

JACK AND JILL -A MODERN LOVE STORY

Jack was about to marry Jill and his father took him to one side for a fatherly chat.

'When I married your mother, the first thing I did when we got home was to take off my trousers,' he said. 'I gave them to your mother and told her to put them on". When she did, they were enormous on her and she said to me that she couldn't possibly wear them, as they were too large. 'I told her, 'of course they're too big. I wear the trousers in this family and I always will.

'Ever since that day, we have never had a single problem.'

Jack took his father's advice and as soon as he got Jill alone after the wedding, he did the same thing; took off his trousers, gave them to Jill and told her to put them on. Jill said that the trousers were too big and she couldn't possibly wear them.

'Exactly,' replied Jack. 'I wear the trousers in this relationship and I always will. I don't want you to forget that.'

Jill paused and removed her knickers and gave them to Jack.

'Try these on,' she said, so he tried them on but they were too small. 'I can't possibly get into your knickers,' said Jack.

'Exactly,' replied Jill. 'And if you don't change your attitude, you never will.'

THE WIT OF THE IRISH

Father O'Malley rose from his bed one morning.

It was a fine spring day in his new parish at Ballina. He walked to the window of his bedroom to get a deep breath of fresh air and to offer thanks for the beautiful day outside.

He then noticed there was a donkey lying dead in the middle of his front lawn. Not knowing who else to call, he promptly called the local police station.

The conversation went like this:

"Good morning. This is Sergeant Jones. How might I help you?"

"And the best of the day to your good self. This is Father O'Malley at St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church. There's a donkey lying dead right in the middle of my front lawn "

Sergeant Jones, considering himself to be quite a wit, replied with a smirk, "Well now Father, it was always my understanding that you people took care of the last rites!"

There was dead silence on the line for a long moment and then Father O'Malley replied:

"Ah, 'to be sure, and for certain that is true, but we are also obliged to notify the next of kin."

IRISH POLES?

Telstra Queensland was replacing some telephone poles and needed to hire a team of workers to install them. The project manager had to choose between two Irishmen and a team of local aborigines.

So the boss met with both teams and said.

"Here's what we'll do. Each team will do a trial installation of poles on the new road. The team that installs the most telephone poles gets the job for the rest of the project.

Both teams headed right out.

At end of the shift, Pat and Mike, the two Irish guys, came back and the boss asked them how many they had installed. They said that it was tough going, but they'd put in twelve poles.

Forty-five minutes later, Jacky and Harry the local boys, staggered in totally exhausted. The boss asked, "Well, how many poles did you guys install?" Jacky the team leader wiped his brow and sighed, " Harry and me, we got three in."

The boss gasped, "Three? Those two Irish guys put in twelve!"

"Yeah, " said Jacky "but you should see how much they left sticking out of the ground. "

KNOW YOUR BIBLE

A woman had just returned from bible study at her Church when she was startled by a burglar in her house. Having caught him in the act she yells out "Stop!" "Acts 2 :38!"

(For those of you not familiar with the good book the message is "Repent and be baptised so that your sins may be forgiven')

The thief stops in his tracks. The woman calmly calls the Police and explains what she has done. As the attending officer was handcuffing the man he asked him "Why did you just stand there? All the old lady did was quote scripture to you".

"Some scripture!" replied the burglar,

"She said she had an axe and two 38's"

DRINK DRIVING - IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN IN AUSTRALIA

A true story from the Brewery Tap Hotel in Ballarat

Recently a routine police patrol car parked outside a local neighbourhood pub late in the evening. The officer noticed a man leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk.

The man stumbled around the car park for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles. The man managed to find his car, which he literally fell into.

He was there for several minutes whilst a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off.

Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night). Then flicked the indicators on, then off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights.

He moved the vehicle forward a few metres, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as some more vehicles left.

At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road.

The Police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, promptly pulled the man over and carried out a random breathalyser test.

