

Morning Breaks - April 2022

Volume 21 Number 14

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

April 3, 2022

If someone from Ziplock could contact literally anyone in the cereal business, that would be great. While you're at it, the potato and corn chip industry would benefit from your visit as well.



WIFE: "There's a problem with the tractor. It has water in the carburetor."

HUSBAND: "Water in the carburetor? That's ridiculous."

WIFE: "I'm telling you the tractor has water in the carburetor."

HUSBAND: "You don't even know where the carburetor is. Where's the tractor?"

WIFE: "In the pool."

The basketball coach stormed into the university president's office and demanded a raise right then and there.

"Please," protested the college president, "you already make more than the entire History Department."

"Yeah, maybe so, but you don't know what I have to put up with," the coach blustered. "Look."

He went out into the hall and grabbed a jock who was jogging down the hallway. "Run over to my office and see if I'm there," he ordered.

Twenty minutes later the jock returned, sweaty and out of breath.

"You're not there, sir," he reported.

"Oh, I see what you mean," conceded the president, scratching his head. "I would have phoned."

Life is unsure; always eat your dessert first – especially the ice cream!

A man buys a parrot and brings him home. But the parrot starts insulting him and gets really nasty, so the man picks up the parrot and tosses him into the freezer to teach him a lesson. He hears the bird squawking for a few minutes, but all of a sudden the parrot is quiet. The man opens the freezer door, the parrot walks out, looks up at him and says, "I apologize for offending you, and I humbly ask your forgiveness."

The man says, "Well, thank you. I forgive you."

The parrot then says, "If you don't mind my asking, what did the turkey do?"

Recently, I bought a cartridge for my printer. It came in a box mounted on a card and wrapped in plastic. When I took it apart, I found that the printer cartridge itself was actually quite small, but they made the packaging unnecessarily large to make it harder to steal and to make the customer feel better about the high price.

I pointed this out to my wife and mentioned how my weight gain over the years of our marriage should have

the same effect: It made me seem more valuable and also made me harder for other women to steal.

She's still laughing.



Why does "overlook" and "oversee" mean opposite things?

As a potential juror in an assault-and-battery case, I was sitting in a courtroom, answering questions from both sides. The prosecutor asked such questions as: Had I ever been mugged? Did I know the victim or the defendant?

The defense attorney took a different approach, however. "I see you are a teacher," he said. "What do you teach?"

"English and theater," I responded.

"Then I guess I better watch my grammar," the defense attorney quipped.

"No" I shot back. "You better watch your acting." When the laughter in the courtroom died down, I was excused from the case.

A young man dies and goes to Heaven, where he finds he is third in line at the Pearly Gates. St. Peter is taking a much-needed break, so an angel is admitting the newly arrived to Heaven.

The angel tells the three new arrivals that because so many drug dealers and other criminals have managed to sneak into Heaven that St. Peter must now be a little stricter with the screening process. Each person is required to state his former occupation and tell his or her yearly salary.

The first man in line says, "I was an actor, and I earned \$1 million last year."

The angel says, "Okay, you may enter."

He turns to the woman in line and asks her about her life.

She states, "I earned \$250,000 as an attorney." The angel thinks for a moment and then lets her in, too.

He turns to the third one in line and asks, "What have you done with your life?"

The man replies, "I earned \$8,000 last year . . ."

"Oh," the angel interrupts. "What did you teach?"

Why is it called "after dark" when it really is "after light"?

It was the first camping experience for Jed. As soon as he had pitched his tent, he went for a hike in the woods. In about fifteen minutes he rushed back into camp, bleeding and disheveled. "What happened?" asked a fellow camper.

"I was chased by a black snake!" cried the frightened Jed.

The camper laughed and retorted, "A black snake isn't deadly."

"Listen," groaned Jed, "He is if he can make you jump off a fifty-foot cliff!"

