 *In the PDF version, use the book mark to navigate faster.*

Order of the Iron Test Pattern



Volume 2

Newsletter

Number 4

News! When it happens you'll see it happen, even if we have to make it happen!

June 1, 2003

This is your Newsletter and your input is, of course, most welcome.

(Things printed in **blue** type are links to the related subject matter.)

New, Upgraded or Reinstated Members

We began posting membership activity here in the newsletter; new members, reinstatements and those who've applied for an upgrade in their dignity. Since our last newsletter, we've gone from 368 to 378 members, as of today and more coming as we get our mail forwarded to us on the Road Show trip. We also have been promoting the Order at each of the presentation on the Road Show. Many have told us they'll put in their applications. Now it's wait and see time.

Rick Salsman is a new member and has the dignity of Brigadier. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: rsalsman@univisionl.net. Galactic Tycoon Salsman is the Assistant Chief Engineer at KTVW-TV in Phoenix, AZ, and his membership carries with it the endorsements of Knight of the Wooden Tower for his work in Radio, Knight of the F59 Connector for his work in the cable industry and Knight of the Geosynchronous Stuff for his work with satellites. He will be receiving his certificate after we get back from the Tech-Notes Road Show in mid-August.

Dale Vennes is a new member and has the dignity of Brigadier. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: vennes@kjr.com. OITP Brigadier Vennes is an Engineering Manager at KJRH in Tulsa, OK. He will be receiving his certificate and lapel pin after we get back from the Tech-Notes Road Show in mid-August.

Gary Maier is a new member and has the dignity of Commodore. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: Gary@WTVW.com. OITP Commodore Maier is Chief Engineer at WRVW

in Evansville, IN. He will be receiving his certificate in after we get back from the Tech-Notes Road Show in mid-August.

Richard Harvey is a new member and has the dignity of Ensign. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: rich@harveygroup.tv. OITP Ensign Harvey is a DTV account manager for Sencore and his membership carries with it the endorsement of Knight of the Order Pad for his work as a salesman. He will be receiving his lapel pin after we get back from the Tech-Notes Road Show in mid-August.

Roger Newton is a new member and has the dignity of Commander. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: Newton@cox.net. OITP Commander Newton is a Maintenance Engineer for Oklahoma Educational Television Authority.

Howard E. Mills is a new member and has the dignity of Admiral. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: howard.mills@wtkr.com. OITP Admiral Mills is the Vice President of Operations at WTKR-TV in Norfolk, VA. He will be receiving his certificate after we get back from the Tech-Notes Road Show in mid-August.

David O. Christian is a new member and has the dignity of General. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: christdo@plu.edu. OITP General Christian is the Director of Engineering for Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, WA.

Darryl L. Berman is a new member and has the dignity of Ensign. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: SGSuffer@bellsouth.net. OITP Ensign Berman is a regional sales manager for Electrorack enclosures and is based out of Alpharetta, GA. His membership carries with it the endorsement of Knight of the Order Pad for his work in Sales. He will be receiving his certificate and lapel pin after we get back from the Tech-Notes Road Show in mid-August.

Don Hackler is a new member and has the dignity of Lieutenant. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is: donh@sigma.net. OITP Lieutenant is a Senior Broadcast Engineer with KCSM in San Mateo, CA and his membership carries with it the endorsements of Knight of the Wooden Tower, Knight of the Geosynchronous Stuff, Knight of the F59 Connector and Knight of the Hip-pity-Hop Signal, all for his work all over the place.

Charles A. (Tony) Guess is a reinstated member and now has the dignity of General with a total of 38 years in the broadcast industry. If you wish to welcome him back, his E-mail address is: tonygues@earthlink.net. OITP General Guess has his own company, Charles Guess and Associates, Inc. out of Millsap, TX.

We will try to keep the newsletter going while we're on the road, but this is all dependent on internet access. We will be back in our offices after the Road Show in mid-August. Hope to stir up the pot and find some new, unsuspecting folks who can be duped into joining our august order.

+++++

Website Status Report

We've really done well on visitors to our website. As of this writing, the counter reads 5323. Remember that his counter service only counts an IP address once. If we could only get some of these folks to join and invest in a certificate to hang on their wall, a lapel pin to do what ever with, a drive you crazy screen saver and take out a business card ad on our business card page, we'd really be setting well.

+++++

From your Sagacious Pixel,

Larry Bloomfield

The Tech-Notes Road Show is a third of the way done. It all begins Thursday, April 24th in Medford, OR. Word has it that they may form an SBE chapter as the result of our stirring things up. The same thing is planned for our meeting in Helena, MT. and there was talk while we were in Lafayette, LA of something similar happening. We've been promoting the Order at each an every one of the venues to date. As of this writing, the Road Show is confirmed in all 36 venues.



We've been able to secure additional door prizes that will be drawn for at the end of the Road Show in August totaling well over \$5,000, as well as a lot of nice goodies that we draw for at each of the venues. We've even been able to continue the concept of a free lunch and have local partners who will be picking up the bill for vittles at some of the venues, but not all.

This is a national Road Show and perhaps we will have the opportunity to sing your praises at one of the venues near you, so why not plan to attend. There is no charge to attend. Check out the itinerary of what has happened so far and see. [Click Here](#).

Most of our meetings are in association with local SBE Chapters and in some instances with the local SMPTE Section. IEEE is supposed to have an area interested in Broadcasting, but we've not heard from them. If you know any of these folks locally or otherwise, help us stir the pot. Have them contact us. There is the distinct possibility that we could add a venue or two, schedule permitting.

+++++

Those who make this newsletter and the website possible

Our website is sustained by sponsorship of the various pages and the business card page. The only page which is currently sponsored is our main page and we are really grateful to the folks at [DSC Labs](#) for their help in this area. Contact us about any of the other pages. -- Sagacious.Pixel@OITP.org. On the business card page we have [Clark Wire & Cable](#), [McKeown Consulting](#), [AJA Video Systems](#), [Dorrough Electronics](#), [Michael Couzens - Attorney at Law](#),

[Thomson Broadcast Solutions/Grass Valley](#), [BIA Finical Network](#), [Thomson Broadcast Solutions/Grass Valley](#) and [DL Creations](#) Click on any of the names (above) and it will either take you to their website or give you an e-mail to them. Check them out; use them – if and when you need their products and/or services, but most important, **let them** know you appreciate their support of OITP. So far we're just a head of the game, but we need more support if we expect to keep the website and e-mailing list-server that goes with it. Again, if you wish to put your business card on our site, contact us. Sagacious.Pixel@OITP.org.

