

Volume 18 Number 35

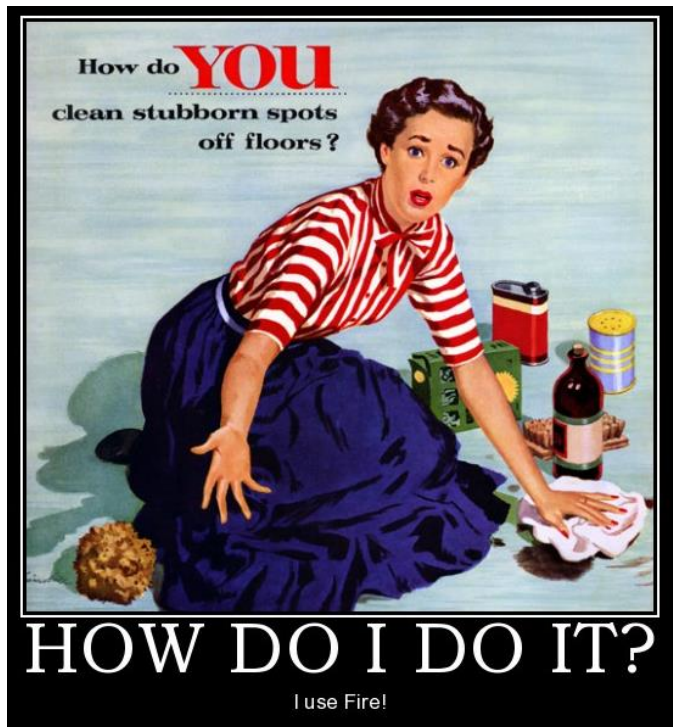
*"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley*

September 1, 2019

**Q:** What does it mean when the high councilor takes off his watch and lays it on top of the pulpit before he begins his talk?

**A:** Usually nothing.

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The principal, who had announced his retirement at year's end, decided to visit all the classes each week.

He walked into the 4th grade class, where the children were studying the states, and asked them how many states they could name.

They came up with about 40 names.

He jokingly told them that in his day students knew the names of all the states.

One lad raised his hand and said, "Yes, but in those days there were only 13."

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It was high-council Sunday, and Brother Smith came out of the meeting before the high councilor had finished his talk.

In the foyer he met a neighbor who asked, "Has he finished, then?"

Brother Smith replied, "Oh yes, he's finished, but he won't stop!"

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It was a warm day and the air conditioning in the Tabernacle was broken.

President Hinckley stood up to address the perspiring congregation gathered for General Conference and said, "It's warm. We're sorry. But it's not as warm as it's going to get if you don't repent!"

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Travelling from the East Coast to Oregon, I was looking forward to sampling seafood from the Pacific Ocean. At a small open-air restaurant, I selected the clam chowder.

"Is it fresh?" I asked the waitress.

"Oh yes," she replied. "We opened the can just this morning."

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Governor Leavitt loved to host a breakfast each year he was in office for the centenarians of the state. During once such event he came upon a couple who were

celebrating their 106<sup>th</sup> birthdays and had been married for 77 years. When he congratulated them, they announced that they were going to get a divorce. It wasn't a sudden decision; they had wanted to get divorced for several years. "But," said the wife, "we decided we'd wait until all the kids were dead."

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I was attending an outdoor music concert with a young woman I'd recently begun dating. Standing at the back of the crowd, we wrapped our arms around each other, swaying to the music.

After a particularly romantic song, my date turned to face me. With a loving smile, she said, "I wish we were closer."

Totally thrilled, I looked into her eyes and whispered, "Do you mean our houses or our friendship?"

Puzzled, she replied, "To the stage."

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### **Some Good News:**

The parachute company says you'll get a full refund.

They say the house didn't float very far at all.

The "National Enquirer" just loved those pictures of you at work.

Jerry Springer wants to surprise you on his show.

The reward for your capture has reached fifty thousand dollars.

The insurance pays the full book value (\$312) for your 1956 T Bird.

The thieves left the push lawn mower and hedge trimmers.

Those Grand Juries always over-react. Don't worry about it.

The boss said while you're sick, he'd do all your work personally.