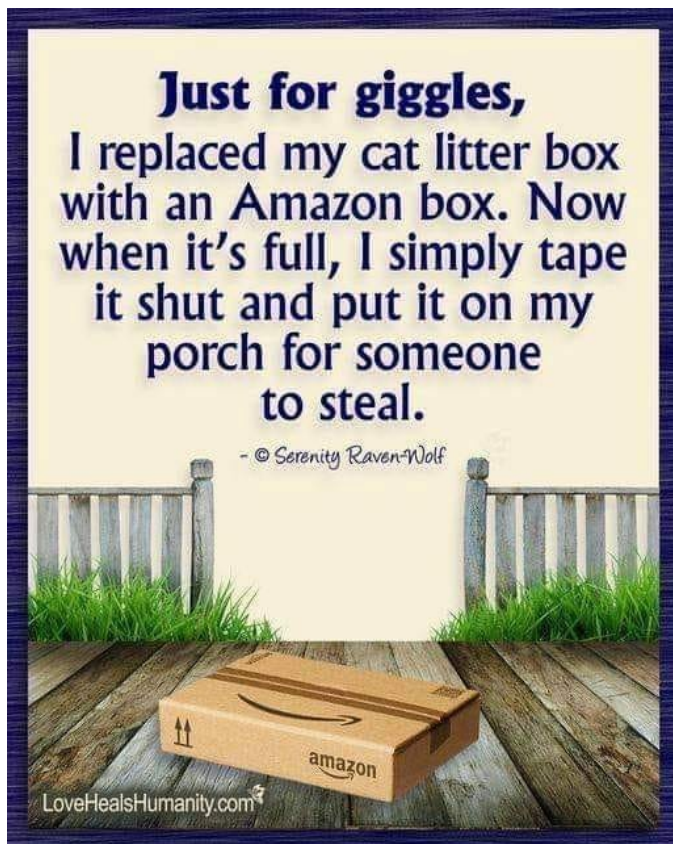
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Volume 15 Number 15

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

April 10, 2016

I just sold my lawnmower on Craig's List. That's the last time my neighbor is going to wake me up on a Saturday morning.



I took my mother on a fishing excursion yesterday. Nobody was having any luck. After drifting for hours without so much as a nibble, who should hook into one but my Mom.

Everyone on the boat was excited, cheering the old woman on and telling her to take her time.

Finally she lifted the fish into the boat, picked it up, removed the hook, looked at it up and down, and then tossed it back into the water.

I was stunned. I said, "Mom, why did you throw that fish back into the water?"

"I don't know. To me it just didn't look fresh."

Miscellaneous Ponderings:

A bus station is where a bus stops.

A train station is where a train stops.

On my desk, I have a work station... GO FIGURE!

If Fed Ex and UPS were to merge, would they call it Fed UP?

I believe five out of four people have trouble with fractions.

If quitters never win, and winners never quit, what goober came up with, "Quit while you're ahead?"

Do Lipton employees take coffee breaks?

What hair color do they put on the driver's licenses of bald men?

I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible a whole lot more as they get older, then it dawned on me...they were cramming for their finals.

Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the Post Office? What are we supposed to do...write to these men? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the mailmen could look for them while they deliver the mail?

I got banned from the bank the other day. An elderly woman asked me if I could check her balance so I pushed her over. Ooops.

They said bring a dessert and a game to the party...



Nailed it!

My husband and I both look very young for our ages. In fact, we've hardly aged a day since we first laid eyes on each other in college -- at least, that's what we tell each other. Our children have a way of bringing us crashing back to earth.

Recently, my husband and I were discussing a man who was running for public office.

"He's a Vietnam Vet," commented my husband.

"What's that?" queried our young daughter.

Trying to answer the question in terms a four-year-old could readily grasp, my husband replied, "Well, Honey, that means that the man fought in a war that happened when Mommy and Daddy were little."

Our daughter regarded us both thoughtfully for a moment, then asked "So, was he a Viking?"

Many years ago, before the block program of the church began and the church still had a "ward budget" and "building fund", a bishop was preoccupied with thoughts of how he was going to ask the congregation to come up with more money than they were expecting for repairs to the church building.

Therefore, he was annoyed to find that the regular organist was sick and a substitute had been brought in at the last minute. The substitute wanted to know what to play. "Here's a copy of the service," he said impatiently. "But you'll have to think of something to play after I make the announcement about the finances."

During the service, the bishop paused and said, "Brothers and Sisters, we are in great difficulty; the roof repairs cost twice as much as we expected, and we need \$4,000 more. Any of you who can pledge \$100 or more, please stand up."