+++++

Letters from our fellow survivors

None this time.

+++++



Why your Sagacious Pixel joined the Navy and was on an aircraft carrier.

Quotes, A Little Humor (Very little) & More

YES, I'M A "BAD" AMERICAN
by George Carlin

I Am Your Worst Nightmare. I am a BAD American. I am George Carlin. I believe the money I make belongs to me and my family, not some mid level governmental functionary be it Democratic or Republican! I'm in touch with my feelings and I like it that way! I think being a minority does not make you noble or victimized, and does not entitle you to anything. I believe that if you are selling me a Big Mac, do it in English. I think fireworks should be legal on the 4th of July. I think that being a student doesn't give you any more enlightenment than working at Blockbuster. In fact, if your parents are footing the bill to put you through 4 years plus of college, you haven't begun to be

enlightened. I believe everyone has a right to pray to his or her God when and where they want to. My heroes are John Wayne, Babe Ruth, Roy Rogers, and whoever canceled Jerry Springer. I don't hate the rich. I don't pity the poor. I know wrestling is fake and I don't waste my time arguing about it. I think global warming is a big lie. Where are all those experts now, when I'm freezing my bottom off during these long winters and paying, paying, paying? I've never owned a slave, or was a slave, I didn't wander forty years in the desert after getting chased out of Egypt. I haven't burned any witches or been persecuted by the Turks and neither have you! So, shut up and quite whining I want to know which church is it exactly where the Reverend Jesse Jackson practices, where he gets his money, and why he is always part of the problem and not the solution. Can I get an AMEN on that one? I think the cops have every right to shoot your rear if you're running from them. I also think they have the right to pull you over if you're breaking the law, regardless of what color you are. I think if you are too stupid to know how a ballot works, I don't want you deciding who should be running the most powerful nation in the world for the next four years. I dislike those people standing in the intersections trying to sell me crap or trying to guilt me into making "donations" to their cause. These people should learn how to work! I believe that it doesn't take a village to raise a child, it takes two parents. And what the heck is going on with gas prices... again? We need our country back!

+++++

Excerpt from a Romanian Newspaper: We rarely get a chance to see another country's editorial about the USA.

Read this excerpt from a Romanian Newspaper. The article was written by Mr. Cornel Nistorescu and published under the title "C"ntarea Americii, meaning "Ode To America," on September 24, 2002 in the Romanian newspaper Evenimentul zilei ("The Daily Event" or "News of the Day").

~An Ode to America~

Why are Americans so united? They would not resemble one another even if you painted them all one color! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations and religious beliefs.

Still, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart. Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the army, and the secret services that they are only a bunch of losers. Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts. Nobody rushed out onto the streets nearby to gape about. The Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.

After the first moments of panic, they raised their flag over the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag. They placed flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a government official or the president was passing. On every occasion, they started singing their traditional song: "God Bless America!"

I watched the live broadcast and rerun after rerun for hours listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who gave his life fighting with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that could have killed other hundreds or thousands of people.

How on earth were they able to respond united as one human being? Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put in a collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit, which no money can buy.

What on earth can unite the Americans in such a way? Their land? Their galloping history? Their economic Power? Money? I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases with the risk of sounding commonplace.

I thought things over, but I reached only one conclusion... Only freedom can work such miracles. May God Continue to Bless America!

+++++

Can you top this TV commercial?

From: Ralph & Mary Ann Baker

The most interesting TV commercial I've ever seen, was at KSL-TV in Salt Lake when I worked as cameraman, probably about 1950.

Some 'smart' account executive for an advertising agency decided a good way to sell a jewelry store's new shipment of sweep-second hand Swiss watches, was to freeze a watch in a 100-pound block of ice. The plan was for the announcer to describe all the virtues of the watch, then quickly remove the watch from the ice, and show the audience that it was still running. A great commercial, right? Well—the announcer was a height dis-advantaged fellow (can the PC, Ralph—the guy was SHORT) named Dick Bingham (Dick was still announcing on radio in Salt Lake in 2000). He had a great voice, looked good on camera, but had one problem at that time; he was relatively new to TV and had trouble ad-libbing!

The commercial was scheduled for the late show, about 11:00 p.m. The ad was a low-budget one—with only one watch, and one block of ice. We dressed Dick in a black rubber photographer's apron, which hung down to his ankles. With our limited props, we could only walk through the commercial, while Dick read the teleprompter. About 10 minutes before airtime (no videotape in those days, folks) Dick asked for the ice pick. It seems that ice picks are not standard equipment in TV studios even a studio with two kitchens. The only tool we could find was a dull, rusty, old shingling hatchet from the maintenance shop that had been used as a hammer on many occasions.

As we went on the air and gave Dick the cue to start, the studio was quiet—full of anticipation of another excellent commercial presentation.

Dick began by describing what was going to happen, then swung the axe at the block of ice. A very tiny shower of ice crystals tinkled from the ice block. Dick reared back and let fly a harder swing. A few more ice crystals. Now Dick was getting desperate—he really swung hard at that stupid block of ice! One small chip flaked off. Poor Dick worked and worked at trying to say something interesting

while he viscously attacked the ice with that rusty, dull hatchet. The cameraman also tried to keep the video interesting by moving in for close-ups, and then back again for wide-angle shots. Our studio control room was not sound insulated very well, and we could hear the guys in the control room laughing at what was happening. In fact, the studio crew were biting their tongues to keep from laughing in the studio with an open mike—usually a big no-no. It wasn't long before we couldn't hold it back any longer, and we just let it out. The commercial was supposed to be one minute long, but turned into 5-6 minutes. No one had the heart to cut him off because he was trying so hard.

After 'worrying' his way into the side of the ice block at a weak spot, Dick finally pulled the watch out, put it over his hand as the camera dollied in for an extreme close-up of just the face of the watch. As the image of the watch grew larger—eventually filling the entire screen, you could see where the hatchet had put a big dent in the expansion bracelet. Then Dick read from the teleprompter, "...and look—it's still running!" Of course, you know that the second hand was dead still.