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If you're going to start cross-country skiing, start with a small country.

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A little old lady sold pretzels on a street corner for 25 cents each.

Every day a young man would leave his office building at lunch time and, as he passed her pretzel stand, he would leave her a quarter, but would never take a pretzel.

This went on for more than five years. The two of them never spoke.

One day as the man passed the old ladies pretzel stand and left his quarter as usual, the pretzel woman spoke to him,

"Sir, I appreciate your business. You are a good customer, but I have to tell you that the pretzel price has increased to 35 cents."

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Bachelor cooking is a matter of attitude. If you think of it as setting fire to things and making a mess, it's fun. However, it's not so great if you think of it as dinner.

Nomenclature is also an important part of bachelor cooking. If you call it "Italian cheese toast," it's not disgusting to have warmed-over pizza for breakfast.

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It's a shame that stupidity isn't painful!



Volume 18 Number 36

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

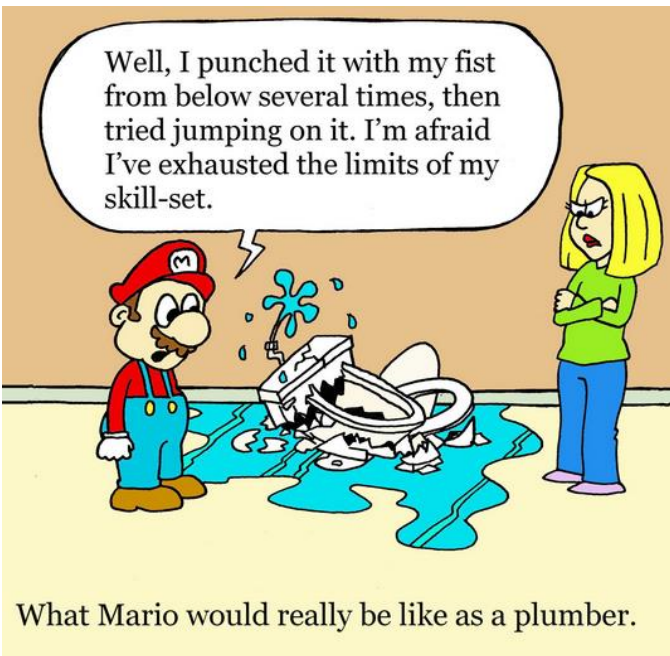
September 8, 2019

Recently, while I was on a shopping trip in a department store, I heard a little five-year-old talking to his mother while they were on the down escalator.

He said, "Mommy, what do they do when the basement gets full of steps?"

Those blue-haired old General Authority wives used to come up to me at temple weddings, poking me in the ribs and cackling, telling me, "You're next."

They stopped after I started doing the same thing to them at all the funerals.



A mission had been in the mind of our son since he was old enough to plan, so when his call came to go to South Germany, excitement ran high. The weeks to follow were crowded with memorizing lessons, medical and dental appointments, shopping, obtaining a passport, and numerous other activities.

With a head full of missionary thoughts, he stopped at the bank one day to buy travelers' checks.

"What denomination?" asked the bank teller.

"LDS."

"What?"

"Oh," the missionary looked chagrined, "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

When the teller still looked puzzled, he suddenly blushed as he realized what denomination he meant. "Ten dollars, please!"

**Q:** What did Brigham Young say to the woman who complained that her husband had told her to go to Hell?

**A:** "Well, first off, don't you do it!"

### **Top 10 Ways to Get a High Councilor to End His Talk.**

10. Look at your watch. Shake it. Hold it up to your ear.
9. Yawn. Stretch. Curl up on the bench and take a nap.
8. Start snoring.
7. Say "Amen" loudly after every sentence.
6. Throw your kids' cheerios up in to the air and try and catch them in your mouth.

Sister Sheri L. Dew - 2nd Counselor in the General Relief Society Presidency, single and once engaged to Dallin H Oaks, once said:

5. Throw your kids' cheerios at the high councilor.
4. Lead your row in a "Chinese" fire-drill.
3. Pull the fire alarm and lead the entire congregation in a real fire drill.
2. Raise your hand and object.
1. Take out your hymnbook and start singing the closing song.