At that moment, the substitute organist played, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The boss ordered one of his men to dig a hole eight feet deep. After the job was completed the boss returned and explained an error had been made and the hole wouldn't be needed. "Fill 'er up," he ordered.

The worker did as he'd been told. But he ran into a problem. He couldn't get all the dirt packed back into the hole without leaving a mound on top. He went to the office and explained his problem.

The boss snorted, "Honestly! The kind of help you get these days! There's obviously only one thing to do. You'll have to dig that hole deeper!"

I saw a man walking along a desert highway, carrying a car door.

So, I pulled over and asked if he was okay and he said, "yes."

I then asked, "why are you carrying that car door?"

"If it get's hot," he said, "then I can roll the window down."

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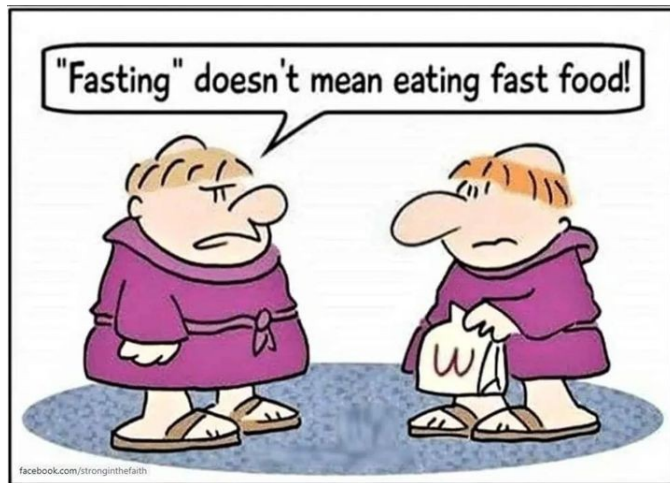
Volume 15 Number 16

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

April 17, 2016

I was playing Tooth Fairy when my daughter suddenly woke up. Seeing the money in my hand, she cried out, "I caught you!"

I froze and tried to think of an explanation for why I was putting the money under her pillow instead of the Tooth Fairy. But her next words let me off the hook. "You put that money back!" she said indignantly. "The Tooth Fairy left that for ME!"



Little Sammy's kindergarten class was on a field trip to their local police station. There they saw pictures tacked to a big bulletin board. The label clearly read, "The 10 Most Wanted."

One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a wanted person.

"Yes," said the policeman, "the detectives want him very badly."

So Little Sammy asked, while tugging on the man's belt, "Um, mister, why didn't you keep them when you took their pictures?"

A customer in the Italian restaurant was so pleased with his meal that he asked to speak to the chef. The owner proudly led him into the kitchen and introduced him to the chef.

"Your veal parmigiana was superb," the customer said. "I just spent a month in Italy, and yours is better than any I ever had over there."

"Naturally," the chef said. "Over there, they use domestic cheese. Ours is imported!"

Reverend Smith, a respected church leader, arrived in a large city to deliver a series of speeches. At a banquet the first evening, he noticed some reporters in the audience.

Because he wanted to use some of the stories he told that night in his speeches the next day, he asked the reporters to omit them from their articles.

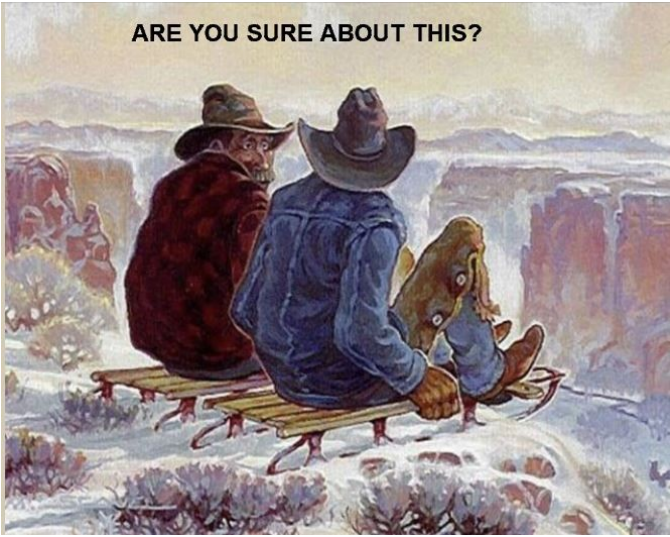
One article that came out the next day, written by a cub reporter, concluded with this line: "Reverend Smith also told a number of stories that cannot be printed."