This had most of the state of Michigan laughing for 2 days and a very embarrassed female news anchor who will, in the future, likely think before she speaks. What happens when you predict snow but don't get any....a true story...We had a female news anchor who, the day after it was supposed to have snowed, but didn't, turned to the weatherman and asked: "So Bob, where's that 8 inches you promised me last night?" Not only did HE have to leave the set, but half the crew did too they were laughing so hard!

+++++

This came in without a name on it. Still ... it may be worth a chuckle.

For a computer programming class, I sat directly across from a young lady, and our computers were facing away from each other.

A few minutes into the class, she got up to leave the room. I reached between our computers and switched the inputs for the keyboards. She came back and started typing and immediately got a distressed look on her face.

She called the teacher over and explained that no matter what she typed, nothing would happen. The teacher tried everything. By this time I was hiding behind my monitor and quaking red-faced. I started to type, "Leave me alone!"

They both jumped back, silenced. "What the . . ." the teacher said. I typed, "I said leave me alone!" The kid got real upset. "I didn't do anything to it, I swear!"

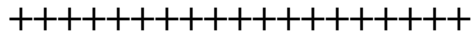
It was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud. The conversation between them and HAL 2000 went on for an amazing five minutes.

Me: "Don't touch me!"

Her: "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hit your keys that hard."

Me: "Who do you think you are anyway?!" Etc. Finally, I couldn't contain myself any longer and fell out of my chair laughing.

After they had realized what I had done, they both turned beet red. Funny, I never got more than a C- in that class.



True Story - submitted by Pastor Rob Reid

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October, excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work.

They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve.

They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc. and on Dec 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished. On Dec 19 a terrible tempest - a driving rainstorm - hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high.

The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home. On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later.

She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area. Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle.

Her face was like a sheet. "Pastor," she asked, "where did you get that tablecloth?" The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, EBG were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten the Tablecloth.

The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. She was captured, sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth; but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return. One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving.

The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike? He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety, and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a prison. He never saw his wife or his home again all the 35 years in between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

+++++

Best of Hollywood Squares

Q: If you're going to make a parachute jump, you should be at least how high?

A: Charley Weaver: Three days of steady drinking should do it.

Q: True or false...a pea can last as long as 5,000 years.

A: George Gobel: Boy it sure seems that way sometimes...

Q: You've been having trouble going to sleep. Are you probably a man or a woman?

A: Don Knotts: That's what's been keeping me awake.

Q: According to Cosmo, if you meet a stranger at a party and you think he's really attractive, is it okay to come out directly and ask him if he's married?

A: Rose Marie: No, wait until morning.

Q: Which of your five senses tends to diminish as you get older?

A: Charley Weaver: My sense of decency.

Q: In Hawaiian, does it take more than three words to say "I love you"?

A: Vincent Price: No, you can say it with a pineapple and a twenty.

Q: As you grow older, do you tend to gesture more or less with your hands while you are talking?

A: Rose Marie: You ask me one more growing older question, Peter...and I'll give you a gesture you'll never forget!

Q: Paul, why do Hell's Angels wear leather?

A: Paul Lynde: Because chiffon wrinkles too easily.

Q: Charley, you've just decided to grow strawberries. Are you going to get any during your first year?

A: Charley Weaver: Of course not, Peter. I'm too busy growing strawberries!

Q: In bowling, what's a perfect score?

A: Rose Marie: Ralph, the pin boy.

Q: It is considered in bad taste to discuss two subjects at nudist camps. One is politics. What is the other?

A: Paul Lynde: Tape measures.

Q: Can boys join the Camp Fire Girls?

A: Marty Allen: Only after lights out.

Q: When you pat a dog on its head he will usually wag his tail. What will a goose do?

A: Paul Lynde: Make him bark

Q: If you were pregnant for two years, what would you give birth to?

A: Paul Lynde: Whatever it is, it would never be afraid of the dark.

Q: According to Ann Landers, is there anything wrong with getting into the habit of kissing a lot of people?

A: Charley Weaver: It got me out of the army!

Q: It is the most abused and neglected part of your body - what is it?

A: Paul Lynde: Mine may be abused but it certainly isn't neglected!

Q: Charley, what do you call a pig that weighs more than 150 pounds?

A: Charley Weaver: A divorcee.

Q: Back in the old days, when Great Grandpa put horseradish on his head, what was he trying to do?

A: George Gobel: Get it in his mouth.

Q: Who stays pregnant for a longer period of time, your wife or your elephant?

A: Paul Lynde: Who told you about my elephant?

Q: When a couple have a baby, who is responsible for it's sex?
A: Charley Weaver: I'll lend him the car. The rest is up to him.

Q: Jackie Gleason recently revealed that he firmly believes in them and has actually seen them on at least two occasions. What are they?
A: Charley Weaver: His feet.

Q: Do female frogs croak?
A: Paul Lynde: If you hold their little heads under water long enough.

Q: Imagine you are a child in your mother's womb, can you detect light?
A: Paul Lynde: Only during ballet practice.

+++++

The consultant

Since we have a plethora of consultants in the broadcast industry, they story kind of hits home: A shepherd was herding his flock in a remote pasture when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced out of the dust cloud towards him. The driver, a young man in a Broni suit, Gucci shoes, Ray Ban sunglasses and YSL tie, leaned out the window and asked the shepherd, "If I tell you exactly how many sheep you have in your flock, will you give me one?"

The shepherd looked at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looked at his peacefully-grazing flock and calmly answered, "Sure."

The yuppie parked his car, whipped out his IBM ThinkPad and connected it to a cell phone, then he surfed to a NASA page on the internet where he called up a GPS satellite navigation system, scanned the area, and then opened up a database and an Excel spreadsheet with complex formulas.

He sent an email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, received a response. Finally, he prints out a 130-page report on his miniaturized printer then turns to the shepherd and says,....."You have exactly 1586 sheep".

"That is correct; take one of the sheep" said the shepherd.

He watches the young man select one of the animals and bundle it into his car.

Then the shepherd says: "If I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my animal?"

"OK, why not" answered the young man.

"Clearly, you are a consultant" said the shepherd.

"That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?"

"No guessing required," answers the shepherd. "You turned up here although nobody called you. You want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked, and you don't know crap about my business....
Now give me back my dog".

+++++

DEAR ABBY

These letters left Abby "speechless"

Dear Abby, A couple of women moved in across the hall from me. One is a middle-aged gym teacher and the other is a social worker in her mid-twenties. These two women go everywhere together and I've never seen a man go into their apartment or come out. Do you think they could be Lebanese?

