd rush down out of the box & use the public emergency phone at the level of the crossing up there..."

"What would you do if THAT was vandalized?"

"Oh, well then I'd run into the village & get my Uncle Toby."

This bizarre response puzzled the Inspector, so he asked, "And just why would you do that??"

"Because Uncle Toby... He's never seen a train wreck!!"

One of my husband's duties as a novice drill instructor at Fort Jackson, S.C., was to escort new recruits to the mess hall. After everyone had made it through the chow line, he sat them down and told them, "There are three rules in this mess hall: Shut up! Eat up! Get up!"

Checking to see that he had everyone's attention, he asked, "What is the first rule?"

Much to the amusement of the other instructors, 60 privates yelled in unison, "Shut up, Drill Sergeant!"

I deliver pizza to help cover my college tuition. Once I called on customers who sent their seven-year-old son to pay me. As he approached the screen door, I noticed he was carrying a check in one hand and two dollars in the other, which I assumed was my tip.

To my dismay, he pocketed the bills before handing me the check, which was for the exact cost of the pizza.

"Could that have been a tip?" I asked, trying not to sound accusatory.

"Yep," he replied proudly. "Not bad for just a walk from the living room and back!"

A lawyer sent an overdue bill to a client. A note was attached that stated: "This bill is one year old."

By return mail the lawyer had his bill back. To it was attached a card which read: "Happy Birthday."

I knew we'd been eating out too much when my five-year-old son, while being served a homemade meal, said, "That's not what I ordered."



The crew of a fast frigate was practicing the man overboard drill by "rescuing" a bright orange fluorescent dummy dubbed Oscar.

The captain watched as a young lieutenant nervously stopped the ship, turned it and maneuvered into place.

Unfortunately, he ran right over Oscar. Surveying the remains of Oscar scattered around the ship, the captain told the lieutenant, "Son, do me a favor. If I ever fall overboard, just drop anchor and I'll swim to you."

As he unwound his scarf he said to the baker, "May I have two bagels to go, please?"

The baker said in astonishment, "Two bagels? Nothing more?"

"That's right," answered the little man. "One for me and one for Bernice."

"Bernice is your wife?" Asked the baker.

"What do you think," snapped the little man. "My mother would never send me out on a night like this!"



Mom announced to her family, "Tomorrow morning I'm going to make an old-fashioned breakfast with eggs, ham, biscuits and grits."

The five-year-old daughter groaned, "But, Mommy, you know I don't like eggs."

Mom then reminded her of all the food the little girl liked that contained eggs.

The next morning, when the daughter walked into the kitchen, Mom said, "Since you are here first, you can decide for the family. How do you want me to cook the eggs?"

The little girl answered, "In chocolate cake, please."

It was a terrible night, blowing cold and rain in a most frightful manner. The streets were deserted and the local baker was just about to close up shop when a little man slipped through the door. He carried an umbrella, blown inside out, and was bundled in two sweaters and a thick coat. But even so he still looked wet and bedraggled.

"Grandpa, I'm really proud of you," said the modish young lady.

"What's to be proud of?" asked the old man.

The young lady replied, "I noticed that when you sneeze, you've learned to put your hand in front of your mouth."

"Of course," explained Grandpa.

"How else can I catch my teeth???"

A friend of mine mentioned that she had an appointment with her son's Spanish-Immersion kindergarten teacher. I knew that regular parent-teacher meetings were not due for a while, and when I asked if there was a problem, she related a conversation she had with her son.

"Mom, my teachers says I can speak three languages now!" he said excitedly.

"Three?" she questioned.

"Yes" he replied proudly. "English, Spanish and Inappropriate."



My mother, who could pass for 50, was celebrating her 70th birthday. I phoned to say our family of seven wouldn't be by until later in the day as some of the children had morning commitments. To prepare her for an interrogation when we arrived, I explained that her third grade grandson's assignment that day was to interview an elderly person.

A firm believer in getting homework done, my mother saw this as a legitimate excuse for our delay. "Of course," she reasoned, "he'll have to do that before you can come here."

Walking through the hallways at the middle school where I work, I saw a new substitute teacher standing outside his classroom with his forehead against a locker.

I heard him mutter, "How did you get yourself into this?"

Knowing that he was assigned to a difficult class, I tried to offer moral support.

"Are you okay?" I asked. "Can I help?"

He lifted his head and replied, "I'll be fine as soon as I get this kid out of his locker."

I was visiting my son last night when I asked if I could borrow a newspaper.

"This is the 21st century," he said. "I don't waste money on newspapers. Here, you can borrow my iPad."

I can tell you this: that fly never knew what hit him.

After trying for hours to get my daughters to clean their room, I burst in and yelled,

"GET THIS ROOM CLEAN NOW, BEFORE I HAVE A COW!!!"

My youngest daughter (3 years old) looked at me with a very puzzled expression and said,

"You mean you're going to get rid of us and have a cow instead?"

A man joined the religious order. The order he joined could not speak for seven years. Then they could only say 2 words.

The first seven years passed and they went into a small room. His 2 word were "too cold".

The next seven years passed and they took him back into the small room and his 2 words were "bad food".

The next seven years passed they took him back into the small room and his 2 words were "I quit".

"Good," they said, "all you have done is complain."



