

EDUCATING OLD BLUE

A young jackaroo from outback Queensland goes off to university, but halfway through the semester, he has squandered all of his money.

He calls home. 'Dad,' he says, 'you won't believe what modern education is developing...they actually have a program here in Brisbane that will teach our dog Ol' Blue how to talk.'

'That's amazing!' his Dad says. 'How do I get Ol' Blue in that program?'

'Just send him down here with \$2,000,' the young jackaroo says, 'I'll get him in the course.' So his father sends the dog and \$2,000.

About two-thirds through the semester, the money again runs out. The boy calls home.

'So how's Ol' Blue doing, son?' his father wants to know.

'Awesome! Dad, he's talking up a storm... But you just won't believe this. They've had such good results with talking, they've begun to teach the animals how to read.'

'Read?' exclaims his father. 'No kidding! How do we get Ol' Blue in that program?'

'Just send \$4,500. I'll get him in the class.'

The money promptly arrives. But our hero has a problem. At the end of the year, his father will find out the dog can neither talk nor read.

So he shoots the dog. When he arrives home at the end of the year, his father is all excited.

'Where's Ol' Blue? I just can't wait to talk with him, and see him read something!'

'Dad,' the boy says, 'I have some grim news. Yesterday morning, just before we left to drive home, Ol' Blue was in the living room, kicked back in the recliner, reading the Wall Street Journal. Then he suddenly turned to me and asked, 'So, is your daddy still bonking that little redhead barmaid at the pub?''

The father groans and whispers, 'I hope you shot that bastard before he talks to your Mother!'

'I sure did, Dad!' 'That's my boy!'

The son went on to be a successful lawyer/adviser to the Queensland L.N.P.