Dear Abby, What can I do about all the sex, nudity, language and violence on my VCR?

Dear Abby, I have a man I never could trust. He cheats so much I'm not even sure this baby I'm carrying is his.

Dear Abby, I am a twenty-three-year-old liberated woman who has been on the pill for two years. It's getting expensive and I think my boyfriend should share half the cost, but I don't know him well enough to discuss money with him.

Dear Abby, I suspected that my husband had been fooling around, and when I confronted him with the evidence he denied everything and said it would never happen again.

Dear Abby, Our son writes that he is taking Judo. Why would a boy who was raised in a good Christian home turn against his own?

Dear Abby, I joined the Navy to see the world. I've seen it. Now how do I get out?

Dear Abby, My forty-year-old son has been paying a psychiatrist \$50 an hour every week for two-and-a-half years. He must be crazy.

Dear Abby, I was married to Bill for three months and I didn't know he drank until one night he came home sober.

Dear Abby, Do you think it would be all right if I gave my doctor a little gift? I tried for years to get pregnant and couldn't and he did it.

Dear Abby, My mother is mean and short-tempered. I think she is going through her mental pause.

Dear Abby, You told some woman whose husband had lost all interest in sex to send him to a doctor. Well, my husband lost all interest in sex years ago and he is a doctor.

And these are classic replies

Dear Abby, My boyfriend is going to be twenty years old next month. I'd like to give him something nice for his birthday. What do you think he'd like? Carol
Dear Carol, Never mind what he'd like. Give him a tie.

Dear Abby, Our son was married in January. Five months later his wife had a ten-pound baby girl. They said the baby was premature. Tell me, can a baby this big be that early? Wondering
Dear Wondering, The baby was on time, the wedding was late. Forget it.

Dear Abby, I know boys will be boys, but my 'boy' is seventy-three and he's still chasing women. Any suggestions? Annie
Dear Annie, Don't worry. My dog has been chasing cars for years, but if he ever caught one, he wouldn't know what to do with it.

Dear Abby, I have always wanted to have my family history traced, but I can't afford to spend a lot of money to do it. Any suggestions? Sam
Dear Sam, Yes. Run for public office.

Dear Abby, What inspires you most to write? Ted
Dear Ted, The Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Dear Abby, I am forty-four years old and I would like to meet a man my age with no bad habits. Rose
Dear Rose, So would I.

And one more for the road

Dear Abby: I am a crack dealer in New Jersey who has recently been diagnosed as a carrier of the HIV virus. My parents live in a suburb of Philadelphia and one of my sisters, who lives in Bensenville, is married to a transvestite.

My father and mother have recently been arrested for growing and selling marijuana and are currently dependent on my other two sisters, who are prostitutes in Jersey City.

I have two brothers. One is currently serving a non-parole life sentence in Attica for murder of a teenage boy in 1994. The other brother is currently being held in the Wellington Remand Center on charges of sexual misconduct with his three children.

I have recently become engaged to marry a former Thai prostitute who lives in the Bronx and is still a part time "working girl" in a brothel. Her time there is limited as we hope to open our own brothel with her as the working manager. I am hoping my two sisters would be interested in joining our team. Although I would prefer them not to prostitute themselves, it would get them off the street, and hopefully, their heroin habits.

All things considered, my main problem is this. I love my fiancée and look forward to bringing her into the family and I certainly want to be totally honest with her.

Should I tell her about my distant cousin who is French?

Signed,

Worried About My Reputation

+++++

For those of you who never saw the Burma Shave signs, here is a quick lesson in our history of the 1930s and 1940s. Before the Interstates, when everyone drove the old 2-lane roads, Burma Shave signs would be posted all over the countryside in farmers' fields. They were small red signs with white letters. Five signs, about 100 feet apart, each contained 1 line of a 4 line couplet and the obligatory 5th sign advertising Burma Shave, a popular shaving cream of the day.

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD
TO GAIN A MINUTE
YOU NEED YOUR HEAD
YOUR BRAINS ARE IN IT

DROVE TOO LONG
DRIVER SNOOZING
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
IS NOT AMUSING

BROTHER SPEEDER,
LET'S REHEARSE;
ALL TOGETHER,
GOOD MORNING NURSE

CAUTIOUS RIDER
TO HER RECKLESS DEAR
LET'S HAVE LESS BULL
AND LOTS MORE STEER

SPEED WAS HIGH

WEATHER WAS NOT
TIRES WERE THIN
X MARKS THE SPOT

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE
OF PAUL FOR BEER
LED HIM TO
A WARMER HEMISPHERE

AROUND THE CURVE
LICKETY-SPLIT
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NEW CAR
WASN'T IT?

NO MATTER THE PRICE
NO MATTER HOW NEW
THE BEST SAFETY DEVICE
IN THE CAR IS YOU

A GUY WHO DRIVES
A CAR WIDE OPEN
IS NOT THINKIN'
HE'S JUST HOPIN'

AT INTERSECTIONS
LOOK EACH WAY
A HARP SOUNDS NICE
BUT ITS HARD TO PLAY

BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEEL
EYES ON THE ROAD
THAT'S THE SKILLFUL
DRIVER'S CODE

THE ONE WHO DRIVES
WHEN HE'S BEEN DRINKING
DEPENDS ON YOU
TO DO HIS THINKING

BURMA SHAVE

+++++

From: Roy M. Davis, Jr., Chief Engineer
KNWD-FM 91.7 and NSU-22 TV
Northwestern State University -- Natchitoches, LA 71497

I just received the comeback of the year, today. Read on:

A high school English teacher reminds her class of tomorrow's final exam. "No class, I won't tolerate any excuses for you not being there tomorrow. I might consider a nuclear attack or a serious illness, or death in your immediate family-but that's it, not other excuses whatsoever!"

A smart-ass guy in the back of the room raises his hand and asks, "What would you say if tomorrow I said I was suffering from complete and utter sexual exhaustion?"

The entire class does its best to stifle their laughter and snickering.

When silence is restored, the teacher smiles sympathetically at the student, shakes her head, and sweetly says, "Well, I guess you'd have to write the exam with your other hand."

It took 15 minutes for the class to come to order.....

+++++

NEWS FLASH!

At Heathrow Airport today, an individual, later discovered to be a public school teacher, was arrested trying to board a flight while in possession of a compass, a protractor, and a graphical calculator.

