

HUMOUR FEBRUARY 2015

POST TURTLES

While stitching a cut on the hand of a 75 year old farmer, whose hand was caught in the squeeze gate while working cattle, the doctor struck up a conversation with the old man.

Eventually the topic got around to politicians and their role as our leaders.

The old farmer said, 'Well, as I see it, most politicians are 'post turtles'.'

Not being familiar with the term, the doctor asked him what a 'post turtle' was.

The old farmer said, 'When you're driving down a country road and you come across a fence post with a turtle balanced on top, that's a 'post turtle'.

The old farmer saw the puzzled look on the doctor's face so he continued to explain. *'You know he didn't get up there by himself, he doesn't belong up there, he doesn't know what to do while he's up there, he's elevated beyond his ability to function, and you just wonder what kind of dumb a... put him up there to begin with.'*

BORN A LUTHERAN

Each Friday night after work, Ole would fire up his barbeque on the shore of Arthurs Lake and cook a venison steak. All of Ole's neighbours were Catholic and, since it was Lent, they were forbidden to eat meat on a Friday.

The delicious aroma from the grilled venison steaks wafted over the neighbourhood and was causing such a problem for the Catholic faithful that they finally talked to their priest.

The priest came to visit Ole, and suggested that he become a Catholic. After several classes and much study, Ole attended Mass. Then the priest sprinkled holy water over him and said, *'You were born a Lutheran and raised a Lutheran but now you are a Catholic'.*

Ole's neighbours were relieved, until Friday night arrived and the wonderful aroma of grilled venison again filled the neighbourhood.

The Priest was called immediately by the neighbours and rushed over to Ole's place clutching a rosary and prepared to scold him but stopped and watched in amazement.

There stood Ole, clutching a small bottle of holy water which he carefully sprinkled over the grilling meat and chanted: *'You vuz born a deer, you vuz raised a deer, but now you is a rainbow trout.'*

A DAY AT THE RACES

Two female teachers take a group of students from grades 1, 2 and 3 for a field trip to Flemington Racecourse in Melbourne Cup week.

When it is time to take the children to the "bathroom", it is decided that the girls would go with one teacher and the boys with the other.

The teacher assigned to the boys is waiting outside the men's toilet when one of the boys comes out and tells her that none of them can reach the urinal.

Having no choice, she goes inside, helps the little boys with their pants and begins hoisting them up, one by one, and even directing the flow away from their clothes.

As she lifts one boy up, she can't help but notice that he is unusually well developed. Trying not to show that she is staring, the teacher says, "You must be in Grade 3"

"No ma'am" he replies. "I'm riding Black Caviar in the next race but I really appreciate your help."