Once at a BYU football game, a person leaned forward to the person in front of them and asked, "Could you remove your hat? It's obstructing my vision."

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" said the person in front, "I didn't realize you were having one!"

There was this BYU student from Southern California who wanted to take advantage of winter sports in Utah. She went to the library and started studying all about ice fishing. She then went out on the ice, set up all her stuff, and sat down.

All of a sudden, a bellowing voice from above said, "There are no fish under the ice".

Startled, she got up and moved to a different spot. Right as she began to sit down, the voice from above spoke again, "There are no fish under the ice."

Frustrated, she got up and walked to a third spot on the ice. She sat down and set up all of her gear.

Once again, the voice spoke, "There are no fish under the ice."

Now the BYU student was very mad. "God, is that you?" she asked.

"No!," the voice replied, "it is the manager of the ice skating rink."

A woman in a hot air balloon realized she was lost. She lowered her altitude and spotted a man in a boat below. She shouted to him, "Excuse me, can you help me? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago, but I don't know where I am."

The man consulted his portable GPS and replied, "You're in a hot air balloon, approximately 30 feet above ground elevation of 2,346 feet above sea level. You are at 31 degrees, 14.97 minutes north latitude and 100 degrees, 49.09 minutes west longitude."

She rolled her eyes and said, "You must be a Reagan-Republican."

"I am," replied the man. "How did you know?"

"Well," answered the balloonist, "everything you told me is technically correct. But I have no idea what to do with your information, and I'm still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help to me."

The man smiled and responded, "You must be an Obama-Democrat."

"I am," replied the balloonist. "How did you know?"

"Well," said the man, "you don't know where you are -- or where you are going. You've risen to where you are, due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise you have no idea how to keep, and you expect me to solve your problem. You're in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but somehow, now it's my fault."

A wife asks her husband, "Could you please go shopping for me and buy one carton of milk and if they have avocados, get 6."

A short time later the husband comes back with 6 cartons of milk.

The wife asks him, "Why did you buy 6 cartons of milk?"

He replied, "They had avocados."

Lecture: the art of transferring information from the notes of the lecturer to the notes of the students without passing the minds of either.



Volume 18 Number 37

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

September 15, 2019

A young man noticed an elderly lady slowly pushing a cart through the supermarket parking lot.

Trying to be courteous, he insisted on pushing it for her as she struggled alongside, doing her best to keep up.

At the store entrance, he said, "Here you go, Ma'am," and gave her the cart.

Catching her breath, she said, "Thank you, but I was using it to lean on."

computer all morning and was still tense from the session.

When she stopped for a traffic light, she made sure to leave a safe distance from the stop line to keep oncoming drivers from hitting the car.

She couldn't help but laugh when he impatiently waved at her to move the car forward while saying, "Scroll up, honey."



#### \*Golf Meditations\*

If you really want to get better at golf, go back and take it up at a much earlier age.

The game of golf is 90% mental and 10% mental.

Since bad shots come in groups of three, a fourth bad shot is actually the beginning of the next group of three.

When you look up, causing an awful shot, you will always look down again at exactly the moment when you ought to start watching the ball if you ever want to see it again.

Any change works for a maximum of three holes . . . or at a minimum of not at all.

No matter how bad you are playing, it is always possible to play worse.

Never try to keep more than 300 separate thoughts in your mind during your swing.

When your shot has to carry over a water hazard, you can either hit one more club or two more balls.

If you're afraid a full shot might reach the green while the foursome ahead of you is still putting out, you have two options: you can immediately shank a lay-up or you can wait until the green is clear and top a ball halfway there.

The husband, a computer-systems troubleshooter by profession, rode with his wife in her new car one afternoon. He had been working on a customer's

The less skilled the player, the more likely he is to share his ideas about the golf swing.

The inevitable result of any golf lesson is the instant elimination of the one critical unconscious motion that allowed you to compensate for all of your many other errors.

If it ain't broke, try changing your grip.

Golfers who claim they don't cheat also lie.

Everyone replaces his divot after a perfect approach shot.

A golf match is a test of your skill against your opponents luck.