Authorities believe he is a member of the notorious Al-Gebra movement.

He is being charged with carrying weapons of math instruction.

+++++

From Sue Clark, Clark Wire and Cable

I am humbled -- This sent chills down my spine.

Since returning from Iraq a short time ago I have been answering a lot of questions about the war from friends, family, and strangers. When they ask me how it was over there I find myself glossing over the fighting, the heat, the sandstorms, and the flies (these last could have taught the Iraqi army a thing or two about staying power). Instead, I talk about the soldiers I met, and how they reflected the best of America. A lot of people are going to tell the story of how this war was fought; I would rather say something about the men who won the war.

War came early for the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne when an otherwise quiet night in the Kuwaiti desert was shattered by thunderous close-quarters grenade blasts. Sgt. Hasan Akbar, a U.S. soldier, had thrown grenades into an officers' tent, killing two and wounding a dozen others. Adding

to the immediate confusion was the piercing scream of SCUD alarms, which kicked in the second Akbar's grenade exploded. For a moment, it was a scene of near panic and total chaos.

Just minutes after the explosions, a perimeter was established around the area of the attack, medics were treating the wounded, and calls for evacuation vehicles and helicopters were already being sent out. Remarkably, the very people who should have been organizing all of this were the ones lying on the stretchers, seriously wounded. It fell to junior officers and untested sergeants to take charge and lead. Without hesitation everyone stepped up and unflinchingly did just that. I stood in amazement as two captains (Townlee Hendrick and Tony Jones) directed the evacuation of the wounded, established a hasty defense, and helped to organize a search for the culprit. They did all this despite bleeding heavily from their wounds. For over six hours, these two men ran things while refusing to be evacuated until they were sure all of the men in their command were safe.

Two days later Capt. Jones left the hospital and hitchhiked back to the unit: He had heard a rumor that it was about to move into Iraq and he wanted to be there. As Jones -- dressed only in boots, a hospital gown, and a flak vest -- limped toward headquarters, Col. Hodges, the 1st Brigade's commander, announced, "I see that Captain Jones has returned to us in full martial splendor." The colonel later said that he was tempted to send Jones to the unit surgeon for further evaluation, but that he didn't feel he had the right to tell another man not to fight: Hodges himself had elected to leave two grenade fragments in his arm so that he could return to his command as quickly as possible. The war had not even begun and already I was aware that I had fallen in with a special breed of men. Over the next four weeks, nothing I saw would alter this impression. A military historian once told me that soldiers could forgive their officers any fault save cowardice. After the grenade attack I knew these men were not cowards, but I had yet to learn that the brigade's leaders had made a cult of bravery. A few examples will suffice.

While out on what he called "battlefield circulation," Col. Hodges was surveying suspected enemy positions with one of his battalion commanders (Lt. Col. Chris Hughes) when a soldier yelled "Incoming" to alert everyone that mortar shells were headed our way. A few soldiers moved closer to a wall, but Hodges and Hughes never budged and only briefly glanced up when the rounds hit a few hundred yards away. As Hodges completed his review and prepared to leave, another young soldier asked him when they would get to kill whoever was firing the mortar. Hodges smiled and said, "Don't be in a hurry to kill him. They might replace that guy with someone who can shoot."

The next day, a convoy Col. Hodges was traveling in was ambushed by several Iraqi paramilitary soldiers. A ferocious firefight ensued, but Hodges never left the side of his vehicle. Puffing on a cigar as he directed the action, Hodges remained constantly exposed to fire. When two Kiowa helicopters swooped in to pulverize the enemy strongpoint with rocket fire, he turned to some journalists watching the action and quipped, "That's your tax dollars at work."

Bravery inspires men, but brains and quick thinking win wars. In one particularly tense moment, a company of U.S. soldiers was preparing to guard the Mosque of Ali -- one of the most sacred Muslim sites -- when agitators in what had been a friendly crowd started shouting that they were going to storm the mosque. In an instant, the Iraqis began to chant and a riot seemed imminent. A couple of nervous soldiers slid their weapons into fire mode, and I thought we were only moments away from a slaughter. These soldiers had just fought an all-night battle. They were exhausted, tense,

and prepared to crush any riot with violence of their own. But they were also professionals, and so, when their battalion commander, Chris Hughes, ordered them to take a knee, point their weapons to the ground, and start smiling, that is exactly what they did. Calm returned. By placing his men in the most non-threatening posture possible, Hughes had sapped the crowd of its aggression. Quick thinking and iron discipline had reversed an ugly situation and averted disaster.

Since then, I have often wondered how we created an army of men who could fight with ruthless savagery all night and then respond so easily to an order to "smile" while under impending threat. Historian Stephen Ambrose said of the American soldier: "When soldiers from any other army, even our allies, entered a town, the people hid in the cellars. When Americans came in, even into German towns, it meant smiles, chocolate bars and C-rations." Ours has always been an army like no other, because our soldiers reflect a society unlike any other. They are pitiless when confronted by armed enemy fighters and yet full of compassion for civilians and even defeated enemies.

American soldiers immediately began saving Iraqi lives at the conclusion of any fight. Medics later said that the Iraqi wounded they treated were astounded by our compassion. They expected they would be left to suffer or die. I witnessed Iraqi paramilitary troops using women and children as human shields, turning grade schools into fortresses, and defiling their own holy sites. Time and again, I saw Americans taking unnecessary risks to clear buildings without firing or using grenades, because it might injure civilians. I stood in awe as 19-year-olds refused to return enemy fire because it was coming from a mosque.

It was American soldiers who handed over food to hungry Iraqis, who gave their own medical supplies to Iraqi doctors, and who brought water to the thirsty. It was American soldiers who went door-to-door in a slum because a girl was rumored to have been injured in the fighting; when they found her, they called in a helicopter to take her to an Army hospital. It was American soldiers who wept when a three-year-old was carried out of the rubble where she had been killed by Iraqi mortar fire. It was American soldiers who cleaned up houses they had been fighting over and later occupied - they wanted the places to look at least somewhat tidy when the residents returned.

It was these same soldiers who stormed to Baghdad in only a couple of weeks, accepted the surrender of three Iraqi Army divisions, massacred any Republican Guard unit that stood and fought, and disposed of a dictator and a regime with ruthless efficiency. There is no other army -- and there are no other soldiers -- in the world capable of such merciless fighting and possessed of such compassion for their fellow man. No society except America could have produced them.