To his amazement the breathalyser indicated no evidence of intoxication.

The Police officer said "I have to ask you to accompany me to the Police station - this breathalyser equipment must be broken."

"I doubt it" said the man, *"I am completely sober - tonight I'm the designated decoy"*.

TRAFALGAR 2011

Nelson: "Order the signal, Hardy,"

Hardy: "Aye, aye sir."

Nelson: "Hold on, this isn't what I dictated to Flags. What's the meaning of this?"

Hardy: "Sorry sir"

Nelson (reading aloud): "England expects every person to do his or her duty, regardless of race, gender, sexual orientation, religious persuasion or disability". "What gobbledygook is this for God's sake?"

Hardy: "Admiralty policy, I'm afraid, sir. We're an equal opportunities employer now. We had the devil's own job getting "England " past the censors, lest it be considered racist."

Nelson: "Gadzooks, Hardy. Hand me my pipe and tobacco."

Hardy: "Sorry sir. All naval vessels have now been designated smoke-free working environments."

Nelson: In that case, break open the rum ration. Let us splice the main brace to steel the men before battle."

Hardy: "The rum ration has been abolished, Admiral. It's part of the Government's policy on binge drinking."

Nelson: "Good heavens, Hardy. I suppose we'd better get on with it full speed ahead."

Hardy: I think you'll find that there's a 4 knot speed limit in this stretch of water."

Nelson: "Damn it man! We are on the eve of the greatest sea battle in history. We must advance all dispatch. Report from the crow's nest, please."

Hardy: That won't be possible, sir."

Nelson: "What?"

Hardy: "Health and Safety have closed the crow's nest, sir. No harness, and they said that rope ladders don't meet regulations. They won't let anyone up there until proper scaffolding can be erected."

Nelson: Then get me the ship's carpenter without delay, Hardy."

Hardy: "He's busy knocking up a wheelchair access to the foredeck Admiral."

Nelson: "Wheelchair access? I've never heard anything so absurd."

Hardy: "Health and safety again, sir. We have to provide a barrier-free environment for the differently abled."

Nelson: "Differently abled? I've only one arm and one eye. I refuse even to hear mention of the word. I didn't rise to the rank of admiral by playing the disability card."

Hardy: "Actually, sir, you did. The Royal Navy is under-represented in the areas of visual impairment and limb deficiency."

Nelson: "Whatever next? Give me full sail. The salt spray beckons."

Hardy: "A couple of problems there sir. We can't let the crew up the rigging without hard hats. And they don't want anyone breathing in too much salt."

Nelson: "I've never heard such infamy. Break out the cannon and tell the men to stand by to engage the enemy."

Hardy: "The men are a bit worried about shooting at anyone, Admiral."

Nelson: "What? This is mutiny!"

Hardy: "It's not that, sir. It's just that they're afraid of being charged with murder if they actually kill anyone. There are a couple of legal-aid lawyers on board, watching everyone like hawks,"

Nelson: "Then how are we to sink the Frenchies and the Spanish?"

Hardy: "Actually, sir, we're not."

Nelson: "We're not?"

Hardy: "No, sir. The French and the Spanish are our European partners now. According to the Common Fisheries Policy, we shouldn't even be in this stretch of water. We could get hit with a claim for compensation."

Nelson: "But you must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil." "You must consider an enemy anyone who speaks ill of your king."

Hardy: "Not any more sir, we must be inclusive in this multicultural age" if the ship's diversity coordinator hears you saying that sir. You'll be up on disciplinary report." Now put on your Kevlar vest; it's the rules. It could save your life"

Nelson: "Don't tell me - Health and Safety. Whatever happened to rum, sodomy and the lash?"

Hardy: As I explained, sir, rum is off the menu! And there's a ban on corporal punishment."

Nelson: "**What about sodomy?**"

Hardy: "I believe that is now legal, sir."

Nelson: "In that case kiss me, Hardy."