The nouveau-riche real-estate developer splurged on a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow and couldn't wait to show it off. So after a meeting with the bank, he offered one of the senior officers a ride home.

"Whaddaya think?" he couldn't resist asking his passenger after a mile or two. "Pretty classy, eh? I bet you've never ridden in one of these before."

"Actually, I have," replied the banker graciously, "but this is the first time in the front seat."

What is the greatest invention of the century?

The plastic in my new knees, hips, and heart valve.

What is the surest sign society is in decline?

Those neighbors carousing after 8 PM.

What is your favorite dinner entree?

Early birds.

Do you have trouble eating steak or corn on the cob?

Only when I misplace my teeth.

What's the cheapest way to lower winter heating bills?

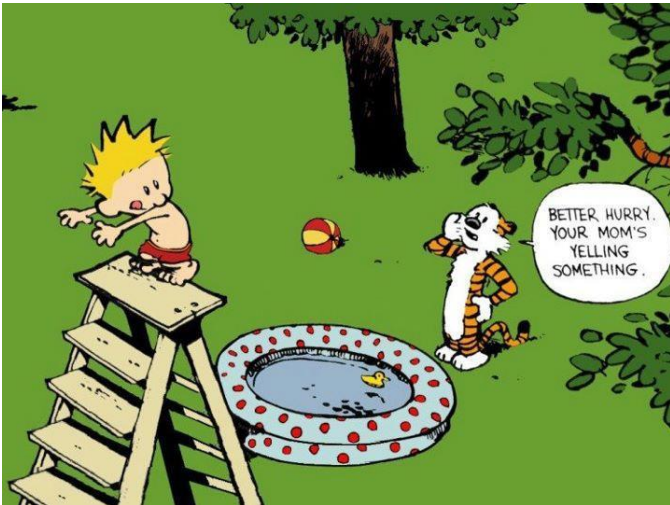
Hot flashes.

What are your most bothersome medical problems?

Those not covered by Medicare.

What are the hardest-to-find fashion accessories?

White shoes and belts.



An opinion poll was taken recently among citizens in local high-rise retirement condos. The questions were direct and simple. The poll produced few surprises. The questions and answers follow...

What's the most important right guaranteed us by the Constitution?

The senior citizen discount.

Customer Guide to Supermarket Checkout

1. When in the express lane, make sure that all items are rung up and bagged before you start looking for your checkbook. Then, after you make a futile search for your pen, borrow one from the clerk and make sure your checkbook is balanced before giving up the check.
2. Never get into the 10-Items-or-Less line with less than 12 items. IT'S THE LAW!!!

3. When in the 10-Items-or-Less line and you have your 12 to 20 items, always ask the clerk if it's okay. That way, if he says "yes," then the people behind you will get mad at HIM, not you. If he says "no," then YOU can get mad at him. Either way, you win!
4. Save all your pennies and dump them in the bottom of your purse so that when you are in the express lane you won't be embarrassed by spending all that time looking for one and not finding any.
5. When asked if you want paper or plastic, take all the time you need to make the right decision. Don't be rushed. Get it right. If you're not sure just say, "BAG." That way they will have to ask you again, giving you more time to decide. You may want to practice this at home in case you are ever asked this question at a grocery store.
6. Always, and I repeat, ALWAYS tell the checker your reason for choosing paper or plastic. Checkers by nature are very curious and if you should fail to give them your reason for choosing paper over plastic, the clerk is liable to lie awake at night wondering why you didn't choose plastic.
7. Always keep this in mind: If something is heavy and you don't want to lift it out of the basket and put it on the belt. Don't fret whether the checker will automatically know the price. After all, everyone knows how smart those clerks are.
8. Since everyone knows how ignorant those clerks are, you must always remember to tell them to not put the eggs and bread in the bottom of the bag.
9. Feel free to ask your clerk anything you may want to know. All checkers are experts on how to prepare whatever meal you should decide to make that night. They can give you precise directions to anywhere in the state you might want to go. They can tell you the best restaurant around, the kind of wine you will like best or anything else you may need to know about life. After all, everyone knows how smart those clerks are.
10. Don't forget rule NO. 8.
11. After waiting in the checkout line for several minutes and it's finally your turn at the counter, be sure to tell the clerk that more help is

needed. He will certainly ensure that there is plenty of help next time.

12. When the clerk greets you and asks how you're doing, don't feel pressured into answering him. After all the clerk has to be polite -- but you don't have to.
13. When the store is not busy and there is only one check-stand with a light on, be sure to ask the nearest clerk which check stand is open. You don't want to take a chance being tricked into the wrong one.

**YOU CAN'T
SCARE ME...
I HAVE
CHILDREN**

A shy little 4-year-old came in to the dentist for his first cleaning and check-up. The hygienist tried to strike up a conversation but no response.

After the cleaning, the dentist was called in to do the final check. The dentist tried to strike up a conversation as well.

"How old are you?" No response. The dentist then asked, "Don't you know how old you are?" Immediately four tiny fingers went up.

"Oh," replied the dentist, "and do you know how old that is?" Four little fingers went up once again.

Continuing the effort to get a response, the dentist asked, "Can you talk?"

The solemn little patient looked at him and asked, "Can you count?"