

## SMART KIDS

The scene is Bishoploch Primary School, Glasgow. Teacher: 'Good morning children, today is Thursday, so we're going to have a general knowledge quiz'.

The pupil who gets the answer right can have Friday and Monday off and not come back to school until Tuesday.'

Wee Murray thinks 'ya beauty! I'm pure dead brill at general knowledge, so I am. This is gonnae be a doddle!'

Teacher: Right class, who can tell me who said. 'ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country?'

Wee Murray shoots up his hand, waving furiously in the air.

Teacher looking round picks Farquhar Fauntleroy at the front. 'Yes, Farquhar?'

Farquhar (in a very English accent): 'Yes miss, the answer is J F Kennedy - inauguration speech 1960.'

Teacher: 'Very good Farquhar. You may stay off Friday and Monday and we will see you back in class on Tuesday.'

The next Thursday comes around, and Wee Murray is even more determined.

Teacher: 'Who said 'We will fight them on the beaches, we will fight them in the air, we will fight them at sea. But we will never surrender?' Wee Murray's hand shoots up, arm stiff as a board, shouting I know, I know. Pick me Miss, pick me Miss'.

Teacher looking round and picks Tarquin Smythe, sitting at the front: 'Yes Tarquin.'

Tarquin (in a very, very posh English accent): 'Righto miss, the answer is Winston Churchill, 1941 Battle of Britain speech.'

Teacher: Very good Tarquin, you may stay off Friday and Monday and come back to class on Tuesday.'

The following Thursday comes around and Wee Murray is hyper; he's been studying encyclopaedias all week and he's ready for anything that comes..

He's coiled in his chair, dribbling in anticipation.

Teacher: 'Who said 'One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind?'

Wee Murray's arm shoots straight in the air, he's standing on his scat, jumping up and down screaming 'Pick me miss. Pick me miss. I know, I know. Me Miss, me miss, meeeeeee'.

Teacher looking round the class picks Rupert, sitting at the front.

'Yes, Rupert?' Rupert (in a frightfully, frightfully, ever so plummy English accent):

'I say Miss, that was Neil Armstrong, 1969, the first moon landing.

Teacher: Very good Rupert. You may stay off Friday and Monday and come back info class on Tuesday.'

Wee Murray loses the plot altogether, tips his desk and throws his chair at the wall. He starts screaming: 'WHERE THE F- -- DID ALL THESE ENGLISH B@ST@RDS COME FROM?'

Teacher spins back round from the blackboard and shouts: 'Who said that?'

Wee Murray grabs his coat and bag and heads for the door, 'Robert the Bruce, Bannockburn, 1314. See ye on Tuesday Miss!

### **CATHOLIC HORSES**

One day while he was at the track playing the ponies and all but losing his shirt, Mitch noticed a priest who stepped out onto the track and blessed the forehead of one of the horses lining up for the 4th race.

Lo and behold, that horse, a very long shot, won the race.

Before the next race, as the horses began lining up, Mitch watched with interest the old priest step onto the track. Sure enough, as the 5th race horses came to the starting gate the priest made a blessing on the forehead of one of the horses.

Mitch made a beeline for a betting window and placed a small bet on the horse. Again, even though it was another long shot, the horse the priest had blessed won the race. Mitch collected his winnings, and anxiously waited to see which horse the priest would bless for the 6th race.

The priest again blessed a horse. Mitch bet big on it, and it won. Mitch was elated. As the races continued the priest kept blessing long shot horses, and each one ended up coming in first.

By and by, Mitch was pulling in some serious money. By the last race, he knew his wildest dreams were going to come true. He made a quick dash to the ATM, withdrew all his savings, and awaited the priest's blessing that would tell him which horse to bet on. True to his pattern, the priest stepped onto the track for the last race and blessed the forehead of an old nag that was the longest shot of the day. Mitch also observed the priest blessing the eyes, ears and hooves of the old nag.

Mitch knew he had a winner and bet every cent he owned on the old nag. He then watched dumbfounded as the old nag come in dead last. Mitch, in a state of shock, made his way down to the track area where the priest was.

Confronting the old priest he demanded. 'Father! What happened? All day long you blessed horses and they all won. Then in the last race the horse you blessed lost by a Kentucky mile. Now, thanks to you I've lost every cent of my savings - all of it!

The priest nodded wisely and with sympathy. 'Son,' he said, 'that's the problem with you Protestants,, you can't tell the difference between a simple blessing and last rites.'

### **EXERCISE FOR PEOPLE OVER 50**

For those of you who are not quite old enough, I am sure there is someone you know that could use this exercise.

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side.

With a 5 lb potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can...

Try to reach a full minute, and then relax. Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer. After a couple of weeks, move up to 10 lb potato bags. Then try 50 lb potato bags and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100 lb potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute. (I'm at this level.)

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each bag.