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My husband's uncle thought he had conquered his problem of trying to remember his wife's birthday and, also, their anniversary. He opened an account with a florist, provided that florist with the dates and instructions to send flowers to his wife on these dates along with an appropriate note signed, "Your loving husband."

His wife was thrilled by this new display of attention and all went well until one day when he came home he saw a bouquet, kissed his wife and said offhandedly, "Nice flowers, honey. Where'd you get them?"

I'm not into exercising.

Yesterday my wife said, "Let's walk around the block."

I said, "Why? We're already here."

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When I phoned my employee to find out why she hadn't come to the office, I expected to hear a sob story about how sick she was, blah, blah, blah. Instead, her excuse was pretty plausible.

"When I was driving to work, I took a wrong turn," she explained. "And then I just decided to keep going."

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My friend was slowly recovering from a heart attack. "Doctor," she pleaded with her cardiologist, "you must keep me alive for the next two years. I want to attend my first grandchild's graduation."

"We'll try," he replied compassionately.

In due course she gratefully attended the graduation.

Some time later she again spoke to her doctor. "My granddaughter is to be married in 18 months. Please help me to be able to attend her wedding."

"We'll do our best," he replied.

And my friend happily attended her granddaughter's wedding.

Ten years passed. She visited her cardiologist regularly and followed his instructions religiously.

One morning she called him. "Doctor," she began, "I'm feeling fine, but I have another request to ask of you. Remember how you saw me through to my grandson's graduation?"

"Yes."

"And later how you helped me attend my granddaughter's wedding?"

"Yes."

"Well, as you know I've just celebrated my 80th birthday. And I just bought myself a new mattress."

"Yes?"

"It has a 20-year guarantee..."

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How come SUPERMAN could stop bullets with his chest but always ducked when someone threw a gun at him.



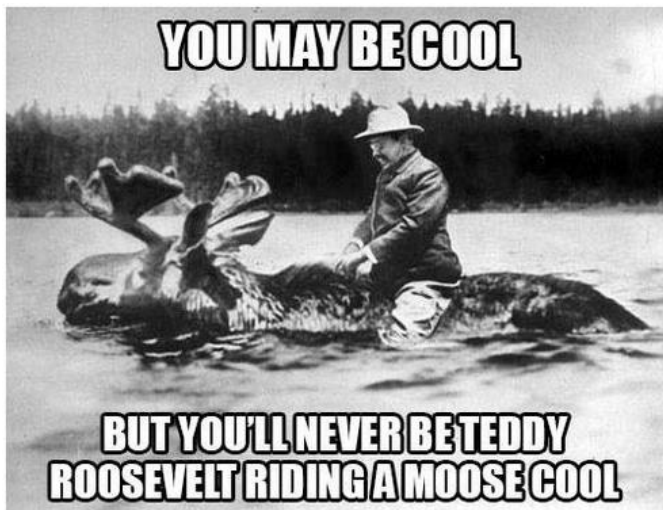
Volume 18 Number 38

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

September 22, 2019

I've really been working out, lately. Soon I'll be able to touch my toes. Well, as soon as my fingernails grow another 24 inches or so...

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A man decided that he was going to ride a 10-speed bike from Phoenix to Flagstaff. He got as far as Black Canyon City before the mountains just became too much and he could go no farther.

He stuck his thumb out, but after 3 hours he hadn't gotten a single person to stop. Finally a guy in a Corvette pulled over and offered him a ride. Of course, the bike wouldn't fit in the car. The owner of the Corvette found a piece of rope lying by the highway and tied it to his bumper. He tied the other end to the bike and told the man that if he got to going too fast to honk the horn on his bike and he would slow down.

Everything went fine for the first 30 miles. Suddenly, another Corvette blew past them. Not to be outdone, the Corvette pulling the bike took off after the other. A

short distance down the road, the Corvettes--both going well over 120 mph--blew through a speed trap. The police officer noted the speeds from his radar gun and radioed to the other officer that he had 2 Corvettes headed his way at over 120 mph.

He then relayed, "And you're not going to believe this, but there's guy on a 10-speed bike honking to pass."