I went into Dairy Queen the other day and asked for a hot fudge sundae with extra hot fudge.

The clerk behind the counter replied, "Sorry. The hot fudge only comes in one temperature."

If someone from Ziplock could contact literally anyone in the cereal business, that would be great. While you're at it, the potato and corn chip industry would benefit from your visit as well.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?



Laws of Life:

- * Murphy's First Law for Wives: If you ask your husband to pick up five items at the store and then you add one more as an afterthought, he will forget two of the first five.
 - * Kauffman's Paradox of the Corporation: The less important you are to the corporation, the more your tardiness or absence is noticed.
 - * The Salary Axiom: The pay raise is just large enough to increase your taxes and just small enough to have no effect on your take-home pay.
 - * Miller's Law of Insurance: Insurance covers everything except what happens.
 - * First Law of Living: As soon as you start doing what you always wanted to be doing, you'll want to be doing something else.
 - * Weiner's Law of Libraries: There are no answers, only cross-references.
 - * Isaac's Strange Rule of Staleness: Any food that starts out hard will soften when stale. Any food that starts out soft will harden when stale.
 - * The Grocery Bag Law: The candy bar you planned to eat on the way home from the market is hidden at the bottom of the grocery bag.
 - * Lampner's Law of Employment: When leaving work late, you will go unnoticed. When you leave work early, you will meet the boss in the parking lot.
-

Bill and Doug went into a diner that looked as though it had seen better days. As they slid in a booth, Bill wiped

some crumbs from the seat. Then he took a napkin and wiped some moisture from the table.

The waitress came over and asked if they wanted some menus.

"No thanks," said Doug. "I'll just have a cup of hot chocolate."

"I'll have some, too," Bill said. "And please make sure the cup is clean."

The waitress shot him a nasty look. She turned and marched off into the kitchen. Two minutes later, she was back.

"Two cups of hot chocolate," she announced. "Which one of you wanted the clean cup?"

A good piece of chocolate has about 200 calories. As I enjoy 2 servings per night, and a few more on weekends, I consume about 3,500 calories of chocolate in a week, which equals one pound of weight per week.

Therefore, in the last 3-1/2 years, I have had chocolate caloric intake of about 180 pounds, and I only weigh 165 pounds.

So ... without chocolate, I would have wasted away to nothing about 3 months ago! I owe my life to chocolate!

As a history buff, I was looking forward to staying in a hotel in Salisbury, England. This hotel dated back to the 13th century. When I arrived, the hotel clerk gave me some bad news -- my room was in the new section. Disappointed, I asked when the "new" section had been built.

"In the 1600s," she replied apologetically.

As a trail guide in a national park, Danny ate with the rest of the seasonal staff in a rustic dining hall, where the food left something to be desired. When they were finished with their meals, they scraped the remains into a garbage pail and stacked the plates for the dishwasher.

One worker, apparently not too happy after his first week on the job, was ahead of Danny in line. As he slopped an uneaten plate of food into the garbage, Danny heard him mutter, "Now stay there this time."

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Volume 15 Number 17

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April 24, 2016

I stopped understanding math when the alphabet decided to get involved.



My sister felt she was well prepared for her in-depth interview with the Police Academy Board who would determine her suitability as a candidate.

The first situation they presented to her was: "On routine patrol you see a car traveling at excessive speed, with undue care and attention. You pull it over and discover that the driver is your brother. What do you do?"

Without hesitation she replied, "Tell Mom!"

She was accepted.

In his younger days our golden retriever, Catcher, often ran away when he had the chance. His veterinarian's office was about a mile down the road and Catcher

would usually go there. The office staff knew him and would call me to come pick him up.

One day I called the vet to make an appointment for Catcher's yearly vaccine.

"Will you be bringing him in yourself," asked the receptionist, "or will he come on his own?"

An American and his wife were driving in Canada and got lost.