Before I end this I want to point out one other quality of the American soldier: his sense of justice. After a grueling fight, a company of infantrymen was resting and opening their first mail delivery of the war. One of the young soldiers had received a care package and was sharing the home-baked cookies with his friends. A photographer with a heavy French accent asked if he could have one. The soldier looked him over and said there would be no cookies for Frenchmen. The photographer then protested that he was half Italian. Without missing a beat, the soldier broke a cookie in half and gave it to him. It was a perfect moment and a perfect reflection of the American soldier.

Paul S. Giarra
Senior Analyst The Strategic Assessment Center

"We sleep soundly in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm." - George Orwell



+++++

The Titanic

There are many stories related to the sinking of the "Titanic." Some have just come to light due to the success of the recent movie. For example, most people don't know that back in 1912 Hellman's mayonnaise was manufactured in England.

The "Titanic" was carrying 12,000 jars of the condiment scheduled for delivery in Vera Cruz, Mexico which was to be the next port of call for the great ship after New York City.

The Mexican people were eagerly awaiting delivery and were disconsolate at the loss. So much so that they declared a national day of mourning which they still observe today.

It is known, of course, as Sinko de Mayo.

+++++

An Attorney's Advice ...and it's free!

Read this and make a copy for your files in case you need to refer to it someday. Maybe we should all take some of his advice! -- A corporate attorney sent the following out to the employees in his company:

The next time you order checks have only your initials (instead of first name) and last name put on them.

If someone takes your check book they will not know if you sign your checks with just your initials or your first name but your bank will know how you sign your checks.

When you are writing checks to pay on your credit card accounts, DO NOT put the complete account number on the "For" line. Instead, just put the last four numbers. The credit card company knows the rest of the number and anyone who might be handling your check as it passes through all the check processing channels won't have access to it. Put your work phone # on your checks instead of your home phone. If you have a PO Box use that instead of your home address. Never have your SS# printed on your checks (DUH!) you can add it if it is necessary. But if you have it printed, anyone can get it.

Place the contents of your wallet on a photocopy machine, do both sides of each license, credit card, etc. You will know what you had in your wallet and all of the account numbers and phone numbers to call and cancel. Keep the photocopy in a safe place. I also carry a photocopy of my passport when I travel either here or abroad.

We've all heard horror stories about fraud that's committed on us in stealing a name, address, Social Security number, credit cards, etc. Unfortunately I, an attorney, have firsthand knowledge because my wallet was stolen last month. Within a week, the thief(s) ordered an expensive monthly cell phone package, applied for a VISA credit card, had a credit line approved to buy a Gateway computer, received a PIN number from DMV to change my driving record information online, and more.

But here's some critical information to limit the damage in case this happens to you or someone you know: We have been told we should cancel our credit cards immediately. But the key is having the toll free numbers and your card numbers handy so you know whom to call. Keep those where you can find them easily.

File a police report immediately in the jurisdiction where it was stolen, this proves to credit providers you were diligent, and is a first step toward an investigation (if there ever is one). But here's what is perhaps most important: (I never even thought to do this).

Call the three national credit reporting organizations immediately to place a fraud alert on your name and Social Security number. I had never heard of doing that until advised by a bank that called to tell me an application for credit was made over the Internet in my name.

The alert means any company that checks your credit knows your information was stolen and they have to contact you by phone to authorize new credit. By the time I was advised to do this, almost two weeks after the theft, all the damage had been done.

There are records of all the credit checks initiated by the thieves' purchases, none of which I knew about before placing the alert. Since then, no additional damage has been done, and the thieves threw my wallet away this weekend (someone turned it in). It seems to have stopped them in their tracks.

The numbers are: Equifax: 1-800-525-6285,
Experian (formerly TRW): 1-888-397-3742,

Trans Union: 1-800-680-7289
Social Security Administration (fraud line): 1-800-269-0271

We pass along jokes on the Internet; we pass along just about everything. Pass this information along. It could really help someone you care about.

+++++

Be sure to close the garage and turn the sprinklers off prior to a winter storm.



How do these people survive?

ONE

Recently, when I went to McDonald's I saw on the menu that you could have an order of 6, 9 or 12 Chicken McNuggets. I asked for a half dozen nuggets. "We don't have half dozen nuggets," said the teenager at the counter. "You don't?" I replied. "We only have six, nine, or twelve," was the reply. "So I can't order a half dozen nuggets, but I can order six?" "That's right." So I shook my head and ordered six McNuggets.

TWO

The paragraph above doesn't amaze me because of what happened a couple of months ago. I was checking out at the local Foodland with just a few items and the lady behind me put her things on the belt close to mine. I picked up one of those "Dividers" that they keep by the cash register and placed it between our things so they wouldn't get mixed. After the girl had scanned all of my items, she picked up the "Divider" looking it all over for the bar code so she could scan it. Not finding the bar code she said to me, "Do you know how much this is?" I said to her "I've changed my mind, I don't think I'll buy that today." She said "OK" and I paid her for the things and left. She had no clue to what had just happened.

THREE

A lady at work was seen putting a credit card into her floppy drive and pulling it out very quickly. When inquired as to what she was doing, she said she was shopping on the Internet and they kept asking for a credit card number, so she was using the ATM "thingy."

~~~~~  
FOUR

I recently saw a distraught young lady weeping beside her car. "Do you need some help?" I asked. She replied, "I knew I should have replaced the battery to this remote door unlocker. Now I can't get into my car. Do you think they (pointing to a distant convenient store) would have a battery to fit this?" "Hmmm, I dunno. Do you have an alarm too?" I asked. "No, just this remote thingy," she answered, handing it and the car keys to me. As I took the key and manually unlocked the door, I replied, "Why don't you drive over there and check about the batteries. It's a long walk."

~~~~~  
FIVE

Several years ago, we had an Intern who was none too swift. One day she was typing and turned to a secretary and said, "I'm almost out of typing paper. What do I do?" "Just use copier machine paper," the secretary told her. With that, the intern took her last remaining blank piece of paper, put it on the photocopier and proceeded to make five "blank" copies.

~~~~~  
SIX

I was in a car dealership a while ago, when a large motor home was towed into the garage. The front of the vehicle was in dire need of repair and the whole thing generally looked like an extra in Twister." I asked the manager what had happened. He told me that the driver had set the "cruise control" and then went in the back to make a sandwich.