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The Manhattan Commuter train was packed. Suddenly there was a jingle on the floor. Most necks were craned. One elderly gentleman, however, bent down and picked something up. He then asked, "Did anyone drop a half dollar?"

"I did," answered three men at once.

"Well," said the elderly gent with a smile, "here's a dime of it."

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The Pentagon recently unveiled its new super computer to the top brass. This fantastic device, capable of making bazillions of decisions in split nanoseconds, is designed to solve all military problems with the greatest of ease.

To test its capabilities, the brass poses a tactical problem to it and then asks for a decision, "Attack or Retreat?"

The computer hums a bit, blinks a myriad of lights and answers, "Yes."

The brass, somewhat confused by this answer, replies, "Yes what?"

The computer instantly replies, "Yes, sir!"

A man received a phone call one day, and the caller asked if he had lost a parrot. He said that he had indeed lost the bird, but wanted to know how the caller located him.

The caller said that the bird had landed on his balcony and kept Repeating, "Hi, you have reached 555-3214. I can't come to the Phone right now, please leave a message at the tone."

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Over the years, my husband and I have usually managed to decode the cute but confusing gender signs sometimes put on restaurants' restroom doors (Buoys and Gulls, Laddies and Lassies, etc.), but every so often we get stumped.

Recently my husband Dave wandered off in search of the men's room and found himself confronted by two marked doors. One was labeled "Bronco," and the other was designated "Cactus." Completely baffled, he stopped a restaurant employee passing by. "Excuse me; I need to use the restroom," Dave said. Gesturing toward the doors, he asked, "Which one should I use?"

"Actually, we would prefer you to go there," the employee said, pointing to a door down the hall marked "Men."

"Bronco and Cactus are private dining rooms."

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To treat my bronchitis, the doctor pulled out his prescription pad.

"This is for Zithromax," he said as he wrote, then muttered, "Mypenzadyne."

I was familiar with the antibiotic Zithromax but not the other drug. I asked, "What's Mypenzadyne?"

He looked confused for a second then enunciated slowly. "My pen is dying."

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If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.

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Teeing off on the 12th hole at a golf resort, we stopped to buy cold drinks from the young woman driving the beverage cart.

As my buddy reached for his wallet, he said to her, "You're in great shape. You must work out a lot."

Flattered, she gave him a big smile and gushed, "Oh, thank you so much!"

The next day a different young woman was driving the cart.

"Watch this," I whispered. I walked up to her and said, "Wow, you must work out a lot."

"Yeah," she replied. "You should try it."

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A woman was driving her old beat up car on the Highway with her 7 yr. old son, Little Johnny.

She tried to keep up with traffic but they were flying by her. After getting caught in a large group of car's flying down the road she looked at her speedometer to see she was doing 15 miles over the speed limit.

Slowing down, she moved over to the side and got out of the clump that soon left her behind. She looked up and saw the flashing lights of a police car. Pulling over she waited for the officer to come up to her car.

As he did he said, "Ma'am do you know why I pulled you over?"

Little Johnny piped up from the back seat, "I do! Because you couldn't catch the other cars!"

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I want less work and more money for not doing it.



# Morning Breaks

Volume 19 Number 39

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

September 29, 2019

This couple was heading to the hospital with their 16-year-old daughter, who was scheduled to undergo a tonsillectomy. During the ride they talked about the procedure.

"Dad," the teenager asked "how are they going to keep my mouth open during surgery?"

Without hesitation her father quipped, "They're going to give you a phone."

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One can never know for sure what a deserted area looks like.

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Dad's a safety-first kind of guy. But while vacationing with some buddies, he was talked into going parasailing.

He was on the back of the boat getting hooked into the parachute when he nervously asked the pilot, "How often do you replace the rope?"

The pilot replied. "Every time it breaks."

A guy was on the side of the road hitchhiking on a very dark night and in the middle of a storm. The night was rolling on and no car went by. The storm was so strong he could hardly see a few feet ahead of him.

Suddenly he saw a car coming toward him and stop.

Without thinking about it, the guy got into the back seat, closed the door and then realized there was nobody behind the wheel! The car started slowly; the guy looked at the road and saw a curve coming his way. Scared, he started to pray begging for his life. He hadn't come out of shock, when just before he hit the curve, a hand appeared through the window and moved the wheel. The guy, paralyzed in terror, watched how the hand appeared every time right before a curve.