Finally they came into some city. They saw a gentleman on the sidewalk, so the gentleman pulled up to the curb, and the lady let down her window and asked: "Excuse me, sir. Where are we?"

The gentleman on the street replied, "Saskatoon, Saskatchewan."

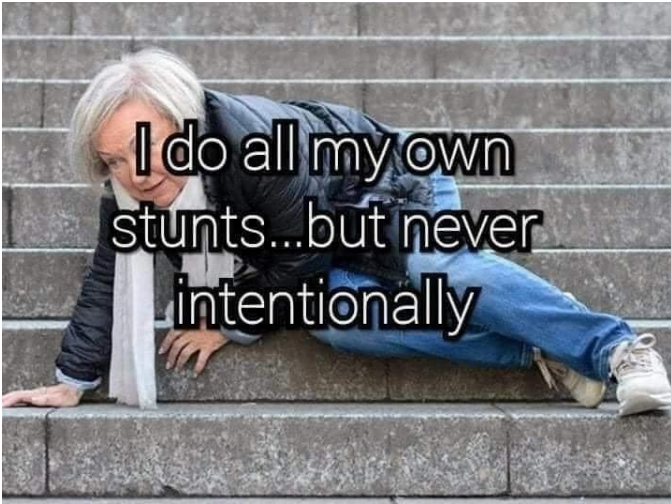
The lady rolled up the window, turned to her husband and said, "We really are lost. They don't even speak English here!"

I had just finished my dental appointment when I decided to stop at my bank. Barely able to enunciate, I told the teller, "I'm sorry about not speaking more clearly. I've had Novocain."

"You should have used the drive-through," she said.

"Why?"

"Everyone who goes through sounds like you," she explained.



There is a new virus going around, called "work". If you receive any sort of "work" at all, whether via email, internet or simply handed to you by a colleague...DO NOT OPEN IT.

Work has been circulating around our building for months and those who have been tempted to open "work" or even look at "work" have found that their social life is deleted and their brain ceases to function properly.

If you do encounter "work" via email or are faced with any "work" at all, to purge the virus, send an email to your boss with the words "Sorry...I'm off to Home Depot." The "work" should then be automatically deleted from your brain.

If you receive "work" in paper-document form, simply lift the document and drag the "work" to your garbage can. Put on your coat and skip to the nearest cafe with two friends and order three double chocolate espressos. After repeating this action 10 times, you will find that "work" will no longer be of any relevance to you.

Send this message to everyone in your address book. If you do not have anyone in your address book, then I'm afraid the "work" virus has already corrupted your life.

While we were working at a men's clothing store, a customer asked my coworker to help her pick out a tie that would make her husband's blue eyes stand out.

"Ma'am," he explained, "any tie will make blue eyes stand out if you tie it tight enough."

During one of our weekly weight-loss classes, the group leader was extolling the merits of the program's prepared-food products.

She raved about the rich, delicious flavor of the imitation chocolate fudge and the nondairy pops, assuring us that we could eat them without the least fear of ruining our diets.

The woman next to me nodded her head emphatically and then whispered, "They're even better when you spread peanut butter on them!"

I was in the band at Ellsworth Air Force Base, South Dakota. Our group was required to play for all generals who arrived on our base.

One morning, when our commanding officer heard on the radio that a General Frost was expected just after noon, he sent us scrambling to the flight line with instruments.

One of the musicians had also heard the radio announcement. He took the C.O. aside for a whispered conference. When they returned, the officer told us the performance was canceled. There was no arriving general.

We had almost played for the weather forecast.

Cowboy Joe was telling his fellow cowboys back on the ranch about his first visit to a big-city church. "When I got there, they had me park my old truck in the corral," Joe began.

"You mean the parking lot," interrupted Charlie, a more worldly fellow.

"I walked up the trail to the door," Joe continued.

"The sidewalk to the door," Charlie corrected him.

"Inside the door, I was met by this dude," Joe went on.

"That would be the usher," Charlie explained.

"Well, the usher led me down the chute," Joe said.

"You mean the aisle," Charlie said.

"Then, he led me to a stall and told me to sit there," Joe continued.

"Pew," Charlie retorted.

"Yeah," recalled Joe. "That's what that pretty lady said when I sat down beside her."

Getting old takes years and years of practice.