~~~~~  
SEVEN

My neighbor works in the operations department in the central office of a large bank. Employees in the field call him when they have problems with their computers. One night he got a call from a woman in one of the branch banks who had this question: "I've got smoke coming from the back of my terminal. Do you guys have a fire downtown?"

~~~~~  
EIGHT

Police in Radnor, Pennsylvania, interrogated a suspect by placing a metal colander on his head and connecting it with wires to a photocopy machine. The message "He's lying" was placed in the copier, and police pressed the copy button each time they thought the suspect wasn't telling the truth. Believing the "lie detector" was working, the suspect confessed.

~~~~~  
"Life is tough. It's tougher if you're stupid."

+++++

OK America! Here's the Plan!!!

1) The US will apologize to the world for our "interference" in their affairs, past & present. You know; Hitler, Mussolini and the rest of them good old boys'. We will never "interfere" again.

- 2) We will withdraw our troops from all over the world, starting with Germany, South Korea and the Philippines. They don't want us there. We would station troops at our borders. No more sneaking through holes in the fence.
- 3) All illegal aliens have 90 days to get their affairs together and leave. We'll give them a free trip home. After 90 days the remainder will be gathered up and deported immediately, regardless of who
- 4) All future visitors will be thoroughly checked and limited to 90 days unless given a special permit. No one from a terrorist nation would be allowed in. If you don't like it there, change it yourself, don't hide here. Asylum would not ever be available to anyone. We don't need any more cab drivers.
- 5) No "students" over age 21. The older ones are the bombers. If they don't attend classes, they get a "D" and it's back home baby.
- 6) The US will make a strong effort to become self sufficient energy wise. This will include developing non polluting sources of energy but will require a temporary drilling of oil in the Alaskan wilderness. The caribou will have to cope for a while.
- 7) Offer Saudi Arabia and other oil producing countries \$10 a barrel for their oil. If they don't like it, we go someplace else.
- 8) If there is a famine or other natural catastrophe in the world, we will not "interfere". They can pray to Allah or whomever, for seeds, rain, cement or whatever they need. Besides' most of what we give them is stolen or given to the army. The people who need it most get very little, if any anyway.
- 9) Ship the UN Headquarters to an island some place. We don't need the spies and fair weather friends here. Besides, it would make a good homeless shelter or lockup for illegal aliens.
- 10) All Americans must go to charm and beauty school. That way, no one can call us "Ugly Americans" any longer.

Now, ain't that a winner of a plan!

+++++

Subject: Facts about the 1500's

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s:

* * * * *

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

* * * * *

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children-last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

* * * * *

Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw-piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

* * * * *

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

* * * * *

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying "dirt poor."

* * * * *

The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway. Hence the saying a "thresh hold."

* * * * *

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme, "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

* * * * *

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon. "They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

* * * * *

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

* * * * *

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

* * * * *

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a "wake."

* * * * *

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."

+++++

A little exercise to measure your ability to ascertain the truth without some effort.

Try this its actually quite good.

But don't cheat!

Count the number of F's in the following text:

FINISHED FILES ARE THE
RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC
STUDY COMBINED WITH THE
EXPERIENCE OF YEARS

Managed it?

Scroll down only after you have counted them!

OK? How many? Three?

Wrong, there are six - no joke!

Read again!

FINISHED FILES ARE THE
RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC
STUDY COMBINED WITH THE
EXPERIENCE OF YEARS

The brain cannot process the word "OF".

Incredible or what?

Anyone who counts all six F's on the first go is a genius
Three is normal.

+++++

Iraqi Interim Government Renames Towns -- A special report from the St Albans News Agency

Now that the US military has reorganized Iraq's landscape, our in-country intelligence source has discovered that the interim leadership has renamed several Iraqi towns. These new names include:

Wherz-Myroof

Mykamel-Izded

Oshit-Dissizbad

Waddi-El-Izgowinon

Pleez-Ztopdicrap

Kizz-Yerbutt-Goodbi

Ikantstan-Disnomore

Wha-Tahell-Wazi-Tinkin

Myturbin-Izburnin

Bagdead

+++++

The Pope's visit to New York

After getting all Pope John-Paul II's luggage loaded in the limo (and His Holiness doesn't travel light), the driver notices that the Pope is still standing on the curb.

"Excuse me, Your Eminence." says the driver, "Would you please take your seat so we can leave?" "Well, to tell you the truth," says the Pope, "They never let me drive at the Vatican, and I'd really like to drive today."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot let you do that. I'd lose my job! And what if something should happen?" protests the driver, wishing he'd never gone to work that morning.

"There might be something extra in it for you," says the Pope. Reluctantly, the driver gets in the back seat as the Pope climbs in behind the wheel. The driver quickly regrets his decision when, after exiting the airport, the Supreme Pontiff floors it, accelerating the limo to 105 mph.

"Please slow down, Your Holiness!!!," pleads the worried driver, but the Pope keeps the pedal to the metal until they hear sirens. "Oh, my God, I'm gonna lose my license," moans the driver. The Pope pulls over and rolls down the window as the patrolman approaches, but the cop takes one look at him, goes back to his motorcycle, and gets on the radio. "I need to talk to the Chief," he says to the dispatcher. The Chief gets on the radio, and the cop tells him that he's stopped a limo going a hundred and five. "

"So, bust him," said the Chief.

"I don't think we want to do that; he's really important," said the cop. "All the more reason." "No, I mean really important," said the cop. "Who ya got there then, the Mayor?" "Bigger."

"Governor?."

"Bigger."

"President?."

"Bigger still."

"Well," said the Chief, "Who the hell is it?"

"I think it's God!"

"What makes you think it's God?"

"He's got the pope driving for him."

+++++

This is a true story.

An elderly Florida lady did her shopping, and upon returning to her car, found four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle. She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at the top of her voice, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! Get out of the car!"

The four men didn't wait for a second invitation. They got out and ran like mad. The lady, somewhat shaken, then proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and get into the driver's seat.

She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then it dawned on her why. A few minutes later she found her own car parked four or five spaces farther down. She loaded her bags into the car and then drove to the police station.

The sergeant to whom she told the story nearly tore himself in two with laughter. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car jacking by a mad, elderly woman described as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun.

No charges were filed. AH, SENIOR MOMENTS!

+++++

Deleted passages for some popular novels – you’ll understand why

Her face was a perfect oval, like a circle that had its two other sides gently compressed by a Thigh Master.

