

A CLEAN SHAVE?

An elderly gentleman walked into the barbershop for a shave and a haircut, but he told the barber he doubted he would be able to get all his whiskers off because his cheeks were so wrinkled from age.

The barber then took a little wooden ball from a cup on the shelf and told him to put it inside his cheek, and to hold it there with his tongue, to spread out the skin for shaving.

When he was finished, the old man congratulated the barber and told him it was the cleanest shave he's had for many years.

But, he did have one question "what would have happened if he had swallowed that little wooden ball?"

The barber replied: "Just bring it back tomorrow like everyone else does."

NOT IRISH

At an Australia Day gathering on the Central Coast this year one of the locals was recounting his experiences as a club singer in the UK before he came to Australia.

He was singing "Danny Boy" and putting everything into it when he noticed that an elderly lady in the audience was sobbing. Her shoulders were moving, she was using her handkerchief and was obviously very upset.

Afterwards, when he saw her in the club, he approached her and said that he had seen how affected she was when he was singing "Danny Boy."

"Are you Irish?" He asked.

"No," she replied. "I'm a singing teacher".

THE BELL RINGER

After Quasimodo's death, the Bishop of the Cathedral of Notre Dame sent word through the streets of Paris that a new bell ringer was needed.

The Bishop decided that he would conduct the interviews personally and went up into the belfry to begin the screening process. After observing several applicants demonstrate their skills, he had decided to call it a day.

Just then, an armless man approached him and announced that he was there to apply for the bell ringer's job. The Bishop was aghast 'You have no arms'.

'No matter,' said the man. 'Observe!' and he began striking the bells with his face, producing a beautiful melody on the carillon. The Bishop listened in astonishment; convinced and relieved that he had finally found a replacement for Quasimodo.

But suddenly, as he rushed forward to strike the bell, the armless man tripped and plunged headlong out of the belfry window to his death in the street below. The stunned Bishop rushed down two hundred and ninety five church steps, when he reached the street, a crowd had gathered around the fallen figure, drawn by the beautiful music they had heard only moment before.

As they silently parted to let the Bishop through, one of them asked, 'Bishop, who is this man?'

'I don't know his name' the Bishop sadly replied,.. 'BUT HIS FACE RINGS A BELL'

The following day, despite the sadness that weighed heavily on his heart due to the unfortunate death of the armless campanologist, the Bishop continued his interviews for the bell ringer of Notre Dame.

The first man to approach him said, 'Your Excellency, I am the brother of the poor armless wretch that fell to his death from this very belfry yesterday. I pray that you honour his life by allowing me to replace him in this duty.'

The Bishop agreed to give the man an audition, and, as the armless man's brother stooped to pick up a mallet to strike the first bell, he groaned, clutched at his chest, twirled around, and died on the spot.

Two monks, hearing the Bishop's cries of grief at this second tragedy, rushed up the stairs to his side.

'What has happened? Who is this man?' the first monk asked breathlessly.

'I don't know his name,' sighed the distraught Bishop, 'but HE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR HIS BROTHER.'

EUROPEAN POLITICS

Coming back from another recent EC summit in Rome, various European leaders were forced to take the train due to a strike by Swiss air traffic controllers; sitting together in the same compartment, travelling through the Swiss Alps, were Sarkozy, Cameron, Merkel and the young and very attractive female Irish foreign minister.

The train goes into a dark tunnel and a few seconds later there is the sound of a loud slap. When the train emerges from the tunnel, Sarkozy has a bright red, hand print on his cheek. No one speaks, everyone is extremely shocked and embarrassed.

Angela Merkel thinks: Sarkozy, not able to help himself, must have groped the Irish girl in the dark, and she slapped his cheek.

The Irish girl thinks: Sarkozy, not able to help himself, must have tried to grope me in the dark, but missed and fondled Merkel and she slapped his cheek.

Sarkozy thinks: Why me? That perfidious Cameron must have groped the Irish girl in the dark knowing that I'd get the blame for it and she slapped me... the English bastard.

And Cameron thinks: I can't wait for another tunnel, so I can smack that little French git again.