

HUMOUR OCTOBER 2013

ANOTHER GOVERNMENT STUDY PROVIDES OUTSTANDING RESULTS. . .

RSPCA Officials reported that they found about 200 dead crows on the highway between Dubbo and Broken Hill and there was concern that they may have died from Avian Flu.

The Government approved and the RSPCA contracted a bird pathologist to examine the remains of all the crows. He confirmed the problem was definitely NOT Avian Flu, much to everyone's relief.

However, he determined that 98% of the crows had been killed by impact with trucks, and only 2% were killed by car impact. (*Didn't know there was a difference!*)

The Government then hired an Ornithological Behaviourist to determine the disproportionate percentages for truck versus car kills.

After 18 months of research and \$2.7 million spent, the Ornithological Behaviourist determined the cause in the deaths.

When crows eat road kill, they always set-up a look-out crow in a nearby tree to warn of impending danger.

His conclusion was that the lookout crow could say "Cah", but he could not say "Truck".

I just wanted to make sure that you knew your tax money was being well spent . . .

NOT ALL SENIORS ARE SENILE...

A balding, white-haired man walked into a jewellery store last Friday evening with a very beautiful and much younger gal at his side.

He told the jeweller he was looking for a special ring for his girlfriend.

The jeweller looked through his stock and brought out a \$5,000 ring.

The man said, 'No, I'd like to see something much more special.'

With that, the jeweller went to his special stock and brought another ring over.

'Here's a stunning ring at only \$40,000 the jeweller said.

The lady's eyes sparkled and her whole body trembled with excitement.

The old man, seeing this, said, 'We'll take it.'

The jeweller asked how payment would be made and the man stated, 'By cheque. I know you have to make sure my cheque is good so I'll write it now - you can call the bank Monday morning to verify the funds and I'll pick the ring up Monday afternoon.'

On Monday morning, the jeweller angrily phoned the old man and said 'You have no money in that account.'

'I know. . . .' said the old man 'but you wouldn't believe how great my weekend was!!!'

SELLING BIBLES

A pastor concluded that his church was getting into very serious financial troubles. While checking the church storeroom, he discovered several cartons of new bibles that had never been opened and distributed. So at his Sunday sermon, he asked for three volunteers from the congregation who would be willing to sell the bibles door-to-door for \$10 each to raise the desperately needed money for the church. Jack, Paul and Louie all raised their hands to volunteer for the task.

The minister knew that Jack and Paul earned their living as salesmen and were likely capable of selling some bibles. But he had serious doubts about Louie who was a local farmer, who had always kept to himself because he was embarrassed by his speech impediment. Poor Louie stuttered badly. But, NOT WANTING TO discourage Louie, the minister decided to let him try anyway. He sent the three of them away with the back seat of their cars stacked with bibles. He asked them to meet with him and report the results of their door-to-door selling efforts the following Sunday.

Anxious to find out how successful they were, the minister immediately asked Jack, 'Well, Jack, how did you make out selling our bibles last week?' Proudly handing the reverend an envelope, Jack replied, 'Using my sales prowess, I was able to sell 20 bibles, and here's the \$200 I collected on behalf of the church.' 'Fine job, Jack!' The minister said, vigorously shaking his hand... 'You are indeed a fine salesman and the Church is indebted to you.'

Turning to Paul, 'And Paul, how many bibles did you sell for the Church last week?' Paul, smiling and sticking out his chest, confidently replied, 'I am a professional salesman. I sold 28 bibles on behalf of the church, and here's \$280 I collected.' The minister responded, 'That's absolutely splendid, Paul. You are truly a professional salesman and the church is indebted to you.'

Apprehensively, the minister turned to Louie and said, 'And Louie, did you manage to sell any bibles last week?' Louie silently offered the minister a large envelope. The minister opened it and counted the contents. 'What is this?' the minister exclaimed. 'Louie, there's \$3200 in here! Are you suggesting that you sold 320 bibles for the church, door to door, in just one week?' Louie just nodded.

'That's impossible!' both Jack and Paul said in unison. 'We are professional salesmen, yet you claim to have sold 10 times as many bibles as we could.' 'Yes, this does seem unlikely,' the minister agreed. 'I think you'd better explain how you managed to accomplish this, Louie.' Louie shrugged... 'I-I-I re-re-really do-do-don't kn-kn-know f-f-f-for sh-sh-sh-sure,' he stammered. Impatiently, Peter interrupted. 'For crying out loud, Louie, just tell us what you said to them when they answered the door!'

'A-a-a-all I-I-I s-s-said wa-wa-was,' Louis replied, 'W-w-w-w-would y-y-y-you l-l-l-l-l-like t-

t-to b-b-b-buy th-th-th-this b-b-b-b-bible f-f-for t-t-ten b-b-b-bucks ---o-o-o-or--- wo-wo-would yo-you j-j-j-just l-like m-m-me t-t-to st-st-stand h-h-here and r-r-r-r-r-read it t-to y-y-you??'

Remember when the funniest jokes were the clean ones? They still are!

THE URINE SAMPLE

One time I got sick and landed in the hospital.

There was this one nurse that just drove me crazy.

Every time she came in, she would talk to me like I was a little child.

She would say in a patronizing tone of voice,

‘And how are we doing this morning?’

‘Are we ready for a bath?’

Or ‘Are we hungry?’

I had had enough of this particular nurse.

One day at breakfast, I took the apple juice off the tray and put it in my bedside stand.

Later I was given a urine sample bottle to fill for testing.

So you know where the juice went!

The nurse came in a while later, picked up the urine sample bottle, looked at it and said,

‘My, my, it seems we are a little cloudy today’.

At this, I snatched the bottle out of her hand, popped off the top, and gulped it down, saying,

‘Well, I’ll run it through again.

‘Maybe I can filter it better this time’!

The nurse fainted... I just smiled.

DON'T MESS WITH OLD PEOPLE! We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust the sails.