His thoughts tumbled in his head, making and breaking alliances like underpants in a dryer without Cling Free.

She grew on him like she was a colony of E. coli and he was room-temperature Canadian beef.

She had a deep, throaty, genuine laugh, like that sound a dog makes just before it throws up.

Her vocabulary was as bad as, like, whatever.

He was as tall as a six-foot-three-inch tree.

The revelation that his marriage of 30 years had disintegrated because of his wife's infidelity came as a rude shock, like a surcharge at a formerly surcharge-free ATM.

The little boat gently drifted across the pond exactly the way a bowling ball wouldn't.

McBride fell 12 stories, hitting the pavement like a Hefty bag filled with vegetable soup.

From the attic came an unearthly howl. The whole scene had an eerie, surreal quality, like when you're on vacation in another city and Jeopardy comes on at 7:00 p. m. instead of 7:30.

Her hair glistened in the rain like nose hair after a sneeze.

The hailstones leaped from the pavement, just like maggots when you fry them in hot grease.

Long separated by cruel fate, the star-crossed lovers raced across the grassy field toward each other like two freight trains, one having left Cleveland at 6:36 p.m. traveling at 55 mph, the other from Topeka at 4:19 p.m. at a speed of 35 mph.

They lived in a typical suburban neighborhood with picket fences that resembled Nancy Kerrigan's teeth.

John and Mary had never met. They were like two hummingbirds who had also never met.

He fell for her like his heart was a mob informant and she was the East River.

Even in his last years, Grandpappy had a mind like a steel trap, only one that had been left out so long, it had rusted shut.

Shots rang out, as shots are wont to do.

The plan was simple, like my brother-in-law Phil. But unlike Phil, this plan just might work.

The young fighter had a hungry look, the kind you get from not eating for a while.

"Oh, Jason, take me!"; she panted, her breasts heaving like a college freshman on \$1-a-beer night.

He was as lame as a duck. Not the metaphorical lame duck, either, but real duck that was actually lame - Maybe from stepping on a land mine or something.

The ballerina rose gracefully en pointe and extended one slender leg behind her, like a dog at a fire hydrant.

It was an American tradition, like fathers chasing kids around with power tools.

He was deeply in love. When she spoke, he thought he heard bells, as if she were a garbage truck backing up.

She was as easy as the TV Guide crossword.

She walked into my office like a centipede with 98 missing legs.

Her voice had that tense, grating quality, like a generation thermal paper fax machine that needed a band tightened.

It hurt the way your tongue hurts after you accidentally staple it to the wall.

+++++

Andy Rooney's tips for telemarketers -- Three Little Words That Work !!

(1)The three little words are: "Hold on, Please..."

Saying this, while putting down your phone and walking off (instead of hanging-up immediately) would make each telemarketing call so much more time-consuming that boiler room sales would grind to a halt.

Then when you eventually hear the phone company's "beep-beep-beep" tone, you know it's time to go back and hang up your handset, which has efficiently completed its task. These three little words will help eliminate telephone soliciting.

(2) Do you ever get those annoying phone calls with no one on the other end?

This is a telemarketing technique where a machine makes phone calls and records the time of day when a person answers the phone.

This technique is used to determine the best time of day for a "real" sales person to call back and get someone at home.

What you can do after answering, if you notice there is no one there, is to immediately start hitting your # button on the phone, 6 or 7 times, as quickly as possible. This confuses the machine that dialed the call and it kicks your number out of their system. Since doing this, my phone calls have decreased dramatically.

(3) Another Good Idea:

When you get "ads" enclosed with your phone or utility bill, return these "ads" with your payment. Let the sending companies throw their own junk mail away.

When you get those "pre-approved" letters in the mail for everything from credit cards to 2nd mortgages and similar type junk, do not throw away the return envelope.

Most of these come with postage-paid return envelopes, right? It costs them more than the regular 37cents postage "IF" and when they receive them back.

It costs them nothing if you throw them away! The postage was around 50 cents before! the last increase and it is according to the weight. In that case, why not get rid of some of your other junk mail and put it in these cool little, postage-paid return envelopes. One of Andy Rooney's (60 inutes) ideas. Send an ad for your local chimney cleaner to American Express. Send a pizza coupon to Citibank. If you didn't get anything else that day, then just send them their blank application back!

If you want to remain anonymous, just make sure your name isn't on anything you send them.

You can even send the envelope back empty if you want to just to keep them guessing!

Eventually, the banks and credit card companies will begin getting their own junk back in the mail. Let's let them know what it's like to get lots of junk mail, and best of all they're paying for it...Twice!

Let's help keep our postal service busy since they are saying that e-mail is cutting into their business profits, and that's why they need to increase postage costs again. You get the idea !

If enough people follow these tips, it will work----

THIS JUST MIGHT BE ONE E-MAIL THAT YOU WILL WANT TO FORWARD TO YOUR FRIENDS.

+++++

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. The nun made a note, and posted on the apple tray: "Take only ONE. God is watching." Moving further along the lunch line, at the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cookies. A child had written a note, "Take all you want. God is watching the apples."

+++++

And finally --- Why am I tired

For a couple years I've been blaming it on lack of sleep, not enough sunshine, too much pressure from my job, earwax buildup, poor blood or anything else I could think of. But now I found out the real reason I'm tired because I'm overworked.

Here's why:

The population of this country is 273 million. - 140 million are retired. - That leaves 133 million to do the work.

There are 85 million in school, which leaves 48 million to do the work.

Of this there are 29 million employed by the federal government, leaving 19 million to do the work.

2.8 million Are in the armed forces preoccupied with killing the latest foe. Which leaves 16.2 million to do the work.

Take from the total the 14,800, people who work for state and city governments. And that leaves 1.4 million to do the work.

At any given time there are 188,000 people in hospitals. Leaving 1,212,000 to do the work.

Now, there are 1,211,998 people in prisons. That leaves just two people to do the work: You and me.

And there you are sitting on your can, at your computer, reading jokes.

Nice, real nice.

+++++



Well that's about it for this time. Don't forget to check out the industry news in the Tech-Notes: <http://www.tech-notes.tv/> the latest edition has just been posted. As we said earlier on, stay tuned – things can only get better! – But only with your help. Tell a friend or associate about us. Until next time --FADE TO BLACK! ☺ .

[Return to main page](#)