

THE WINE TASTER

At a wine merchants, the regular taster died and the director started looking for a new one to hire.

A drunkard with a ragged, dirty look came in to apply for the position.

The director of the winery wondered how to send him away. He gave him a glass to drink.

The drunk tried it and said: 'It's a Muscat, three years old, grown on a north slope, matured in steel containers. Low grade, but acceptable.' 'That's correct', said the boss.

Another glass., 'It's a Cabernet, eight years old, a south-western slope, oak barrels, matured at eight degrees. Requires three more years for finest results.' 'Correct.'

A third glass, 'It's a Pinot blanc champagne, high grade and exclusive,' calmly said the drunk. The director was astonished.

He winked at his secretary, secretly suggesting something.

She left the room and came back in with a glass of urine.

The alcoholic tried it. 'It's a blonde, 26 years old, three months pregnant - and if I don't get the job, I'll name the father.'