Gathering his strength, the guy finally jumped out of the car and ran to the nearest town. Wet and in shock, he went to a restaurant and started telling everybody about the horrible experience he went through.

A silence enveloped everybody when they realized the guy was serious.

About half an hour later, two guys walked in the same restaurant. They looked around for a table when one said to the other,

"Look John, that's the dummy who got in the car when we were pushing it."

---

Bert's wife enrolled Molly, her lovable cocker spaniel, in a ten-week obedience class.

At the end of the term Molly had made little progress. She re-enrolled her, but at the end of the second course Molly was still noticeably behind her canine classmates.

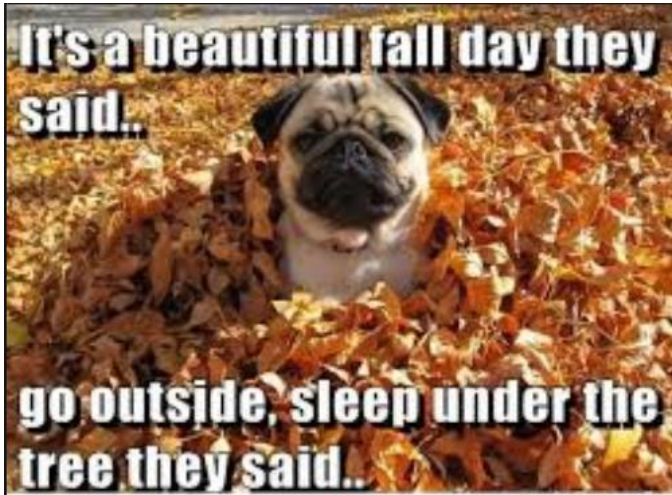
The instructor, perhaps determined to succeed with that dog, offered to let her repeat the course for the third time at no charge. That evening Bert heard his wife on the phone with her mother.

"Guess what?" she said. "Molly was the only dog in her class to get a free scholarship!"

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The trouble with the rat race is that even if you win, you're still a rat. —*Lily Tomlin*

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Toward the end of our senior year in high school, we were required to take a CPR course.

The classes used the well known mannequin victim, Resusci-Annie, to practice. Typical of most models, this Resusci-Annie was only a torso, to allow for storage in a carrying case.

The class went off in groups to practice.

As instructed, one of my classmates gently shook the doll and asked "Are you all right?" He then put his ear over the mannequin's mouth to listen for breathing.

Suddenly he turned to the instructor and exclaimed, "She said she can't feel her legs!"

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A mathematician, a physicist, and an engineer are all given identical rubber balls and told to find the volume. They are given any tools they want, and have all the time they need.

The mathematician uses a measuring tape to record the circumference. He then divides by two times pi to get the radius, cubes that, multiplies by pi again, and

then multiplies by four-thirds and thereby calculates the volume.

The physicist gets a bucket of water, places 1.000000 gallons of water in the bucket, drops in the ball and measures the displacement to six significant figures.

The engineer writes down the serial number of the ball and looks it up online.

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I totally take back all those times I didn't want to nap when I was younger.

---

A man took his son fishing one day. After a few hours in the boat with not much to do, the son started asking his father some questions.

"How does the boat float?" he asked.

The man thought about the question for a moment, then said, "I don't really know, son."

"Well, how do fish breath underwater?"

The man scratched his head. "I guess I don't know the answer to that one either."

"Why is the sky blue?" the boy persisted.

The father replied, "I really don't know, son."

The boy started to worry that his father was getting upset at all the questions. "Do you mind me asking questions, Dad?"

His father immediately reassured him. "No, of course not, son! If you don't ask questions, you'll never learn anything!"

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Our 25-year-old son moved back home with an eye toward socking away money to buy a condo.

We never bothered asking how long he'd planned to stay, but I got a pretty good idea when I walked into his room recently. In the corner was a milk jug with a few coins in it and a label that read "Condo down payment."

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If it weren't for electricity we'd all be watching television by candlelight. —*George Gobel*